













# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXCI.

FEBRUARY, 1832.

VOL. XXX.

PART II.

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## EDINBURGH:

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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXXI.

PART II.

## NEW PROJECT OF EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

THERE never was a period when the empire of Great Britain was beset by so many dangers; and they are all fearfully aggravated by the consideration that the attention of the public, which should be concentrated upon each singly, is so scattered amongst, or distracted by all collectively and simultaneously, that but little hope can be entertained of the application of the only remedies by which impending calamities might be averted. Our foreign policy implies a deliberate abandonment of the principles which have heretofore guaranteed the honour and maintained the interests of England, and a formal surrender of the advantages which were gained after twenty years of war, and by an unparalleled expenditure of treasure and effusion of blood. At home, our venerable constitution is about to be cut up piecemeal, and put into Modena's kettle by our radical regenerators,—only because it has been regulated by a principle of accommodation which has enabled it to keep pace with the improvement of the age, and ensured, notwithstanding the prodigious increase of democratic power, that wisdom rather than folly should predominate in the national councils. Ireland, which was to have been tranquillized by the Emancipation Bill, is in a state of fearful turbulence and excitement; and our Ministers are so harassed

by their projects for the retention of office, that they find it more expedient to soothe and propitiate the demagogues, than to grapple with the refractory spirit which they have evoked, and which will be satisfied with nothing less than the dismemberment of the empire. The Roman Catholics, under the guidance of their prelates, have exhibited a determination to resist the payment of tithes, even to the shedding of blood. This is met by Government with an ostentatious exhibition of peculiar favour to the Roman Catholic Bishop, whose writings have more than any thing else produced this resistance; and with a declaration which amounts simply to this, that the property of the clergy must be invaded! An opposition is raised against scriptural education, on the part of those who have always preferred darkness to light, upon the ground of attempts at proselytism which were never made, and of which, upon enquiry, the parties implicated in the charge are acquitted; and this is made the excuse for bringing forward a project of education, which, if carried into effect, must supersede the functions of an Established Church, and render national education subservient to the purposes of a Popish priesthood! It is to this particular project that we would at present invite the earnest attention of our

readers ; and concerning which we feel the more solicitous, because, in our present awful embarrassments, it is not likely to attract a due share of notice, and may pass through Parliament almost "sub silentio," before its import has been duly pondered, or its consequences have been fully understood.

To us the project itself is not so ominous, as the extraordinary conjuncture of circumstances under which it is proposed. If it were to be judged of by its own demerits, it could not stand for a single moment. But it is viewed, unfortunately, in comparison with another system, which has been equally disapproved of by the most bigoted of the superstitious, and by the wisest of the wise ; and what Mr Stanley's new scheme wants in real worth, it makes up in contrasted and adventitious plausibility. With but little hope of averting the great calamity which impends, we shall bestow a few pages upon the progress of events, which appear almost inevitably to necessitate the re-establishment of Popery in Ireland.

In a country, the wealth, the activity, and the intelligence of which is Protestant, whilst the great mass of the population is Roman Catholic, *that* has taken place which might naturally be expected—the Protestant part of the community have, for a considerable time past, extended their benevolent anxiety to their more benighted neighbours, and at great expense, and with considerable labour, have carried into effect various plans by which the condition, both moral and religious, of their Roman Catholic countrymen might be improved. Whether these plans were the best that could be contrived, we will not at present stop to enquire ; but it does not require more than the minimum of candour to admit, that they originated in motives the purest and the most single-minded.

Neither can it be doubted that, to a considerable degree, they were successful. The Irish are proverbially lovers of learning ; and, left to themselves, would never have suspected the supporters of those schools, in which their children were gratuitously educated, of having established them with any sinister ob-

ject. But the state of the country, agitated at that time by the Roman Catholic Association, predisposed a large body to regard the new institutions with not a little of angry jealousy ; and certain untoward peculiarities in the institutions themselves, as well as in the conduct of some of their most active friends, rendered it easy for a wily priesthood (who, whatever may be their spiritual darkness, have never yet been accused of a want of this world's wisdom) to misrepresent them, as though, under the pretence of enlightening, they were in reality intended for the purpose of perverting the people.

Upon these it is not our purpose at present to enlarge ; but we cannot help observing, that the regulation which made the Bible a school-book, and at the same time interdicted any authoritative exposition of its contents, was open to grave objections. We do not require to be told that the individuals composing the Kildare Place Institution were actuated by the best motives. We are assured they were. Neither is it necessary to inform us that they studiously avoided every thing which could give offence to the Roman Catholics, and have not furnished any ground for the charge which has been so industriously bruited abroad, that their schools were mere traps for converts. The charge has been investigated by prejudiced adversaries, and proved to be unfounded. The regulation to which we allude was objectionable upon a very different ground, viz. that it made no sufficient provision for the religious education of the children,—and upon that ground it was objected to, even from the very commencement, by the most enlightened friends of scriptural religion.

The Bible is the best of all books. It is a revelation of the will of God to man as a moral creature, and a history of the dealings of God with man as a sinful creature, the use or the abuse of which must be attended by blessings the most ineffable, or consequences the most awful. Now, nothing but patient study, aided by divine grace, can enable those who read that blessed book so to read it as that they may well and truly "mark, learn, and inwardly digest

it," and be worthy of ranking with those scribes whom our blessed Lord describes as being instructed in the kingdom of God, and whom he likens "to the householder, who brings forth from his treasures things new and things old." Will any one say that this is likely to be the case with children, for whose edification a chapter of the Bible, chosen at the discretion of the master, is read in the public school-room? No, we will be told; but there is still much by which they might be profited. Granted. But for that much, extracts from the Bible would be sufficient. If the object of the Society be merely *moral* instruction, that object would be best attained by the compilation of a volume upon which all parties might agree. If their object be *religious* instruction, unless they are absurd enough to contend for something like *abstract* Christianity, that is, *a system of religion without any corresponding system of doctrine*, it would be idle to expect that those who conscientiously differ respecting matters of doctrine, could be brought to act with unity in a project which would involve either an opposition to, or a compromise of, their principles.

In therefore offering our most strenuous opposition to the new project, we would not by any means have it understood that the one which it is intended to supersede has had our unqualified approbation. No such thing. We are almost as much opposed to what involves an abuse, as to what stipulates an exclusion, of the Holy Scriptures; and we should be but little satisfied with any system of national instruction which did not provide, for all those *for whose education the state might be fairly considered responsible*, substantive instruction in the Word of God.

This was not done by the Kildare Place Society, and Mr Stanley was therefore right in condemning it for making no sufficient provision for the religious education of the children; but we scarcely believed our ears, when he almost immediately began to praise it as *most liberal*—as having by its extreme liberality gone beyond the spirit of the age, to a degree that provoked the indignation of the Orangemen, and the bigots of the Protestant communion! That that

should be most inefficient for any good purpose, which is, in the modern acceptation of the word, deemed *most liberal*, would not have surprised us; but that Mr Stanley should have, in any instance, recognised such a truth—that he should, in his place in Parliament, condemn a system as *inefficient*, and, in the same breath, eulogize it as *most liberal*, argues a more than ordinary degree either of simple candour or sarcastic severity in that right honourable gentleman, which must have come equally by surprise upon both his friends and his enemies.

The truth we believe to be, that neither Orangemen nor Protestants, nor bigots of any denomination of Protestants, ever objected to the Kildare Place Society. Nor were any objections ever started against it on the part of Protestants, but those of which Mr Stanley himself now fully admits the validity. He may not agree with them in the remedy which they would propose; but he has gone quite as far as they could wish him to go in recognising its defects; and farther, much farther, than he should have gone in his endeavours to supply them. Whether the new system which he patronises has in reality supplied them, or whether it is or is not liable to other and more serious imputations, we shall hereafter enquire. It is sufficient to say, at present, that an accusation by which Mr Stanley is himself identified with Orangemen and bigots, must either involve the former in disgrace, or protect the latter from condemnation. It must, to that right honourable gentleman, be sufficiently humiliating to acknowledge that, in condemning the Kildare Street institution, he was only copying the example of bigots whom he despised; and it may, to them, be consolatory to learn, that their opinions upon that subject are at present countenanced by one who is so much respected. This may, perhaps, encourage them to object, with what will no doubt be considered *equal "bigotry,"* to the system which appears, for the present, to be fashionable, and which, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, has suddenly started, all perfect, from the ardent brain of the youthful Secretary for Ireland. But of these things it may be truly



said, "by their fruits," and by their fruits alone, "shall ye know them." And Mr Stanley may live to see the day when time shall have given proof of the value of his present policy, and when the folly of "*bigots*" may again, by a lucky accident, be found coincident with the judgment of the more enlightened.

In order duly to estimate the plan at present proposed, it will be necessary to revert briefly to that of the commissioners of 1825, and to the difficulties which rendered it unavailing. The commissioners found the education of the country, such as it was, in the hands of the Protestants, and conducted upon principles not, as they conceived, sufficiently conciliatory towards individuals of the Romish persuasion. Their object was, therefore, to propitiate the prejudices of that class of persons, by such an accommodation to their feelings and principles as might win their assent to a system, under which children of all denominations might assemble for the purpose of receiving a united literary and religious education. In order to accomplish this it was proposed, that the new system was to be under the superintendence of a board of commissioners, who were to exercise a control over the public funds to be allocated for its support, and possess the power of appointing and removing the masters and mistresses of the respective schools. It was also provided that each school in which Protestant and Roman Catholic children assembled together for education, should be provided with a Protestant and Roman Catholic teacher, who were to be authorized to give literary instruction indifferently to *all* the children, but religious instruction only to those of their respective communions. The commissioners, however, deemed it indispensable to the completion of their system, that a book of common religious instruction should be provided, upon which both Roman Catholics and Protestants might agree; and it was the difficulty which they experienced in the adoption of such a book which caused their design to be abandoned.

The reader will perceive that, in what was already contemplated, the functions of the national Church were

completely superseded. The established clergy, the natural guardians of national education, possessing a common-law right to superintend any system having for its object to train up the rising generation in the way they should go, and especially enjoined, by two positive enactments—the one the 28th of Henry VIII., the other the 7th of William III.—to undertake and perform that important duty, and rendered liable to severe penalties if they should neglect it, are set aside, and their places are supplied by a body of commissioners, over whom they can have no control, and from whom, as far as they find it possible to co-operate with them, they must be content to receive instructions. This could not fail to be very highly gratifying to the Roman Catholic bishops, who saw very clearly the advantage that was gained. In fact, liberality towards a sect which had been previously regarded with a jealous caution, was now carried to such an extreme, as to amount to intolerance towards the Establishment. At first the Roman Catholic clergy seemed satisfied with this detrusion of the Church of Ireland from her proper station, and expressed their readiness to acquiesce in the views of the commissioners respecting that book of common religious instruction which they deemed indispensable to the completion of their scheme; Dr Murray, the titular archbishop of Dublin, declaring that "no objection would be made to an harmony of the Gospels being used in the general education which the children should receive in common, nor to a volume containing extracts from the Psalms, Proverbs, and Book of Ecclesiasticus, nor to a volume containing the history of the Creation—of the Deluge—of the Patriarchs—of Joseph—and of the deliverance of the Israelites, extracted from the Old Testament; and that he was persuaded no difficulties in arranging the details of such works would arise on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy."

Difficulties, however, did arise, whether on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy or not, the reader shall judge.

The commissioners of education having, as they conceived, the sanc-

tion of the Roman Catholic prelates for the introduction of a book of religious instruction, which should embody as large a portion of scriptural truth as might be collected into one volume, without containing any thing wounding to the feelings, or offensive to the prejudices, of any denomination of believers, proceeded to authorize certain individuals, in whose ability and discretion they reposed confidence, to make such a compilation. While this work was in progress, the Roman Catholic prelates assembled at the house of Dr Murray, and came to four resolutions, which may be considered as investing themselves with a power of supervision and control over the commissioners, similar to that which the commissioners had already asserted over the Church of Ireland.

The Romish prelates required, as the condition of their adhesion to the new system, the unconditional submission of the commissioners to the following resolutions :—

That in each school, where the majority of the children were Roman Catholics, the master should be a Roman Catholic ;—where the minority were Roman Catholics, that there should be a permanent Roman Catholic assistant ; that in all cases the masters or assistants so appointed should have the express approval of the Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese in which they are employed ; and that they should be removed upon his representation.

That no Roman Catholic master or mistress should be employed in the commissioners' schools, who were educated under Protestants ; and that no book or tract should be introduced for common instruction in literature, which might be objected to, on religious grounds, by the Roman Catholic bishop."

The commissioners having provided, that the funds at that time belonging to the several charitable institutions for education, should gradually merge in the common fund to be at their disposal in the prosecution of this national object, this did not at all meet the views of the Roman Catholic bishops, who resolved, "That a transfer of the property in several schools, which now exist, or may hereafter exist, in Ireland, may be utterly impracticable,

from the nature of the tenure by which they are or shall hereafter be held ; and from the number of persons having a legal interest in them, as well as from a variety of other causes, and that, in our opinion, any regulation which should require such transfer to be made, as a necessary condition for receiving Parliamentary support, would operate to the exclusion of many useful schools from all participation in the public bounty." And they conclude by stating, "*That, appointed as we have been by Divine Providence, to watch over and preserve the deposit of Catholic faith in Ireland, and responsible as we are to God for the souls of our flocks, we will, in our RESPECTIVE DIOCESES, WITHHOLD OUR CONCURRENCE AND SUPPORT FROM ANY SYSTEM OF EDUCATION, WHICH WILL NOT FULLY ACCORD WITH THE PRINCIPLES EXPRESSED IN THE FOREGOING RESOLUTIONS.*"

Now, will any one say, that by the resolutions just recited, the Roman Catholic prelates did not erect themselves into a court of high commission, above the commissioners themselves ? They were willing to continue in company with Mr Frankland Lewis and his associates as far, and no farther, than these gentlemen were willing to go with them :—and, however they may condescend to avail themselves of the Parliamentary grant, which may be made for the purpose of carrying the views of the commissioners into effect, they are clearsighted and sagacious enough to foresee the insuperable difficulties which render it impossible that any funds, which are peculiarly at their own disposal, could be appropriated to the same object.

The reader must therefore be prepared to learn, that concert or co-operation between two such bodies was no longer practicable. Unless the commissioners conceded every thing, while the Roman Catholic bishops conceded nothing,—that is, unless the commissioners consented to act under the dictation of the Roman Catholic bishops, and became their obedient slaves, in establishing a system which, after detruding the national Church from its proper station, was to secure the ascendancy of Popery in Ireland, all

their enquiries, and all their labour, must be unavailing. Their panting liberality toiled in vain after the arrogant strides of Romish pretension. The more they yielded, the more the other required. And, assuredly, it required a strong delusion to blind them, as they appear to have been blinded, to those ultimate views which their Roman Catholic negotiators took such little pains to conceal from even the least discerning observers.

This appeared very decidedly in the reception, or rather, indeed, the rejection, which they gave to that common book of religious instruction, which was drawn up under the superintendence of the Archbishop of Dublin, at the instance of the commissioners, who were led by Dr Murray to believe, that if it contained nothing offensive to their feelings, or at variance with their doctrines, it would not be objected to by the Roman Catholic clergy. It was undertaken with the understanding, and compiled with a most scrupulous avoidance of every thing by which their prejudices could be revolted. Nothing could exceed either the discretion or the good faith with which it was executed. Had it been otherwise, the Roman Catholic bishops would, assuredly, have been loud and vehement in their reclamations, and not have confined their objections to a point which had nothing whatever to do with the real question at issue, and could only serve to intimate the arrogance of their own pretensions.

The commissioners, we may suppose, were startled at the extraordinary attitude which these prelates took in the resolutions which have been already recited. To admit the claims thus put forward, would be nothing short of formally abdicating their functions; and, if they acted in defiance of them, they felt that the success of their favourite plan would be endangered. They were therefore reduced to great difficulty;—and could devise no better mode of extricating themselves from their embarrassment, than by attempting to appear masters, when they were in reality servants, and trying how far the mildness and moderation which they had already experienced

be still farther worked upon, so as to induce an acquiescence in the propriety of adopting a religious school-book, which had been submitted to the commissioners by the Roman Catholic bishops, to the prejudice of that which had been prepared by themselves. The objection to the Scriptural Selections which had been laid before the commissioners by the Archbishop of Dublin was, "*that they were taken from the Protestant version*;"—an objection which had no reference to the subject-matter of the compilation, to which alone they should have confined their observations. Had any such objection been made, it would immediately have been obviated. But none such was or could be urged; and nothing proves the keen and unremitting vigilance with which they prosecuted their own peculiar projects, more than the sinister adroitness with which they almost succeeded in drawing the commissioners into an acknowledgment of their pretensions as a church, even at the very moment when they were manifesting the most utter disregard for the education of the people.

Their work was taken into consideration, and transmitted to his Grace the Primate, together with a letter from Mr Frankland Lewis, stating the difficulty which the Roman Catholic bishops felt in admitting as a religious school-book the compilation of the Archbishop of Dublin, and desiring to know whether any insuperable objection existed on his part, or on that of the Established Clergy, to the adoption of that which was now proposed. In reply to this letter, the Primate wrote a full explanation of his views upon the subject. It is, in our apprehension, one of the most interesting and beautiful public documents that ever was composed. We shall therefore make from it copious extracts, and that with a twofold object; the one, to hold forth to just admiration the noble individual, who, at this critical period, stood almost alone against the united craft and subtlety of the Church of Rome, and the popularizing views and plausible representations of latitudinarian commissioners; and the other, for the purpose of exhibiting the justest and clearest view of the real nature of the

difficulty which was started by the Romish bishops, and its probable object.

Having acknowledged the receipt of the letter, his Grace observes—

“Before I enter upon the subject to which you have now called my attention, allow me to place before you some particulars of our former correspondence. In your letter of the 13th of January, you were so good as to assure me, that ‘the commissioners were fully aware that the books recommended in their report could not be properly arranged, except with the approbation, and under the superintendence, of the authorities in the Established Church.’ My answer was written, in the expectation that the commissioners would continue to act under this impression. I stated the opinion, which, after mature deliberation, I was induced to form of their general design in the plan they had proposed; while I acknowledged my alarm at some particular measures, I declared myself consoled by the persuasion that they had adopted the principle of the statutes of Henry the Eighth and William the Third, *which commit national education to the Established clergy*; and without passing beyond the question upon which it appeared to be their intention to consult me, I endeavoured throughout to express myself in language which, had I fallen into a misconception of their views, might elicit an explanation. From the frankness of my statement, and the silence with which it continued to be received for more than half a year, I became every day more and more assured that my hopes had been well founded.

“Your recent communication, however, has considerably weakened this assurance. I will state the impression it has made upon me, with the same freedom which I used in my former letter, and with an anxious desire to be undeceived, if I have fallen into error.

“The commissioners have rejected the volume of Scripture Lessons which had been prepared, according to their own desire, ‘with the approbation, and under the superintendence,’ of the Archbishop of Dublin and myself, and by a committee appointed at a very full meeting of the bishops. This step is not accounted

for in your letter by any objections to particular words or passages; and, indeed, it could not be so accounted for, because, had the difficulties been of that nature, it could not escape your discernment, that the obvious course would be to point them out, with a view to their removal or modification. The book was condemned by Dr Murray, as you mention, upon this general ground, that, ‘being taken *exclusively*, and *verbatim*, from the Protestant version, it is open to the objections already stated to the commissioners by the Catholic archbishops.’ You have not informed me what the objections are, but it appears that your board acquiesces in them as conclusive. In the place of the compilation thus rejected, you propose a book to me, which you say the commissioners have reason to think would be less likely to meet with objection on the part of the Roman Catholic clergy. This work is sent printed; and I learn from Mr Pouncefoote, that it was some delay in obtaining it from the press, which occasioned the detention of your letter in Dublin. From all these circumstances, I am obliged to conclude, *that the relation in which the commissioners expressed themselves desirous of standing with the Established Church, has been seriously altered.* Instead of that superintending co-operation in the arrangement of a system of national instruction, which your former letter taught me to expect, we are now reduced to a simple negative upon the proceedings of your board. Possibly, indeed, even this privilege is more than I am strictly warranted in inferring from your last communication.

“The immediate purpose of your letter is to learn, ‘whether there be any serious or irremediable objection to your printed volume?’ *I cannot refrain from avowing my deep concern, that this question has not been pressed upon the Roman Catholic hierarchy, with respect to the compilation prepared under the directions of the Archbishop of Dublin and myself.* Had the commissioners delayed their rejection of it until they discovered the particular objections to which it was liable—weighed their importance, and, if serious, ascertained our inability or unwillingness to provide a remedy, they would have

done no more than was consistent with their own declarations, and the reasonable claims of the Established Church. At present, the only objection that appears against it is, that it is a *Protestant version*. You inform me, that the 'commissioners are strongly impressed with the conviction, that, in considering the execution of a work of this nature, no opinions of theirs, on a theological ground, could carry with them any weight whatever.' I am quite persuaded of the correctness of this conviction; yet I trust that the commissioners will find no difficulty in comprehending the few observations of that nature which it will be my duty to lay before them. There are no more than two verses in our compilation which suggest a sense different from that in the Douay, (St Mat. xxvi. 28, and St Luke, xi. 16;) and of these, the former only can be imagined to have a controversial meaning. Now, although the substituted volume does not contain this verse, it contains the parallel one of St Luke, and gives the disputed words, according to the authorized version, thus:—

"Rejected words of St Matthew—  
'This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many.'

"Adopted clause in St Luke—'This cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you.'

"The question which arises between the Churches is, whether *is shed*, or *shall be shed*, is the true interpretation. It must be obvious to your board, from this statement, that the ground of opposition to our volume is, that it is a *version made by Protestants, and implying the existence of a Protestant Church, and a Protestant Government*.

"I am now to inform the commissioners what objections can be made, on the part of the Established Church, to the volume which they have substituted. To me, it appears that the point at issue between the two volumes, is no less than THAT GREAT QUESTION BETWEEN THE CHURCHES OF ROME AND ENGLAND, 'WHAT IS THE RULE OF FAITH?' The Church of Rome gives AUTHORITY, the Church of England gives *evidence*, as the basis of Christianity. The latter appears as a faithful witness of the sacred records, and of the interpretation

which has been put upon them by the first believers; the former, as an *infallible teacher, drawing her doctrines and institutions from herself, or from a secret store of tradition, which is independent of the Written Word, and the key of which has been committed to her custody by the Great Founder of our religion*. In our system, the Church is nothing without the Scripture; in that of Rome, its powers and doctrines might have been as they are, had the New Testament never been written. This irreconcilable difference between the two Churches, appears upon the first inspection of the volume now before me. The work which we prepared is provided with references to the sacred writers, so that every reader may satisfy himself of the fidelity of the quotation; and, if he be competent to make such enquiries, of the correctness of the original reading, and accuracy of the version. There are no references in the printed work. The Church delivers her 'Christian lessons,' as they are styled, but without any intimation that they are derived from a higher authority. *There is nothing wherein a child or a peasant could conjecture that there was such a work as the New Testament in existence*. This omission, you will perceive, is of vital importance. Should Government, or the Legislature, determine on insisting upon the circulation of the work, it will be our duty to submit; *but we could not express our consent, or give our active support to the measure, WITHOUT WITHDRAWING OUR PROTEST AGAINST THE ASSUMPTIONS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME*.

"This is all that I feel it necessary to say upon the theological aspect of your question; there is another view of it, which the commissioners are better prepared to appreciate. I have already expressed an opinion in my former letter, and I do not think it too much to repeat it now, that the state, particularly a state like ours, in which so much depends upon public feeling, has an immediate interest in the moral and social principles of all its members; that this interest gives it a right, or rather imposes upon it an obligation, of providing a system of national instruction; and that the trust of superintending this system, is most consistent-

ly reposed in an Established clergy. Circumstances would guide me in determining the degree in which the clergy should be ostensibly engaged in this superintendence; but no circumstances could induce me to sacrifice the rights of the Church, or the future prospects of the nation, by an entire surrender of it. I should therefore feel it my duty to object to any plan of national education in which the co-operation of the clergy in preparing books, visiting schools, and overseeing teachers, was pointedly excluded. *I have seen many reasons to believe that the Roman Catholic hierarchy have similar views of the rights of their order, and that they claim to themselves, as the true Church, what I consider due to the Established Church, from its UNION WITH THE STATE.* One of these reasons I take the liberty of laying before you, as it is derived from a document connected with the subject of your letter, and the general functions of your board."

His Grace here transcribes "the resolutions" of the Roman Catholic bishops, which have been already recited, and proceeds to observe:—

"Various misgivings are awakened in my mind by these resolutions; the sum of them is, that the source of the present difficulty lies out of the power of the commissioners. Give me leave to suggest a very easy mode of submitting the justness of this opinion to experiment. One of the objects of the commissioners, and, I presume, the chief one, in recommending a system of general instruction, was, that the kindly sympathies of our nature, being aided by habits of youthful companionship, as well as the benign precepts of the Gospel, might mature, as life advanced, into the charities of Christian neighbourhood. It is obvious, however, that the success of this endeavour will entirely depend on the care with which sinister influences are excluded from the minds of the children during the seasons set apart for their separate instruction in the tenets of their respective religions.

"The Roman Catholic catechism, which will, of course, be used on these occasions for the children of that communion, contains the following questions and answers.

"Q. Is there but one true Church?  
A. Although there be many sects,

there is but one true religion, and one true Church.

"Q. Why is there but one true Church? A. As there is but one true God, there can be but one true Church.

"Q. How do you call the true Church? A. The Roman Catholic Church.

"Q. Are all obliged to be of that true Church? A. Yes.

"Q. Why are all obliged to be of that true Church? A. Because no one can be saved out of it.

"Q. How many ways are there of sinning against faith? A. Chiefly three.

"Q. What are these three ways?

A. First, by not seeking to know what God has taught; secondly, by not believing what he has taught, &c.

"Q. Who are they who do not believe what God has taught? A. The heretics and infidels."

"The commissioners will surely agree with me in thinking that it would be desirable to have these passages expunged; that as long as they shall continue to be privately inculcated upon the Roman Catholic children by their religious instructors, any other lesson they may receive *will teach them dissimulation, rather than cordial good feeling.* The same wise and benevolent motives which make the commissioners desirous to discover a religious book which might be common to all parties, must inspire the anxiety, that what is peculiar to religion, should be conveyed to the youthful mind without poisoning or drying up the fountain of those sentiments which, next to the love of God, it is the great business of the Gospel to feed and purify,—'peace on earth, goodwill towards men.' Let them then endeavour to remove these questions and answers. Should they succeed, the appointment of their board will indeed be an auspicious era in the history of this country. But if they fail, or if it be their feeling that they should not try—that these matters are beyond their sphere—that they relate so exclusively to religion, as not to be approached without invading the rights of conscience, I can no longer elude the desponding conviction that their wishes will be disappointed, and their labours ineffectual."

We offer no apology for this length-

ened quotation from the composition of one who on this occasion proved the bulwark, as on every occasion he has been the ornament, of the Church of Ireland. The reader, we are sure, will admire, with us, the sagacity with which the views of the Romish bishops are detected, and the admirable temper with which they are exposed. Whether the eyes of the commissioners were opened by this letter, or whether they felt that *now* to accede to the wishes of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics would be to appear to the public as their willing slaves, it is not for us to say; but they *did* see the propriety of not insisting upon the adoption of the "Christian Lessons" as a school-book; and as it would be fruitless to look for any departure from the principle upon which it was composed in its compilers, or any acquiescence in the views, in this respect, of the Established clergy, their projected system of national education was abandoned.

In this state matters have remained until the present period,—the institutions which it was the object of the late commissioners to supersede, still continuing to furnish the country with the means of moral and literary improvement. The Primate's letter shewed so clearly that the objections of the Popish bishops could not be admitted, or their proposal acceded to, without compromising the legal and constitutional rights of the Established Church, and bringing its authority into contempt, that it would be vain to expect a submission to the first, or a compliance with the second, on the part of the Established clergy; and although it formed no part of the object of the commissioners to repress the insolent spirit of Popish domination which was so offensively exhibited, yet they felt that the time had not yet come when it could be encouraged to manifest itself in all its extravagance. The Catholic Association was, indeed, agitating the country, and causing much annoyance to a Government which, however able, was unwilling to put it down. But the Catholic Bill had not at that time passed, and the Popish prelates were not possessed of that substantial power in the British senate, which has since proved so truly formidable. To that, no-doubt, they then looked forward;

and, while the commissioners felt unfeigned regret at the frustration of their favourite scheme, *they* rejoiced as at the birth of hopes of which they are now, it would appear, about to experience the realization.

Had the commissioners of 1825 proceeded to act upon the view which they entertained, notwithstanding the opposition of the Roman Catholic bishops, we believe that the latter would have had cause to rue their temerity. The people of Ireland would have seen clearly, that, upon all points concerning which they had a right to expect to be attended to, they received a most respectful attention; that, while provision was made for the education of the lower orders, nothing seemed less to be meditated than any invasion of the rights of conscience; that the religious school-book which was adopted, did not contain a single passage which could possibly offend the feelings, or militate against the principles, of any member of the Church of Rome; and this, notwithstanding the hostile spirit that breathed in their catechisms against all Protestant dissenters. They would have perceived, moreover, that if the most zealous or captious of their priests could point out any thing which, by the remotest implication, could be construed as insulting or dangerous, there was every disposition on the part of the commissioners, and of the Established clergy, to give the promptest attention to their suggestions. They could not but recognise in all this, an evidence of the most hearty desire to go to the utmost verge of liberality, in affording those facilities for education which the people required; and it would be curious to see how far they would have gone in foregoing the advantages of such a system, if in practical operation, because of a merely speculative objection, implying nothing less than an insolent assertion of the peculiar claims of the Church of Rome, and a no less insolent denial of the national rights and privileges of the Church of England.

We are persuaded that the people of Ireland, in proportion as they really desired education, would not have sympathized with their bishops on this occasion. And if they did, it would only prove that no sincere

disposition existed on their part to profit by any system that could be devised. In such a case, the horse might be brought to the water, but he could not be made to drink. As long as a speculative and almost evanescent distinction in theology, outweighed their practical concern for the improvement of their children, the labour of any set of education commissioners must be in vain. And it is because we have abundant evidence to prove, that the people did really desire to have their children well educated, that we believe, that if the commissioners had had the wisdom or the firmness to persevere in their original plan, they would have had the satisfaction to find that the denunciations of the Popish bishops would have been, generally speaking, disregarded.

The objection of the Popish bishops was, that the work from which the "Scripture Selections" were taken, was a Protestant translation of the Holy Scriptures. They did not object to the *correctness* of the translation, nor to the words or spirit of the extracts. But the mere fact of its being a Protestant translation, was sufficient in their eyes to render it unfit to be admitted into the proposed national schools. Now, when it is considered, that, by acquiescing in it, they need not, necessarily, have felt themselves called upon to pronounce any decision respecting its authenticity, while the clergy of the established religion, by acquiescing in the objection which denied its authenticity, would be abandoning all claim to consideration as a National Church, it may readily be understood how far their conduct was consistent with that spirit of fairness and cordial good-will with which they professed to co-operate in the great work of promoting a system of national education. The people, we are persuaded, would have felt all this. They would have felt that there was nothing in the proposed system, by which they would be called upon to abjure or to compromise any of the principles of their religion; that, against any interference from the teachers of a different creed, they would be sufficiently guarded; that the book from which the Scripture Selections were taken, was one, the correctness of which was admitted as a translation, and that their

children might read it with profit, without being called upon to pronounce any opinion respecting the authority upon which it was made; they would have felt, moreover, that to expect Protestants to sink their respect for that authority, merely for the purpose of gratifying the theological aversion of the Roman Catholic clergy, would be both indelicate and unreasonable; that it would be to expect a degree of compromise on the part of others, which was not expected from themselves, and to appear captious, if not bigoted, in proportion to the kindness and liberality which was exhibited towards them. All this the people would have felt,—and it would have produced its natural effect, that of causing them to avail themselves fully of the advantages which would have been within their reach, without being over scrupulous respecting the scandal which was apprehended by their theological guides from the use of a school-book, which admitted, by implication, the existence of the Church of England.

But it is abundantly evident, that, throughout the whole of the negotiations upon this subject, the Roman Catholic clergy have been considered rather as the leaders of a party than the teachers of a sect, and that a deference has been shewn to them much less proportioned to their civil claims than to their political importance. They were considered to possess the power either of exciting or allaying the passions of a turbulent and uneducated people; and it was accordingly thought that any boon, by which they could be propitiated, would be well and wisely bestowed, if it purchased the tranquillity of the country. There were, at that time, a large party, who had a particular theory respecting the necessary effect of concessions to the Catholic body, which considered it impossible for them to see the conduct of their clergy in its true light,—and this body accordingly commanded a degree of consideration, and possessed a species of power, which enabled them to appear as high contracting parties in the presence of commissioners appointed by the Crown, and caused them to regard the projected system of education important only as it furnished occasion for a compact between them



and the British Government, to which they would only accede, upon condition of obtaining for the creed which they professed important religious and political advantages.

If they were then powerful as agitators, they are now powerful as politicians. If they were then powerful in exciting discontent without, they are now powerful from the influence which they undeniably exercise within, the walls of Parliament. Truly may it now be said, "*Illiacos intra muros peccatur et extra.*" The concession of the Catholic claims, which it was said would extinguish, has only increased, the spirit of discontent; and the whole power of the Popish Church militant seems now to be embodied in battle array, for the purpose of breaking the connexion between Church and State, and obliterating every vestige by which it might be discerned that we once had a Protestant constitution.

Ireland is the ground upon which this battle will be fought; but its consequences will not be confined to that country. The principle which it is sought to establish there, will eventually be applied to the empire at large. Mr O'Connell, who is unimportant except as the organ of the Popish clergy, at present contents himself with contending for the perfect equality of every mode of faith, and the unreasonableness of making the members of one religion contribute to the maintenance of the pastors of another. It will be time enough, when he has succeeded in this object, to disclose those ulterior views in which the Romish clergy are more especially interested; and of his future success, he must regard it as a flattering earnest, that, during the present session, his power has been acknowledged, and his suggestions have been attended to, by the Secretary for Ireland.

Nothing more clearly proves the weight of this individual in the present House of Commons, than the new project of education which has, at length, been disclosed. It differs from former projects, inasmuch as it is not liable to the reproach of satisfying nobody; for it would, indeed, be surprising if the Popish clergy were not marvellously well pleased. The Government have deliberately turned their backs upon the Church, and invited its most wily and inveterate

adversaries to join with them in Burking the Bible! The project, of course, cannot work. No Protestant minister will be found so basely recreant from his principles, or so slavishly submissive to the dictates of unprincipled authority, as to join with Roman Catholics in soliciting aid for a system of education from which the Bible is pointedly to be excluded. And Parliament *will not, cannot, shall not* grant a sum of money, to be appropriated to the peculiar purposes of the professors of a creed which was, until lately, branded by the Legislature as damnable and idolatrous, and which no consistent Protestant can acknowledge to be agreeable to the Word of God.

But the commission has issued, and the commissioners are appointed. And such commissioners! Alas! how forcibly have they reminded us of the words which fell from the lips of the late lamented Mr North, upon the night of the debate on the withdrawal of the Kildare Place grant; and a very few days before his death, he said, that "he no longer looked forward with the hopefulness which once attended his anticipations respecting the religious or the political wellbeing of Ireland; but, nevertheless, he earnestly conjured Mr Stanley to appoint none upon his intended commission, but men who had evinced, by the devotedness of their lives, that they felt more than a passing interest in the moral and religious wellbeing of their fellow-creatures. Be assured," said the learned gentleman, "that if you act otherwise, your commission will fall to the ground." But nothing like consistency in evil. The advice was disregarded. As our governors have begun, so they have ended. The gentlemen who have been chosen to execute the important trust of providing for the education of a Christian people, are carefully selected from different denominations of believers, in such a way as to checkmate each other at every step of their progress, and render their efforts to compile a work which should contain the rudiments of Christian knowledge, as fruitless as the labour which was bestowed upon Penelope's web; so that if the reader can calculate in what time Sancho Panza could contrive to eat a hearty dinner, with Doctor Don Pedro Periwig Snatch-

away by his side, he may be enabled to form some idea of the time that it would take, under the present commissioners, to communicate to the Irish the elements of religious education.

The commission consists of equal proportions of Socinianism, Popery, and the religion of the Church of England. Now, upon what one question respecting revealed religion is it possible that its members can agree? Will the Socinian consent that the children should be taught any thing relating to the divinity of Christ? Will the Church of Englandman consent to ground their religious knowledge upon the doctrine of his mere humanity? And will the Papist tolerate any allusion to the errors of the Church of Rome? These are things which cannot be expected. The courtesies of society forbid that the gentlemen composing the commission should obtrude upon each other their peculiarities as believers. And while they thus hesitate to advance the pretensions of their respective creeds, what is to become of the poor children? Are *they* to remain suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, between the opposing attractions of error and orthodoxy? or, is their moral nature to depend, for its preservation, upon the neutral salt engendered by the acids and the alkalis of conflicting opinions,—the only species of salt which is known *never* "to preserve its savour," and which is, in fact, "good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men?"

The commissioners, in fact, seem to have been chosen in the same spirit, and with the same view, which actuated Pharaoh in the choice of his midwives, by whom the children of the Israelites were to be put to death. They proved better than their employer, who, as the first suggester of the Burking system, has obtained so infamous an immortality. Our rulers have improved upon the hint. He would only have applied it to the bodies; they have applied it to the souls of men. And our hope is that, in this case also, the instruments will prove better than those by whom they have been appointed, and, either feeling it impious, or finding it impracticable, to keep the children, for whose spiritual welfare they are called upon to provide, from the well of life, abandon the fruitless

labour "of hewing out for them broken cisterns that hold no water."

We will be told, perhaps, that the public school-room is to be exclusively appropriated to literary instruction; and that the children may be instructed in their respective creeds by their pastors or parents, at periods and in places set apart for that purpose. All this may be very true; but what, then, becomes of the acknowledged necessity for making religion the basis of their united public instruction? To this the former commission, out of which the present has arisen, was distinctly pledged. It was, in fact, as has been already shewn, the difficulty which they found in agreeing upon a school-book which might be satisfactory to all parties, that rendered their labours unavailing. If, therefore, the united public instruction of the children be carried on without any reference to the inculcation of Christian principles, not only is what ought to be deemed the first object of national education overlooked, *but the fundamental principle of the late commissioners has been practically abandoned.*

"To this complexion things have come at last." Our liberal Government has proceeded to that extreme of liberality, which renders it necessary that Christianity should be in a manner proscribed! And our little children, when associated publicly for purposes of instruction, are forbidden to name the name of Christ, lest they should offend the ears of those who would rob him of his glory!

Now, what can all this mean? Or, has it any meaning? Does it portend any good to the Established Church? Nay, does it not directly tend to its subversion?

We are solemnly admonished, by the events that are passing before us, that nothing less is meditated by the present Administration. The systematic deference with which every suggestion of Mr O'Connell is received, and the great influence which he is now acknowledged to possess in the House of Commons, render it impossible for us to come to any other conclusion. He is the mere creature of the priests—they have breathed into him the breath of his political life. They will continue to gratify his enormous vanity, and to amuse him with the rattle of popular applause, just so long, and no longer

than he subserves their interests. All his efforts will therefore be directed to their substantial aggrandizement; and nothing will be left undone by him, by which it may be effectually promoted. The degree in which he has already succeeded must have satisfied his most sanguine expectations.

Nor can we come to any other conclusion, when, to the favour which is shewn the Roman Catholic, we couple the discountenance which is experienced by the Established clergy—established, alas! no longer but in name. It is announced to them that the grant which has hitherto been made for the support of an institution peculiarly under their patronage, is about to be withdrawn. This institution, entitled, “The Association for discountenancing vice, and promoting the knowledge and practice of the Christian religion,” has now been in operation for nearly forty years, and its labours, which were silent and unostentatious, have been most wisely and beneficially directed. It was distinguished from all other societies by this peculiarity, that it was under the exclusive direction of the Established clergy, that its masters were all appointed by them, and that the religion of the state was publicly taught the children of the Established Church, who were educated in its schools. It is interesting and instructive to note one other peculiarity, namely, that its schools, notwithstanding their apparently obnoxious regulation, were frequented by almost equal numbers of Protestants and Roman Catholics, *and that no charge was ever brought against it, from its foundation to the present hour, of any attempt at proselytism on the part of its conductors.* In every instance where compromise was resorted to for the purpose of conciliating the Roman Catholics, the charge of proselytism has been loud and frequent. In this instance, where no compromise was made; where the Established clergy insisted upon their rights, and performed their bounden duty honestly and publicly, by instructing the children of their own communion in the catechism of the Established Church, the Roman Catholic children continued, and do to this hour continue, to attend the schools in equal numbers with the Protestants, and without the

slightest suspicion that by so doing, they run any risk of being perverted from their faith. The schools are of a better description than those which they should otherwise frequent; the literary instruction which they receive at them is more valuable;—and the positive advantages thus derived have been found abundantly sufficient to overcome a prejudice arising from a suspicion which, however plausible, long experience has proved to be groundless. But this society is now to be discarded; a Protestant Government (as it is called) outstripping even the prejudices of the Roman Catholics, and refusing any longer to continue to support it, because it is strictly in connexion with the Church of England!

We were in the House when the Kildare Street grant was debated, and were not a little gratified to hear Mr Frankland Lewis bear the amplest testimony to the utility of “the association,” and to the respectable character of its schools. He indeed only echoed the commendation bestowed upon it in the report of the education commissioners; all of them, more or less, imbued with prejudices against the Established Church. He turned round, and appealed to Mr O’Connell, who was sitting behind him, for confirmation of the fact, that in the very tempest and whirlwind of agitation, no charge of proselytism was ever brought forward against it. And he then besought Mr Stanley to continue the grant (it was, he said, a small one) by which it was upheld. But in vain. Its doom was sealed. To support it any longer would afford some countenance to the exploded notion of a connexion between Church and State, and as it is not at present expedient openly to avow *the only connexion of that nature which is hereafter to subsist*, his Majesty’s Government are at least determined not to recognise what are now considered as hostile pretensions.

Another of the signs of the times by which we collect the intentions of Government towards the present Established Church, is the intimation which has been given respecting Church property. Lord Althorp has announced it to be the intention of Government to take the estates of the bishops into their own hands, and, after paying them a certain sum, which may be deemed sufficient, ap-

appropriating the remainder to other purposes, which are not as yet disclosed. We may take another opportunity of expressing ourselves more at large concerning this monstrous usurpation. At present, we shall only say, that it is generally understood a fund is to be formed by this means for the support of the Roman Catholic clergy, who will thus have re-appropriated to their use, and for their benefit, a large proportion of those very revenues which were forfeited, because they professed a creed in hostility to the religion of the State, and which was frequently proved to be the secret foment, and, when it dared, the open encourager, of perfidy, treachery, and treason!

The last and the most painful of the symptoms which intimate the speedy downfall of the Church Establishment in Ireland, is the manner in which the clergy are left without redress against a systematic opposition to the payment of tithes, the most formidable that has ever been set on foot by wicked and designing incendiaries. If they apply for payment, they are refused. If they proceed to enforce their legal claims by legal means, they are resisted. If they employ force against force, and death ensues (as in the case of Newtown-Barry), they are called cruel murderers, and the country rings from one end to the other with wild and ferocious denunciations against them, and the priests take up the war-cry, which, with the most dutiful and unscrupulous vehemence, is echoed by their retainers in Parliament, and enquiry is ordered, and investigations take place, which, however they may terminate, must be favourable to the cause of political and polemical agitation. The loyal men who vindicated the laws are tried for their lives; and if a jury should be found (which, thank God, has been as yet the case) fearless and honest enough to acquit them, their narrow escape from the halter affords but little encouragement again to expose themselves to similar danger.

The consequence of all this, its natural, and, we believe, intended consequence, is now apparent. A large body of the Irish clergy have already petitioned Parliament to take the tithes into their own hands, and pro-

vide some fund from which the clergy may receive a stipend from the State, in lieu of their present property. The thing will accordingly, we have no doubt, be done, if the present Ministers should continue in power.—They will be graciously pleased to accept the surrender of the possessions of the Church of Ireland. How long they will continue to pay the stipulated stipend, we will not undertake to say; that must depend upon their being able to satisfy the Roman Catholics that it is sufficiently moderate and humble, and has been regulated by the same principle that has now been adopted respecting the national schools, namely, the proportion between their flocks and those of the Roman Catholic clergy. From the very moment they become stipendiaries of the State, the head of the Church will be in the mouth of the lion; and when her salaries are regulated by the standard above alluded to, they can cause, even to the most zealous of sects, but little jealousy, and may, at any time, be easily extinguished. There will be no more difficulty in getting rid of them than is found in smothering a hive of bees.

The precise advantages or disadvantages which the Church of Ireland may enjoy or suffer, when disconnected from the State, it is not our purpose at present to enumerate. We have not space to enlarge in a suitable manner upon effects which may be, not remotely, connected with the separation of Great Britain and Ireland. But as the State will soon, in all probability, have an opportunity of entering into a new ecclesiastical alliance, and taking, for better or worse, a partner by whom its interests must be seriously affected, whether for good or for evil, upon the principle which should regulate its choice, we will venture to offer a few brief observations.

And here we will not occupy the time of the reader in discussing the merits of Paley's theory, that the religion of the State should be that of the majority of the people, because, we apprehend, it is now pretty well exploded—indeed, it is more than exploded; it has become a favourite with those only who are averse to any connexion whatever between Church and State.

According to his theory, the abstract merit of the religion is a matter of no account whatever. Whether it be true, or whether it be false, if it be the religion of the majority, it must be adopted. This is sufficiently monstrous. But even this is not all. The connexion thus formed cannot be permanent, unless the majority *continue permanently* of the religion that has been so elected. If this should not be the case, another election must take place; and thus the system, if system it might be called, would be built upon shifting sands. We will therefore take it for granted, that it is unnecessary at present to say a word more respecting the theory of Archdeacon Paley.

The sounder theory undoubtedly is, that truth or falsehood, as they are predicable of any particular creed, *have something to do with the settlement of such a question.* That no State should adopt a religion which it believes to be at variance with the revelation of Almighty God; that no views of State expediency should tempt it to oppose itself to the plain dictates of Holy Scripture.

The religion of the State, therefore, should be that which, upon the authority of the State, is believed to be true. But that which is true, must also be reasonable; and that which is reasonable, must be able to stand the test of fair enquiry. The State religion, therefore, should never be supported by putting a complete extinguisher upon that discussion of its claims, and examination of its merits, by which alone its fitness to occupy the position which it assumes could be sufficiently attested. It should, indeed, be protected against insolent or malevolent attacks. Its character should be shielded by the same defence which is thrown around individuals occupying public stations, whose conduct is liable to be discussed with candour, but whose characters may not be defamed with impunity. But farther protection ought to be unnecessary, and, if required, would argue the unsoundness of its pretensions.

Such being some of the characteristics of a Church, such as would be deserving of establishment in an enlightened country, it may be truly affirmed of it, that it would be respected in proportion as it was under-

stood, and valued in proportion as it was well and wisely administered. But, as the end of its establishment should be the moral and religious improvement of the people, the making men better than it found them, it is not, in the first instance, to be too confidently expected that its peculiar excellence should be clearly perceived, or its peculiar claim duly appreciated, by a gross numerical majority of the people. It should be sufficient if the wisdom of the community, as distinguished from its passion, its prejudice, or its folly, recognised its superior fitness for the important purpose which it was intended to answer, namely, that of preserving and transmitting the precious deposit of Christian truth, in a form that may ensure its perpetuity from generation to generation, and connected with a system of liturgical piety, which may be best calculated for rendering it available and efficacious for the spiritual wants and necessities of all sorts and conditions of men.

Dissent, no doubt, must exist; and it would be easy to shew that advantages may arise from its existence. But the peculiar advantage of *establishing* such a form of worship as we have described, in preference to any other, is this, that *if duly administered*, (unless that be the case, its establishment can be but of little use,) it must naturally and necessarily "increase," while every other rival creed, which is more the creature of passion and prejudice, must as naturally and as necessarily, in proportion as reason is cultivated, and religious truth understood, "decrease." While all other sects which rise up in opposition to it, will be like the meteors, which for a season blaze brightly, but gradually melt away; it will be "like the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "Opinionum commenta delet dies, natura judicia confirmat."

To establish any sect which did not possess the claims or the characteristics which we have described, would be to establish that which must, sooner or later, be abandoned or subverted; it would be to establish that which would not bear enquiry, and must be disrelished in proportion as it was understood. And, if it did continue to subsist after

the prejudices which led to its establishment were dissipated, it would subsist only to perpetuate the errors of its founders, and resemble in some measure those gauntly, rifted, tenantless edifices, which have been built upon some whimsically ungainly site, or incorrigibly bad foundation, and are known in various parts of the country as the "*follies*" of different gentlemen.

The Church which we have endeavoured to describe will be tolerant; because that which is best calculated to administer to men's moral wants, must of necessity make a due allowance for their infirmities. It will, indeed, do what in it lies to correct, to amend, to remove those infirmities; but its instruments will be persuasion, not coercion; the exhibition of truth, rather than the repression of error. Its claims to authority will be enforced, not by penalties, but by precept and example. It can afford to repose upon its own intrinsic excellence; and, "by a patient perseverance in well-doing," must eventually "put to shame the ignorance of foolish men."

The general character of its genuine worshippers will be spirituality without extravagance. They will avoid superstition, while they retain a due respect for ancient observances,—and fanaticism, while they endeavour to attain religious elevation. They will feel themselves in possession of a form of Christian faith, by which every part of their nature is addressed and engaged; which, while it profitably exercises the imagination, and conciliates the taste, satisfies the judgment, and engages the affections. They will feel that by cherishing it, and fully availing themselves of those spiritual privileges which they enjoy under it, they will be best fulfilling the high and holy purposes for which they came into the world. Truly may it be said, "happy are the people who are in such a case—happy are the people who" *thus* "have the Lord for their God." While all other seekers after religious truth are "tossed about by every whiff and wind of doctrine;" or are under the influence of unscriptural guides, who "darken counsel by words without knowledge," they, and they alone, may be truly said to have found "a

peaceable habitation, and a quiet resting-place."

We have deemed it not unimportant to offer these few observations at the present moment, when, as far as Ireland is concerned, the state of Great Britain appears likely to have an opportunity afforded of making choice of a new spiritual handmaid. We shall only say, if it can find such a one as we have described, it will be fortunate; we need not add, that IF IT HAVE SUCH A ONE ALREADY, IT SHOULD NOT BE LIGHTLY INDUCED TO CAST HER AWAY.

We speak with a solemnity which the occasion fully justifies; and under an impression which has been produced by events, and by disclosures, which are far too serious to be suffered to

"O'ercome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder."

The Ministers have declared their intention of laying their hands upon Church property. The Irish Secretary has intimated his approval of the policy of bringing the Romish clergy into connexion with the State. A system of national education is to be adopted, which detrudes the Established Church from her proper station. It has not been thought too much to conciliate its adversaries, by neglecting its interests, and abridging its privileges. Its revenues are withheld; its clergy are persecuted; they are this moment, to all intents and purposes, in a state of proscription and outlawry in many parts of the south and west of Ireland. How long must this continue? We say, deliberately, that either the laws must be enforced and vindicated, or the Irish Church must be abandoned. When things come to the worst, the proverb says they must mend. And the Irish clergy have at least this melancholy consolation, that it is scarcely possible to imagine a more deplorable state of neglect or abandonment under the immediate and recognised ascendancy of Popery, than that to which they have been condemned by the timid, unprincipled, and temporizing policy of nominal adherents to their holy religion, who would fain appear with their lips to serve the Lord, while in their hearts they are far from him.

## THE EXECUTIONER.

## CHAPTER I.

Yes, I—I am an executioner—a common hangman!—These fingers, that look, as I hold them before mine eyes, as a part and parcel of humanity, have fitted the noose and strained the cord to drive forth the soul from its human mansion, and to kill the life that was within it! Oh, horror of horrors, I have stood on the public scaffold, amid the execrations of thousands, more hated than the criminal that was to die by me—more odious than the offender that tottered thither in expiation, with life half fled already—and I have heard a host of human voices join in summoning Heaven's malediction on me and my disgusting office. Well, well I deserved it; and as I listened to the piercing cry, my conscience whispered in still more penetrating accents, "Thou guilty Ambrose, did they but know all thy meed of wickedness, they would be silent—silent in mere despair of inventing curses deep enough to answer to the depth of thy offence."

What is it that prompts me to tell the history of my transgressions? Why sit I in my solitude, thinking and thinking till thought is madness, and trembling as I gaze on the white and unsoiled paper that is destined shortly to be so foully blotted with the annals of my crime and my misery? Alas, I know not why! I have no power to tell the impulse that compels me—I can only pronounce that the impulse has existence, and that it seems to me as if the sheet on which I write served me instead of a companion, and I could conjure from its fancied society a sort of sympathy in the entireness of my wretchedness.

As some men are born to greatness, so are some to misery. My evil genius, high heaven and the truth can witness, clutched me in my cradle, and never have I been free from the grasp that urged me onwards and onwards, as though the great sea of destruction was being lashed into tenfold speed and might for the sole purpose of overwhelming me.

Yes, if earliest memory may justify the phrase, from my very cradle was

I foredoomed to sin and sorrow. The first recollection that I have of those worldly incidents that marked my daily course, takes me back to a gloomy, marshy, half-sterile spot, deep seated in the fens of Lincolnshire. May I say that I lived there? Was it life to see the same dull round of nothings encompassing me day after day—to have none to speak to, or to hear speak, save an old and withered crone, who to my young comprehension appeared to be fastened down, as it were, to the huge chimney-corner, and who seemed to exist (paradox-like) more by sleeping, than by the employment of any other function of the animal frame? The only variation of this monotonous circle of my days was the monthly arrival of my father, who used to come across the quaggy moor in a sort of farmer's cart, and on whose periodical visits we entirely depended for our provisions for the ensuing month. The parent at all times exercises mighty influence over the mind of his offspring; but were I to attempt to describe that which my father possessed over me, it would seem as if I were penning some romantic tale to make old women bless their stars and crouch nearer to the blazing Christmas log, rather than simply narrating the prime source of all those curseful events that have made me the wretch I am. Nor need I here describe his power; for each page that I have to write will more and more develope the entireness of his baneful influence over my mind, and shew how he employed it to my irretrievable undoing.

Monthly he came;—and as I grew from boyhood into the full youth-tide of my blood and vigour, it seemed to me as if I only condescended to live for the recurrence of these visits. The question in my mind was, not what day of the week, or what date of the month it was; but how many days had elapsed since my father's last visit—how many were to elapse before I should see him again. And then, after these periodical heart-aching reckonings, he would come—come but to go

again, after a short tantalizing one-day stay. Once—once I ventured to press him to take me with him: my eagerness made me eloquent. I bowed to my very knees in supplication for the indulgence. But in vain—in vain; and it was then, perhaps, that I first fully ascertained the power that he had over my heart—ay, over my soul—my very soul of souls. Angry at my continued entreaties, he lost his temper, raged till his teeth gnashed in the fierceness of his ire, and bade me again ask to accompany him at the peril of his curse. To me, at that time, his passion was little less than so many dagger-thrusts in my bosom, and I shrank in exquisite anguish from the contest, tremblingly convinced that never again might I dare to urge the cherished desire of my imagination. When I remembered the height of his indignation, it almost seemed as if there must have been something heinous, in an unheard-of degree, in my request: my father, to my mind, was the wisest, the best, and the most judicious of mankind; how could it be otherwise, when he was the only one with whom I had ever held communication, save the crone who appeared to have slept away her brains, if she ever had any? and that wisdom, that goodness, that judiciousness, I had offended! Where, then, was the wonder that I myself cried shame upon the offence?

In this state of things I attained about my twenty-third year, as nearly as I can guess; and then, at last, a change arrived. Great heaven, what a change! Fool that I was, not to content myself with being at least as well off as the beast of the field, or the steed that is stalled and cared for, as far as nature and his appetite make demands upon him. But ignorant, restless, and morbid in my sensations, I must needs have change. It came; and I changed too—into a wretch—an outcast—a thing hated, despised, and hooted at!

It began with an ill omen! I might have foreseen that some deed of horrid circumstance was at hand.

The old woman was seated, as usual, in the chimney-corner. She had been sitting there from six in the morning till nine at night, without uttering a syllable—without tasting food, as far as I knew, though

during some hours in the day she had been left to herself, while I was wandering my solitary round through the plashy fens. At length, our hour of nightly rest arrived, and I summoned her from her stationary posture. But she answered not—she moved not: I approached, and gently shook her: I took hold of her withered, wrinkled hand—it was cold and clammy:—I raised her head—it was expressionless—her eye was inanimate. She was dead!

It took some minutes for me to persuade myself that death had indeed been at work. I had thought of death—drained of death—pictured death; but now, for the first time, he presented himself to my outward observation, and I shrank with morbid instinct from the task of contemplation. Always a creature of passion—always a creature of waywardness and prejudice—without education, without instruction, without guidance, I had no philosophy to lead me but my own ignorance—no rule of conduct save the *ignes fatui* of my own imagination. I doubt whether at any time, or with any training, I could have taken my first lesson in mortality without an involuntary shuddering; but circumscribed as I then was, I almost instinctively tottered into a far-off corner of the room, and there, for a while, as I held my hands before my eyes, to shut out all visible presence of the corpse, I seemed as if I was gradually assuming its motionless rigour, and sharing in its cessation of existence.

It was a fearful night; and so the days and nights that followed. From the time of the old woman's decease, to the period of my father's next visit, was a fortnight. Flight from this scene of death was one of the first thoughts that presented itself to my mind—but whither? I had no one clew to guide me in my search for my parent; and to me, every thing beyond the cottage in the fens and its neighbourhood was a blank. As I debated this within myself, I tried to resolve to stay—I determined to confine myself to another room of the narrow dwelling—I called upon my energy to assist me in forgetting how nearly I was hand in hand with death. But the task was too much for me—my whole mental



faculty succumbed under the attempt—and my brain felt as if it was under the utter dominion of the Prince of terrors; each hour added fresh visions of dismay to those which already appalled me; and when, after the lapse of three or four days, the odour of the decaying corpse spread itself through every portion of the cottage, the thoughts that seized upon my excited imagination became unbearable, and, without plan or project, I almost unwittingly rushed from the abode of my childhood, to face the perils of all that lay before me, unknowing and unknown.

My first steps were those of real flight, prompted by a desire of freeing myself from a sort of incubus that seemed to be urging me on to madness, as long as I remained within its influence. This feeling lent speed to my pace for nearly half the day, and then, when I began to consider the rate at which I had walked—or rather, when I was able to begin to consider any of the circumstances that attended my change, I gradually obtained the power of perceiving that I was by degrees releasing myself from the painful impulse that had hitherto been pressing me forward. But in proportion as I escaped from these sensations, others of a scarcely less dreary complexion took possession of my mind. Where was I?—What was I about?—Whither was I going?—And how was I to find my father, of whom I did not even so much as know his name?—With these and similar thoughts disturbing my imagination, I found the night fast gathering around me, while I was still vainly extending my gaze in every direction for the abode of man, or any practicable refuge for the destitute wanderer. Vainly, indeed, did I run my aching eyes along the farthest margin of the horizon. Nothing but a low marshy land, with here and there a stunted water-loving tree, was to be seen; and when I turned my glance upwards, the clouds that met my sight appeared as sullen and as gloomy as the prospect which a moment before the earth had presented. But even this was comfortable in the comparison to that which followed; for presently a chilly soaking rain commenced falling; the day completely closed; and I scarcely took a step without

finding myself plunged knee-deep in some marshy reservoir, or unexpected quagmire. Surrounded with evils, the best that I could do was to choose the least; and, feeling that it was hopeless to pursue my path when all was utter doubt and darkness, I resolved to take shelter in one of the stunted trees which I found scattered over the fens, and there to remain till the morning should begin to dawn. My project succeeded as far as mere rest was concerned, and with cramps and rheums for my bed-fellows, I found that I might hope to pass through the tedious night. But though I thus escaped any farther trials of the treacherous footing that awaited me beneath, the thin and scanty foliage of my tree of refuge afforded no shelter from the pitiless storm, in which the wind and the rain seemed to be playing an alternate game, the one undertaking to dry me as fast as the other drenched me to the skin.

This, then, was my first introduction to the world. This was the "Go on, and prosper," that attended me on my first venturing forth from the dwelling that had hitherto sheltered me. As I sat stilled, as it were, in my dark harbour of slippery branches, amid which I felt as if couched in a morass, I could not help recalling to my mind the ominous words with which my father had, two years before, prophesied that I should most surely repent any endeavour to make the world and myself more intimately acquainted. Already did I repent! yea, even though the act of my quitting the cottage in this instance had been scarcely more than what I considered to be a sort of self-preservation.

At length morning came. It still rained—a heavy, penetrating, chilling torrent. The wind still roared, as though the northern blast was hallooing to its brother of the east to come and make dreary holiday for the nonce; a hunger, fierce and gnawing, had taken possession of me, as if that too was in cruel collusion with the elements to crush me. But still, in spite of rain, wind, and hunger, there was light—and with light came hope—with hope, a sort of artificial buoyancy and vigour, which enabled me to descend from my scrambling melancholy couch,

and once again to stretch forward in search of some track of human existence.

Whither, or in what direction I wandered, I never was able to satisfy myself, though I have since, more than once, pored over the map of Lincolnshire, with a desire of tracing my first journey from the solitary cottage in the fens, to the habitation of man, and of civilized society. All that I know is, that after nearly exhausting the whole of this second day in fruitless rambling, I at length, even at the moment when I thought I must finally give up the effort, and sink in obedience to declining nature, had my heart gladdened with the sound of the barking of a dog, and by following this aural track, I was fortunate enough to reach the small village of Fairclough a little before nightfall.

How my bosom glowed as I attained this spot of human sojourn! I was like the arctic traveller, who, after wild beasts for his companions, and snow for his pillow, at last arrives at one of those godsend hunting huts, that to his longing eyes start up in the wilderness, more brilliant than the most gorgeous palace of the East to the perverted gaze of a luxurious emir. Now, thought I, is the hour at length arrived for me to be introduced to my kindred men—now is the world of humanity before—now will every one that I meet be a brother or a sister;—and my heart, too long pent-up, and compelled to be a self-devourer, will find an opportunity for that expansion for which it has so long been yearning.

As I thus communed with myself, I approached a cottage. The door stood invitingly open. "Hail, happy omen of the heart that reigns within," cried I; and, with an honest reverence for my own picture of human nature, I entered. The only persons that I perceived inside were a woman and a child, sickly and pining, whom the former was endeavouring to coax from its shrill crying, by the offer of a slice of bread and butter.

It was not till I had fairly crossed the threshold, and found that I was noticed by the female, that I remembered that my errand was a begging

one; and the sudden recurrence of the thought threw some little embarrassment into my manner. However, I had no time for consideration; for the woman, without waiting for my address, briefly demanded—"What's your want?"

"For the sake of pity," replied I, somewhat chilled by her words, and still more by the callous manner in which she used them—"for the sake of pity, afford me some food—this is the second day that these lips have gone without a morsel."

"Food, quotha!" reiterated the woman—"hark ye, youngster, did you never hear of rent and taxes, and poor-rates to boot? It is not over much food that we get for ourselves—none that we have to give away. You had better try the overseer."

"The overseer!" returned I, somewhat puzzled as to whom he might be—"alas, I have no strength left to carry me farther! A crust of bread and half an hour's rest is all I ask." And, as I uttered these words, I sank exhausted into a chair that stood near.

"Poor fellow!" cried the occupant of the cottage, probably moved by the too apparent condition to which I was reduced:—"Well, God knows, bread is dear enough, and money is scarce enough, and supper is seldom enough; but if a crust will satisfy you, it shall not be wanting. But, harkye, you can't stay here to eat it; my husband will be here anon, and—"

Scarcely had she uttered the words—hardly was the proffered crust within my grasp, when he, of whom she spoke, made his appearance, with evident symptoms about him that he had not visited the village alehouse in vain.

"How now, Suky," cried he, as he observed my presence—"what does this chap do here?"

"Poor wretch," replied his wife, "it seems as if it were nearly over with him, what with fatigue and what with hunger, so he asked leave to sit down a bit, and rest his poor bones."

"And why the devil did you let him?" surlily demanded the man:—"I'll have no bone-resting here. Am I the lord of the manor, or squire of the village, that I can af-

ford to take in every pauper that finds his way here?—and who gave him that bread?"

The wife seemed to shrink from the question, while I mustered resolution to reply—"She—who will be blessed for it, as long as heaven blesses charity."

"Heyday," cried the fellow, "why the chap is a Methodist parson in disguise, after all!—Harkye, Mr Parson-pauper, please to turn out.—Once a-week is quite enough for that sort of thing."

"Do not force me abroad again to-night!—I have not strength to move."

"Hoity toity," exclaimed the drunkard, "you have strength to eat, and pretty briskly too.—And who, do you suppose, is to find your lazy carcass a lodging for the night?—Turn out, I say."

"For pity's sake ——"

"Pity be d—d! Turn out, I say,"—and as he spoke he seized me by the collar, and whirling me round by mere brute force, I found myself in an instant outside the cottage; while, as a token that all hope of re-entry was vain, he slammed the door violently in my face.

This was my first introduction to the benevolence of mankind:—this was the earliest welcome that awaited the wanderer from the fens.—I groaned, and tottered onwards.

But if this was my first introduction, I soon found that it was by no means a solitary specimen of what was to be presented for my acceptance. Another, and another, and another cottage was tried,—and still the same result. I was spurned by the most cruel—I was unheeded by the most humane—I was neglected by all; and one other much-begrudged crust of bread was all that my importunities were able to obtain. With this I retired to a miserable outhouse attached to a farm at the extremity of the village, and having devoured it, I endeavoured to make myself a bed in the scattered straw that lay strewn about the ground. My hunger, though not altogether appeased, had ceased to press with such torturing pain on my very vitals; and the exhaustion of my frame speedily lulled me to sleep.

Sound and refreshing were my

slumbers; and it was not till I was roused by the owner of the building that I awoke from them.

"Halloo, my fine spark!" cried he; "who gave you permission to take possession of my outhouse? Please to get up, and away; and you may think yourself well off that you escape so easily."

This was a bad omen for begging a breakfast; and I was about to depart, without a syllable in reply, when it suddenly crossed my mind that I might at least solicit work. Heaven knows that it was never my desire to live on the bread of idleness, and with how much willingness I was ready to undertake the most menial or the most laborious employment to entitle myself to my daily food!

"Well," cried the farmer, perceiving that I lingered, "will you not take my advice, and disappear before I shew that I am in earnest?"

"I was hoping, sir," replied I, "that you would not take it amiss if I solicited you to give me some work. Indeed, indeed you will find me very willing; and I think I could be useful."

"Useful, youngster! In what?—Can you plough? Can you thrash? Can you reap?"

A mournful negative was my reply. "But I am ready to learn."

"And who is to pay for your teaching? Besides, a pretty hope it would be that you will ever be good for any thing, when we find a tall strapping fellow like you, who has been too idle as yet to learn to plough or to reap. No, no, thankye, we have plenty of paupers here already, and I have no fancy to add to the number, by giving you a settlement in the parish. So, good day, my friend; and when you again offer to work, see if you cannot give yourself a better character."

Again baffled in hope, and checked in spirit, I moved away, seeing but too clearly that the village of Fairclough was no resting-place for me.

"Oh, father, father!" cried I, with bitterness in my accent, as I paced slowly forward—"where am I to seek you? How am I to find you?"

It was a dreary day in March that again witnessed me—a wanderer—creeping along on my unpurposed

journey, and tracking my weary way from spot to spot, as chance or destiny might direct. The early produce of the fields afforded me a scanty, miserable breakfast; and as I looked upwards, and saw the linnets and the finch sitting with a gay carol over my head, a sort of envy of their condition seized me, and, instead of glorying in my station, as one of the master works of nature, I mourned at the shackled unhappiness of my lot. What now had become of my fancy-decked picture of the all-receiving brotherhood of mankind? Whither had flown the friendship, the kindness, the heart-in-hand welcome that I had so fondly dreamt waited my arrival in the abodes of the world? Fictions! Empty, deceitful fictions, that had betrayed me to myself, and that, for a short moment, had taken the place of the withering, frightful truth, that for the houseless, penniless wanderer there was no sympathy, no hospitable tendering to his necessities!

Thus, for many days, strayed I through the humid atmosphere of a Lincolnshire March, now and then reaping one miserable meal, or one measured draught of milk from a whole village, but more often feeding on the vegetable productions of the hedges and the fields, and trusting to the chances of the road for a nightly shelter.

Meanwhile, I felt that my heart was gradually changing within me. I had brought it into the world of men, with its offering of love and kindness, but none would accept it—none would reciprocate to it; it was the heart of a beggar, and society cried, Out upon it! I began to ask myself gloomy and frightful questions—questions that no heart ought to be forced to ask itself. As I laboured along in solitude, misery, and neglect, I demanded of myself a thousand times, “Why am I to have love for man, when mankind has none for me?”

At length accident conducted my steps to the little town of Okeham, the capital of Rutlandshire. There the hedges, and the other cold cheer of nature failed me, and I was compelled to beg for my very existence. It is impossible to describe the disgust with which I contemplated this necessity. The rebuffs with which,

one after another, I had met, had sickened upon my soul, and I felt that the mere act of petitioning charity was like offering my cheek to be smote, or my person to be insulted. It was nothing short of utter starvation that was able to drive me to it.

But it seemed as if my evil genius was accumulating the venom of disgrace for me. It was my ill fortune to select, as my first house of trial, the abode of one of the constables of the town; and the words of imploring charity were not cold from my mouth, ere this high official burst forth in a strain that astonished even me, accustomed as I was to rebuke and reproach, for daring to announce that hunger had on me the same effect as on the rest of mankind. According to this man's creed, I was a villain, a vagabond, and a rapscallion, and I ought to go on my knees to thank him for not instantly dragging me before a magistrate, to be dealt with as the heinousness of my presumption demanded. Alas! he might have spared his wrath, for I was too well accustomed to rejection not to take the first hint, and shrink from an encounter where all power was on one side, and all irrisistance on the other.

“Come with me, my poor fellow,” exclaimed a gentle voice that was hardly audible amid the constabulary storm that I had raised. “Come with me, and I will afford you such poor assistance as my wretched means will allow. I am your twin-brother in misery, and my ear too well knows the cry of distress.”

I looked round to see what angel it was that thus pronounced the first real words of kindness that had reached me since my secession from the cottage in the fens. He who had spoken was a thin, sickly-looking youth, about eighteen or nineteen years of age; and when his face was scanned, though only for a moment, the beholder would feel that there was no need for his confession of misery. Sorrow, and wellnigh despair, were seated there; and his thin uncoloured cheek declared the waste that grief had inflicted on his heart.

“Come with you, indeed!” cried the man of office, tauntingly. “Why, that will be rogue to rogue with a vengeance; and I suppose we shall

have a pretty account by to-morrow, of some burglary to be looked after."

When I took my first glance at my new friend, it seemed to me as if nothing but art could have lent colour to his sallow countenance; but nature was more strong in him than I had imagined, and as he listened to the words that were uttered by this overhearing Dogberry, the quick blood bubbled to his cheek, and he glowed with the full fire of indignation, as he replied—"I would that he law permitted me to commit a burglary on thy wicked heart, that I might break it open, and shew mankind how foul a composition may be cased in human substance. But no matter,—I speak to iron! Come, good fellow," added he, turning to me, "we will avoid this iniquitous libel on the species, and seek another spot for farther conversation."

"Now that's just what you won't," roared his brutal opponent:—"I rather suspect what you have said amounts to a threat of assault; and I shall ask Justice Goffle about it; but at all events I know that this ragged barebones, who seems to be all at once your bosom friend, has brought himself within the vagrant act; so you may go and seek your conversation by yourself, or along with your father, who is snug in the lock-up, for you know what; for as to this youngster he stirs not till Mr Goffle has had a word or two with him; and then perhaps a month at the treadmill may put him into better condition for the high honour of your friendship."

He suited the action to the word, for before he had finished his speech I felt myself within his nervous gripe.

The youth saw that opposition was vain. For my own part I felt no inclination to struggle or contend: the one drop of liquid tempering, with which his words of sympathy had softened my heart, was again dried up and consumed by the new cruelty that attended on my destitution; and I felt a sort of bitter satisfaction that my last week's resolve of hatred against mankind had escaped the peril of being shaken by the benevolent offer of this exception to his species.

Under the watchful custody of the constable, I was speedily conveyed

to the presence of Mr Justice Goffle: my offence was too evident to admit of a moment's doubt; he who had captured me, was at once my prosecutor, my convicting witness, and my custos to lead me, according to the sentence of the law, and of Mr Justice Goffle, to a fortnight's imprisonment and hard labour in the jail of the town. In another half hour, I was safely lodged within its gloomy walls.

The first lesson which I there learned was, that the criminal and the offender of the laws were better fed than the harmless, wretched wanderer, whose only sin was that of being hungry in obedience to nature's ordinances. I could hardly believe my senses when I had proffered to me, and without asking for it either, a substantial meal—such a one as had not gladdened my sight since I quitted the cottage in the fens: and, as I silently devoured it, I tried to account for the phenomenon, but in vain; it was too much for my philosophy. It did not, however, tend to ease the cankering hatred against mankind that was fast eating into the very core of my every sensation.

My next lesson was one still more mischievous. It was that which I received from my fellow-prisoners, and which was made up of vain-glory for the enormity of their crimes that were passed, and of wily subtle resolves for the execution of those that were to come. A week before I had held all mankind to be excellent and lovely. I now deemed the whole race wicked and pernicious.

The third morning after my initiation into Okeham jail, I perceived an unusual bustle taking place: the turnkeys crossed the yard in which we were confined with more than their usual importance; and the head jailer rattled his keys with extraordinary emphasis. What to me would have been a long untravelling mystery, if left to my own lucubrations, was speedily explained by some of my companions. It was the day for the commencement of the assize—the judges were hourly expected—fresh prisoners were being brought in from the various locks-up, and every thing was in preparation for their reception. Presently a buzz went round among

those that were already confined, anticipatory of a fresh arrival of colleagues in misfortune; and a minute afterwards the yard-gate was unlocked.

"Pass in Edward Foster, committed for horse-stealing," shouted one of the turnkeys, outside.

"Edward Foster passed in," echoed his brother turnkey, who stood at the yard gate; and the new prisoner, on his appearance among us, was received with a cheer by the gaping crowd of malefactors, as Lucifer might be by his kith and kin of fallen angels on his arrival at Pandemonium. After the lapse of another minute, Foster was conveyed to a solitary cell, in token of his being confined on a capital charge.

"Pass in Stephen Lockwood, king's evidence, and committed for want of sureties," again shouted the same voice, from without.

"Stephen Lockwood passed in," repeated he at the gate.

The crowd of prisoners gathered round the entry as nearly as they dared approach; and, on receiving this other new comer among them, saluted him with a threatening groan, that ran round the old walls of the jail, for the purpose of shewing their contempt of "the snivelling 'peach."

He who was thus welcomed to his dungeon, made his way as speedily as he could through the mob of jail-birds, and approached the spot where I was standing, probably so induced, from its being the least crowded part of the yard.

Eternal Heaven! what were my horror and astonishment, on perceiving that it was my father that thus drew near!

Our mutual recognition was instantaneous; but before I could speak, he muttered hastily,—“Not a word of our relationship before these wretches.”

It was some time before the indignant criminals that surrounded my father, afforded us an opportunity of conversation. When at length we had an opportunity of exchanging a few words without being overheard, my parent demanded of me the circumstances that had made me the inmate of a prison. When they were recounted,—“It is well,” cried he, “fate has brought us together in its own mysterious way. It is well!

—it is well!—But we may yet be revenged on the world.”

My eyes gleamed with delight at the sound of the word “revenge;” and I echoed it from the very bottom of my soul. It was easy for my father to understand the spirit in which I uttered it; for it had been with no cold-blooded suppression of manner that I had narrated to him my adventures since I had quitted the cottage in the fens.

“But you, my father,” cried I, “why are you here?”

“Hush,” whispered he, “this is no place to relate the tale of my wrongs and of my wretchedness. Your sentence of imprisonment will be over in twelve days; and till then we must restrain ourselves. I have a dreadful story for your ears.”

“But how soon shall you be free?”

“In four or five days, beyond all doubt:—the trial for which I am detained is expected to come on to-morrow, after which I shall be at liberty. On the day of the expiration of your imprisonment, I will wait for you outside the jail. Meanwhile, feed your heart with thoughts of vengeance—the dearest, sweetest, only worldly solace that remains for men so undone as Stephen Lockwood and his progeny.”

Dreadful was the anxiety with which I counted the hours till that of my release arrived. My father's calculation as to his own term of imprisonment proved to be correct; and for the last eight days of my confinement I was left alone to brood over my heart's wild conjectures—born of the dark and mysterious hints that he had poured into my ear.

At length the day of my restoration to liberty arrived, and, true to his word, I found my parent waiting for me in eager expectation outside the prison.

“Follow me,” cried he hastily, as soon as he perceived that I was by his side:—“follow me to the fields beyond the town; for I have those things to relate that other than you must never hear.”

I obeyed in silence, for my whole soul was so completely wrapt in expectation of that which he had to communicate, that I sickened at the thought of dwelling on any less mo-

mentous subject. He, as we strode along, was equally reserved; but I could perceive that the thoughts that were raging within him were of sufficient potency to disturb the outward man, and to give a wildness of action to his demeanour that I had never before observed, save on that one occasion when I had pressed him beyond endurance to make me his companion, by releasing me from my sojourn at the cottage in the fens.

At length we arrived at a secluded spot some distance from the town we had just quitted, and where a long, blank, nearly-untrudged moor gave promise that we might escape interruption.

"It is here, Ambrose," cried my father, suddenly pausing in his progress, "it is here that we will take our stand; hateful man cannot approach us without being seen—the roaring wind cannot blab our secrets, for none are nigh to catch the whisper it conveys—trees and darkling coverts there are none to hide our foe, or permit his stealthy footstep to creep unwarily upon us:—here, then, here we may talk truths, and cry aloud for vengeance without fear or hinderance."

I was all ear, but murmured not a sound. Like the tyro in the schools, I waited to be led to my conclusions; and with the sentiments that I entertained towards my father, his words seemed to be those of one inspired.

He himself paused as though it required some great effort to enable him to commence his tale. At length he continued—"The time is now come, Ambrose, when I have to place before you the circumstances that induced me to fix your residence in the lonely spot you have so lately quitted, in the hopes of sheltering you from the unkind treatment of that world that has used your father so bitterly. The time is come, and with it our revenge. Listen, my son, that you may learn the grudge you owe to man—that you may be taught how to resent the wrong that was inflicted on you long before you dreamt that mischief had station on the earth, or had played you false in your very earliest existence."

"Your every word, my father, reaches the very centre of my heart.

I am in your hands:—mould me to your bidding."

"You will require no moulding, Ambrose. My tale will be sufficient to direct your course. Listen:—I was born of humble parents in the village of Ravenstoke; and though I had the misfortune to lose both my father and my mother almost before I knew the value of such beings, the evils that attend a child of poverty were averted by the kindly notice of the principal family of the place. The good man at its head, and who never made fall a tear till death took him from the world, early noticed me, and was pleased to think that he saw in me sufficient capacity and promise to befit me to be the companion of Edward, his only child, whose years were pretty nearly the same as my own. Thus in happiness and content passed away my youth; but it only seemed as if the demon that had marked me for his prey, was resting for the purpose of accumulating his whole force in order to crush me. In a neighbouring village, to which my walks had been frequently directed, there lived a maiden whose gentleness of disposition and beauty of person had won for her the affection of all who were blessed enough to be acquainted with her. In my eyes she was even more than my young fancy, ever too busy in picturing forth happiness and loveliness, had at any time conjured to the vision of my senses. Need I say that I loved—loved to distraction, and how more than mortally happy I deemed myself when I received from the fair lips of Ellen a half-whispered approval of my love? Oh, my Ambrose, I cannot recall those early days of fondness and affection, and prevent the hot tears coursing down my cheeks, there to stream as witnesses of my devotion, till the bitter recollection of the manner in which that devotion was abused dries up the liquid testimony at the very source, and leaves me even now, after the lapse of twenty years, the victim of a distorted faith—too fresh, too real, and too scathing, ever to be extinguished till this body is returned to moulder with the dust."

As Lockwood thus spoke, his eyes gave proof of the fulness of his feelings; and some minutes elapsed before he was able to proceed.

"I must be brief, Ambrose, with

the rest of my story, for I feel that my heart will scarcely allow me words to conclude it. When Ellen had confessed her affection for me, there was nought to prevent our union, and a few weeks, therefore, saw me, as I deemed myself, the happiest of men; and our dearest hope appeared to be that we might live and die with one another. The hour of separation—fatal, fatal separation—however, arrived; and to oblige Edward, who, on the death of his father, had succeeded to the family property, which was somewhat involved, I consented to go to the East Indies for him, relative to an estate there on which he had a considerable claim. This journey, and the delay which I met with abroad, occupied two years; and it was with a heavy heart that I quitted Ellen, who, on the eve of being brought to bed, was in no condition to share with me the fatigues of a long sea voyage. Well might my heart be heavy with presentiment! Could it have anticipated all that was to happen, it would have turned to lead, and refused to obey its nature-appointed functions. At length the day of my return approached: each hour that the ship neared England I stood on the deck, counting the lazy minutes, and stretching my eyes landward, in the hope of catching the first glimpse of the white cliffs of my native land; and so, when I reached the shore, I reckoned each moment an age till the happy one should arrive that was to restore me to the arms of my wife. There was no such moment in store for me; for just as I was quitting the metropolis for Ravenstoke, I met an old village acquaintance, who fell on my every hope with the intelligence that my Ellen—mine—she whom I had deemed to be the truest, the faithfullest of her sex—was living with another as his avowed mistress—acknowledged, brazen, barefaced before the whole world, and in defiance of the thousand vows in the face of God and man by which she had pledged herself mine, and mine alone. You may well start with astonishment, my son, and gaze wildly, as if in doubt of the truth of this atrocity. So started I—so doubted I—till evidence beyond evidence bore bitterest conviction to my soul: But the whole is not yet told.—Ellen's

falsity came not single. He who had seduced her from her liege affections shewed with equal perjury before high Heaven. It was Edward! Yes, Edward—my friend, my companion;—he for whom I had quitted my gentle wife and peaceful home—Edward, the monster, the traitor, the fiend begot of sin essential, had taken advantage of the opportunity, which he himself had solicited, of my friendship, and stolen from me, by double deceit and treason, the prize that I cared for more than life or any thing on earth."

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed I, overwhelmed by the dreadful incidents that had been narrated—"and am I the son of this wretched mother? Was I thus early doomed to misery?"

"It is too true," replied my father; "you are the child of whom I left Ellen pregnant when I departed on the ruinous errand besought by her seducer. When the fact of your mother's crime was made conviction to my senses, a thousand different modes of action poured in upon my brain; and, the creature more of impulse than of reason, I hurried to Ravenstoke to confront the adulterous pair. It was evening when I arrived—even such an evening as this—gloomy, dark, and cheerless,—yet in high accordance with the thoughts that urged me forward. As I hurried across the park that led to the mansion-house, a pony-chaise overtook me. I turned on its approach, and for a moment my senses forsook me at the sight of Ellen, who, with you for her only companion, was driving quickly homeward to avoid the threatening storm. My voice arrested her farther progress, and I groaned rather than uttered—'Ellen!'—'Wife!' At the summons she descended from the chaise, after wrapping you in her cloak as you lay along the seat, asleep and unconscious. What words I addressed to her I can hardly tell:—they were those which flowed at the dictation of a brain almost mad at the injury it had sustained; while her answer was none save tears and sobs of heaviness. At length she broke from the grasp with which, in my anguish, I had seized her—and then—then—Oh God, I cannot speak the words that should tell the rest!"



"For pity's sake, my father," murmured I, sunk in the fearful interest of his story,—“for pity's sake, the end in a word—the end—the end!”

"Yes, yes!—the end, the end!" he echoed fiercely:—"it is one she earned, and it is wanting to make whole the frightful tale. Ambrose,—Ambrose,—she burst from my grasp, and rushed into a copse hard by. I pursued her, but in vain; for the momentary pause I had made in wonder at her meaning, had removed her from my sight, and I followed at random, guessing the direction she had taken as nearly as I might: after thus speeding for a few minutes, I reached the side of an ornamental lake that adorned the park, and there again caught glimpse of her by the dim light of a clouded moon, as she reached the opposite bank. Ambrose,—Ambrose,—cannot you imagine the rest?"

"Oh, father, was it so indeed?—And none to save her?"

"Was not I there, boy?—Thrice I dived into the bosom of the waters, after hurrying to the bank from which she had precipitated herself into destruction—thrice did I dive to the very depth of the pool—but in vain,—I could not find her—the circuit of the lake that I had had to make had afforded too much time to her fatal intention; and the attempt to find her body was fruitless. Mad with a thousand contending emotions, I returned to the chaise, and heard your little voice crying for your mother. It was then that I remembered my child, which the crime of its parent had made me forget. I took you in my arms; and as I gazed upon your innocence, my heart softened; and I resolved to put revenge aside for a while till I had secured you from peril. It was this that made me place you under the care of the old crone at the cottage in the fens."

"But why was I kept there so long?"

"That remains yet to be told; and I shall have finished my narrative. As soon as you were safely provided for, the desire of vengeance again assumed its empire in my bosom; and I returned to Ravenstoke, hardly knowing what my purpose was, but whispering to myself, 'Revenge! Revenge!' each moment of my journey. But even revenge had then for the season forsworn me. On my

arrival at the village, the man who had so deeply injured me had the audacity to have me taken into custody on the charge—hear it, Ambrose, and help me to curse the villain—on the charge of having destroyed Ellen. I destroy Ellen!—Alas, alas, it was she who had destroyed me, if the banishment of peace, and of happiness, and of joy, for ever and for ever from my bosom, can be called by so poor a name as destruction. Of course, I need not tell you that when the matter came to trial I was instantly acquitted; but the event had given me timely warning of the extent to which the seducer of Ellen was able to carry his devilish contrivance to ruin the man he had already so deeply wounded; and I resolved to keep you—my only hope—in obscure concealment till the time should have arrived when I might call on you to join me in revenging my dishonour and Ellen's unhappy fate."

"And has that time arrived?"

"It has, Ambrose!—And though we stalk on this dreary moor, the very outcasts of mankind, great and mighty is the revenge that is at hand for us."

"Let us grasp it then," cried I, fully wrought to the purpose,—“Let us grasp it then, and urge it to the quick.”

"Well said, well said, my son!—Oh, what years of labour has it not cost me to bring events to their present aspect! But the labour is well repaid. For the sake of revenge, I have consorted with villains of every description—I have sacrificed all and every thing to them, on the one sole bargain, that they should ruin my hateful foe; and well have they kept their word! The monster, a year or two after the death of Ellen, dared to marry. I was glad to the very heart when I heard of it; for I felt that the more ties he formed, the more ways there would be to pierce him to the heart. But his wife died too soon—before I had time to sacrifice her on the tomb of Ellen; and his son, the only offspring of the marriage, has as yet eluded my vigilance. But the father, Ambrose, the father! He is fast within my clutch! My emissaries taught him the art of throwing dice, and throwing away his estates—they inoculated him with the gambler's dreadful disease; and,

for the last twelve months, he has been a ruined man in his fortunes. Desperate have been the efforts that he has made to redeem himself; but I was at hand, though never seen; and my master-mind, fraught to the very brim with his destruction, would not allow them to succeed. At length his despair was fed to its proper pitch, and I resolved to give the final blow, for which I had waited twenty long years with that exemplary patience which revenge only could bestow. I had it proposed to him, by his most familiar blackleg, and on whom his only hopes of success rested, that they should proceed to Newmarket on a scheme, which, it was pretended, could not fail of realizing thousands. The only difficulty was, how they should get there, being at that time at Doncaster on a speculation that, through my interference, had utterly failed, and left my enemy altogether penniless; in which condition, the faithful blackleg also pretended to be. When his mind was sufficiently wrought upon by the picture of absolute and irremediable ruin that would happen, in the event of their not being able to reach Newmarket the very next evening, my agent, according to my instructions, proposed the only alternative—that of helping themselves to a horse a-piece out of the first field that afforded the opportunity, and by that means reaching the desirable spot that was to prove to them another *el Dorado*. For a long while my enemy wavered, and I almost trembled for my scheme; but at length the longed-for thousands that flitted in fancy before his eyes, gilded the danger of the means of passage, and he consented. It was then, Ambrose, that I felt that revenge at length was mine, and I almost danced and sang in the ecstasy of my delight. Pursuant to my directions, my agent informed him who was so nearly caught within my meshes, that he had a companion to take with him, who would be absolutely necessary for the prosecution of the Newmarket scheme; and when the night for departing arrived, I was introduced as this third person. I had little fear of Edward's remembering me after a lapse of twenty years, each of which had added care, sorrow, and affliction to the lineaments of my countenance; but to guard against

the possibility of danger, I muffled myself in a large cloak, and spoke the little that I uttered in a disguised voice. Every thing succeeded according to my wishes. After walking a couple of miles out of Doncaster, we came to a field where the cattle we needed were grazing; and each seizing his prize, and obtaining, with silence and caution, from the farmer's outhouse, the necessary harness, we soon found ourselves at full speed on the highway towards Newmarket. Edward was dreadfully agitated as he rode along; and once or twice I feared that he would fall from his seat—but worse evil awaited him. I will not, however, occupy our time by detailing all the minutiae of my scheme. Suffice it to say, that after giving the hint to my faithful agent to make his disappearance, I contrived that Edward and myself, on reaching the village of Stretton, should be apprehended on suspicion; and that that suspicion should be made conviction by my volunteering as king's evidence. The rest you almost know. You yourself witnessed Edward Foster's committal to jail for horse-stealing, and my detention as the chief witness against him:—and most probably have heard, that on my evidence he was nine days ago convicted, and ordered for execution."

"Conviction!—Execution!" exclaimed I. "Then our revenge is indeed complete!"

"Not quite," muttered my father; "there is one other step to make it as perfect as my sweeping desire could wish."

"Mean you a step beyond the grave? I know of none other—and only know that is impossible."

"No, Ambrose, not beyond the grave, but the step to the grave!—Ask your heart! Does it feel hatred and disgust towards the man that has made wretched one parent, and scandalous the other?—that has condemned yourself to wander fortuneless and honourless over the cheerless face of the earth?—Ay, ay, boy; your gleaming eye and flushing cheek tell me the reply that your heart has already put forth. And I ask you, would it not be revenge's most glorious consummation, to repay your dreadful debt to Foster, by yourself dealing unto him that death which the law has awarded for his crime?"

"Father, father, what words are these?"

"Milk-livered boy! Why blanches your cheek, when I hold within your clutch the very satiety of vengeance? Why clench you not the precious boon? Or are you a man but in seeming, and a puling infant in resolve?"

"Speak on, father—speak on,—it seems to me as if each word you utter burns deeper and deeper into my brain—searing, as it goes, those doubtful agitations of my soul, that would raise a trembling opposition to your hidding. But they shall not! No, no! Down, down! Your wrongs shall answer the cry of humanity—my mother's fatal end the appeals of tenderness!"

"Now," cried Lockwood, "I know you for my son. But we have talked too much—action should be doing. The death of our foe is appointed for the third day from this; and I have learned, beyond doubt, that owing to them not having been an execution in Okeham for many years, the Sheriff finds great difficulty in procuring the proper functionary. It was this that stirred me to the hope that you would volunteer to the office; and I thank you that my hope has not been deceived. You must away to the Sheriff instantly, and get appointed; that attained, I trust to be able so to instruct you, that failure in the performance will be impossible."

I obeyed—ay, I obeyed! I was successful! The honesty of human nature was scouted from my heart by the towering voice of the worst passion that ever cursed the breast of man.

The morning of execution arrived, and found me ready for my office. As the time had gradually grown nearer and nearer, my father had perceived, with dread, that misgivings, in spite of myself, shook my whole frame; and, in order to be more sure, he had kept me at carouse the whole of the previous night, in the miserable back street lodging that afforded us shelter.

The morning arrived; and, drunk with passion, vengeance, and brandy, it found me ready for my office.

The solemn tolling of the prison bell announced the hour of death to be at hand, as I awaited the coming

of the prisoner in the outer cell. How I looked—how I acted—I know not; but, as well as I remember, it seems to me now as if I was awakened from a torpor of stupefaction on hearing the clanking of the chains that announced the approach of Foster; the sound reached my ear, more heart-chilling than the heavy tolling knell, that answered as if in echo; but I had not forgotten my lesson; I beat my hand against my brow, and whispered "vengeance" to the spirit that was so ill at ease within. It was at that moment, that, for the first time, I beheld Edward Foster; he was not such as my soul had depicted. I pined for him to look hateful, ferocious, and bloody; but his aspect was placid, gentle, and subdued. I could have stormed in agony at the disappointment.

My first duty was to loosen his arms from the manacles that held them, and supply their place with a cord. As I fumbled at the task, I could feel myself trembling to the very fingers' ends; and it seemed as if I could not summon strength to remove the irons. My agitation must have attracted Foster's notice; for he looked at me, and gently sighed.

Gracious God, a sigh! I could as little have believed in Foster sighing as in a tigress dandling a kid. Was it possible that he was human after all? How frightfully was I mistaken! I had imagined that I had come to officiate at the sacrifice of something more infernal than a demon!

At length, with the assistance of a turnkey, every thing was prepared, and we mounted the scaffold of death. Short shrift was there; but it seemed to me as if the scene was endless; and when I looked around on the assembled multitude, I imagined that it was to gaze on me, and not on Foster, that they had congregated.

All was prepared. With some confused recollections of my father's instructions, I had adjusted the implement of death; and the priest had arrived at his last prayer, when the dying man murmured, "I would bid farewell to my executioner." The clergyman whispered to me to put my hand within those of Foster.

I did do it! By Heaven, I did do it! But it seemed as though I were

heaving a more than mountain load, and cracking my very heart-strings at the task, as I directed my hand towards his. He gently grasped it, and spoke almost in a whisper.

"Young man," said he, "I know not how this bitter duty fell to your lot—yours is no countenance for the office; and yet it comes upon my vision as a reproach. God bless you, sir! This is my world-farewelling word; and I use it to say—I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven."

My hand, no longer held, dropped from his; and the priest resumed his praying. I could not pray! Each holy word that was uttered, seemed not for Foster, but for me—stabbing, not soothing.

At length the dread signal was given; and mechanically—it must have been, for the action of my mind seemed dead within me—mechanically I withdrew the bolt, and Foster was dead—swinging to the play of the winds—the living soul rudely dismissed, the body a lifeless mass of obliterated sensations.

A deep hoarse groan ran round the multitude—that groan was for me. It gave token of an eternal line of separation drawn between me and the boundaries of humanity.

Oh, that the groan had been all!—But there was one solitary laugh, too—dreadful and searching. It was my father that laughed, and it struck

more horror to my soul than the groan of a myriad.

Oh, that the groan and the laugh had been all! As I crept away through the prison area, where each one shrank from me with disgust, I passed close to a youth deep bathed in tears, and some one whispered to another, "It is poor Foster's son!" What devil tempted me to look in his face? I know not the impulse; but I know I looked—and he looked!—Oh, consummation of wretchedness, it was Foster's son—and it was he also who had offered to share with me his slender pittance on my first arrival at Okeham! As he gazed on me, a deep heavy sob seemed as though his heart was breaking.

I rushed from the spot like one mad. In all my misery, in all my wickedness, I had fondly clung to the recollection of that youth and his goodness, as the shipwrecked mariner to the creed-born cherub that he pictures forth as the guardian of his destiny. But this blow seemed to have destroyed my only Heaven. I had not even this one poor pleasurable thought left me to feed upon. His sob thrilled in my ear, as though it would never end; and the womanly sound was more overwhelming and more excruciating than the despising groan of the mob, or the atrocious laugh of Lockwood.

[*To be concluded in next Number.*]

#### HOMER'S HYMNS.

#### NO. IV.

#### THE HUMOURS OF HERMES.

#### PART I.

SING me of Hermes, son of Jove,  
And fruit of gentle Maia's love;  
Guardian of Cyllene's Hill,  
And flock-engendering Arcady—  
To the gods, and their high will,  
Hermes, herald-deity—  
Wing-shod apparitor, most meet  
Purveyor—Him the nymph discreet,  
Fair Maia, bore 'mid shadowy rocks,  
Secreted in a cave from sight  
Of prying god or mortal wight;  
There, in the soothing hour of night,  
When sweet sleep Juno's jealous eye  
Had kindly closed, did the Godhead lie  
With the Nymph of the wavy locks;  
But when the tenth month 'gan fall,  
In the heavenly course, his mighty will,

Then Hermes sprang to birth.  
And many the wonders, strange and wild,  
That mark'd him a rare and fitful child,  
Subtle in wit and mirth;  
A gazer of stars, a driver of bees,  
Pilferer, trickster, thief of thieves,  
Keeper of doors, and watch o' nights.  
Giver of dreams to drowsy wights,  
Surest of shufflers he—  
The very compound of art and trick,  
And the gods soon learn'd from his rhetoric  
What he was like to be:  
For on the fourth day of the moon,  
Born in the morning, in sooth 'twas soon.  
He played on the lyre when it was noon:  
In the evening of the self-same day,  
The cows of Apollo he stole away.

It was not for him, with sleepy eye,  
In his cradle a lumpy thing to lie,  
For he sprang away in his merry mood,  
To pilfer the kine of the king divine—  
At his cavern's mouth he stood;  
For when he had bounded across the floor,  
He saw a poor tortoise the cave before,  
Eating small herbs at the threshold door.  
(It was Hermes who first the tortoise made  
To chant and quaver and serenade,  
And taught him the nice musician's trade.)

Then the darling boy  
Was ready for joy  
To jump out of his skin,  
When he saw the creature's crawling pace,  
As it was creeping in;  
Then stooping him down with hand on knee,  
With curious eye he peer'd into his face,  
And laughing out loud, quoth he,

"Now good greeting,  
Thou pretty sweet thing,  
Lucky the hour that thee doth bring,  
Sweet joy, my toy,  
To my welcoming;  
Oh! thou shalt be mine own plaything,  
And boon companion at merry cheer,  
At dance and feast, my mountaineer,  
With thy painted shell so speckled and clear.  
Thou art too precious by half to roam,  
'Twere better by far to be safe at home,  
So I'll take thee to mine, my own delight,  
And I'll make thee of use, and honour thee  
right;

Not leave thee to linger in luckless plight.  
And though I know well  
Thou hast power and spell  
To guard me from magic, while yet in life,  
Yet its ways are rough, and its troubles are  
rife;

And I'll make all smooth with my little  
knife—

And bethink thee how thou wilt sing when  
dead."

With both his hands, as this he said,  
Hermes took up the toy, and went  
Within delighted, and so sped  
With a shining steel-scoop instrument,  
That quick as the twinkling of an eye,  
Or a thought, when thoughts do quickest fly,  
He did not leave one single shred

Of life, but scoop'd it cleanly out;  
This Hermes did from tail to snout.  
Then cutting reeds he fixed them in,  
At proper distances, along  
The back, and stretch'd a leather thong  
Over the holes, fastening a pin  
Upon each side, and at each end  
He made a bridge, from bend to bend,  
Straining seven strings of tendons fine,  
That did symphoniously combine.  
This done, he aptly held his new-wrought  
toy,

And with his plectrum smartly struck  
The strings alternate, that off shook  
Up from beneath his hand—sounds of wild joy  
Wondrously bright.—Then gain'd he skill to  
reach

A prelude in true notes, to each  
Carelessly humming, not with speech  
Articulate, at first, and story,  
Till warin'd he reach'd his infant glory,  
And broke forth improvisatore.

He sang of the passion of Jove  
For the nymph of the sandall'd feet.

Fair Maia—their meetings of love  
That were both stolen and sweet.

He sang of his birth, as became  
The son of his father and mother;

Without them adopted his name—  
Of the servants one after the other

He sang, of the pots and pans  
In the nymph's magnificent hall;  
Of the nipperkins, cups, and cans,  
The skillets, and kettles, and all.

Blithely of these Childe Hermes sang,  
And more was in his mind;

The hall it rang with the merry twang.  
But to more he was not inclined.

For he was bent on elvery;  
Therefore his lyre, his well-scoop'd thing,  
Within his sacred crib hid he;

And after due depositing,  
Longing to know what meat might be,  
He bounded out of his scented cave,  
Over the hills and far away,  
Schooling his wits, like a perfect knave.

To a deep-laid scheme of cheaterly;  
So noted thieves, at close of day,  
Ponder, and plan, and expedite  
Villainous plots for the dead of night.

#### PART II.

Phœbus was sunk to his ocean bed,  
And bathed his steels and glowing wheels,  
When o'er the Pierian mountains, spread  
In shadow, Childe Hermes plied his heels;  
Where the soft pastures, ambient  
In herbage, the fat herds divine  
Of the immortal Gods frequent:  
But Hermes cut off fifty kine;  
Argicide Hermes fifty drove,  
Nor let them forward-wise to rove  
Over the sandy line of shore,  
But with their hinder feet afore,  
The fore behind, he managed them;

And never forgot his stratagem  
Of walking backwards; and first discreet  
He took the sandals off his feet,  
And threw them across the watery sand;  
And gathering with most cunning hand  
Twigs from the tamarisk, and such trees  
As grew around, with leaf and rind  
A bandage for his soles he twined,  
As one that might rough ways unravel,  
Shunning the way-worn path of travel.

Thus from Pieria went the God,  
Not unperceived—for while the sod

An old man in his vineyard turn'd,  
The traveller Hermes he discern'd,  
As toward the level ground he pass'd  
Of rich Onchestus' pasturage.  
Then Maia's wily son address'd

First with these words the man of age  
"Old fellow there, with thy broad shoulders  
bent,

Diving and digging, have a care, good friend,  
Thou dost not, ere thy fruit-time, sore lament,  
Old men are given to blabbing without end,  
Be blind, be deaf, and, above all, be dumb,  
Or thou wilt find thy talking troublesome  
Nor more said he, but urg'd with speed

His herd, that jostled him with horn,  
Over hill and through dale, and mead

Dipp'd with fresh flowers newly born  
Now night that serv'd him in good stead,

Was yielding to the dawning morn,  
And the pile fall into moon divine  
Had just wick'd forth abroad to shine,  
New glistening from her own boudoir.

Neither the godhead drove his kine

To lofty stalls and recreation,  
From which the Alphaeus's streams were flow-  
ing

With verities round them ever growing  
He led them down deep lowing on sweet fure

Of lotus and yponus steep'd in dew,  
And, after him, full com'd invention in  
To follow him, and tick'd his wits anew.

(Him's first taught how sparks would catch,  
And this invented tinder box and match)

While thick the hy trees grew,  
A hy branch took, and stripp'd the bark,  
Rubb'd piece against piece till spark by spark

Was kindled, and the flame up flew  
Flashed on the ground into a pit  
And forth the wick, and lighted it,  
And ere the fire was yet quite lit

He roasting, out he dragg'd two cows  
To lewin, and on the earth laid by  
Upon their backs he threw them wondrous-  
ly,

And while their gusty nostrils blew  
Streams of thick vapour, to the ground  
Stoop'd him down, he roll'd them round,  
Adroitly stuck them in the spine, and slew.

Then commenced busy work, with spits,  
And skewers of wood for nicer bits,  
That dropp'd and fizz'd into the fire—  
The lordly sirloins roasted he entire  
Then chop'd he meat most small, and laid  
An entree open, into that

Foreing the morsels, and he made  
Black puddings with the blood and fat.  
The lilies he stretch'd on a sharp stone.

So now 3 days we cut up bees full grown,  
Selecting after much discrimination,

But happy heaved Hermes dragg'd away  
To a smooth place the whole fat preparation,

To the twelve Gods apportioning the prey  
In twelve good parts, with judgment nice,

The saviour his immortal sense  
Provoked to thoughts of sacrifice,

That he would institute from thence  
But though that savour rich and sweet

Might will delude a god to eat,  
His real godship to denote,

No mortal reach'd his sacred throat  
But fit and flesh, he laid up all  
Within the precincts of the stall,

And that no trophy might be spoil'd  
That he had been a Bovicide,

The horn'd heads and hocks entire,  
With all their hair, and flesh, and bone,

He burnt to ashes, having thrown a  
Heap of dried wood upon the fire

This done, the bandages he drew  
Off from his feet and swiftly threw  
To the Alphaeus's deep pool

And when the cinders now were cool,  
He pound'd them to dust, and spent  
The night in the accomplishment

Thus Hermes labour'd and the kin,  
In the mellow light of the sweet moon-  
shine.

## PART III

But at the peep of dawn he sought  
Cyllen's mountain tops, nor sought  
Yet he, though long, the way, no not a soul  
Nor god nor man, nor heud he bark of dog,  
But ducking down, he slipp'd through the  
keyhole,

Like a light blast of autumn, or thin fog  
Straight through his cavernous temple then  
he stepp'd

On tiptoe trippingly, so light  
Afoot, as if not quite

He touch'd the ground, and crept  
Softly into his cradle opposite,

As if he were some new-born babe that slept;  
And wrap'd his swaddling clothes about him  
well,

His right hand round his knees, and laid

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His fingers, playing with the coverlid,  
Mistake and his left hand close kept  
Beside him his loved toy, his tortoise-shell.

But therewithal escap'd not he  
The God, his goddess mother's eye—

"You little impudent, quoth she,  
"So young and yet so sly!"

Whence comest thou? Latona's son  
Will teach thee how o' nights to run,

For soon will he be here to spy  
What knave such tricks hath done—

And throw a cord about thy waist,  
And swing thee round until you spin,

And pass the threshold in morn haste  
Thence ever you came in.

Camest thou capote him with lying lip,  
And from his gripping fingers slip?

Out on thee, mischievous!—or rather,  
Would thou hadst never been born! thy fa-  
ther

Begat thee a great plague to gods and men."

"Is it so?" quoth crafty Hermes; "then,  
Good mother mine, now what's the use  
Of all this nonsense and abuse;  
As if I were some baby thing,  
That fear'd a mother's bothering;  
Nor had one grain of sense to tell  
The difference 'twixt ill and well?—  
I lack not wits, and, mother, rest  
Assured I'll use them for the best;  
And will most thoroughly provide  
For both of us; nor here abide  
In dismal cave to fast and pine,  
Alone of all the race divine  
Ungifted and unfed—not I—  
Though you advise—Divinity  
Is a fine thing, to share in all  
The wealth, feasts, offerings that befall

The gods in heaven; not here to mope,  
And starve in this shade-furnish'd cave;  
And further, mother, be my scope  
Such sacred honours as Jove gave  
Apollo. Should my sire refuse  
My asking, I can still contrive, and use  
My privilege as Prince of Thieves,  
And take my own without their godships'  
leaves.

Now to the matter of the beeves,  
And this search-warrant of Apollo's—  
Why let him come—and mark what follows:  
I'll go to Pytho, break into  
His fine big temple, through and through  
I'll ransack it; and pilfer thence  
The boast of its magnificence;  
Pots, tripods, cauldron, ewer, brass and gold,  
And all his stuffs, most costly to behold.  
E'en let him come, and coming rue it—  
Nor care I, mother, who may view it;  
Yourself may come and see me do it."

#### PART IV.

TITUS Hermes and his goddess mother  
Remonstrated with one another;  
And now Aurora from the bed  
Of the deep ocean rising, spread  
O'er works of men her rosy light,  
When to Onchestus came Apollo,  
And reach'd the greenwood's sacred hol-  
low,  
The grove of Neptune roaring in his might—  
And there beheld that old man downward  
bent,  
By the way-side, upon his vineyard-fence  
intent.

And thus Apollo the old man bespake:  
"Old fellow there, that mak'st thy shoulders  
ache,  
About thy vineyard gath'ring hedge-row  
thorns,

In this Onchestus, peering 'mong the boughs,  
Say dost thou happen to have seen my cows?  
You easily may know them by their horns  
Bent backward—from Pieria, far away,  
I'm come to seek my cattle gone astray,  
Or stolen—all cows—but the black bull;  
secure,

For he was in a meadow separate—  
Four savage dogs attended them, and sure  
As any herdsmen; yet, last evening late,  
They left their soft meads and their grassy  
range;  
Left too the dogs and bull behind, to me.  
A circumstance that seems no little strange.  
Now, old man, tell me, hast thou chanced to  
see

Any suspicious fellow hereabouts?"—  
"Friend," then, quoth he, "one sees so many  
things,

That all one sees one very seldom says;  
For certain many men have many routes,  
And various purpose for their journeyings;  
And faring-men pass this, as other ways;

And some with evil thoughts perhaps, some  
good,  
But which have which is rarely understood.  
I have been digging here, from morning light,  
This vineyard trench, until the setting sun—  
And now, I recollect, there cross'd my sight  
A little boy—in truth, he seem'd to shun  
Much note, an infant, and he tended kine;  
But whose I know not, but they were not  
mine;

And curiously he drove them backward-wise;  
And held a staff, and look'd, with crafty eyes,  
This way and that, as one who fear'd surprise.

Thus spake th' old man: with quicker  
speed

Did Phœbus on his way proceed;  
Ere long, above his pathway hover'd  
A bird of omen, and flew by;  
From which, and skill in augury,  
The thief-born Hermes he discover'd.  
To be the pilferer of his kine.  
Then straight for speculation apt,  
Round him a purple cloud he wrapp'd,  
And hasten'd forward, thus account'd,  
To "Sandy Pylos, the divine,"  
As by the omen he was tutor'd:  
And spying tracts upon the sand,  
Though somewhat puzzled, thus he cried:—  
"What, ho!—then here are signs at hand,  
Though strange; nor can it be denied,  
That these are prints of hoof of kine,  
But towards the pastures turn'd, beshrew  
it,

These lead not from their home, but to it.  
If marks of cattle, are they mine?  
But what new trappings see I there,  
No prints of woman, man, or child,  
Nor lion; tawny wolf, nor bear,  
Nor of the shaggy Centaur wild?  
There, there—what a prodigious tramp  
Was that; and there a broader stamp!!

Whatever monster it might be  
That made these marks, good care took he  
To make them large and busily."

Then Phœbus hasten'd further still,  
To deep-embower'd Cyllene's hill,  
And reach'd the cave of Maia, where  
Th' ambrosial Nymph to mighty Jove  
Bore the sly infant of their love,  
Far in amid deep-shaded rocks:  
O'er all the hill the scented air  
Breathed sweetness round, and many flocks  
Bit close the tender herbage there.

Down to the cavernous chamber stepp'd  
Apollo, the far-darting god;  
The threshold in his wrath he trode.  
Him Hermes saw, duck'd down, and crept  
Under his cradle-clothes, hands, feet, and all,  
Huddled up close together, like a ball,  
Or smouldering fagot underneath its heap  
Of ashes; thus lay Hermes in his nest,  
As 'twere a new-wash'd baby mass of sleep,  
Yet therewithal his tortoise-shell he press'd,  
Tenderly under his infant arms caress'd.

But now Latona's son knew well  
That in this stony mansion dwelt  
Maia and Hermes; every cell,  
Corner, and hole, he search'd, and felt,  
Look'd well about him, opening three  
Large cupboards with a polish'd key—  
Three cupboards with ambrosia stored,  
And nectar for their daily board,  
And gold and silver too, no little hoard;  
Then Maia's millinery, white  
And purple robes, all exquisite,  
And fit for sacred houses, turn'd he over  
And ransack'd, the thief Hermes to discover,  
And found him cradled as he lay—  
Then thus—"You little urchin, say,  
Where are my cows you stole away?  
This instant speak, or you and I  
Must have a quarrel presently;  
I'll hurl thee, too, young mischievous,  
Down to the dismal Tartarus,  
And its inextricable night;  
Nor shall thy mother—no, nor thy father,  
E'er help thee back again to light;  
Left there to perish, or say rather  
To live, and rule forlorn, the head  
And leader of the puny dead."

Hermes, with cunning speech, replied—  
"Hard words are these, Latona's son,  
That a poor babe have villified.  
What makes thee hither angry run  
To seek thy cows?—I've seen them not;  
If thieves there be, I am not in their plot.  
Nor would my conscience, should you offer  
Handsome rewards for information,  
Allow me to accept the offer.  
And, so far for my abnegation,  
Nor thief am I, nor thief's conniver.  
Am I like a stout cattle-driver?  
I, such a puny thing as I—  
That have not ought to do but lie  
Nestled up warm, to suck and sleep  
On my own mother's breast, and creep

Under my cradle-clothes, be kiss'd,  
And wash'd in nice warm water every  
night!

I steal your cows!—how could the thought  
exist?

Th' Olympian gods would laugh outright,  
Should you in such a charge persist,  
That a young thing as I should out  
A-cattle-driving!—I, so stout!—  
Born yesterday!—And my poor feet—  
Look at them—they are soft enough;  
For roads, so very hard and rough,  
You must confess them most unmeet.

"Now, would you like an oath, I'll swear  
A great one. By my father's head—  
A monstrous oath—I know not where  
Your cows are, nor have e'er heard said;  
Nor cows, nor thieves, have met my eye;  
In no wise will I bear the blame.  
And what are cows? I know not, I,  
What things they are, except by name.  
Pray, tell me, sir, what things are cows?"  
This Hermes said, wrinkled his brows,  
And cast his winking eyes about;  
And one long wheugh, half-whistled out,  
That meant to say, was ever heard  
An accusation so absurd?

Phœbus, in pleasant humour, laugh'd;  
Quoth he, "Thou quintessence of craft,  
Henceforth I prophesy of thee  
The prince of housebreakers to be;  
How many that bear purse and scrip,  
Shall walk with thee, and shortly miss it;  
And houses rue thy noiseless trip,  
And domiciliary visit,  
And find their masters penniless!  
What herdsmen rue thy knavishness,  
And diminution of their stocks,  
When thou, with thoughts of future savour,  
Shalt take the choice of herds and flocks  
Unto thy more especial favour!  
Out of thy cradle—up, boy, leap,  
Or thou shalt sleep thy latest sleep,  
Thou lover of dark nights; but go  
Up to the gods; thy wit achieves  
The glorious boon they shall bestow,—  
The title of the King of Thieves."

This said, Apollo seized the urchin,  
Who, fluding himself roughly handled,  
Not like a petted baby dandled,  
But grasp'd and lifted up aloft,  
With fingers, too, not over soft,  
His wit's invention keenly searching,  
In quick return for his caressing,  
Bestow'd him of an infant's blessing.

Upon the ground Apollo threw  
Young Hermes, and apart withdrew;  
Sat down before him, first to scold,  
Though much in hurry to be off.  
"By this good omen, then," quoth he,  
"We now shall go on swimmingly,  
Especially with such a guide;  
So, up—begone." But Hermes plied



His busy steps, and to both ears  
Lifting his hands, about him wrapp'd  
His cradle-clothes, and answer'd apt,—  
“What would you do with me, or where  
Take me, of all the gods that are,  
O you most savage, to torment  
And tease one 'bout your horrid cattle so?  
'Would the whole race of them were shent!  
What things cows are I do not know;  
I'm sure I stole them not, nor saw  
The thief who did—In court of law,  
The court above, our cause he tried,  
And Justice Jove himself decide.”

Thus long, with various expression,  
Discuss'd Childe Hermes and Apollo;  
One mostly bent to force confession,  
(Not likely, as it seem'd, to follow,)  
The other, Hermes, on denying,  
Deceit, cajoling, cunning, lying:  
He, finding his prevarication  
Was met with equal ready wit  
And better ratiocination,  
And knowing he must needs submit,  
Trudged off to make the best of it,  
Over the sands his way to wind,  
And Phœbus follow'd close behind.

## PART V.

THEY fared they, nor did either stop,  
'Till they reach'd the Olympian top  
Fragrant, both sons of Jove, for there  
The fated scales of justice were.  
But Rumour had before them sped,  
And had the immortals gathered  
Round Jove's eternal judgment-seat;  
When both arrived; and at his feet  
Apollo and sly Hermes stood.

The Thunderer spake—“Some merry mood  
Hath urg'd thee, gentle Phœbus mine,  
Hither to drive thy captive imp!  
Whence hast this urchin libertine,  
With herald look and eye of pimp?  
—No doubt some mighty grave affair,  
On which their godships must proceed,  
Hath brought you hither.”—“Father,  
spare.”

Quoth Phœbus, “nor the gods mislead  
With this reproof of piracy.  
No kidnapper of infants I.  
And though you scarcely would believe  
A thing so young as this would thieve,  
I speak in simple verity.  
You know Cyllene's mountain well;  
'Tis there this pilferer I caught:  
This rogue, this crafty miracle,  
With cunning skill and knavery fraught.  
With reverence to your honours due,  
There's not a god in this divan,  
Or mortal rogue on earth, e'er knew  
To use his tongue and calling too,  
As this small simple urchin can.  
'Twas evening when he stole my kine  
From their green pastures; near the brine  
On the resounding shore he drove  
The cattle in strange wise: great Jove,  
You would have wonder'd had you seen  
The hoof-marks and the monstrous prints  
between,  
Not from, but towards the pastures leading,  
Whence they were stolen; in fact, receding;  
As was discernible upon the sands.  
But how he walk'd (nor feet nor hands,  
'Tis plain, convey'd him) who can say?  
In unknown guise he scratch'd his way;  
As if his feet had been young oaks,  
Tops downwards; the prodigious strokes,

That brush'd the sands on the moist shore,  
Were plain enough; but that pass'd o'er,  
All trace was lost, nor would have been re-  
cover'd,

But that a man by the way side,  
As the thief pass'd towards Pylos, spied  
Him and his booty, and to me discover'd.  
Now when at leisure he had slain,  
And cook'd his meat, and fire put out,  
And thrown the ashes all about,  
Not to be seen, he crept again  
Into his cradle, stealthily  
Like night, within Nymph Maia's cave,  
Nor might an eagle's searching eye  
Have seen the slyly cradled knave;  
And there he lay, and rubb'd his eyes,  
And stretch'd, and feign'd him just awake,  
Poor baby—ruminating lies  
The while, and what false pleadings he might  
make,

As thus—“Why question me, good now,  
Either about your cows or cow?  
I've neither seen, nor heard about 'em,  
And though you give me worlds to tell,  
In truth I've not one syllable  
To say, and fear you'll go without 'em.”

Thus Phœbus, having made his charge,  
Sat down, and on the other side  
Stood Hermes, and replied at large;  
But none save sovereign Jove he eyed,  
As he were judge, and govern'd all beside:  
“Good father, what I'm going to say  
Shall tell the truth; I scorn a lie,  
I'm truth itself:—At break of day  
Comes Phœbus, with a tale that I  
Had stolen away his beastly cows;  
Nor brought he witnesses, not one,  
To prove the thing; but knit his brows,  
And bullied me so loud, enough to stun  
And shock one with vile oaths, swearing to  
fling

Me into some vile place called Tartarus.  
He's in his prime, good Jove, and vigorous,  
And lithe of limb—but I, poor thing,  
Was born but yesterday; this too  
He knows, and so makes this to do  
With a weak infant.—Am I like  
A cow-stealer, one stout to strike,

Robust to drive? Good father Jove,—  
 Father, dear name,—I never drove,  
 Heaven bless me, homeward cow or kine,  
 Nor have I cross'd my threshold ever,  
 Till now; I reverence the great sun divine,  
 And all their godships whatsoever—  
 Love you—would e'en respect this bully;  
 I'm innocent, you know it fully.

Yet for form's sake, and nothing loath,  
 I swear, and mighty is the oath—  
 By this immortal vestibule—  
 And now I think on't, time will come,  
 Though now he domineer and rule,  
 I'll strike this proud accuser dumb—  
 Nor yet for means be far to seek;  
 Meanwhile, great Jove, protect the weak!"

## PART VI.

HERMES, Cyllenian Argicide,  
 Thus spake with winks and nods aside,  
 Nor did he let his garment flow,  
 But held it o'er his arm projected,  
 As one that a reply expected;  
 And Jove laugh'd loud to see him so  
 Expert in wit and self-collected;  
 And, both his sons accosting, bid them  
 In instant amity proceed  
 After the kine, Hermes to lead  
 The way, and shew where he had hid them.  
 Jove nodded, and as most expedient  
 In such cases, Hermes march'd obedient.

The two illustrious brothers sped  
 Towards Pylos, and the pasturage  
 By the Alphæus' sandy bed,  
 And reach'd the stalls and courtelage,  
 Where all night long the heaves were fed:  
 There Hermes enter'd, and drove out  
 The noble kine, near fifty head:  
 Meanwhile Apollo search'd about,  
 And saw the skins where they were spread  
 Upon the rock, with admiration  
 Accosting thus his new relation:  
 "How comes it now, young crafty Hermes,  
 That one a babe, an infant merely,  
 Whose sinew yet so little firm is,  
 Should slaughter two great cows? Full dearly  
 I think to pay for thy upgrowing,  
 If now thou art so strong and knowing."  
 This saying, the tenacious bine  
 Took Phœbus from a neighbouring vine,  
 And tied young Hermes' hands, and bound  
 him,—

Not long, for at his feet it fell,  
 And left him free as first it found him.  
 Loose flew the band, though twisted well,  
 Nor e'en could Phœbus' self divine \*  
 The cause, and own'd the miracle.

Then Hermes a few steps retreated,  
 And with fix'd countenance, moved his eye  
 Quickly about him, to descry  
 Close shelter—but he soon was seated,  
 And straight bethought him of a charm,  
 That might preserve his limbs from harm;  
 (Vocal the charm and instrumental:)  
 For this in his left hand he laid  
 His new-strung tortoise-shell, and play'd,  
 Various striking on each string,  
 That from beneath his hands did fling  
 Such new-created melody,  
 Accompanied by vocal measure,  
 That Phœbus laugh'd for very pleasure  
 Under the thrilling poesy.

Now, reassured at this success,  
 On the left hand of Phœbus sitting,  
 New strains of lyric sprightliness  
 Chose Hermes; and with tone befit-  
 ting,  
 Threw out his voice in trill and treble,  
 In sweetness link'd interminable.

He sang the everlasting story  
 Of the immortal gods in glory,  
 The shining heavens, and the dark earth,  
 How all things were, and had their birth,  
 How each god had allotted station,  
 And 'propriate administration;  
 But most he praised, with higher glee,  
 The heavenly Queen, Mnemosyne;  
 To whom he Maia's son assign'd,  
 Her chief adopted favourite;  
 Then all the gods, and each one's might,  
 In strain and order exquisite.

The lyre upon his arm he rested,  
 Whose music took in easy capture  
 The soul of Phœbus, that attested  
 An unextinguishable rapture,  
 Who thus a compromise suggested:  
 "You little kill-cow, apt and clever,  
 Boon reveller of merry feasts,  
 Henceforth our quarrel rests for ever,  
 You've fairly won the fifty beasts  
 With thy most marvellous doings: come,  
 Cunning contriver, tell to me  
 Wert born with this fine minstrelsy,  
 Or was it the good gift of some  
 Ingenious god, or mortal man?  
 If either god or mortal can  
 Pour such delight into the ear,  
 As thy new voice so sweet to hear—  
 Thyself alone, young thief, art able  
 To sound such melody;—what skill!  
 What dext'rous touch! of every ill  
 On earth, how'er inextricable,  
 The only cure and antidote,  
 That doth three choicest things promote,  
 Love, mirth, and sleep, together blended.  
 In blessed 'concord of sweet sounds.'  
 Full oft in their Olympian rounds  
 \* Have I the Muses nine attended,  
 In chorus, dance, and pleasant haunts,  
 And heard their pipes, and flutes, and chants:  
 In all variety of measure;  
 Yet ne'er so sensitive of pleasure,  
 As listening the cold fancies flung  
 From thy new instrument and tongue,  
 That would enchant the gay and young."

I'm lost in wonder how 'tis so,  
That one should be so young and wise,  
And so adroitly lyricize.  
And bid thy gentle mother know,  
What good I mean thee, Hermes mine,  
(And all is truth that I divine ;)  
Nay, by this cornel wand, I'll place thee  
Blest 'mid the glorious gods, and grace thee  
With precious gifts, and learn Apollo  
Ne'er proffers friendship false and hollow."

Then Hermes answer'd him as cunning :  
" Phœbus, you speak me fair, I wis,  
And knowing too, though somewhat running

Too much into periphrasis,  
Whereof I know the meaning well,  
For you are welcome to this shell,  
Ner do I envy you the art ;—  
Will teach it you this very day  
In all simplicity of heart.  
You've but to wish, I say not nay.  
But, Phœbus, your capacious mind  
Knows all things, both to come and present.

Jove loves you ; hath to you assign'd  
Honours nor small nor evanescent,  
Amid th' immortal brotherhood !  
Great are you, certes, and most good ;  
Nor have you more than is your due ;  
And Jove your sire hath favour'd you  
Farther, 'tis said, by divination,  
The conferr'd gift of prophecy :  
Your opulence in full know I,  
Nor needs there strict enumeration.  
That you can learn whate'er you will  
I doubt not, and for this poor skill  
In music, and this simple lyre,  
'Tis but to wish them and acquire.  
Sing, then, and play, and condescend  
To learn of me—take all delight,  
But recollect your words, requite,  
Give me that glory you commend.  
Now take it in your hands, and sing,  
" Make much of it, the gentle thing,  
As 'twere a pleasant soft-toned friend,  
And gay companion, brisk and clever,  
To charm societies, whenever  
You visit feast, and hall, and ring,  
Or any jovial revelling,  
And would all day and night prolong  
The merry pastime of sweet song.  
Whoe'er this unconstrained shell,

As some fair mistress, shall entreat,  
And question skilfully and well,  
And kindly,—to his bidding meet  
Ever will it discourse most sweet  
And excellent music, easy gliding  
Into the soul, as it were part  
And being of each hearer's heart ;  
But to rough hand, or peevish chiding,  
Harsh grating discord and displeasure,  
Or folly's mealy maundlin measure.  
Here take it, son of Jove, Apollo,  
And skill to use it soon will follow.  
But let us to the pastures drive,  
O'er hill and plain, the bulls and kine,  
Together mix'd, that so will thrive  
And multiply, good Phœbus mine,  
As you may have small cause to waken  
Your wrath 'gainst me (though too much bent,  
Excuse me, on emolument)  
About the two poor cows I've taken."

Thus Hermes, and held out his gift ;  
Apollo took it, well contented,  
And a smart whip in turn presented  
To Hermes, with the pleasant drift,  
Of urging him to instant thrift  
Of tending the herds ; Hermes consented,  
Proud to be made his overseer.  
In his left hand Latona's son  
Then took the lyre, and one by one  
He stirr'd the strings, till somewhat freer  
He struck and sang—when from his hand  
Uprose the music soft and bland.  
The kine were to the pastures sent,  
And the two sons of Jove retraced  
To the Olympian tops snow-graced  
Their steps, delighting as they went  
Ever in minstrel merriment.  
Joy took possession of wise Jove,  
Commanding friendship to each other,  
A brother should be link'd with brother ;  
Nor farther hint did it behoove,  
For Hermes towards Latona's son  
Felt pure affection, love entire,  
Both now and when he gave the lyre,  
As he so willingly had done.  
Light caroll'd Phœbus, well contented,  
In bearded arm his lyre caressing.  
And Hermes, greater skill professing,  
Another instrument ingented,  
The shrill pipe, sharper on the ear,  
Contrived for distance, loud and clear.

#### PART VII.

Quoth Phœbus, " Though I'm loath to shew  
Good Hermes needless apprehension,  
I fain would guard my lyre and bow  
From farther pilfering and pretension ;  
And you are now in Jove's good graces,  
Elected Plenipotentiary  
Of all the Gods, and shifting places  
May be your office ordinary ;

Therefore, to put on better basis  
Our amity, I would be wary,  
And beg your honour to affix  
To this our truce, in confirmation,  
A great oath—By the awful Styx !—  
And nod, the Gods' asseveration,  
That, without fraud, in all things duly  
You mean to act sincerely—truly."

The son of Maia bow'd assent ;  
 Whate'er the Archer own'd, he nought  
 would covet,  
 Or seek in act or manner fraudulent ;  
 For thievery, he was much above it ;  
 Nor would he his rich temple e'er approach,  
 Much less upon his property encroach.

Apollo, too, the glorious son  
 Of fair Latona, gave the nod,  
 That or in heaven or earth, not one,  
 Or son of Jove, or man, or god,  
 Would he hold half so dear as Hermes ;  
 And added, " Since our truth so firm is,  
 I mean in friendship to present you  
 A rod endued with charm to bless,  
 With riches and all happiness,  
 The master by whose hand 'tis holden ;  
 (Where'er their godships shall have sent  
 you,

Ensuring safety and success ;) )  
 Beauteous the rod three-leaved and golden.  
 And whatso'er, by word or will,  
 Jove would command, it will express  
 And teach the duty to fulfil.  
 But for this art of divination,  
 That, my good son of Jove, forbear,  
 Nor further ask me to declare—  
 Unlawful the communication  
 To thee or any other god ;  
 It is the secret of Jove's mind, and I  
 Gave my most solemn oath and nod,  
 When first it pleased him to bestow  
 On me the gift, no deity  
 Beside myself should ever know  
 The counsels that in his deep bosom lie.  
 Ask then no further, brother gifted  
 With rod of gold—no tongue discloses  
 What Jove commands should ne'er be sift-  
 ed ;

The future leave as he disposes ;  
 While I alone in my vocation  
 Must traverse earth, in duty strict  
 Towards man of every tribe and nation,  
 This to delight and that afflict.  
 And mortals, whoso'er consult  
 Th' appointed birds of augury,  
 Their notes and flight, these learn of me  
 And in my voice of truth exult ;  
 But whatso'er of men below  
 More than the gods shall seek to know,  
 And question all false chattering birds,  
 Shall trust in idle sounds and words,  
 In error's paths go wide astray,  
 And throw their precious offerings all  
 away,

For these at least I take, nor aught return.  
 But, son of Maia and of Jove,  
 Apparitor of gods above,  
 Theresomewhat yet remains for thee to learn  
 Far deep in their Parnassian bower,  
 Secluded virgin sisters three  
 Their dwelling hold ; on swift wing free,  
 As busy bees from flower to flower  
 Pass ever the glad sisterhood,  
 Gathering sweet honey—such their food,  
 Whose heads are white, as if with meal  
 O'ersprinkled—These alone reveal  
 And teach their art of prophecy,  
 And singular the gift that I  
 Coveted from my early day,  
 When wont among the herds to stray ;  
 Nor was my sire, great Jove, concern'd,  
 With what I did, or what I learn'd.  
 On this invigorating fare  
 Feeding, enthusiast, they declare,  
 With liberal speech, their art and truth ;  
 But, that denied, with little ruth,  
 Entice their scholars far away  
 To many a false and wildering way.  
 To these will I present you, well  
 To question them, and learn the spell,  
 And sacred mystery to foretell ;  
 Perchance, then mortals may frequent  
 The shrine of Hermes eloquent.  
 Such is my promise, this my gift,  
 Fair son of Maia—now to thrift  
 And diligence, good herdsman's rules ;  
 Tend you the herds, laborious mules,  
 Horses, and cloven-footed kine,  
 Grim gaping lions, white-tooth'd swine,  
 The howling wolves, and horrid leopards,  
 Dogs, sheep, and whatso'er the earth  
 In den or pasture brings to birth ;  
 Hermes shall be the prince of shepherds—  
 Hermes, the only true instructor,  
 To Pluto's realms the sole conductor,  
 Thus giving, though unapt to give,  
 The gift of death to all that live."

Thus King Apollo loved the son  
 Of Maia with all love ; and grace,  
 And favour most especial, and good place  
 Amid th' immortal throng from Jove he won.  
 With gods and men hence Hermes carries,  
 The last of whom he seldom pleases ;  
 But oft'ner o' dark nights he harries,  
 And by his thefts vexations teases.  
 Yet, hail fair son of Maia, hail !  
 Or rather, since I needs must tell  
 Of other gods another tale,  
 Till in new rhymes I mention thee, farewell !

## THE DANCE OF DEATH.

## FROM THE GERMAN.

A CHEERFUL evening party were assembled, some years ago, in Copenhagen, to celebrate the birth-day of a common friend. They were young and gay, but their mirth, which otherwise might have overpast the bounds of moderation, was chastened and restrained by the accidental presence of a guest, whose passive rather than active participation in the scene, whose silent and grave deportment, and whose sparing, and almost whispered replies, when addressed, formed a strange contrast with the festivity and liveliness of the rest of the company.

Those who were acquainted with him, nevertheless, maintained, that among his intimate friends, the stranger was an interesting companion, possessed of a great fund of anecdote and observation, and a power of investing, when he chose, with an air of originality and novelty, the everyday occurrences and experiences of life. This vein, however, he rarely indulged, and, in mixed society, could with difficulty be prevailed on to open his lips. When he did, however, he was listened to with attention and reverence; and often the noisy mirth of the party became gradually hushed as he poured out, in his calm solemn tone, his rich stores of anecdote and narrative.

It seemed as if, on this occasion, the presence of some friends whom he had not seen for some time past, had gradually disposed him to be more communicative as the evening advanced, and dissipated that reserve which the loud gaiety of the party about him had at first inspired. The sparkling glass had circulated freely and frequently; song after song had, according to the custom of the country, enlivened the night, when some young wight, probably over head and ears in love, and anxious to let the world know it, commenced an air of *Beggar's Song*, in which each guest, in his turn, sings a stanza, and drinks to the health of his mistress by her baptismal name, the company repeating the pledge in chorus.

Ere the silent guest was aware, his turn had come. The host was filling his empty glass, and pressing him to begin. He roused himself, as if waking from a dream, and turning suddenly round, said gravely, "Let the dead rest in peace." "By all means," said the host, "Sit iis levis terra. And so we'll drink to their memory; but come—you know the custom—a name we must have."

"Well, then," said the stranger, quickly, "I will give you one that will find an echo in every breast—AMANDA." "Amanda!" repeated the party, as they emptied their glasses. "Amanda!" said the younger brother of the landlord, who, being a great favourite with the stranger, ventured to take greater liberties with him than any other person. "I have a strong notion, friend L—, that you are palming off some imaginary divinity upon us, and that you really never knew what it was to be in love after all. Who ever heard of such a name, except in a sonnet! I'll lay my life too, that no Amanda ever equalled the flesh-and-blood charms of our own Elizas, Annas, and Margarets. Come, come—sweep away these airy fancies from your brain;—you have still time enough left,—and I yet hope to dance at your marriage."

These words, apparently so harmless, seemed to produce a strange impression upon the stranger. He made a sudden movement, as if to interrupt the young man. "Dance!" he exclaimed, while his cheek grew pale, and a deep air of melancholy settled on his brow as he proceeded. "The charms of which ye speak are, indeed, nothing to me; and yet I do bear within my breast an image, which neither your realities nor your imaginations are likely soon to equal." He looked around him, for a moment, with a glance in which pride seemed to mingle with compassion; then the look of triumph passed away, and his countenance resumed its usual mild and tranquil expression. "Convince us then of the fact,"

said the persevering young man,—“draw out that black riband from your breast which has so often awakened my curiosity, and let us see the fair one who is attached to it.”

L—— glanced his eye with an enquiring gaze upon the company, and perceiving curiosity and attention depicted in every countenance, he said, “Be it so!” He pulled out a plain gold case from his bosom, which he loosened from the riband, and opened it with a slight pressure.

A miniature of a female presented itself to view, in which, though the delicate features were not regularly beautiful, every one who beheld them felt at once that there lay some deep and irresistible attraction. A halo of grace and dignity seemed to surround the figure. The freshness and truth of colour in the cheek, the speaking lustre of the eye, the sweet and natural smile that played upon the lip, the clustering chestnut hair which fell in long ringlets around a countenance mild as angels wear, the simplicity of the white robe in which the figure was arrayed,—all seemed to shew that the picture must be a portrait; and yet there was about it a certain strange visionary and almost supernatural expression, which made the spectator doubt if such an image could represent reality. The miniature was handed round the table. Every one gazed on it with delight.

“And her name is, or was, Amanda?” resumed the young man who had first addressed the stranger; “so far well—her Christian name at least is no secret.”

“No,” replied L——; “and yet I could perchance call her by seven others, each as appropriately hers as the last, for she bore them—”

“All!” said the young man, interrupting him with a smile.

“Yes, all!” repeated L——, gazing steadily on the picture, which had now come back into his hand—“all!—and yet my intended bride, whom this portrait represents, bore but one!”

“This, then,” said the landlord, “is the portrait of your intended bride. I begin now to remember something faintly of the story.”

“It is—and it is not,” said L——, sighing. “I can answer only,” said he, as he perceived the growing astonish-

ment of the company, “in words which must appear enigmas to you all, though, alas, they are none to me.—But let us change the subject. Dark sayings, without explanation, disturb good fellowship, and we have not met to-night to entertain each other with melancholy stories.”

“For my part,” said the landlord, “I should desire nothing better. I am sure, my dear L——, you will not now refuse to give us some explanation as to some events in your life, of which I have a dim recollection of having heard. I remember faintly, that a report of your intended marriage was suddenly succeeded by the intelligence of your having set out on a journey to the south to visit a sick friend. When you did at last return, you mixed no longer with general society; and even in the smaller circle of your friends, you have been silent on many subjects, on which they have refrained from questions, only lest the sympathy which would have prompted their enquiries should be mistaken for mere curiosity.”

“My silence,” said L——, with another enquiring glance at the company, “has arisen, not from want of confidence, but from the dislike I felt at the idea of attracting observation, as one who has been the sport of events so extraordinary, that he who has experienced them is sure to be looked upon by his fellow men either as a miraculous being, a visionary, or—a liar. None of the three hypotheses are agreeable to me, nor do I pretend to be altogether indifferent to the good opinion of the world while I live in it. The event to which you allude has, in fact, nothing in it of a supernatural character; viewed in its prosaic aspect, it is one unfortunately not very uncommon, and I therefore make no further demand on your forbearance but this, that I shall not be made the subject of impertinent curiosity; with the exception of my name, you are welcome to communicate it to any one whose understanding and power of judgment are not absolutely limited to what falls within the scope of his five senses; for though these events, incredible as they may appear to some, are perfectly capable of a natural explanation, the tone which I feel I must adopt in their narration

must be not only a melancholy one, but tedious, perhaps, and repulsive, to those whose hearts acknowledge no sympathy with any higher world than that of sense. All, therefore, who expect a lively entertainment, had better go at once. I have given them warning."

None rose, however; and L——, closing the miniature, and placing it before him, proceeded as follows:

"During that gay period of youth when we are so apt to prefer the illusive promises of fancy to the realities of life, it was my fortune to form an acquaintance, which, notwithstanding the naturally dreamy tendency of my mind, soon concentrated all its attention on the dreary scenes which are actually presented in this our confined existence.—Some time before the period of which I speak, during the English attack on Copenhagen in 1801, the students had formed a military corps of their own; but its spirit and discipline had been rapidly on the decline during the years of peace which followed, till the patriotic enthusiasm of its founders was again roused by the arrival of that remarkable year which witnessed the approach of the British army to the shores of Denmark. The students, old and young, flocked back with redoubled zeal to their neglected colours; the rapid succession of events which followed,—the blockade of the capital, animating every breast with zeal,—the sympathetic influence of enthusiasm, had cemented the ties of acquaintance and friendship among young men formerly but little acquainted with each other, and united them after the fatigues of the day in little joyous clubs and societies, where animating war-songs and patriotic sentiments soon banished those gloomy feelings which the existing state of matters would occasionally inspire.

"On these occasions, I had frequently met with a young man, to whom at first I was conscious of entertaining a feeling of dislike, though I felt unable to ascribe it to any other cause than the difference of our habits and personal appearances. He was not tall, but slenderly made, and with features of great delicacy. His clear and piercing eye often wandered over the

scene about him with a restless, but penetrating glance. There was something noisy and extravagant in his mirth, which revolted me, because it appeared not to come from the heart; the loud laughter with which he generally accompanied his somewhat far-fetched witticisms, seemed to be less the offspring of gaiety, than of a mind that mocked itself. Selfish even in his convivial moments, it seemed to be his study to maintain his superiority over his companions even in his mirth; and the recklessness with which he occasionally assailed his friends, produced a painful impression on myself, and on all.

"At other times his deep and overpowering melancholy kept every friend at a distance. The study which he professed to pursue was medicine, but his friends said, with little success; for while engaged most earnestly in his studies, a strange fit of anxiety and restlessness would come over him; he would throw his books aside, desert his classes, and either wander about in a state of listless idleness, though without plunging into any dissipation, (for the care he took of his health seemed almost ludicrous,) or devote himself with assiduity to drawing and painting, for which he had a decided turn. He had considerable skill in miniature-painting on ivory, and his efforts in this department were always at the service of his friends. When he devoted his pencil to other subjects, his drawings had invariably something of a gloomy character. Snakes were seen lurking under his flowers; funeral processions issuing from some lovely vine-covered habitation; corpses floating on the waves of a sunny sea; his fancy revelled in the strangest, the most varied funereal devices; while, in all his sketches, there was something which left upon the mind a feeling of a disagreeable kind.

"You who are acquainted with me as I then was, will see at once, that there could be but few points of contact between myself and Emanuel, for such was his Christian name. Meantime the bombardment had commenced; the destructive bombs scattered ruin in all directions, no place of security was to be found. The day was even more terrible than the night, for there was something

peculiarly appalling in the hissing of the balls, and the bursting of the Congreve rockets, which deafened us on every side, while they were invisible to the eye.

"A small division of the corps to which I belonged, had one day received orders to occupy a bastion. I had been a little too late, but was hastening after my comrades, and had already come in sight of them, when a bomb falling in the midst of four or five of them who were standing together, burst at that instant, killing almost all of them, and scattering their mangled limbs into the air. The others, who were not far off, fled, as might be expected, and were still engaged in attending to their own safety, when I, perceiving that the danger was over, and eager to afford such assistance as was in my power, hurried up to the scene of the catastrophe.

"A young man was standing among the mangled corpses, pale and motionless, but apparently unhurt. It was Emanuel. 'Who is killed?' was my first question. He looked up, turned his clear piercing eyes upon me, and was silent. Suddenly he smote his hands together; the tears rushed into his eyes, and with a voice interrupted by loud sobs, he pronounced the name of an amiable youth, the promising heir of a respectable civil officer, and, strange enough, our common friend. I repeated the name with a shuddering tone. 'Alas! alas!' said he, 'it is even so, and I am unhurt; not two minutes before he had accidentally changed places with me. He is taken, and I am left; O would I were in his place now! Do not mistake me,' continued he, as I gazed on him with astonishment, 'this is no burst of friendship; I love existence far more dearly than I did him; but better this death, than a slow, a terrible one!'

" 'What gloomy ideas are these!' said I; 'let us go and'—

" 'Enjoy ourselves!—Is it not so?' interrupted he; 'to laugh, and to forget!'

" 'No, friend,' replied I; 'I have little inclination at present for enjoyment—but to fulfil our duty.'

"In the meantime our comrades had returned to the spot, followed by those on whom devolved the mourn-

ful task of removing the wounded and the dead. We marched as if nothing had happened, to perform the task appointed for us, that of placing our supplies of powder under cover in a distant magazine. Chance had made Emanuel my companion. We worked hard and spoke but little. I felt, however, that the dislike I had at first so decidedly felt to the young man, was fast giving place to a warm sympathy for his sufferings. I had obtained a partial glance into a dark but wounded spirit, and had seen enough to incline me to ascribe the startling circumstances of his character, to a mind anxiously labouring to deceive itself as to its true situation. I know not whether the visible sympathy which I manifested, contrasted with my former coldness, had affected him also with a similar emotion; but so it was, that when the night summoned us to rest, we parted like old and trusty friends, with a warm pressure of the hand.

"I had occasion next day to be the bearer of various orders, and, among others, one addressed to Emanuel. I entered unperceived—(he had not heard my gentle tap at the door)—into a comfortable apartment, but in a state of even more than student-like confusion;—a circumstance the more striking, that at that time both old and young generally kept their whole effects as carefully packed as possible, that they might the more easily be transported, in the event of their habitations being set on fire by the bombardment.

"He was seated at a large table, covered with books and painting materials; his head rested on both his hands, and he was gazing attentively on a small miniature painting. It is the same which lies near me, and which has so deeply attracted your attention, only it was then unframed, the ivory being merely pasted upon the paper. I had time to look at it, for he did not observe me till I laid my hand upon his shoulder; the gay and animated grace which seemed shed over the figure, struck me perhaps the more, from the contrast it presented to the living, but drooping and desponding young man, who had but yesterday lost a friend, and whose deep desolation of heart had so plainly revealed itself on that occasion."



"He started up as he felt the pressure of my hand, and almost involuntarily drew the paper over the miniature. 'How now?' said I; 'is it with so sad an aspect that you regard this lovely portrait, whose charming features are sufficient to inspire any one with cheerfulness; particularly since this successful effort seems to be the work of your own hands? My poor friend! have I guessed the cause of your melancholy—Is it love—unfortunate, hopeless love?'

"'Most unfortunate,' said he, interrupting me, 'for—but,' continued he, 'you have already had a glance of it, so look at it as you will: I do in truth consider it as one of my most successful attempts, and the more so, that no one sat for it. It was the mind that guided the pencil.' So saying, he again uncovered the miniature.

"With increasing astonishment and delight did I gaze upon those lovely features; I was fascinated; I could not turn my eyes from them; the longer they rested on the picture, the deeper I felt its magic sink into my heart. I could not divest myself of the idea, that this portrait must represent the object of my friend's attachment. And the very idea of seeing, knowing, loving so angelic a being as it presented itself to my mind, seemed more than a counterpoise for all the difficulties, all the miseries of life.

"'I have heard it said,' said I at last, 'that all married people, and all lovers, have a certain resemblance to each other; I cannot say that I have in general found it so, but for once it strikes me the saying is right. I think,' said I, comparing him with the portrait, 'I think I can here and there recognise some traits of your features.'

"'Very possibly,' he replied, 'very likely—for the picture is that of my sister.'

"I knew not why at the moment, but I felt that this explanation filled my bosom with indescribable joy. 'Your sister?' replied I, hastily—'happy brother who can boast of such a sister! What is her name?'

"He was silent; I raised my eyes from the picture to fix them upon him. He was pale, and seemed not to have heard my question. I repeat-

ed it. He looked at me with a fixed stare, and answered as hesitatingly as I myself did even now. 'Her name is—I cannot tell!'

"'You cannot tell?' said I, with astonishment.

"'O persecute me not,' cried he, springing up with impatience,— 'ask me not—you have touched a wound that still festers in my heart.'

"I laid down the picture in confusion; a strange suspicion, which struck me dumb, sprang up at that moment in my mind. I began to fear that by some strange mental aberration, his love for this angelic sister might be more than fraternal; and resolved at once never more to touch upon a subject so dangerous.

"I left him; but chance threw us together again in the course of the evening; for a fire, occasioned by the bursting of a bomb, took place in his lodging. On the first intelligence of this disaster, I hurried along with some friends who were not known to him, to his house. He was standing quietly in his room, giving himself no concern about his effects, and apparently doubtful whether he would take the trouble of saving himself or not. I succeeded in drawing him away almost by force; but the greater part of his small possessions was consumed. From that moment he seemed to attach himself exclusively to me;—every day during our military companionship his society in turn became dearer to me, so that at last the very defects in his character which had at first sight appeared to me so repulsive, now that I had begun to look upon his conduct from a different point of view, presented themselves in an interesting light, as the efforts of a mind struggling against despair; and the melancholy Emanuel (not perhaps without some reference to his lovely sister) became to me an object of the warmest sympathy and friendship.

"My suspicions, which still continued, prevented me from putting any questions to himself as to his family, willingly as I would have done so; and all which I was able to gather from other sources was, that his father was clergyman of a country town, in one of the small islands belonging to Denmark, in the Baltic; that he was a widower, and, besides this son, had four daughters in life.

"Meantime the siege held on its brief but terrific course. I trembled for my friend, whose desperate plans, the offspring of an over-excited mind, were condemned, even by the most foolhardy of our companions; though, had all the defenders been inspired with the same contempt of death, the result of the siege might probably have been different. The actual result is sufficiently known; with the opening of our gates to the British troops, who entered not as enemies but as friends, our warlike functions ceased. Impatient, irritated at the daily necessity of meeting on a footing of courtesy with those whom we hated from the very bottom of our hearts, I seized the first opportunity to leave the capital, and knowing that every where in the neighbourhood I should meet with English troops, or encounter general irritation and annoyance, I determined to take a wider circuit, and to visit Germany.

"I need hardly say that Emanuel's society had by this time become indispensable to me; his wit, which I had at one time thought far-fetched and wanton, now afforded me delight. I laboured in silence to mitigate the inequality of his humours, though every day unfolded to me some new and strange peculiarity in his character. Among these was his aversion to every sort of dancing; he assured me that neither he nor his sisters had ever learned, or would learn, to dance. Nay, on one occasion, during a visit to a common friend in the country, where we happened to meet a party of young people who were anxious for that amusement, and who, knowing that he was the only person present who played the violin, had requested him to act the part of musician on the occasion, he at first resisted vehemently, and only yielded at last to my repeated entreaties. He played one or two dances with visible reluctance; but just as he was about to commence a third, and a young and beautiful girl, in some measure resembling the subject of the picture, whom he had long been following with his eyes with visible interest, advanced into the circle, he cast his violin away with violence, and by no entreaties could he be prevailed upon to resume it. The dancing must have ceased entirely, but for the fortunate arrival of

a guest who was able and willing to replace the reluctant performer. The dance now proceeded gaily and without interruption; but insensible even to the solicitations of beauty, Emanuel stood in a corner of the room, and eyed the gay whirl of the dance with an aspect of the deepest gloom.

"My sympathies being once awakened in his favour, I only pitied him the more for these singularities, and urged him, with the view of diverting his mind, to resume with energy and perseverance his neglected studies. He promised to do so, but medicine seemed only to increase the discomfort and despondency of his mind. Often would he throw his books away, exclaiming, 'Oh! admirable training for the future! In eternity what need have I to know how men are to be made away with by rule and method?—There men die not—or if they do, not by pill or potion. Why waste in such enquiries the hours which might be much better devoted to the education of the soul?'

"'Is such then your employment when you throw your books away?' I asked after one of these tirades.

"'Alas!' said he, with deep earnestness, 'that which occupies my mind is enough in the eyes of God to excuse a being of flesh and blood.' I understood him not; but thinking that a foreign tour might produce a salutary effect upon his mental malady, I pressed him to accompany me in my intended journey. He received the invitation with visible pleasure, yet he hesitated long, as if some conflict were going on within, before he accepted it; at last he yielded to my entreaties.

"He commenced his journey with a feeling of uneasiness, which, however, was shortly removed by a fortunate occurrence. He had informed his father of our project, but had received no answer, and had begun to apprehend that their long silence must be occasioned by some unfortunate event, chiefly, as he admitted, from the feeling that he had long been accustomed to hear of nothing but misfortune from home. We sailed by a small vessel for Lubeck. The violence of the wind, rather than apprehension from the English vessels, had induced the captain to take the course between the islands. But autumn was already advanced; the

gloom of evening was fast closing upon the sea; he was but imperfectly acquainted with the soundings, and so he resolved, after sailing a league or two, to come to anchor, and resume his course on the following day.

"Emanuel now found himself, I may say, almost in sight of his paternal home. It was long, as he told me with emotion, since he had visited it, and unfortunate as might be the nature of his connexion with it, it was evident that the recollections of the past, and the apprehension of some present evil, had filled his mind with an indescribable longing to land, and once more to visit the home of his youth. He promised to be on board again by sunrise. My heart beat as I listened to this resolution, for I foresaw that he could not in courtesy avoid inviting me to accompany him; though it was not less evident, from the constraint with which the invitation was shortly afterwards given, that he would have been happier had I remained. For deeper reasons, however, than that on which I rested my acceptance of his offer—which was, that in the event of any thing unpleasant having happened, my assistance might be of use to him—I determined to accompany him, and having made the necessary arrangements with the captain, we landed.

"We had still a full league to go; some time elapsed before we could procure any conveyance, and when we commenced our route, the night had set in dark and misty. The man who drove the vehicle mistook the path, and led us astray, so that it was bedtime ere we reached the town. In the restlessness of his anxiety, my friend would not wait to alight at his father's house; we entered the inn, and there learned, that the old clergyman was at that moment suffering severely from the return of a painful complaint, to which he was occasionally subject.

"Emanuel knew that any agitation of mind at the present moment might be attended with the most dangerous consequences to his father; so taking our little bundles in our hand, we set out on foot toward the parsonage, which stood near the church, and into which, after knocking gen-

tly for a long time at the door, an old servant gave us admittance.

"She confirmed the intelligence we had received at the Inn, with the consoling addition, that there was no immediate danger; that the invalid was asleep, and that she would call up the daughter who was watching beside him; while my friend, learning that his eldest sister had gone to rest, that she might relieve the other in the morning, gave her express injunctions not to disturb her, nor the two children, as he called them, by the news of our arrival. We entered, in the meantime, a large and somewhat gloomy parlour, dimly illuminated by the single light which was carried by the servant.

"It was with a strange emotion that I looked around upon the dreary dwelling, which contained the being who had been so long the object of my daily and nightly dreams, and whom I now hoped at last to see face to face; a happiness the more agitating and intense, that it was so unexpected and so unlikely. My glance wandered rapidly over the lonesome chamber; its furniture was of that modest kind which I had seen a hundred times before in the dwellings of respectable citizens; but my eyes involuntarily dwelt on several little work-tables, which stood in the windows or against the walls, without knowing to which in particular I ought to direct my attention and my homage. Emanuel had thrown himself on an old-fashioned sofa, in visible and painful expectation.

"At last the door opened gently. A young lady in a simple house dress, bearing in her hand a light, which threw its clear ray on her countenance, entered the room, with a timid but friendly air. The joyful beating of my heart seemed to announce to me that this was the charming original of the miniature; I drew in my breath that I might not disturb her, as, without observing me in the recess of the window, she flew towards her brother, with the faltering exclamation, 'Emanuel, dearest Emanuel!' He started up, stared on her with a fixed look, and extended his arms to receive her, but without uttering a word.

"'You would scarcely know me again,' said she, 'I have grown so

tall since we parted; but I am still your own Jacoba.'

" 'Jacoba!' he repeated, in a sorrowful tone; 'yes! yes! even such I had pictured you.—Come to my heart!' Then drawing her to him—'How is my father?' said he; 'how are Regina, Lucia, and the little one?'

" 'All as usual,' answered the young lady, 'only that my father has suffered more severely from his pains this time than before. We could not venture to leave him except when asleep: I watch beside him always till about daybreak, and then I waken Regina. Ah! she is no longer so strong and healthy as I am,—and poor Lucia is still but a child!'

" 'Enough,' said my friend, as if struggling with an oppression at the heart,—and introduced me to his sister. She saluted me with an air of shyness and embarrassment, the natural result of her solitary education, and then hurried out to prepare some refreshments, and to give directions for our repose.

" 'Now,' said I, with a triumphant glance at my friend, when we were left alone,—'now I know the name of the charming picture, or rather of the still more lovely original. It is Jacoba.'

" 'Jacoba!' he repeated with a deep sigh—'well, well, be it as you will;—but, for heaven's sake, no more of this,—earnestly I ask it of you—not a word of the picture. That is my secret.'

" The sister entered again occasionally, but only for a moment at a time. Her shyness seemed to prevent her from taking any part in our conversation; and every instant she hurried out to see that her father was still asleep. We agreed that the old man, to whom any mental agitation might be dangerous in his present irritable state, should know nothing of his son's presence, and that Jacoba should merely waken her elder sister an hour earlier than usual, that before commencing her duties by her father's bed-side, she might have time to bestow a parting embrace upon her brother.

" Jacoba went out and did not return. Shortly afterwards the servant came in, and whispered that the old man was awake. I grieved at this;

I would gladly have gazed a little longer on those features, and compared them with the portrait which lay concealed as usual in the breast of my friend. Yet this was needless. The resemblance had already struck me; and though there seemed to me more fire, more lustre in her eye, some allowance was of course to be made for the failure of the painter, who drew but from memory.

" My friend accompanied me to my room, and then betook himself to the little apartment which bore his name, and which, it seemed, had always been kept in readiness for him. I felt my heart filled with a sensation of ineffable contentment and delight. I had seen the being whom my fancy had invested with a thousand perfections, and whose retiring shyness seemed only to add new charms to her beauty. Despite of the veil of mystery which seemed to rest over the situation of the family, I felt an internal conviction how short a space of time would be sufficient to fan those feelings of admiration into a glowing passion; particularly now that my suspicions as to the nature of Emanuel's attachment had disappeared. True, he had received her with emotion, and embraced her; but his embrace was passionless, nay, almost cold and strange. There was no appearance of delight in his look, but on the contrary, I could not but feel, an air of horror. Absorbed in the contemplation of this dark enigma, I drew near to the window.

" The mist had dispersed; the moon had risen calm and cloudless. The window of my room looked directly out upon the churchyard, which lay bright beneath me in the moonshine, while the broad walls of the church and its pointed tower threw out a long dark shadow that seemed to lose itself in the distance. Between the window at which I stood and the (not far distant) church, was a large burial-place, surrounded by a low iron railing; my eyes accidentally rested upon it, and I drew back with involuntary terror on perceiving some object move near it, half hid in the shadow projected from a monument beyond. Mastering my first sensation, however, I thought, upon a second glance, that I recognised the figure of Emanuel in that of the being thus leaning against the

monument, and dwelling as it were among the tombs. I opened my door; I perceived that the little passage which separated our rooms had a door at the further end, which stood half open, and led into the churchyard. I could no longer doubt; and knowing how destructively these gloomy meditations, to which my friend was but too prone, must operate upon his already excited fancy, I stepped out, and hastily advanced towards him.

"'My friend,' said I, 'it is late and cold. Remember that with day-break we must be gone. Come in with me, and go to rest.'

"'What would you with me?' he replied: 'It is long since I have seen my home. Let me remain a while with mine own.'

"'That,' said I, 'you will do better within,' pointing to the house. 'Enjoy the society of the living—let the dead rest.'

"'The living!' repeated he, in a tone of bitterness. 'Here is my home, the home of my fathers—here moulder the ashes of my mother, soon to be mingled with those of one and all of us. Not without a deep meaning has my father placed this last resting-place so near to our mansion, but to remind us that it is but a step from our home to the grave; and with the affection of a father he wishes that he may be able, even when we are gone, to have all his children in his view. An irresistible feeling impelled me hither; a longing, as it were, to prepare another grave. To-morrow you will see!—'

"'Dear friend,' I replied, 'away with evil dreams! It was not for this that I brought you to your home: you are creating anxiety and vexation, not only to yourself and to me, but to all whom your presence ought to cheer.'

"'You are right. It must have been a dream,' said he briefly, and with an effort at calmness. 'Come, we will to bed.' We re-entered the house.

"I slept not, however; partly because my thoughts were busied with my friend, whose conduct appeared to me more and more extraordinary, and partly, perhaps, from the very fear of over-sleeping myself. A half-slumber only at times sunk upon my eyes; with the first dawn of morning

I sprang up; I saw by the weather-cock that the wind was fair, and I knew that if we detained the vessel under such circumstances, we should be made to pay dearly enough for our passage. I stepped into my friend's room, who was fast asleep, but roused himself the moment I awakened him. Soon after, we heard the servant bustling about with the breakfast things in the parlour, and walked in. Her master, she told us, had passed a very restless night. Mamselle Jacoba had never stirred a moment from his side. But she had gently wakened her sisters, had told Regina of her brother's visit and his arrangements, and they would be with us immediately.

"She had scarcely in fact finished her information, when the three young ladies entered with a joyful, but noiseless step, lest the unwonted sound of conversation at that early hour might reach the ears of their father. The first look shewed me that my yesterday's conjecture must be right; the picture could represent no one but Jacoba. Regina, the eldest, was much about the same height, but almost as different from her blooming sister, as the pallid and fading autumn from the vigorous maturity of summer; the same family features appeared in both faces, but in the pale if not sallow complexion, hollow eyes, and wasted form of Regina, scarcely could you have recognised the sister of Jacoba. Lucia, though pretty well grown, was at that period of life when she was not likely to attract much attention; and of both, indeed, I had but a hasty glance. The third sister, a child of twelve years old, pale, delicate, and little of her age, seemed still overcome with sleep, while joy, regret, and surprise seemed mingled in the sweet expression of her childish face. All three were immediately hushed into silence at the sight of a stranger.

"'Sweet blossom of my heart,' cried my friend, who had extended his hands to the two elder sisters almost without looking at them, but gazed with the deepest affection upon the youngest, embraced her with the greatest tenderness, and occupied himself exclusively with her, leaving me to entertain the others as I best could. Meantime

I could not but perceive that, while he was caressing the youngest, and rapidly swallowing his coffee, he frequently stole a glance at the two elder, with an expression of grief—nay, almost of aversion, which must have deeply wounded their feelings, had not the brevity of our interview, and the numerous enquiries relative to his father with which it was filled up, prevented the singularity of his demeanour from being observed by them. Though the eyes of all of them, especially of the elder, still dwelt upon him with the fondest emotion, I was obliged to press our immediate departure; and, after Emanuel had once more shaken hands with the two elder sisters, and kissed the younger, we hastened away, followed by the gaze of the three sisters, who lingered at the door.

"We spoke but little of the scene which had passed. I had enough to do hurrying the coachman, lest we should arrive too late for our passage. My friend sat silent, wrapped in his own thoughts; and when at last we had got safely again on board, and once more spread our sails to the wind, he manifested so decided a disinclination to allude to the subject, that I found it necessary to adjourn to a future opportunity any conversation as to the fair Jacoba, of whom I had unfortunately obtained only a fleeting glance by daylight, as she greeted us at our departure from the window of her father's apartment; but that glance was enough to render her the unceasing object of my meditations.

"We soon arrived in Lubeck. The distant sight of its stately towers restored to my friend some portion of his cheerfulness; he drew near with emotion to that city, in which, as I then learnt, his mother was either born, or had spent some years of her youth. This cheerfulness of temper, united with a more than ordinary mildness, gave me the best hopes as to the salutary effects of our prolonged tour. I was far enough from foreseeing by what chance our projected ramble was to be cut short in a single day.

"We resolved to employ the first hours of our short stay in seeing the curiosities of the town. We soon, however, turned from the traces of

civil decay into the magic province of art; and with this view we entered the church of St Mary.

"The love for German art was then but imperfectly developed; men seemed to have no suspicion of the existence of those treasures, which, covered with dirt and dust, and, at best, the object of passing curiosity, were here left to moulder in the vaulted aisles of this vast edifice. The remarkable clock, with the effigies of the seven electors, who, notwithstanding this deficiency of number, were pertinaciously set down as the twelve apostles, then constituted the chief glory of the building. I accompanied my friend into the open church, waiting for the striking of the hour which sets the figures in motion, and casting at the same time a hurried glance on the numerous objects which on every side presented themselves to the eye. Several young people, who perceived that we were strangers, exerted themselves as our ciceroni. One of them opened a small grated door at one side of the chapel, and invited us to enter. We walked into the chapel; and here, in better preservation than the other pictures, the walls were covered with multiplied representations of Death, who, in dancing attitudes, was leading off as his prey persons of every age, sex, and costume. 'That,' said the young man, 'is the celebrated Dance of Death.'

"'How!' said my friend, hastily interrupting him, while his eyes fixed with a look of horror on one compartment of the picture, in which Death, tall and slender, was represented winding his bony arm round a young maiden, who, in a rosy-coloured dress, and with the bridal garland in her hair, was vainly struggling to emancipate herself from his embrace. Emanuel spoke not another word;—he stood with his finger pointing in the position in which it seemed to have been arrested, till at last, pale and trembling, he clasped hold of my arm, which I had extended to him, and breathed a deep sigh, as if some oppressive weight had been suddenly removed from his bosom.

"'What is the matter?' said I, anxiously.

"'I feel,' replied he, 'as if I had

awakened from a deep sleep, in which a dream had long held my reason prisoner; an evil, fateful dream, which fascinated, while it filled me with terror, but which seems, at this moment, to be about to receive a natural, though humiliating solution. Stay—one other look at the picture, and then away!

"I looked at the picture again, as well as he, without being able to perceive in it any thing beyond what I have already stated. 'My God!' said I, as he drew me hastily out of the church, 'what can all this mean? Let me know the truth.'"

"At another time, perhaps," he interrupted me, hastily—"at present, I have something else to say to you. I can travel with you no farther; I must return home, and that on the instant. By a visionary weakness, or superstitious abandonment of mind, we have, perchance, brought upon ourselves irreparable misery, and reared up prodigies where every thing lay within the ordinary course of nature. I must return, to avert, if possible, still more fearful evils.—Enough—enough is done already."

"What mean you," said I, "by a dream? do I not, then, possess your confidence?"

"You do indeed," he continued; "but this is not the time for the disclosure. The man who thinks he has seen a spectre of the night, takes care not to speak of it, till day with its cheerful light breaks in upon him again; when the patient lies in the crisis of his disorder, the careful physician prohibits all conversation. Besides, I cannot, if I would; I have promised silence. At present, then, I must hence. I will return when I can. Continue your journey alone."

"My efforts to obtain from him some farther explanation, or to retard his departure, were equally in vain. Unwillingly I saw him depart; his presence and his friendship had fanned within my bosom a gentle hope, the existence of which was first rendered clear to me by our separation. I was, in truth, as deeply in love as any one could be at a single glance; but this fleeting glance had been so brief, so incomplete, that I scarcely felt as if I could discriminate whether I was most fascinated by the portrait or the original. 'My friend,' said I, as we separated, 'I

cannot bear to part with you, without some visible token of our hours of friendship. Leave me the picture of your sister. It will be to me a gratifying memorial of that talent which you do not sufficiently prize, and perhaps the prophetic herald of a happy future."

"What mean you?" said he, turning suddenly round to me with a serious and anxious air, though the moment before he had been gaily urging his preparations for departure. 'I will not deny,' said I, 'that your sister Jacoba has so enchanted me, that I cannot part with her portrait.'

"Her portrait!" repeated he.—'Well, so let it be. Take the picture—keep it—fall in love with it—but not with my sister. Believe me, it is not that I would not give her to you, for I love the picture as I do her—nay, perhaps more. There,—with that picture you remove a load from my heart.' He pressed it into my hand, and disappeared.

"Let me pass hastily over the two following years. They have no connexion with my friend, or with his concerns. He returned not at the time we had contemplated; the letter which I received in his stead, seemed to breathe a spirit of returning melancholy;—of his family, he said nothing. His letters became shorter and less frequent, and at last entirely ceased. The picture, however, continued as dear to me as ever; often did I gaze upon it, though I tried to consider it only as a lovely painting. The parting words of my friend had awakened in my bosom a feeling of distrust; and, often as I looked at it, the idea occurred to me that I was involved in some ominous and mysterious tissue of events, which, in spite of all my efforts, maintained an unceasing ascendancy over my senses and my soul.

"My journey was interrupted by the increasing debility and declining health of my uncle, who possessed an estate in Jutland; he had named me his heir, and wished to see me once more before his death. Accordingly, I hurried back.

"I found my uncle better than I had expected, but in great uneasiness relative to part of his fortune, then in the hands of a firm in Copen-

hagen, which had lately encountered some serious losses, and of whose doubtful credit he had within the last few weeks received more than one warning epistle from his friends. The presence of a person of decision on the spot was evidently required, and I undertook the task, to which my uncle agreed, on condition, that as soon as the business was over, I should hasten back to him, that he might enjoy as much of my company as he could, ere we were separated by that death which he foresaw could not be distant.

"I travelled as fast as possible, and found myself, on my arrival in Copenhagen, so pressed on all sides by the numerous concerns I had to attend to, that I had not a moment to spare for myself or my friends. I had not visited one of them; and, in order not to shake the credit of the house by any open proceedings, which would inevitably have led to suspicion, had shewn myself as little as possible to my acquaintances; when, on the second post day after my arrival, I received a letter from my uncle, announcing that he had had a relapse, and pressing my immediate return. I had already put matters so far in train, that a friend, in whom I had confidence, might wind up the business; and as I pondered the matter in my mind, it occurred to me that it could not be placed in better hands, from his connexions in the capital, than in those of my friend Emanuel.

"As yet I had only had time to enquire hastily after him; nor had I received any intelligence of him; for he had left the house from which his last letter had been addressed to me, a long time before, and no one was acquainted with his present abode. By accident, I recollected an agent with whom he used occasionally to be connected in business. I applied to him.

"*'Your friend,'* he answered, *'is in the town; where he lives, I know not; but that you will easily learn from his family.'*

"*'His family!'* said I, with astonishment.

"*'Yes,'* continued he, *'the father, with his two eldest daughters, is at present in Frederick's Hospital; he has undergone a dangerous operation, but is now recovering.'*

"I felt my heart beat quicker. Jacoba, whose image I had been labouring so long to erase from my fancy—Jacoba was in my neighbourhood. I should see her once more; she was not forgotten, as I had sometimes supposed; she lived there as indelibly impressed as the traits of the dear picture, whose graceful but silent charms I had never yet met with mortal maid to equal.

"I had little time to spare, so I hurried towards the hospital, and entered the wing devoted to patients who paid for their reception. I sent in my name to the pastor; it was well known to him, and I was kindly received. The old man, for such he was, though I knew him at once, from his resemblance to his son, was still confined to bed; a tea-table stood before it; and beside it sat—I could not doubt for a moment—Jacoba, more lovely and blooming than ever; Regina, still more sickly and fading than before. Our greeting was a silent one; but I saw at once that I was recognised by both.

"The talkative old man, when he had given me the information I required, and assured me that in half an hour I would find his son at his house, continued to support the conversation almost alone. I should probably have listened with a more attentive ear to his really entertaining discourse, had not my thoughts been so much divided between his daughters, the picture, and my own recollections. I confess, at the same time, it was on the fairest of these daughters that my glance rested the longest. She seemed obviously, as I had formerly thought, the original of the miniature. Yet, methought, I could now perceive many little differences which had formerly escaped my observation; nay, even differences between her features as they appeared to me *now* and *before*. I had some difficulty in resisting the old man's invitation to remain with him till the arrival of his son, whom he expected at his usual hour; but my hours were numbered. After promising, at the old man's request, that I would pay him a second visit at home, along with his son—for he had heard afterwards of our short nocturnal visit—and addressing to the charming girl some expressions of interest and affection, which flow-



ed involuntarily from my heart, and tinged her cheek with blushes, I hastened to the residence of my friend, whom I was fortunate enough to find at home.

"His lively joy at seeing me soon dispelled the depression, which, like a dark veil, overshadowed his features, and dissipated at the same time all my reproaches. I found no difficulty in opening to him the nature of the commission with which I had to intrust him, and which he at once undertook; he displayed all his former wild gaiety as he congratulated me on the fortunate influence of my journey; but he relapsed at once into his habitual seriousness the moment he learned I had seen his father, and renewed my acquaintance with his sisters, especially, as I added, with the charming Jacoba.

"The charming Jacoba,' he repeated, with a bitter sarcastic smile. 'What—still charming, beside her fairer sister, whose beauties almost eclipse those of your portrait?'

"How so?' said I, confused—'I cannot have mistaken the name. I heard the name of Jacoba pronounced—no other found an echo in my heart! Have I not, as before, seen Regina and Jacoba?'

"Regina, my friend,' replied he, 'has long been at rest. To-day you have seen Jacoba and Lucia.'

"What!' said I, with increasing confusion, 'can that pale and slender creature whom I then saw, have since come to resemble poor Regina so closely?'

"Again,' continued he, 'you mistake. It is Lucia with whom you are captivated. Poor Jacoba is fast sinking into her grave.'

"This last reply utterly confounded me. 'How?' said I—'I would think you were in jest, were this a time for jesting. Is the portrait then that of Lucia?—Incredible!'

"Have I not already said to you,' said he, with a sorrowful tone, 'love the picture—be enamoured of it as you will—but have nothing to do with the living?'

"I came to you,' I resumed, still more bewildered, 'with love in my heart—'

"For Lucia—' he interrupted me hastily—'Beware! She is betrothed already.'

"Betrothed! To whom?' cried I, with impetuosity.

"To Death!' repeated he, slowly. 'You yourself was present at the betrothal. Remember the Dance of Death at Lubeck. Fool that I was, to think that I could tear her from him!'

"Explain this enigma to me, I beseech you!' cried I, while my cheek grew pale, and an indescribable feeling of terror shot through my heart.

"Can I?' said he—'and if I could—this is not the time. No more of my family! You cannot doubt that I would give her to you willingly—and perhaps—it may be possible'—continued he, musingly—'Keep the picture—love it still—but ask me no questions. You have seen enough to perceive I am no visionary!'

"He ceased—and, notwithstanding all my questions, continued obstinately silent. I knew him of old, and was aware that any farther importunity on my part would only serve to annoy and embitter him; and, besides, I must confess I felt myself oppressed with an undefinable, but irresistible sensation of terror. As soon as I returned home, I laid the picture, which I had been accustomed to wear, in the most secret recess of my writing-desk, and determined never to look upon it again.

"Before leaving my friend, I had enquired how his studies were proceeding. He burst into a loud and sneering laugh. 'All studies,' said he, 'and particularly medicine, have become loathsome to me. I will learn nothing, since I cannot learn that which I vainly long for! What have I to do with knowledge, who have lost all relish for life itself? To me the earth is but a yawning grave—its inhabitants but living carcases. Even in the midst of gaiety, I am in death!'

"I saw at once that the sinking energies of my friend could only be restored by active employment; and, in truth, nothing but the activity which I myself was called on to exert, prevented me from giving way to the influence of that feeling of terror which seemed to oppress me when in his presence, or when I thought of his family. I felt that travel was necessary, and I set out; my thoughts,

however, often reverted back to him, and I pondered long how I might withdraw him from a situation which seemed to be preying more and more upon his mind. I saw plainly that some singular, and to me inconceivable destiny, exercised a melancholy power over this family, to which ignorance, timidity, or superstition, had lent a degree of strength, which it never could have possessed over persons of a more sober and decided mind; and as soon as I had reached the place of my destination, I wrote to him, fully laid before him all my ideas, and begged of him to answer me with the same candour and openness. For nearly a year I received no answer. When it arrived, I saw immediately from its contents that some internal change had taken place in his mind, though what its nature might be, I could but imperfectly gather. The letter was a calm and business-like answer to mine; it exhibited no traces either of depression of spirit, or of that factitious gaiety by which he had laboured to cloak his despair. He confessed that it was his belief that a full disclosure to me might tend to ease his mind; but he added, that when that disclosure should be made, I would see at once why it had not been made sooner. Such matters, however, he continued, could not be discussed in writing. He spoke of the picture, (to which I had not alluded,) and added—

“Is it still dear to you? I know well that our connexion and my confusion of mind may have inspired you with a feeling of terror connected with it; but, believe me, you *may* love it without fear. Yes, love it. I have built a fabric of hope upon the idea, which still deserts me not. Know, then,—*you have never yet seen the real original of the miniature*. It represents neither Jacoba nor Lucia, however much it may resemble them. Yes, I begin to hope that I myself have never till now become acquainted with the original, or rather, perhaps, that a still fairer copy of this mysterious and enigmatical picture is even now unfolding itself beneath my eye. A new riddle, you will say—and I admit it, but this riddle I can solve; only it must be verbally.”

“This letter made a singular impression on me. His words seemed

to have dissipated for ever that feeling of terror with which, for some time back, the picture had inspired me. I took it out anew from its case, and, as it beamed before me again in the innocent glow of youth, I wondered how these lovely and loving features could ever have worn in my eyes an aspect of evil, or that a distant resemblance to those two girls—for that there was a resemblance I could not deny—should have made me insensible to its far higher expression, its fulness of health and heavenly grace, in which those two living beings, notwithstanding their beauty, were so visibly inferior.

“From this moment I gazed on it frequently, and with delight. My correspondence with Emanuel became more regular; still, however, he evaded my invitation to visit me, by saying the time was not yet come; and all I could learn of his studies or employments was, that he had devoted himself entirely to painting, and principally to landscape-painting.

“I myself began to perceive that country pursuits did not exactly suit my taste, and that I was in a great measure wasting my time in a residence which was situated in a neighbourhood neither remarkable for its natural beauties, nor interesting from the society it afforded, and cut off, as it were, from literary and political news. Shortly afterwards the death of my aunt followed, and I made up my mind to leave the estate.

“I hastened without delay towards Copenhagen. The portrait seemed to beckon me thither. Two years now had nearly elapsed since I had seen my friend; and during the journey, my longing to see him again, my eagerness for the solution of this dark enigma, daily increased. I found my expectation, however, disappointed; when I reached his lodging I found him not; only a letter of the following import was delivered to me.

“Just as I was awaiting your arrival with impatience, and, I must add, with anxiety and uneasiness, I received a message from home. My old and worthy father has been suddenly seized with an apoplectic stroke. He is still alive; but I have seen too many of such attacks to in-

indulge much hope of his recovery at his advanced period of life. As soon as all is over I shall hasten back. Wait for me patiently; or if I remain too long absent, and you are not afraid of the house of death—then—do as you will.’

“These lines contained, as you perceive, an indirect invitation. My friend had been already, as I learned, eight days absent, nor had any intelligence been received from him during that time. In the latest newspapers which I called for, I found no announcement of death; I calculated, therefore, that the invalid was still alive, and I felt convinced that my sympathy and friendly offices might be useful to my friend in the hour of sorrow. An internal voice seemed to whisper to me, that his heart would, in such a state of mind, be more readily and confidentially opened to me. I required only to get my comfortable and well-covered travelling carriage ready, which bade defiance to the cold blasts of autumn, which had already set in,—and in four-and-twenty hours I knew I should be at his side.

“No sooner was the resolution formed than it was executed. Next morning, though somewhat later than I had wished, I was travelling southward from the capital. A sharp north-east wind whistled around the carriage, which lulled a little towards evening, as I reached, in the twilight, a solitary posting station, where we changed horses; but it was succeeded by a thick mass of clouds, which, gradually overspreading the heavens with their dark veil, threatened every instant to descend in torrents of rain.

“An uncovered but respectable-looking country vehicle, which appeared to have arrived before me, had just been drawn into the shed; and in the travellers’ room, where I sat down till the horses should be ready, I found a young female, closely wrapped in a hood and mantle, walking up and down, evidently in great agitation.

“I had thrown myself, somewhat ill-humouredly at having probably to wait here for some time, upon a seat near the window, paying little attention to what was passing in the apartment, till I was suddenly roused by an active dispute, at first carried on

in a low voice, but gradually becoming louder.

“‘I must proceed,’ said a clear, sweet, silvery-toned voice. ‘If I can bear the wind and rain, so may your horses and yourself. You know not the anxiety which urges me on.’

“The peasant, with whom the trembling and mantled female spoke, seemed immovable. ‘We are Christians,’ replied he, doggedly, ‘and should spare our beasts and ourselves. We shall have nothing but rain and storm all night. Here we have rest and shelter—without, who knows what may happen in such a tempest—and your friends, miss, have given me the strictest charge to take care of you. These tender limbs of yours are not fitted to bear what I might look upon as a trifle: your health might suffer for ever.—Upon my conscience, I cannot do it.’

“‘Nay, nay,’ replied the young lady, ‘I am strong and healthy. It is not the tempest without, but the anguish I feel within, that may prove fatal to me.’

“The faint and touching notes of her voice awakened my deepest sympathy. I stepped forward, put a question to her, and learned that the young lady was most anxious to reach her birthplace to-night, and had with that view availed herself of a conveyance returning from the capital:—filial duty, she said, was the motive of her journey; and it happened most fortunately that her place of destination and mine were the same. I instantly offered her a seat in my carriage. Almost without looking at me, or perceiving my youth, which, at another time, would probably have occasioned some difficulty, she instantly accepted my offer with such visible joy, that I perceived at once that her mind was occupied by a nobler and more engrossing feeling than any cold calculation of propriety. The horses arrived rather sooner than I expected, and ere it was wholly dark we were seated in the carriage.

“The increased rapidity and comfort of the mode of travelling, the certainty that before midnight she would reach the goal of her wishes, had disposed her to be communicative; and ere we had proceeded a league, I learned, to my great astonishment, that my travelling companion was the youngest sister of my

friend, who had for years been brought up in the capital, whom I had seen for an instant when a child, and whom, under that appellation, my friend had locked so tenderly in his parting embrace. She told me that the sudden illness of her father had shocked and agitated her extremely; that her brother had written to her that he was still in life, but that there were no hopes of his recovery; and finding an unexpected opportunity by means of the vehicle which was returning to her native place, she had felt unable to withstand the temptation, or rather the irresistible longing which impelled her, without her brother's knowledge, and contrary, as she feared, to her relations' wishes, to see her beloved father before he died.

"I told her my name, which she recognised at once as that of a friend whom her brother had often mentioned to her, and thus a confidential footing was established between us, which I took care not to impair by impertinent enquiries. I could not even, while she was under my protection, obtain a single glance of her face. Calmer consideration probably suggested to her, how easily our travelling together might afford room for scandal; so when we crossed the ferry towards the little island, she did not leave the carriage; and when we reached the town at a pretty late hour, she laid hold of my hand, as I was directing the postilion to go on, and said hastily, 'Let me alight here. This street, near the bridge, leads across the churchyard to our house. I fear to see or to speak to any one.'

" 'I will accompany you,' said I. 'I will surprise my friend.' I made the postilion stop, directed him to the inn, and we alighted. The maiden leant upon my arm; I felt that she trembled violently, and had need of support.

"We walked across the churchyard towards the parsonage. Through the darkness of the blustering and rainy autumnal night, several windows, dimly lighted, and shaded by curtains, were visible. The gate, leading to the other side of the house, was merely laid to. The court was empty; every one seemed busy within. The windows on this side were all dark. I saw by the inequality of

my companion's step how much her anxiety was increasing.

"We hurried across the court, and entered the little narrow passage of the house, which was also unlighted. We stood for a moment drawing our breath, and listening. From the furthest chamber on the left we heard a rustling noise, and the sound of whispering voices. A broad streak of light, which streamed from the half-opened door into the passage, was darkened occasionally by the shadows of persons moving within. 'It is my sister's room,' whispered my conductress, and darted towards it. I followed her hastily. But what a sight awaited us!

"The corpse of a young maiden had just been lifted out of bed, and placed on a bier adjoining. A white covering concealed the body even to the chin. Several elderly females were employed in tying up the long dark tresses of the deceased; while others were standing by inactive, or occupied in removing the phials and medicines from the table.

"My companion had thrown back her veil at entering, and stood as if rooted to the spot. Even the unexpected shock she had encountered; could not banish from her cheek the glow with which anxiety and exercise had tinged it; nay, the fire of her eye seemed to have acquired a deeper and more piercing lustre. So stood she, the blooming representative of the very fullness of life, beside the pallid victim of inexorable Death. The startling contrast agitated me the more, that in those well-known features I traced, in renovated beauty, those of the enchanting portrait; scarcely master of my senses, I almost believed that I saw again the same maiden who, two hours before, had fascinated me in the Frederick's Hospital, when, all at once, half turning to me, she exclaimed, 'O, my poor sister Lucia!'

" 'Lucia!'—the name fell upon me like a stroke of lightning. So, then, she whom I had last seen in the glow of life and beauty, lay before me cold in death! What assurance could I have, that the fair vision which still flitted before me, blooming with health, and life, and grace, was not the mere mask under which some spectre had shrouded itself, or round which the King of Terrors had al-

ready wound his invisible but unrelaxing arm! The figures in the Dance of Death involuntarily flashed upon my mind. My very existence seemed to dissolve in a cold shudder. I saw, scarcely conscious of what was going on, and as if in a dream, the living beauty draw near to the corpse; momentarily I expected to see the dead maiden throw her arms around her, and to see her fade away into a spectre in that ghastly embrace, when my friend, who had apparently been summoned by the women, pale, and almost distracted, rushed in, and tore her from the corpse, exclaiming, 'Hence, thoughtless creature! Wilt thou murder us both? Away from this pestiferous neighbourhood! If you will look upon the dead, come to the couch of our honoured father, whose gentle features seem to invoke a blessing upon us, even in death.'

"She followed him unresistingly, weeping in silence. An old servant led the way, with a light in her hand; another, in whom I thought I recognised the features of our old attendant, beckoned me, with tears in her eyes, into the well-remembered parlour, where every thing remained unaltered, with the exception of the little work-tables, all of which had been removed but one, ~~which had been removed but one, which had been removed but one.~~ She placed before me ~~meat and wine, begged I would excuse them if things were not in order, and left the room, which my friend at the same moment entered.~~

"He embraced me with an agitation, a melting tenderness, he had seldom before manifested. 'You come,' said he, 'unexpected, but not unwelcome. I have been thinking of you for some days past, and was wishing for your presence even while you were on your way.'

" 'Then,' said I, still with a feeling of disorder in my mind, 'the right time is come? Speak on, then; tell me all!'

" 'The time,' replied he, 'is come, but scarcely yet the moment. I see by your paleness, your shuddering, that the dark fate which sits upon our house has agitated you too deeply at present to admit of a calm and unprejudiced consideration of the subject. Summon your mind, eat, drink, return to your inn. I will not ask you to tarry longer in the

house of death; although—I hope—Death has now knocked at our door for the last time for a long period to come. Go and compose yourself. That God should visit the sins of the fathers on the children, seems a harsh, a Jewish sentence;—that nature transmits to posterity the consequences of the weaknesses or guilt of the parent, sounds milder, and looks more true:—but, alas! the consequences are the same. No more of this.'

"I drank but a single glass of wine, which, in truth, I needed, and betook myself to my inn. I took the picture, which I still wore, from my neck, but I did not open it. I was over wearied, and, in spite of the over excitement of my mind, I soon dropt asleep.

"The smiling beams of the morning sun, as I awoke, poured new life and composure into my soul. I thought of our confidential conversation in the carriage, in which, unknown to herself, my fair companion had displayed the beauty of her mind, and I could not forbear smiling at the feelings of terror and distrust which my heated fancy had infused into my mind in regard to her and to the picture. It lay before me on the table, innocent as herself, with its bright loving eyes turned upon me, and seemed to whisper, 'I am neither Jacoba nor Lucia.' I took out my friend's letter, which conveyed the same assurance; calm understanding seemed to resume its ascendancy in my heart; and yet, at times, the impression of the preceding evening recurred for a moment to my mind.

"I hurried, not without painful impatience, as soon as I was dressed, towards the desolate mansion of my friend. He had been waiting me for some time, advanced to meet me with a cheerful look, when I found his sister composed, but in deep mourning, and with an expression of profound grief, seated at the breakfast-table.

"She extended her hand to me with a melancholy, but kindly smile; and yet I drew back with an oppressive sensation at my heart, for the picture stood before me more perfect in resemblance than it had appeared to my excited fancy the evening before; but here there was

more than the picture. I saw, too, at the first glance, a nobler bearing, a higher expression, than in the features of her sisters. In looking at them, I was reminded of the picture; in gazing on her, I forgot its existence. Our confidential and touching conversation, which still involuntarily reverted to the deceased, sank deep into my heart. Gradually every uneasy feeling faded from my mind; and when she left us at last at her brother's request, to visit some of her young acquaintances whom she had not seen for a long time before, I gazed after her with a look, the expression of which was no secret to her brother.

"His first words shewed that this was the case. 'At last,' said he, 'you have the original, or the *true* copy of the picture, which is an enigma even to myself, even though it be the work of my own hands. I knew well that her aspect of spotless purity would at once banish every feeling of distrust from your mind, as it has done from mine. If the picture be still dear to you—if you can love her and gain her affection, she is yours; but first listen to that which I have so long withheld from you. You must judge, after hearing it, whether you are still inclined as freely to accept the offer. We shall be uninterrupted from without; and do not you interrupt me,' said he, as he drew the bolt of the door, and seated himself by my side.

"'Mysterious as every thing is apt to appear, which ordinary experience does not enable us to explain, do not expect to hear any thing more wonderful in this case than admits of a simple explanation, when tried by the test of cold and sober reasoning. My father, without being disposed to talk much upon the subject, was a believer in dreams—that is to say, he frequently dreamt of events which were afterwards actually fulfilled; and in fact, in such cases, his presentiments were rarely erroneous. While a candidate, for instance, for a church, he used to be able in this way to foresee, from a vague and undefinable, but yet distinct feeling, when he should be called upon to preach for any of the clergymen in the neighbourhood. He had seen himself, on such occasions, in the pulpit, and often, at waking, could recollect long passages from those ideal sermons

he had delivered. In other matters, he was a person of a lively and cheerful turn of mind. By his first marriage he had no children. He contracted a second with my mother, a stranger, who had only shortly before come into the country—very pretty, very poor—and whose gay, but innocent manner, had been my father's chief attraction. She was passionately fond of dancing, an amusement for which the annual bird-shooting, the *vintage* feasts, and the balls given by the surrounding nobility on their estates in the neighbourhood, afforded frequent opportunities, and in which she participated rather more frequently than was altogether agreeable to her husband, though he only ventured to rest his objections on his apprehension for her health. Some vague reports spoke of her having, early in life, encountered some deep grief, the impression of which she thus endeavoured, by gaiety and company, to dissipate.

"'One day my father was invited to a party given in honour of the arrival of a nobleman long resident in the capital, and accepted the invitation only on condition that my mother would agree to dance very little. This prohibition led to a slight matrimonial scene, which terminated on her part in tears, on his in displeasure. The evening before, they received a visit from the nobleman himself, who being an old college friend of my father's, had called to talk over old stories, and enjoy an evening of confidential conversation.

"'My father's gift of dreams happened to be mentioned; the Count related an anecdote which had taken place shortly before in Paris, and which he had learnt from Madame de Genlis; and a long argument ensued upon the subject of dreams and their fulfilment.

"'The conversation was prolonged for some time, my mother appearing to take no particular share in it. But the following day she seemed abstracted, and at the party declined dancing, even though her husband himself pressed her to take a share in the amusement. "Nay, on being asked, as she stood by my father's side, to dance, by the son of the nobleman above alluded to, and who was believed to have been an old acquaintance of hers,

she burst at once into tears. My father even pressed her to mingle in the circle; she continued to refuse; at last she was overheard to say—"Well, if you insist upon it on my account, be it so."

"Never before had she danced with such spirit; from that moment she was never off the floor. She returned home exhausted and unwell, and out of humour. She was now in the fifth month of her pregnancy, and it seemed as if she regretted the apparent levity which her conduct had betrayed.

"Her husband kindly enquired what was the cause of her singular behaviour. "You would not listen to me," she replied, "and now you will laugh at my anxiety; nay, perhaps you will tell me that people ought never to mention before women any thing out of the ordinary course, because they never hear more than half, and always give it a wrong meaning. The truth then is, your conversation some evenings ago made a deep impression on me. The peculiar state of my health had probably increased the anxiety with which for some time past I have been accustomed to think of the future. I fell asleep with the wish that something of my own future fate might be unfolded to me in my dreams. The past, with all the memorable events of my life, nay, even our late dispute as to dancing, were all confusedly mingled in my brain; and, after many vague and unintelligible visions, which I have now forgotten, they gradually arranged themselves into the following dream:—

"I thought I was standing in a dancing-room, and was accosted by a young man of prepossessing appearance, who asked me to dance. Methinks, although probably the idea only struck me afterwards, that he resembled the Count, the son of our late host. I accepted his invitation; but having once begun to dance, he would on no account be prevailed on to cease. At last I grew uneasy. I fixed my eyes upon him with anxiety; it seemed to me as if his eyes grew dimmer and dimmer, his cheeks paler and more wasted, his lips shrivelled and skinny, his teeth grinned out, white and ghastly, and at last he stared upon me with bony and eyeless sockets. His

white and festal garments had fallen away. I felt as if encircled by a chain of iron. A skeleton clasped me in its fleshless arms. Round and round he whirled me, though all the other guests had long before disappeared. I implored him to let me go; for I felt I could not extricate myself from his embrace. The figure answered with a hollow tone, 'Give me first thy flowers.' Involuntarily my glance rested on my bosom, in which I had placed a newly-blown rose with several buds, how many I know not. I made a movement to grasp it, but a strange irresistible feeling seemed to flash through my heart, and to draw back my hand. My life seemed at stake; and yet I could not part with the lovely blooming flower, that seemed as it were a portion of my own heart. One by one, though with a feeling of the deepest anguish, I plucked off the buds, and gave them to him with an imploring look, but in vain. He shook his bony head; he would have them all. One little bud only, and the rose itself, remained behind; I was about to give him this last bud, but it clung firmly to the stalk of the rose, and I pulled them both together from my bosom. I shuddered; I could not part with them; he grasped at the flowers, when suddenly I either threw them forcibly behind me, or an invisible hand wrenched them out of mine, I know not which; I sank into his skeleton arms, and awoke at the same instant to the consciousness of life."

"So saying, she burst into tears. My father, though affected by the recital, laboured vainly to allay her anxiety. From that moment, and especially after my birth, her health declined; occasionally only, during her subsequent pregnancies, her strength would partially revive, though her dry cough never entirely left her. After giving birth to six daughters, she died in bringing the seventh into the world. I was then about twelve years old. To her last hour she was a lovely woman, with a brilliant complexion, and sparkling eyes. Shortly afterwards I was sent to school, only visiting my father's house and my sisters during the holydays. All of them, as they grew up, more or less resembled their mother; till they attained their thirteenth or fourteenth year they were

pale, thin, and more than usually tall; from that moment they seemed suddenly to expand into loveliness; though scarcely had they attained their sixteenth year, when the unnatural brilliancy of their cheeks, and the almost supernatural lustre of their eyes, began to betray the internal hectic fire which was secretly wasting the strength of youth.

"Seldom at home, I had little idea of the evil which hung over our home. I had seen my eldest sister in her beauty, and her wane; and then I heard of her death. I was at the university when the second died. Shortly afterwards I visited my home. I found my third sister in the full bloom of youthful loveliness. I had been dabbling a little in painting, and felt anxious to attempt her portrait, but I had made no great progress when the time for my departure arrived. I was long absent; when I next returned, it was on the occasion of her death. I was now no longer a heedless boy. I saw the melancholy of my father, and ascribed it to the shock of so many successive deaths. He was silent; he left me in my happy ignorance, though even then the death stillness and loneliness of the house weighed with an undefinable oppression on my heart. My sister Regina seemed to grow up even more lovely than her deceased sisters. I now found the sketch which I had begun so like *her*, that I resolved to make her sit to me in secret, that I might finish the picture, and surprise my father with it before my departure. It was but half finished, however, when the period of my return to the capital arrived. I thought I would endeavour to finish it from memory, but, strangely enough, I always confused myself with the recollection of my dead sisters, whose features seemed to float before my eyes. In spite of all my efforts, the portrait *would not* become that of Regina. I recollected having heard my father say, that she of all the rest bore the greatest resemblance to her mother; so I took out a little picture of her, which she had left to me, and endeavoured with this assistance, and what my fancy could supply, to finish the picture. At last it was finished, and appeared to possess a strange resemblance to all my sisters, without being an exact portrait of any.

"As I had intended it, however, for the portrait of Regina in particular, I determined to take it with me on my next visit, and endeavour to correct its defects by a comparison with the original. I came, but the summer of her beauty was already past. When I drew out the picture to compare it with her features, I was shocked at the change which had taken place in her, though it had not yet manifested itself in symptoms of disease. As I was packing up my drawing materials again, under some pretext or other my father unexpectedly entered. He gave a glance at the picture, seemed deeply agitated, and then exclaimed—"Let it alone."

"That evening, however, as, according to our old custom, we were sitting together in his study, after my sisters had gone to rest, our hearts reciprocally opened to each other.

"I now for the first time obtained a glimpse into my father's wounded heart. He related to me that dream as you have now heard it; and his firm conviction that almost all his children, one by one, would be taken from him; a conviction against which he had struggled, till fatal experience had begun too clearly to realize it. I now learned that he had brought up his daughters in this strict and almost monastic seclusion, that no taste for the world or its pleasures might be awakened in the minds of those who were doomed to quit it so soon. They mingled in no gay assemblies, scarcely in a social party; and even I, my friend, have since that time never thought of dancing without a shudder. Conceive what an impression this conversation, and that fearful prophetic dream, made upon my mind! That I and my youngest sister *seemed* excepted from the doom of the rest, I could not pay much attention to; for was not my mother, at my birth, suffering under that disease which she had bequeathed to her children; and how, then, was it likely that I should be an exception? My imagination was active enough to extend the sentence of death to us all. The interpretation which my father attempted to give to the dream, so as to preserve us to himself, might be but a delusive suggestion of paternal affection; perhaps, self-deluded, he had forgotten, or given another turn to the conclusion of the dream. A deep and wild



despair seized upon me, for *life* to me was all in all! In vain my father endeavoured to compose me; and, finding his efforts unsuccessful, he contented himself with exacting from me the promise that this fatal secret of our house should be communicated to none.

“It was at this time I became acquainted with you. The conflict which raged within my bosom between reason and superstition, between the struggles of courage and the suggestions of despair, could not be concealed from you, though you could form no idea of its source. I accompanied you to Lubeck. The sight of the Dance of Death produced a remarkable effect upon my mind. I saw a representation of my mother’s dream, and in that too I thought I perceived also its origin. A film seemed to fall from my eyes; it was the momentary triumph of sober reason. It struck me at once that the idea of this picture, which my mother had undoubtedly at one time seen, had been floating through her excited imagination, and had given rise to that dark vision, before whose fatal influence my father and I had prostrated ourselves so long, instead of ascribing the successive deaths of our family to their true source, in the infectious nature of that disease which my mother’s insane love of dancing had infused into her own veins, and which had been the ominous inheritance of her offspring. The advances I had already made in the study of medicine, confirmed these views. The confined and solitary life my sisters had led, the total want of any precaution in separating those who were still in health from those who had been already attacked by this malady, was in itself sufficient to account for all which had happened. Animated by this idea, I hurried home in spite of all your entreaties. I laboured to make my father participate in my views, to induce him to separate my other sisters from the already fast declining Regina; but the obstinacy of age, and his deep conviction of the vanity of all such efforts, rendered my efforts and pleadings unavailing.

“It was only after great difficulty that I was prevailed upon to part with my youngest sister, then a mere child, who, from the close connexion in which her life seemed to stand

with myself in that singular dream, had become my favourite, and on whom I felt impelled to lavish all that love, which a certain involuntary shuddering sensation that I felt in the presence of my other sisters, as beings on whom Death had already set his seal, prevented me from bestowing fully upon them. It was only on my assuring my father that my peace, nay my life, depended on his granting me this request, that he consented that she should be brought up in the capital under my eye. I accompanied her thither myself. I watched over her with an anxiety proportioned to my love. She was not so tall as her sisters had been at the same age. She seemed to unfold herself more slowly, and in all things, as well as her education, she was the reverse of them. Her gaiety, her liveliness, her enjoyment of life, which often inspired me with a deep melancholy, gave additional bloom to her personal appearance; I could trace in her no appearance of weakness of the breast; but she was still a tender, delicate nature, the blossom, as I might say, of a higher climate.

“It was long before I returned to my father’s house; but his sickness, which rendered a dangerous operation necessary, brought him to the capital with my two remaining sisters. What I had foreseen was now fulfilled. Jacoba had become Regina, Lucia Jacoba. I knew it would be so, and yet it struck me with horror; the more so when I observed, as I already hinted, that during the bloom of their ephemeral existence, all my sisters successively acquired a strong resemblance to their mother, and consequently to the portrait; though not so close as may have appeared to your excited imagination, who saw them but for a moment and after a long interval. I cannot tell how the daily sight of these devoted maidens, who inspired at once pity and terror, wrought upon my heart. It brought back my old despair, my old fears, which at such moments reasoning could not subdue, that I and all of us, my darling with the rest, would become the victims of this hereditary plague. My situation was the more trying, that I was obliged to invent a thousand stratagems and little falsehoods to keep the sisters, then living in the same city, apart. I could not alto-

gether succeed, and the misery I felt at such moments how shall I describe! Your coming, your mistake, filled up the measure of my despair. When you wrote, I found it for a long time impossible to answer your affectionate letter.

“It was only long after the return of my family to their home that I regained my composure. The theory of medicine had long been hateful to me; though in the course of my researches into that fatal disorder, to which our family seemed destined, I had more than once met with instances in which the disease, after a certain period, seemed to concentrate itself on its victim, so as not to be transmitted to her subsequent offspring. My father too, who, during his residence in the capital, had perceived my distracted state of mind, took the opportunity of giving me, as he thought, a word of comfort, though it only wrung from me a bitter smile. He told me of a dream which he had had after my mother’s death, and which he had hitherto concealed, because its import seemed to be of a threatening nature for me; although at the same time it seemed to give him the assurance, that at least I should not perish by the *same* fate which had overwhelmed my sisters. He thought he saw me, whether young or old he could not say, for my face was covered, lying asleep or dead in some foreign country. My baggage was heaped about me, and on fire; but the thick smoke which arose from the pile prevented him from perceiving whether I was burnt or not.

“Though at first much shocked at this dream, yet, viewed in the light already mentioned, it had on the whole a consoling tendency; and for this reason he had communicated it to me, though still with some shrinking sensations at its recollection. It was now my turn to afford him consolation, by pointing out to him that this dream, vague and indistinct in its meaning like most others, had probably been already fulfilled, since my efforts had in fact been all burnt about me during the bombardment of Copenhagen, and I myself, in a diseased and scarcely conscious state of mind, only extricated from danger by the exertions of my friends. He seemed struck with this observation, and was si-

lent; but I saw that his confidence in the certainty of dreams was in no shape abated. But my chief source of consolation lay in the slow and natural growth of my Amanda, who did not, like her sisters, resemble a mere hothouse plant, but a sweet natural flower, though her light and ethereal being would render her equally unable to encounter the rude breath of earthly sorrow, or the influence of a rugged clime;—and you, whether accidentally or not—(and this gives me, I confess, new hope and courage)—you have a second time been the preserver of her life, by sheltering her from the blight of a stormy and freezing autumnal night, which would have been enough to blast at once this delicate production of a more genial clime. You, like a protecting angel, conducted her to her paternal home; that home where the angel of death has now, I trust, marked the threshold with blood for the last time, since the scythe that swept away my venerable father, with the same stroke mowed down the last declining life of his daughters.

“In truth, I begin to cherish the best hopes of the future. In her mild eye that beams with no earthly light, her cheek that glows with no concealed fever, there are no traces of the consuming worm within; only, as I have already said, the delicacy of her frame requires the tenderest care. A rude wind might blast this fragile flower; and therefore I give her to you, as the oldest, the most tried and trusted of my friends, with my whole heart; but upon this condition, that you never yield to her often repeated wish to learn to dance, for that too violent and exciting exercise, which proved fatal to her mother, which devoted her sisters, even while yet unborn, to death, and which is my terror and aversion, her tender frame and easily agitated disposition, I am sure, are unable to bear. Will you promise me this?”

“The picture—*her* picture, had, during his relation, lain before me on the table: its heavenly smile, and, still more, the tranquil and clear narrative of my friend, had banished from my bosom the last remains of uncomfortable feeling, and awakened with a still livelier emotion sympathy with this being so lovely, so

worthy to be loved. What could be more fascinating than thus to become the protecting angel of such a creature! The very conviction that I had already involuntarily been so, gave a higher impulse to my love and my confidence. I promised him every thing.

"Let me be brief—brief as the solitary year of my happiness! Business still detained my friend at home, and regard for appearances would not allow me to reconduct to the capital my Amanda, to whom I had not declared my sentiments, and to whom, indeed, it would have been indecent to have done so, while her dearest relations were hardly consigned to the tomb. One plan, however, suggested itself, which appeared the more advisable from the advantages which the pure air and tranquil amusements of a country life seemed to promise to her who was the object of our solicitude.

"The Count, with whom her mother had danced that fatal Dance of Death, now an old man, had long been in possession of the situation formerly held by his father, and was at this time an inhabitant of an estate upon the island. Always attached to the family of the pastor, he offered Amanda a residence in his family, and, on the pretext that her health might suffer from a longer residence in this house of death, we had her immediately removed from its gloomy images to the more cheerful mansion of the Count.

"Being myself acquainted with her intended protector, I accompanied her thither, and while I strove, by every endeavour, to gain her affection, some expressions which escaped her made me aware that I was already possessed of it. The close of the year of mourning was fixed for our marriage. I had already cast my eye upon an estate in the neighbourhood, which I had resolved to purchase, instead of that which had fallen to me. Partly with the view of restoring the activity of my friend, partly to escape the pain of being separated from my love, and partly because such matters are generally most advantageously managed by the intervention of a third party, I begged him immediately to set about the negotiation for the purchase. He undertook the commission readily, but his own affairs soon afterwards sum-

moned him to the capital, and he set out.

"The bargain was found to be attended with difficulty. The matter was studiously protracted, in hopes of obtaining a higher price, and at last, as the close of the year approached, I resolved not to wait for the purchase, but to celebrate our nuptials at once. Amanda had all along enjoyed the best health. My friend engaged for us a simple but comfortable residence in the city, but the Count would not hear of the marriage being performed any where except in his own house. The day was at last fixed; we only waited for Emanuel, who, for some time past, had from time to time put off his arrival. At last he wrote that he would certainly appear on the day of the marriage.

"The day arrived, and yet he came not. The Count's chamberlain entered, and delivered to me a letter, which had been put into his hands the day before, under a cover, in which he was requested to deliver it to me shortly before the ceremony took place.

"It was from Emanuel, and ran as follows. 'Do not be anxious should I not appear at the marriage, and on no account put off the ceremony. The cause of my detention is for the good of all of us. You yourself will thank me for it.'

"This new enigma disconcerted me; but a bridegroom must endeavour to conceal his uneasiness, and a singular chance made me at last regard the unexpected absence of Emanuel, which, in fact, I attributed to caprice, as not altogether to be regretted. The Count had, notwithstanding my entreaties, made preparations for a ball, at which, after the ceremony had been quietly performed in the chapel, our union was to be publicly announced to the company. I knew how much the mind of my friend, so prone to repose faith in omens of every kind, would be agitated by the very idea of dancing.

"I succeeded in calming Amanda's mind as to the prolonged absence of her brother; but I felt that I began to regard with a feeling of oppression the idea of his arrival, which might momentarily take place.

"The guests assembled. The young people were eagerly listening

to the music, which began to echo from the great hall. I was intent only on my own happiness; when, to my dismay, the old Count, stepping up, introduced his son to my Amanda, with a request that she would open the ball, while the young Countess, his daughter, offered her hand to me. I scarcely noticed her, in the confusion with which I ran up to the Count, to inform him that Amanda never danced, and had never learnt to do so. Father and son were equally astonished; the possibility of such an event had never occurred to them.

"'But,' exclaimed the son, 'can such a pattern of grace and dignity require to learn what nature herself must have taught her?'

"Amanda, who perhaps attributed my confusion to a feeling of shame at her ignorance, looked at me entreatingly, and whispered to me, 'I have never tried; but my eye has taught me something.'

"What could I say? and, in truth, I confess I could not see why, merely for fear of my absent friend, I should make myself ridiculous; nay, I could not but feel a sensation of pride in the triumph which I anticipated for my bride. The Countess and I were the second couple; some of the more honoured guests made up the third and fourth, and the dance began.

"After a few turns, however, the music, at the suggestion of the young Count, changed to a lively waltz; and the dancers began to revolve in giddy circles. I felt as if lightning-struck; my feet seemed glued to the ground; the young Countess vainly endeavoured to draw me along with her; my eyes alone retained life and motion, and followed the footsteps of Amanda, who, light as a sylph, but blooming beyond aught that I had ever seen, was flitting round in the arms of the Count.

"At once the door opened, and I saw Emanuel enter in full dress, but he was arrested on the threshold; his eyes were rooted on Amanda. Suddenly he smote his hands together above his head, and sank at the same moment to the ground with a cry that rang through the hall.

"This accident seemed to disenchant me. My feet were loosened. I and others flew towards him like lightning, raised him, and carried

him through the hall, into an adjoining room, which served as a passage to the hall. All this was the work of a moment. Amanda, however, had observed the confusion, had heard the name of her brother; that loud and piercing cry had echoed through her heart. As if transported out of herself, she tore herself out of the supporting arms of the Count, flew across the court into the chamber beyond, and sunk, weeping, imploring, in the most lively agitation, at the feet of her brother.

"The strange appearance of Emanuel, his cry, his fainting, had created a confusion which, for a moment, I confess withdrew my attention from her. It was when her brother began to recover his senses, that I first observed her deadly paleness. Methought I saw again the dying Lucia in my gaily dressed bride, whose white robes and myrtle wreath reminded me of the ghastly bridegroom of her sisters, who thus seemed to step in between me and my happiness. She hung, cold, inanimate, tottering, upon my arm.

"She was immediately carried to bed. She never rose from it again. Her sickness took even a more sudden and terrible character than usual, which, indeed, under the circumstances, might have been expected. Never, I may say, had my poor Amanda been in so great a state of excitement as during this, her first and last dance. The sudden shock she received, the coldness of the open room, and the still more open court, swept by a rude autumnal wind, at a moment when the general confusion prevented any measures of precaution from being taken, had wrought terrible ravages in her tender frame, and would have been enough, even without a hereditary predisposition to the malady, to have produced the same fatal consequences. The disease seized on her with that fatal and rapid grasp from which it derives its name; in a fortnight she was numbered with the dead.

"Her decline seemed for a moment to restore the physical strength of her unhappy brother. He burst out into the loudest reproaches against me, and every one who sought to withdraw him from the bedside of the invalid. It was wonderful how his weak frame bore up against it, but

he scarcely ever left her side. She died in his arms; he covered the dead body with kisses; force alone could detach him from it.

"But almost instantly after, a strange dull inaction seemed to come over his mind. He reproached me no longer, as I had expected, but asked to know how all had happened, and in turn told me, with a bitter and heart-piercing smile, that he had been prevented from coming by a serious indisposition. 'I had caught, as the physicians thought, a cough arising from cold, but with the natural nervousness of my disposition, I thought I discerned in it the seeds of the long-dreaded malady, and as the physician assured me that a few days would remove it, I resolved to stay away from the marriage, in order to give his prescriptions (which were chiefly rest and quietness) every fair chance; and if the truth were as I suspected, not to disturb your happiness by any uneasiness on my account. But the day before the marriage I was seized with an inexpressible feeling of anxiety. I recollected that your marriage would be celebrated in the same mansion, perhaps in the same chamber, where my mother, with her yet unborn offspring, had been devoted to death. I could not rest; some unknown power seemed to impel me forward, as if to prevent some great, some inexplicable evil. I was instantly on my way; at the last station on the road, while waiting for my horses, I dressed, that I might lose no time. I came—not to prevent—but every thing was now too clearly explained. I had come to fulfil my destiny.'

"My friend remained completely resigned to his fate. The death of his sister had convinced him of the certainty of his own. With her life, his own relish for life had utterly departed. Already it seemed to lie behind him like a shadow; he felt an impatient, irrepressible longing to be with those who had gone before.

"The physicians at first maintained that his malady—for he already felt its influence on his frame—was but imaginary. And as he submitted quietly to every thing, it cost me but little trouble to induce him to travel with me. I will not trouble you with my own feelings or sufferings: I urged him to go to the south of

France, the climate of which was so generally reckoned beneficial. He smiled, but as if the dying flame of love of life had for a moment re-kindled in his bosom, he expressed a wish rather to go to Italy. 'There,' he said, 'he might have an opportunity of seeing and studying the works of the great masters of art.' We reached Italy, but here his illness soon took a decided turn; he died after a decline of eleven months in a residence in the Piazza Barberini: and, as if the prophetic dream of his father was to be fulfilled to the letter, his whole effects, according to the invariable custom in Rome, (for in Italy consumption is regarded as peculiarly infectious,) were, on the same day on which he died and was buried, committed to the flames, with the furniture of his apartment, and even his carpet; every thing, in short, except his papers. Nay, a friend who at that time resided with us in Rome, and subsequently returned, told me that two years afterwards the apartments inhabited by Emanuel still remained unoccupied as he left them.

"I cared little, as you may imagine, during these shifting scenes, about financial concerns, and when I revisited this country, it was to find that I had returned to it only not absolutely a beggar, and destined, I fear, to make all my friends melancholy about me.

"Thus has a numerous family been effaced from the earth, though not from my heart, leaving behind them nothing but this portrait, which seems daily to hold forth the lesson, how vain is beauty, how fleeting is life!"

L— ceased, and the silence continued, while the portrait circulated once more among the now deeply affected and sympathizing assembly. The evening, which had begun with loud revelry, had gradually glided into the deep stillness of night. The friends rose, and even the younger of them, who had proposed the health of their mistresses with such proud confidence and frolic vanity, separated in silence, after pressing the hand of the narrator, as if in token that he had become to all of them an object of esteem, of sympathy, and affection.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LONDON.

THE British capital has been called a province covered with houses; the chief causeway of the world; the great estuary of the tide of human existence; the empress of all cities, with whose fame the nations "ring from side to side;" the Babylon of the west, which in wealth and population may claim precedence of contemporary realms!\* There is but one London; and, take it for all in all, it is at this day a more interesting object of contemplation than any other spot of similar dimensions on the surface of the globe. It wants the gorgeous palaces, the spacious quays, and the pleasant gardens, of its neighbour on the Seine; it partakes not of the melancholy magnificence of Rome, "lone mother of dead empires," the historical sanctuary of hallowed recollections ever eloquent of olden fame, 'mid ruins darkened with the crust of centuries; it is not adorned, like Florence, with the delicate creations of those wondrous masters, who left Art's self effete, and hopeless of an equal effort; it boasts not of the glad and glorious scenery of Naples, rejoicing in a soil where even the shade is more generous than our northern sunshine, and reflected with all its classic villas and picturesque details in the limpid loveliness of the subjacent Mediterranean; it is not consecrated, like Venice, to the very genius of poetry, and graced with beauteous gondolas, that glide along its liquid thoroughfares through the stillness of evening, in harmony with the barcarole and the serenade, the tabor and the guitar; nor yet is it clothed with the romantic grandeur, surrounded with the goodly prospect, or dignified with the mountain diadem, of Edinburgh: but still its geometrical immensity, enormous population, immeasurable moral influence, political supremacy, indomitable enterprise, tremendous wealth, and, to sum all, its vast, various, and comprehensive intellectual capabilities, constitute in the aggregate a more curious theme for

speculation than any other visible object throughout the world.

Every feature of the metropolis appears to be coloured more or less with the complexion of the national character, and thus acquires a moral interest which materially enhances the dignity of such a topic. The English, as a people, are essentially the very reverse of poetical in their perceptions, or romantic in their tastes; and, accordingly, the whole territory of Cockaigne, even to the extremest periphery of its environs, and brick-and-mortar dependencies, presents a most emphatic negation of any and every thing that could be designated by either of those epithets, save and except an occasional copperplate in a window-pane. Indeed, wherever Nature seems to indicate the slightest semblance of the picturesque, the uncongenial sympathies of the inhabitants have effectually vulgarised the entire locality. The stranger, for example, is pleased with the site and aspect of a pleasant little islet adjoining the classic banks of Twickenham; but no sooner has it arrested his attention, than he is addressed in a cacophonous *patois*, which doubtless must be meant for the vernacular,—“That 'ere is the 'heel-pie-'ouse, where the folk wot lives in Lunnon comes for to go for to eat heel-pies.” Alas for sentiment! and this, too, in the immediate neighbourhood of Pope's villa! Nor is the noble river less indebted to “Augusta” for dignified associations, as it flows further eastward, for at Blackwall its reputation is dependent on its gastronomic resources at the savoury season of “white bait.” Dr Paley illustrated the curious structure of the retina, by noticing its power to entertain the various recipients presented to it on all sides, in the prospect from Hampstead-heath,—by the way, not to be compared with that from Arthur's Seat or Killiney,—but how would the philosopher have nauseated the fetid advertisement of a loathsome empiric, (in white-wash capitals,

\* The single parish of Mary-le-bonne is said to contain actually more riches, and a greater number of inhabitants, than the principality of Wales.

about the length of Mr Fyshe Palmer,) that now desecrates the wild vale in the very foreground! So much, then, for the Cockney picturesque!

Again, the Sassenach burghers are so peculiarly sensitive respecting what Blackstone calls the rights of persons and the rights of things, and so selfish withal, that it is with great difficulty they can ever be induced to forego any private advantage for the sake of society as a whole. This somewhat churlish characteristic is exemplified oftener than one could desire in the social arrangements of the metropolis. The interior of the squares, and even of the Regent's Park, is inaccessible to all but a favoured few, to whom accident has casually given the privilege of admission; and the extension of the same pedestrian franchise to their fellow-citizens would be considered almost as monstrous as a disruption of the whole civil system. The result of similar concessions in St James's Park, Kensington Gardens, and also those of the Inner Temple, on summer evenings, sufficiently proves that the cessation of the monopoly would be a benefit to all, and an injury to no one. The New Road is precisely the width of the Interior Boulevards in Paris; but in the one case, the whole of the space between the houses on either side is available to the public, whereas in the other, the general thoroughfare bears only the same proportion to the intervening width, as a poetic text to a quarto margin, while the remainder is apportioned into little plots, that hardly suffice to contain more than a couple of boxwood borders and a barrow-load of brown gravel. But then it has an air of exclusiveness, and that, doubtless, in the estimation of the householders, is preferable to several rows of stately elms, with quiet paths between, putting altogether out of consideration the advantages which would accrue

to society at large were the ground allocated otherwise. But the civic world, in general, can much more readily understand the actual rights of individuals in detail, than appreciate the abstract generic claims of the community as a public. The silvan dignity and leafy honours of the Hamadryads, however, would be profaned by the juxtaposition.

In your unsophisticated cit of the genuine town breed, the grander features of external nature produce no corresponding elevation of sentiment; and it is more than probable that a sight of the Falls of Niagara, to the sordid faculties of such an animal, would only suggest a calculation as to the feasibility of converting an integral portion of the flood into a profitable mill-race.\*

The principle of *sum cuique* is no less felicitously enforced in that ostentatious but rather heavy piece of architecture, the Regent Quadrant, the pillars of which exhibit from time to time different colours, according to the fancy of the shop-owners to whose premises respectively they happen to belong. Thus, Mr Figgins chooses to see his side of a pillar painted a pale chocolate, while his neighbour Mrs Hopkins insists on disguising the other half with a coat of light cream colour, or haply a delicate shade of Dutch pink; so that the identity of material which made it so hard for Transfer, in Zeluco, to distinguish between his metal Venus and Vulcan, is often the only incident that the two moieties have in common.

Furthermore, the affections of John Bull for the most pait originate in the region of the midriff, and more especially beneath the peritoneum, from whence, under favour of the digestive organs, they ascend to the bosom, or thorax, where they are gradually subtilized into something like sensibility. For proof of this, it is only necessary to refer to the many excellent institutions which, beneath the divine blessing, have at-

\* Napoleon has noticed the proximity of the sublime to the ridiculous, and it so happens that his aphorism was never more forcibly verified than in a recent posthumous tribute to himself. An ingenious print, entitled "*L'Ombre de Napoleon visitant son tombeau*," was lately published in Paris, and lithographed in London immediately afterwards, to be cried about the streets, as "*The Shade of Napoleon visiting his tomb, at the moderate charge of one ha'penny!*" For slinging with vulgarity the sublimest idea that imagination ever conceived, we would pit an illiterate Cockney against the world.

tained to such prosperity by virtue of the process, as Mr Bleden knows full well, and the ghost of many an Essex calf that expired at the butcher's of a sore throat, could indisputably attest. Were further evidence required, it would be found at the theatres, where sausage tartlets, and stiff bottled punch, are frequently the most vendible commodities amongst the second class of visitors, although the scene may have but just closed on the death-struggle of Richard, or the sorrows of Belvidera.

"By day and night, but this is wondrous strange!"

In Paris, even at such a theatre as Franconi, dealers of a similar class would have tendered the hire of a fan or an opera-glass, and peradventure a goblet of *l'eau sucrée*, of which "he who drinks the most has the worst share." Perhaps it is by trifles such as these that the general character of a people is most strongly marked and most accurately estimated.

That sturdy tenacity of purpose, and irrepressible impatience of subserviency to others, which probably have contributed not a little to our political advancement, it must be owned, are exercised at times with but slight regard to courtesy or convenience. This is particularly evident at the Babylonian theatres, when one portion of the audience happen to desire the repetition of a song, while the remainder as resolutely object to it. The vetoists politely intimate their disapprobation by hissing the unfortunate performer, even although the party should be a lady! and the *encore* is seldom finally disposed of until after an uproar of several minutes, the decision, whether for the ayes or the noes, usually following a practical parenthesis of "much admired disorder." This, be it observed, is not the case anywhere else. Our more considerate neighbours across La Manche, on such occasions, invariably, and in a moment, waive their own inclinations where they find that more than a moiety of the audience is opposed to them, and therefore it becomes scarcely ever necessary to utter the words "bis" or "non" a second time, for no one thinks of demurring to the declared will of the majority

thus enunciated in a single monosyllable.

To do justice to the English character, it is necessary to judge of the people in the gross, instead of inspecting them in detail, and look rather to their social institutions, than to the individual component parts of the community. The charities of life, and all the cardinal essentials of philanthropy, are nowhere more sedulously cultivated, and more thoroughly naturalized, than in their well-nurtured metropolis, and yet nowhere is that "benevolence in trifles" which puts men in good humour with themselves and one another, so universally neglected. To strangers the town-bred are like a cucumber, cold in the third degree; and of all places within the limits of civilized existence, that in which John Bull appears to least advantage, is a modern tavern. He seems to assume that every one is a rogue, until the contrary is demonstrated, as plainly as the fact that the pigs at Hogsnoorton can play upon the organ. He seems to say with the Psalmist, not "in his haste," but at sullen leisure over an unsocial tumbler of rum toddy,—“all men are liars;” and the slightest overture towards a conversation, on the part of his neighbour in the same box, would infallibly cause a total subversion of his countenance, for he could only imagine the interlocutor to be influenced by some such motive as might induce a church-mouse to make a leg to a Welsh rabbit. He ejects a dry but beautiful piece of brevity from the bottom of his throat by way of an apology for a reply, and straightway assumes as much dignity and reserve of deportment as if he were the Gonfaloniere of San Marino, intimating by his manner pretty clearly that the offending colloquialist would have a much better chance of finding one of the oaks of Dodona a conversable companion. The stranger haply bethinks him of the moral inculcated by the graceful muse of Bunker's Hill, and therefore attempts no rejoinder—

"This here monument was built of stone,  
Because Lord North wouldn't let the  
Americans alone."

To call such a creature a gregarious animal, it is obvious, would be somewhat of a misnomer; yet, encounter the same person in a different atmo-



sphere, his suspicions disarmed, his frigidly thawed into loving-kindness, and perhaps he may prove one of the worthiest of men "that e'er wore earth about him."

Those who would see the capital for its own sake, should perambulate its deserted thoroughfares at the first turn of the morning, when "all the air a solemn stillness holds," and society itself is in a state of suspended animation. They will then more easily comprehend the import of the remark that "the grove cannot be seen for the trees," inasmuch as the absence of detail enables the eye to traverse the superficies of the whole, without being obstructed by merely factitious incidental objects, or embarrassed amid a variety ever changing and evanescent. The town horizon is sharp and rigid in a hard morning sky, for once clarified from the fumes of traffic, and unpolluted by the exhalations of a hundred thousand hearths. The buildings are clearly defined in all their circumstantial architecture, "from slabby pavement even to bossy frieze;" and the exact statistics of the silent streets, with their respective appurtenances, wherever they merit notice, are ascertained at a glance, and examined without interruption. It would almost appear as though the spectator, having obtained the power of contraction which Milton ascribes to his fallen angels, were threading his way through an accurately moulded *model*, and the gorgeous edifices which he discovers on every side around him, so severely traced against the pure crystalline sky, suggest to the fancy those towers delineated by Chinese artists on a surface of plate glass, of which the obverse has been sheeted by quicksilver. Thus it is not without reason that some great poet, whose fame has not descended to posterity with his distich, has exclaimed,—

"The glories of proud London to survey,  
The sun himself shall rise by break of day!"

About the fifteenth century, the inhabitants of the metropolis were themselves so enraptured with the goodly aspect of their city, that the proverb, "as fine as London upon the bridge," in their acceptance was understood to imply the utmost plenitude of sublunary grandeur;

— "not Babylon,  
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence  
Equal'd in all their glories."

This too at a time when the Thames was allowed to steal through the town, like Bayes' army, "in disguise," although the Seine and Arno, and even every dike in Holland, were adorned with spacious quays, flanked with superb embankments, and over-arched with stately bridges. People in those times, (when "the loude was al ful fill'd of faërie,") it may naturally be supposed, were a little given to exaggeration. They compared Cheapside and its sign-boards (to wit, the Cat and Fiddle, the Goose and Gridiron, the Bag o' Nails,\* the Pig and Whistle, &c. &c.) with the Medicean Gallery for its choice collection of paintings, which they looked upon as the happiest efforts of inventive genius. But, alas! the era of Green Dragons and Blue Boars (as the Whigs are wont to say in Parliament) is now "matter of history," and the age of "economists and calculators has succeeded." In this kind of grandiloquent ostentation, as in every thing else, the Parisians were emulous competitors, for the French poets, it appears, in a similar vein, compared the lamps of Paris to the planets themselves, "pendant in the vault of heaven," although they were neither more nor less than misshapen tin lanterns, hung by packthread in the middle of dirty narrow streets. The notions of taste which prevailed amongst the gentle citizens of ancient London, may be duly estimated from the nature of the discussion in the Common Council, when it was resolved to build an official residence for the Lord Mayor. While the portly dig-

\* To trace the origin of signs would be an amusing relaxation for the Society of Antiquaries. Who could have imagined that "bag o' nails" was a corruption of the Bacchanals, which it evidently is from the rude epigraph still subjoined to the fractured classicism of the title? In the same manner the more modern "Gost and compasses" may be identified with the text of "God encompasseth us," which was a favourite ale-house motto amongst the Puritans.

nitaries of the city were debating this weighty matter, the Lord Burlington, in his zeal for the arts, thought fit to send them an original design of Palladio, every way worthy of its author, for their approbation and adoption. His lordship's proposal put the corporation in a prodigious pucker; they all met and looked unutterable things, (the face of every man of them, like that of Macbeth, was "as a book where men might read strange matters,") they ate a dinner, and agreed to summon a special court to consider of it, and it was moreover darkly hinted that they would eat another afterwards, should the momentous affair in hand be satisfactorily disposed of. The question, however, which they discussed, was not, whether the plan suggested would be suitable or judicious, but whether this same Palladio was a freeman of the city. The debate began to turn entirely on the point so unexpectedly mooted, and was carried on with great animation, until at last a worthy deputy observed that it was of little consequence, as it had been long notorious that the party in question was a Papist, whose design of course was inadmissible on principle. Such intelligence was decisive; it elicited a burst of orthodox indignation, and the corporators, with true burgomaster sagacity, at once adopted the plan of a French Protestant, who had originally been a shipbuilder.\* The edifice, when erected, was libelled with the particularly clumsy name of a "mansion-house," which every body must perceive is a wretched abuse of language; and such a bulky allegory is thrust upon the façade, that the artist has been obliged to place the plump figure of Plenty on her knees, because there is not enough of room for her to stand erect. It is, however, altogether quite as felicitous an exemplification of "fitness of things," according to civic perception, as the lonely dwarfish statue to be seen in the centre of so many of

the squares, which is so completely out of keeping with the sphere in which it is stationed, as to suggest a resemblance to some St Bartholomew gilt gingerbread king, stuck among turnip-tops in a green-grocer's stall.

This indeed is not absolutely as offensive as the former system of cooping up a few frightened sheep, with sooty fleeces and meagre carcasses, in a wooden paling, by way of improving on the *rus in urbe*, through the introduction of *pastoral* associations. Indeed, the few squares that existed in London antecedent to 1770, were rather sheep-walks, paddocks, and kitchen gardens, than any thing else. Grosvenor Square in particular, fenced round with a rude wooden railing, which was interrupted by lumpish brick piers at intervals of every half-dozen yards, partook more of the character of a pond than a parterre; and as for Hanover Square, it had very much the air of a sorry cow-yard, where blackguards were to be seen assembled daily, playing at hussel-cap up to their ankles in mire. Cavendish Square was then for the first time dignified with a statue, in the modern uniform of the Guards, mounted on a charger, *à l'antique*, richly gilt and burnished; and Red Lion Square, elegantly so called from the sign of an ale-shop at the corner, presented the anomalous appendages of two ill-constructed watch-houses at either end, with an ungainly naked obelisk in the centre, which, by the by, was understood to be the site of Oliver Cromwell's re-interment. St James's Park abounded in apple-trees, which Pepys mentions having laid under contribution by stealth, while Charles and his queen were actually walking within sight of him.†

In 1744 there were only four hundred and twenty-nine houses, and twenty-one stable yards, on the whole of the great property called White Conduit Mead, comprising New Bond Street, Conduit Street,

\* This was somewhat in character with the degree of civilisation which the Romans had attained in the consulship of Memmius, who, when sending some of the choicest pieces of Grecian sculpture to Rome, took a receipt from the ship-master, obliging him to provide as good, should any of them, while in his custody, chance to be damaged or lost.

† The quaint style of this old writer is sometimes not a little entertaining. He mentions having seen Major-General Harrison "hanged, drawn, and quartered at

Brook Street, Woodstock Street, Silver Street, Great George Street, Redley Street, South Molton Row, Paradise Row, and Lancashire Court. This simple fact, contrasted with the present state of the West-end, will abundantly serve to shew how materially the metropolis must have increased in extent during the last century; and yet long before the period in question, it was described as "a maiestical citie, which, for hugenessse, concourse, nauigation, trade, and populosity, very, hardly might giue place to anie other in Europe." It is curious to observe how materially the progress of London was influenced, from time to time, by the interference of the legislature. The question as to how far the growth of such a capital actually militated against the interests of the nation as a political state, occasioned a controversy that commenced about the reign of Elizabeth, and perhaps even now we would be justified in calling it a moot point, of which it can only be said, *adhuc sub judice lis est*. Some maintained that the heart could never become too big for the body, while others rather compared the capital of a realm to the head of the human frame, which indicated weakness and distemper, if it exceeded the relative proportions of the other members.

In the days of Queen Bess, the village of Holborn or Oldbourn, was first joined to London properly so called, and a great part of High Holborn was not then in existence. St Giles's also was at that time the site of a village, but it was not considered even contiguous to London; and as for Westminster, it was merely a small town on the southwest and south sides of St James's Park. There were gardens upon each side of the Strand, while the Haymarket had a hedge on one side and a ragged thicket of underwood on the other. The bills of mortality were first printed in 1606, and it appears from them, that there was very little increase in the city during the twenty-six following years; for, in 1606 and 1607, there died between six and seven thousand annually, a number

which rose only to eight and nine thousand in 1632 and 1633. This of course was the natural consequence of the general outcry against the encroachments of brick and mortar then so prevalent, that the legislature passed a law in the thirty-eighth year of the reign of Elizabeth, prohibiting the erection of any further buildings within the precincts of the city. The act, it is true, was merely probationary, as it was to expire at the close of the next session of Parliament; but its effects were not so transitory as its nominal duration, for it discouraged the builders, and materially obstructed the future progress of the city.

During the whole of King James's reign, no houses were erected without the Royal license, and the people therefore, as they increased, gradually emigrated to other parts of the world. Thus, the restriction upon London was, in fact, one of the indirect causes to which we may ascribe the plantation of New England, Virginia, Maryland, and the Bermudas, all of which originated at the time of its operation. Nevertheless, as the population could not be draughted off to the Trans-Atlantic settlements in the full proportion of its increase, the want of houses began to be so severely felt, that the people petitioned to take off a restraint so inconvenient to the public. His Majesty acceded to their desire, and the increase of London, accordingly, within the next seven-and-twenty years, so much surpassed that of any former period, as to produce from twelve to thirteen thousand burials in 1656 and 1657, although rebellion and civil wars had occurred within the interval. No sooner, however, did these results become manifest, than the former clamour against the builders was renewed; and Oliver Cromwell, glad of the opportunity of a popular impost, laid a tax on the new foundations, from which, as appears by the records of the Exchequer, not more than L.20,000 were derived, clear of all the charges incidental to its collection. At the same time it necessarily retarded the growth of the me-

Charing-Cross, he (Harrison) looking as cheerful as any man could in that condition." He also gravely informs us that Sir Henry Vane, when about to be beheaded on Tower Hill, urgently requested the executioner to take off his head so as not to hurt a seton which happened to be uncicatrized in his neck!

ropolis, and the people, for want of houses, again emigrated as before, and began to plant the flourishing colony of Jamaica.

The burials after the Restoration, we find, amounted to near 23,000 yearly, so that the city, under all circumstances, seems to have increased one-third.

The interference of Parliament for the prevention of architectural improvements at a time when they were so much needed, can hardly be wondered at, when we reflect that the same enlightened legislators imposed a tax upon imported paintings, to be levied at so much *per foot*,—a piece of Vandalism which goes far towards accounting for the backwardness of the fine arts in England even at this day.

"Such assemblies, you might swear,  
Meet when butchers bait a bear."

We are the contemporaries of a street-building generation, but the grand maxim of the nineteenth century, in their management of masonry, as in almost every thing else, as far as we can discover, appears to lie in that troublesome line of Macbeth's soliloquy, ending with, "twere well it were done quickly." It is notorious that many of the leases of new dwelling-houses contain a clause against dancing, lest the premises should suffer from a mazurka, tremble at a gallopade, or fall prostrate under the inflictions of "the parson's farewell,"\* or "the wind that shakes the barley." The system of building, or rather "running up" a house first, and afterwards providing it with a false exterior, meant to deceive the eye with the semblance of carved stone, is in itself an absolute abomination. Besides, Greek architecture, so magnificent when on a large scale, becomes perfectly ridiculous when applied to a private street-mansion, or a haberdasher's warehouse. St Paul's Church, Covent-Garden, is an instance of the

unhappy effect produced by a combination of a similar kind; great in all its parts, with its original littleness, it very nearly approximates to the character of a barn. Inigo Jones doubtless desired to erect an edifice of stately Roman aspect, but he was cramped in his design, and, therefore, only aspired to make a first-rate barn; so far unquestionably the great architect has succeeded. Then, looking to those details of London architecture, which appear more peculiarly connected with the dignity of the nation, what can we say of it, but that the King of Great Britain is worse lodged than the chief magistrate of Glaris or Zug, while the debates of the most powerful assembly in the world are carried on in a building, (or, a return to Westminster Hall,) which will bear no comparison with the Stadthouse at Amsterdam! The city, however, as a whole, presents a combination of magnitude and grandeur, which we should in vain look for elsewhere, although with all its immensity it has not yet realized the quaint prediction of James the First,—that London would shortly be England, and England would be London.

In these our times, with an amount of human habitations hardly short of two hundred thousand, it certainly requires some exertion of fancy to conceive what it must have been under the dynasty of the Plantagenets, surrounded as it was with spacious forests, in which, according to an ancient chronicle, "were woody groves of wild beasts; in the cover whereof did lurk store of bucks and does, wild boars and bulls, and other outlandish animals beyond count." The same authority gives an elaborate account of the royal justs in Smithfield, after the successes of the Black Prince, "there beyng present thereat three kynges, that is to say, the Kyng of Engelond, the Kyng of Fraunce, and the Kyng of Scotland, and manye other grete

\* This old English dance must have been a remarkably graceful performance. It was a prime favourite in the Court of Charles II. The figure is as follows: "Meet all, and take each other's woman,—four slips to the left hand; back all, and four slips to the right: men rise once; women rise once; rise all four times, and turn each other's woman." This being repeated, the first woman changes with the second man, while the last changes with his own. Then change with the last woman; your woman changes with the last man; set all, and turn single."

lordys of diverser regyons, with a fayre and gentil ladye ledyng every lordys brydell," a fact certainly little creditable to the gallantry of our peerage of the old regime. At the same time, it is but an act of justice to John Bull senior to add, that his chronicler (politely speaking) is not absolutely "particular to a shade," as he gravely assures us in another part of his diary, that there were about those days "grete and stronge batailes of sparwes in Engelond in diverser places, wherof the bodyes were founden in ye feldes dede withoughte noubre." He also eulogized the ladies of London as so pre-eminent for a cardinal feminine virtue much admired in all ages, that they might be "paralleled with the Sabine women," to none of whom King Solomon's jewel of gold in a swine's snout can be supposed to have applied.

The metropolis, as we have already hinted, presents certain features of peculiar interest just at that unpopular dreamy hour when stars "begin to pale their ineffectual fires," and the drowsy twilight of the doubtful day brightens apace into the fulness of morning, "blushing like an Eastern bride." Then it is that the extremes of society first meet under circumstances well calculated to indicate the moral width between their several conditions. The gilded chariot bowls along from square to square with its delicate patrimonial possessor, bearing him homeward in celebrity and silence, worn with lassitude, and heated with wine quaffed at his third rout, after having deserted the oft-seen ballet, or withdrawn in pettish disgust at the utterance of a false harmony in the opera. A cabriolet hurries past him still more rapidly, bearing a fashionable physician, on the fret at having been summoned prematurely from the comforts of a second sleep in a voluptuous chamber, on an experimental visit to

"Raise the weak head, and stay the parting sigh,  
Or with new life relume the swimming eye."

At the corners of streets of traffic,  
and more especially

"Where famed St Giles's ancient limits  
spread,"

the matutinal huckster may be seen administering to costermongers, hackney-coachmen, and "fair women without discretion," a fluid "all hot, all hot," yclept by the initiated elder wine, which, we should think, might give the partakers a tolerable notion of the fermenting beverage extracted by Tartars from mare's milk not particularly fresh. Hard by we find a decent matron superintending her tea-table at the lamp-post, and tendering to a remarkably select company little blue delft cups of bohea, filled from time to time from a prodigious kettle, that simmers unceasingly on its charcoal tripod, though the refractory cad often protests that the fuel fails before the boiling stage is consummated by an ebullition. Hither approaches perhaps an interesting youth from Magherastaphena, who, ere night-fall, is destined to figure in some police-office as a "juvenile delinquent." The shivering sweep, who has just travelled through half a dozen stacks of chimneys, also quickens every motion of his weary little limbs, when he comes within sight of the destined breakfast, and beholds the reversionary heel of a loaf and roll of butter awaiting his arrival. Another unfailing visitor is the market-gardener, on his way to deposit before the Covent Garden piazza such a pyramid of cabbages as might well have been manured in the soil with Master Jack's justly celebrated bean-stalk. Surely Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The female portion of such assemblages, for the most part, consists of poor Salopian strawberry-carriers, many of whom have walked already at least four miles, with a troublesome burden, and for a miserable pittance—egg-women, with sundry still-born chickens, goslings, and turkey-pouts—and passing milk-maidens, peripatetic under the yoke of their double pail. Their professional cry is singular and sufficiently unintelligible, although perhaps not so much so as that of the Dublin milk-venders in the days of Swift; it used to run thus,—

"Mugs, jugs, and porringers,  
Up in the garret and down in the cellar."

They are in general a hale, comely, well-favoured race, notwithstanding

the assertion of the author of *Trivia* to the contrary.\*

The most revolting spectacle to any one of sensibility which usually presents itself about this hour, is the painful progress of the jaded, foundered, and terrified droves of cattle that one necessarily must see not unfrequently struggling on to the appointed slaughter-house, perhaps after three days during which they have been running

" Their course of suffering in the public way."

On such occasions we have often wished ourselves "far from the sight of city, spire, or sound of minster clock." One feels most for the sheep and lambs, when the softened fancy recurs to the streams and hedgerows, and pleasant pastures, from whence the woolly exiles have been ejected; and yet the emotion of pity is not wholly unaccompanied by admiration at the sagacity of the canine disciplinarians that bay them remorselessly forward, and sternly refuse the stragglers permission to make a reconnaissance on the road. They are highly respectable members of society these same sheep-dogs, and we wish we could say as much for "the curs of low degree," that just at the same hour begin to prowl up and down St Giles's, and to and fro in it, seeking what they may devour, with the fear of the Alderman of Cripple-gate Within before their eyes. The feline kind, however, have reason to think themselves in more danger at the first round of the watering cart, for we have often rescued an unsuspecting tortoise-shell from the felonious designs of a skin-dealer, who was about to lay violent hands on unoffending puss, while she was watching the process of making bread through the crevices of a Scotch grating.†

Another animal *sui generis*, occasionally visible about the same cock-crowing season, is the parliamentary reporter, shuffling to roost, and a more slovenly-looking operative from sun-

rise to sunset is rarely to be seen. There has probably been a double debate, and between three and five o'clock he has written "a column bould." No one can well mistake him. The features are often Irish, the gait jaunty or resolutely brisk, but neither "buxom, blithe, nor debonnaire," complexion wan, expression pensive, and the entire propriety of the toilette disarranged and *dega-gée*. The stuff that he has perpetrated is happily no longer present to his memory, and neither placeman's sophistry nor patriot's rant will be likely in any way to interfere with his repose. Intense fatigue, whether intellectual or manual, however, is not the best security for sound slumber at any hour, more particularly in the morning.

Even at this hour the swart Savoyard (*filius nullius*) issues forth on his diurnal pilgrimage, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," to ex-cruciate on his superannuated hurdy-gurdy that sublime melody, "the hundred and seventh psalm," or the plaintive sweetness of "Isabel," perhaps speculating on a breakfast for himself and Pugsomewhere between Knightsbridge and Old Brentford. Poor fellow! Could he procure a few bones of mutton, how hard would it be for his hungry comprehension to understand the displeasure which similar objects occasioned to Attila on the plains of Champagne!

Then the too frequent preparations for a Newgate execution—but enough of such details; it is the muse of Mr Crabbe that alone could do them justice. We would say to the great city, in the benedictory spirit of the patriot of Venice,—*esto perpetua!* Notwithstanding thy manifold "honest knaveries," peace be within thy walls, and plenty pervade thy palaces, that thou mayst ever approve thyself, oh queen of capitals,

" Like Samson's riddle in the sacred song,

A springing sweet still flowing from the strong!"

\* "On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks, her gains:  
Oh! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!"

† They say that no town in Europe is without a Scotchman for an inhabitant. This trade in London is generally professed by North Britons, and it is always a cause of alarm to a stranger if he notices the enormous column of black smoke which is emitted from their premises at the first dawn of the morning.

## THE HOUSE OF ORANGE.

THE origin of the illustrious family was German, and the name Nassau. They mount to the highest German antiquity, and the highest European rank, for they boast of having given an Emperor Adolphus Nassau to Germany, at the close of the twelfth century. There is surer ground for the possession of the provinces of Gueldres and Zutphen, by their ancestor, Count Otho of Nassau, in the fourteenth century; and his descendants either preserved or increased his possessions, until they stood among the most prominent of the great northern barons, and were deemed to be entitled to the first honours of the general Flemish government. In the commencement of the sixteenth century, on the return of the Archduke Philip to Spain, Engilbert, second Earl of Nassau, was appointed by him Governor-General of the Netherlands; and from this period commenced the new fortunes of the family, which, after trying them by every difficulty that could develop courage and talent, ended by placing them upon the native throne.

Engilbert died without children, but he left a brother, John, to whom, or rather to his able and gallant sons, he bequeathed his territories. On the death of John, Henry of Nassau, the elder son, inherited the family possessions in the Netherlands. William, the younger, became master of those in Germany. Both brothers were favourites of fortune. The succession to the crown of Germany was the grand prize of the time. It was contended for by the two leading spirits of the age, Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, two men of great abilities, great ambition, and sharing between them all the resources of Europe. The contest was made still more striking by the complete contrast of their characters: Francis, a Frenchman, when France was the land of chivalry, and made by nature to be the representative of his nation; daring, brilliant, and devoted to military fame; but rash, sickle, and voluptuous:—Charles, the German, in all the leading features of his mind, brave, calm, and persevering; but charged with mista-

king obstinacy for firmness, and severity for justice, personal resentment for the rights of his empire, and personal prejudice for the honour of his religion.

The governorship of the Netherlands had made Henry of Nassau familiar with the interests of the empire, and his gratitude to the Archduke may have bound him to the cause of Charles. The young Emperor acknowledged, in the event, that to this powerful and zealous friend he was largely indebted for the crown; and, as a proof of his gratitude, Henry was selected to place the diadem of the Cæsars on his head at the coronation. But his fortunes were not yet complete. On the conclusion of the peace, he was deputed by Charles to do the stipulated homage to France for the counties of Flanders and Artois. The French king, struck with his accomplishments, or anxious to conciliate so distinguished a noble, offered him the hand of Claudia, sister of Philibert Chelon, the Prince of Orange. By this marriage, the principality of Orange came into the family; Philibert dying childless, and his territories descending to his nephew, Prince Reveus, the son of Henry and Claudia.

The fortunes of the second brother, William, were still more memorable. He distinguished himself by his early and intrepid adoption of Protestantism, when this adoption menaced him with the power of the most profligate and formidable tyranny that ever crushed the human mind; and from him was descended a son, who was to fight the battle of religious truth with a genius and courage worthy of the highest name, and the most illustrious cause. That son was the great William of Nassau, born in 1533, at Dillemborg, in the county of Nassau, and, by the testament of Prince Reveus, who died without children, Prince of Chalon and Orange.

The accession of Philip II. to the Spanish throne threw the Netherlands into universal alarm. It threatened them with all the pressures of a foreign government, and that government wielded by a tyrant with

but two principles, bigotry and despotism. Charles had been stern and haughty, but he was a Fleming. He respected the public feelings, if he was jealous of the public rights; and, to the last, the people forgot, in the bravery, the steadiness, and the grandeur of their countryman, the casual oppression by which he made them feel that he was their lord. But with Philip they had no tie; he was of neither their country, their habits, nor their language; he disdained their nation; he scorned that commerce on which they prided themselves; and he hated the privileges that distinguished them still more justly than their opulence. He was a Spaniard; and the character, in that day, implied haughtiness, contempt of industry, fiery persecution, and a passion for carrying all things by the sword. Spain had taken the lead for a century in war; but it was war unmitigated by even those ruder graces that in other lands concealed its deformity. The Spanish Bellona wore no embroidered garments, nor its armour glittering from the hands of the "artificer of the gods." She was a naked savage, from head to foot dipped in blood, stalking through the field with prodigious power, but merciless in her triumphs, and knowing no close to conquest but massacre. The French of that day were the cavaliers of Europe, the Germans the soldiers, the Italians the hirelings, and the Spaniards the prize-fighters.

The long duration of the Gothic and Moorish contests had turned the people into desperadoes, and the chieftains into tyrants. A perverted religion had at once inflamed their pride and hardened their hearts. Their seclusion from other countries had made them ignorant of the general progress of manners in Europe, while their conquest of the Moors had swelled the national insolence, by the double triumph over enemies and infidels. To invest this powerful and extraordinary people with the highest facilities for disturbing Europe, there was but one thing still required,—money. The Spaniard was poor, and the exhaustion of his country by a war of seven centuries, not less than his original scorn of commerce, seemed to place him at an immeasurable distance from the

command of wealth. But there are resources in the system of things that singularly baffle the calculations of man. Suddenly, and by a change little short of miraculous, a stream of gold was poured in upon Spain—an influx of wealth that made all past opulence poor, covered a nation to which the poorest community of Europe had been rich. The magnificent discovery of the Western World opened a treasure-house to the Spaniard, that, even to our day, neither national prodigality, nor the vanity of kings, had been able to exhaust; and which continued pouring forth its gold and jewels, until the time came for retaliating tyranny by rebellion, and the long servitude of South America was righted by the sword.

Charles V. had resigned his dominions on the 25th of October, 1555, in Brussels, in the presence of an assemblage of princes and nobles worthy of so solemn an occasion. The German empire was given to Ferdinand his brother; but his son Philip, constituted sovereign of the remaining and much more powerful share of his dominions, became in one day King of Naples, Sicily, Spain, and Duke of the Netherlands.

All power is comparative; and, in the scale of Europe, in the sixteenth century, the tremendous power of Philip made all other sovereignty kick the beam. While England was rude, still weakened by her civil wars, and embittered by religious distractions,—Germany, but the fragments of kingdoms, struggling for superiority or for existence, and still more enfeebled by religious distractions,—France, worn out by foreign defeat, festering with party struggles, and already feeling the first throes of that terrible conflict in which corruption, the civil sword, and foreign violence, were to make the name of the League conspicuous among the calamities of nations,—Philip, in Spain, governed a nation of the first warriors of the world; in Italy, the masters of the Oriental trade, the most brilliant known; and in the Netherlands, the most opulent communities, the most unrivalled manufacturers, and the most vigorous, intelligent, and lordly race of merchants that ever traversed the seas.

But the Spanish King was a native



barbarian. He had the haughtiness of his nation, without their magnanimity; he was by his nature a lover of human misery. He delighted in cold blood. All things combined to make him the most consummate of tyrants. Education had formed him for a bigot; the great talents, and universal power, of his celebrated father had made him envious of the fame which he had not the faculties to reach; and he resolved to be a conqueror, without military science or courage, and a despot, without the art to conciliate, or the power to bow his people to chains.

The Netherlands were the country of freedom, and Philip's first exploit was to overthrow their privileges. A secret article in the treaty of Cateau Cambresis bound his late enemy to assist him with the French troops in his design; and thus fortified, he summoned the memorable assembly of the States at Ghent, in July 1559. But he was met, at the first step, by an opposition whose source he could scarcely develope. His specious declarations of respect for the national independence, were met by plain demands that he should give effect to his words by realities, that he should retrench his imposts, send back the foreign garrisons, and limit the high offices of state to natives. The last stipulation for once overcame the political wiliness of the tyrant. He burst out with the indignant question—"Am I not a Spaniard? Would you deprive me?"

His first attempt had now obviously failed, and in wrath he determined to return to Spain, and there brood over some new project of dissimulation and revenge. One of those nobles who waited on him to pay their homage at his departure was the Governor of Zealand, William, Prince of Orange. His last command was characteristic. It was an injunction to William to expedite the death of a number of citizens suspected of Protestantism. This cruel command could scarcely have been heard by the noble nature of William without some cloud on his brow. Philip's sagacity had probably long suspected the allegiance of William to his career of perfidy. But he seems now to have found instant confirmation in his countenance. He

charged him on the spot with having been the secret cause of his defeat. The Prince simply stated, that all which had been done was "the public act of the States." Philip, once more forgetting his disguise, shook him by the arm, and furiously exclaimed—"No, it was *not* the States, but you, you, you!" (*No son los estados, pao vos, vos, vos!*) He now sailed for Spain, never to return.

William, whom his nation still call by the well-deserved title of *Vader William*, the true father of his country, was the eldest of the numerous progeny, five sons and seven daughters, of the Count of Nassau, by Juliana Countess of Stolberg. It is no superstition to follow, in the lives of men destined for great influences on the world, the training by which Providence seems to prepare them for greatness. The grace of William's countenance, or gratitude for the services of his family, had made him in his boyhood a favourite of the Emperor Charles, by whom he had been taken to Court, educated in all the knowledge of that day of profound and active statesmanship, and trained to military command. Charles had evidently conceived so high an opinion of his sagacity, that even when but a boy, his pupil was admitted to the most secret councils of the empire, and was present at the private interviews with ambassadors. As a more open distinction, William, at twenty, was appointed bearer of the imperial crown to Ferdinand; and by a still more important distinction, passing over all his generals, the Emperor placed him, still a youth of twenty-two, at the head of all his troops in the Netherlands, with the title of Generalissimo. William's name at the court was descriptive—it was, *Silence*.

Philip was a bigot still more than a tyrant; and his religious zeal was more formidable than his thirst of power. The tyrant strikes but at those who resist his authority; the bigot includes in the more sweeping sentence, all who dissent from his opinion. The tyrant's violence is public, the resistance is plain, the victims are numbered. The bigot's violence is personal, its grounds are secret, and therefore undefinable. Where suspicion constitutes guilt, no innocence can be secure, and

where the innocent and the guilty are incapable of being distinguished but by the capricious judgment of a mind impregnated with the love of blood, the cruelty will be limited only by the want of power.

Philip felt his despotism restricted by the great lords and opulent burghers of the Flemish provinces. But the populace lay below the sweep of his sceptre. He declared the Reformation a crime against the state, and thus brought the blow down to the most obscure. At once to signalize his zeal for Rome, and to scourge a people whom, both high and low, he hated, he resolved to establish the Inquisition in the Netherlands.

It was established in the year 1566. The provinces were at first disgusted at the sight of the monks and familiars of that dreadful tribunal stalking through the country, and pronouncing insults to common sense, and abominations to the spirit of Christianity, in the name of Heaven. They were next alarmed by their cruelty, and finally roused into insurrection by the necessity of self-defence. The whole of the southern provinces became a scene, first of Romish execution, and next of popular revenge. The peasants abandoned their tillage, the workmen their manufactories, all armed themselves, and all exercised a fierce retaliation on the monks, and their attendant ministers. The country was suddenly in a state of ruin.

To retrieve this ruin, now became the object of the great lords. The marriage of the Prince of Parma with the Vice-Queen, brought the majority of the higher ranks to Brussels. There they communicated their thoughts on the conduct of government; and the manifesto of a confederacy was drawn up by De Marix, Lord of Aldigande, a man of ability and fame, and signed by the leading barons. The Inquisition was the chief object of complaint in this celebrated paper, which concluded with a solemn pledge never to remit their efforts for its removal. This bold measure took the council of government totally by surprise. Their decision was fortunately postponed until the confederation had acquired firmness, and in April 1566, when the council at last met to give their final determination, they were para-

lysed by the sight of the confederates assembling in Brussels, and marching in procession to lay their remonstrance before the Vice-Queen.

The confederates now wanted nothing but a connexion with the lower ranks to give them full vigour, and they found it in so simple a thing as a popular title. The transaction bears a striking resemblance to our own habits, and reminds us of our ancient alliance in manners and freedom.

The confederates celebrated their meeting by a public dinner, a thing so purely free, that under no despotic government has it ever been adopted. Three hundred of those eminent patriots dined together. De Brederode, Marquis of Utrecht, a man of the most ancient birth, fond of distinction, possessed of remarkable powers of popular address, presided. It was the complete type of a great English political dinner. The name which they should take was the topic, when one of the members started up, and indignantly observed of the insolence of the government, that on their remonstrance being presented, one of the council, the Count de Berlaimont, had contemptuously told the Princess of Parma, that "she had nothing to fear from such a gang of mendicants" (*Gueux*.)

The name was caught by instinct. Scorn for the sarcasm may have done something in the choice; while political sagacity may have done more. The title was instantly hailed with universal acclamation. To make the impression unalterable, De Brederode, without delay, added the deed to the word, descended from his chair, re-appeared with a beggar's wallet on his back, and a beggar's wooden cup in his hand, swore to the cause, drank the general health in his cup, and passed it round. As it circled through the hall, each man pledged himself to the cause. The wallet then went its round, was finally nailed to the wall in the general presence, and there, amid shouts of "*Vivent les Gueux!*" hung, as the emblem of the night, the new palladium of Flemish liberty.

The Prince of Orange and the Counts Egmont and Horn had, by a remarkable exertion, abstained from adding their names to the confederacy; yet, on this night, by an equal-

ly remarkable coincidence, they entered the banqueting-room together, were received with the distinction due to their high rank, and suffered themselves to be forced to join in the festivity. "*Vivent les Gueux!*" rang on every side round them. The talismanic cup was put to their lips, and they unconsciously allowed themselves, as they afterwards declared, to give way to this burst of irregular patriotism.

But the pledge of the night did not vanish with its festivity. The confederates began by adopting the usual garb of the mendicant. The citizens of the Flemish capital, who had gazed, but a few days before, with pride and admiration on the stately procession of their native nobility, were now not less astonished to see them transformed into pilgrims. The grey cloak of the bedesman had universally superseded the velvet and the sables; their gold-hilted daggers were laid aside for the clasp-knife, their knightly swords for the simple blade, with the wooden cup in its hilt. All their ornaments were confined to a gold medal on the breast, bearing on one face the image of Philip, and on the other the expressive emblem of two hands grasping each other, with the motto, "Even to the wallet" (*Jusqu'à la besace*). Their numerous servants and retainers were clothed in the same costume; and Brussels in a moment looked like the headquarters of a new levy of the Crusaders.

Two years of various fortune followed. The great sects of Anabaptists, Calvinists, and Lutherans, equally sustained the popular spirit against their common terror and hatred, the Inquisition. Immense prayer-meetings, headed by popular preachers, began to be held in the fields, to which the people came from all parts of the country, and came armed. Fear produced fanaticism, and fanaticism produced popular violence. The Dominican churches were robbed, or torn to the ground. The troops were let loose to retaliate on the furious peasantry. The country was covered with blood and flame. The Spanish King still dissembled, and the confederates still attempted to negotiate; but war was inevitable. The Prince of Orange, already marked out as the head of the rebellion, received a letter from Madrid, which gave him full

information of the proceedings of the Council. He decided to retire, until he could strike a more decisive blow for his country; and after vainly endeavouring to persuade his friend, Count Egmont, to retire with him, and abandon all confidence in Philip's offers of conciliation, he left the States, and withdrew with his family into his German dominions.

The heaviest scourge of kingly and monkish persecution was now to fall upon the unhappy Netherlands. In August of the year 1567, a year which will be calendared for ever in the annals of massacre, the Duke of Alva entered Brussels at the head of a Spanish army. The force was but fifteen thousand, but they were the "invincibles" of Europe, a movable column of the royal force, which, quartered through the country, and in possession of all the garrison towns, had already held the nation in awe.

Alva was a true Spaniard, and might be taken for a representative of his country and his age. He had great faculties for war and state, activity, resource, knowledge of government, and the most intrepid valour. But his character was darkened by cruelty the most remorseless, and his knowledge only urged him to secure obedience by force. His political sagacity had but one secret for every thing, dissimulation while the victim was not in his power, and instant execution when it was. Spain, his native country, had taught him ferocity; Germany, where his chief experience had been acquired, had taught him war; Italy had taught him artifice; and thus gloomy, dexterous, and profound, he arrived in the Netherlands, to put in practice all the fierce lessons of his life, to trample down man in the field and the dungeon, and exercise with equal and sanguinary delight the scaffold and the sword.

Alva's first proceeding was to summon a general meeting of the Council of state and the Knights of the Golden Fleece, these including the chief nobility. The unhappy Counts Egmont and Horn, still unwarned by the parting advice of the Prince of Orange, and urged by their fate, attended the summons. They were instantly seized, and sent off to Ghent under a strong Spanish escort. Philip had by this act declared war

against his people; disguise was at an end, and he disclosed the whole guilty physiognomy of his system. By a royal proclamation the decrees of the hated Council of Trent were made law, the conciliatory measures of the Vice-queen were revoked, and last and most abhorred of all, the Inquisition was re-established in its full atrocity. His next step was to subvert all law, and place the lives of the people in the hands of a council of twelve, before whom every man who incurred his suspicions was to be tried. We have had but one tribunal in history that could rival this chosen seat of murder, the revolutionary tribunal of France; but its cruelty was more merciful. The career of the revolutionary victims was short; they perished at the moment by the bullet or the sabre. The cruelty of the Spanish tribunal enjoyed the agonies of its victims still more than their death. It protracted pain through every refinement of torture. It enlisted famine, nakedness, the tardy death of the dungeon, the miseries of the scourge and the rack, the terrors of death in public by the axe and the fagot, the deeper terror of death in secret—unconsoled by popular sympathy, or the glories of having given a heroic testimony to the truth—into the service of a tyranny; which, not contented with infliction here, denounced the sufferings of a future world, haughtily claimed the privileges of a minister of the divine wrath, and by a daring impiety, beyond the reach and almost beyond the imagination of man, asserted the power to kill alike the body and the soul.

But Alva missed his principal blow. "Have they," said Cardinal Granville, the former minister of Philip to the Netherlands—"Have they taken *Silence*?" (William's well-known name.) On his being answered, "No."—"Well, then," was the crafty politician's reply, "if that fish has escaped the net, Alva's draught is worth nothing."

But the time was now at hand for this great patriot and warrior to appear. Alva's commission had virtually superseded all other authority, and the Princess of Parma, after having found herself turned into a cipher, solicited her resignation, and withdrew to Italy, to die. The trials

of the imprisoned nobles commenced with a palpable determination to shed their blood. Between the arraignment and deaths of the Counts Egmont and Horn, there were but two days. On the 3d of June they were brought to trial, and on the 5th, 1568, they were beheaded in the great square of Brussels. Then followed a long course of devastation among the nobles. The scaffold flowed with the most ancient blood of the land. The sittings of the tribunal exhausted even the murderers who presided. They were often awake from stupefaction or sleep to pronounce sentence, and the sentence was always "to the scaffold."

But all was imperfect without the seizure of the Prince of Orange. He was summoned to appear before the council, on pain of confiscation. He excused himself, on the plea, "that as a Knight of the Golden Fleece, he could not be judged but by the king and the knights." His estates were confiscated without delay, his city of Breda was entered by a Spanish garrison, and, the severest blow of all, his eldest son, William, whom he had left at the University of Louvain, in reliance on the immunity and sacredness of the place, was seized and sent to Spain, there to be kept as an hostage, and educated in Popery.

There is a time for all things; and history has no more important lesson, than that the highest abilities, and the most righteous cause, may be thrown away by hurrying that time. During the last ten years from the accession of Philip, the Prince of Orange possessed sufficient grounds for taking up arms, but his sagacity waited for the ripening of time. Within the last two years, he had been personally urged by his friends and his brother to anticipate the vengeance of Philip, of which the assurance lay before him in documents on his table, by heading a national insurrection. Still he felt, by the strength of his own extraordinary intellect, or perhaps still more by the high direction of that Providence which raises up great men for its own great purposes, that the time was not come, and he resisted the solicitation. But the time was now fully come; he prepared to throw his life and sovereignty into the scale, and from this hour never faltered.

The scene which the ancient and opulent provinces of the Netherlands exhibited under Alva's government, had already startled and outraged all the feelings of Europe. The cities were solitudes—the fields left waste; or both city and field were the haunt by day of famine and beggary, and by night of armed multitudes, inflamed by ruin and revenge against the oppressor, and, in their blind rage, confounding the innocent with the guilty. The soldier was now the only minister of justice—Alva was the sole master of authority; and to give the most fearful heightening of human evil in a word, the spirit of the government was *THE INQUISITION*.

But powerful elements of resistance as are the despair and wrath of a ruined people, William had seen too much of the caprices of popular feeling, to rely on the multitude for the firm establishment of liberty. A more solid foundation was laid for his building. The Protestant princes of Germany had taken alarm at the progress of the Spaniards. Their religious feelings were pained by the sufferings of their fellow Christians; and under the double impulse of state necessity and a common faith, they offered their assistance to the champion of the Reformed. William raised an army in Germany, and, with the prayers of every Protestant people to aid him in the righteous cause, entered Flanders at four points, and marched to meet the enemy without delay. The first encounter of this memorable war was on the 24th of May 1568, in Friesland. The division under his brothers, Louis and Adolphus, fell upon the Spaniards under the Duke of Aremberg, the governor, and Bracamonte, at Heiligerlee. The impetuosity of the charge was irresistible, and the Spaniards were thrown into confusion, and defeated with great slaughter. The victory was tarnished only by the loss of Prince Adolphus. In the heat of the encounter he singled out D'Aremberg—they both fell mortally wounded. But the victory was an omen of the fate of the war.

A long succession of combats followed, and William experienced the fickleness of fortune. But he felt them like one whose strength was in the conviction that his cause was

truth. He never despaired. From the lowest point of depression, he often sprang up to unexpected victory. His genius shone brighter in the darkness of his circumstances. Some gallant capture, some daring surprise, signalized every movement, until the burden of the war devolved upon his single mind, and he gave proof that this alone was wanting to his victory. Unembarrassed by the council, or the aid of others, he at last brought out his own rich resources with greater vigour; he was now not merely the soldier, but the soul of the Reformed cause, and proved that the higher orders of intellect and heart are never nearer triumph than when they seem most undone.

It indulges the natural feeling of justice to think, that the two authors of these calamities did not altogether escape retribution. Philip was the most unhappy of kings. By his temperament, gloomy and miserable, he found food for his misery in the dissensions of his house. His son, Carlos, died during the war, and died by his command. His queen was said to have died of poison, administered probably by his jealousy. Spain, tortured by the Inquisition, and affrighted by the calamities of the palace, became doubly gloomy; and of all the men of Spain, the most self-tormented was its master.

Alva too suffered in his turn. His ferocity was at length felt to be impolitic; and the Council of Castile, lessened into common sense and humanity by the sword of the Prince, sent an order for his recall. In 1573 he gave up the government, and returned to Spain, to submit to the frowns of a spirit as tyrannical and bloody as his own. He was employed no more; and retiring to Lisbon, died in 1582, aged seventy-four. It was his boast, that in the six years of his government, he had put eighteen thousand citizens to death on the scaffold. The boast ought to have been inscribed on his tomb. It would alone have entitled him to immortal infamy.

Peace and war alternated under the successive governments of Requesens and Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto. But the catastrophe still advanced. A more distinguished victory than was ever

gained in the field, was achieved by the "Union" of the provinces of Gueldres, Zutphen, Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and the Ommelands; and, in 1579, the REPUBLIC was founded by the twenty-five articles constituting the Treaty of Utrecht.

A military nation is not always a manly one; and the meanest and most atrocious expedients for getting rid of an enemy, were frequent in the Spanish councils. Don John of Austria, the bastard brother of Philip, was taken off by poison, at the early age of thirty-three; and the murder was fixed on Philip, who was said to have suspected a treaty of marriage between this renowned soldier and our Queen Elizabeth, by which Don John was to have assumed the sovereignty of the Netherlands. But if there had been a doubt of Philip's sanction of the principle of secret murder, it was decided by his proclamation against the Prince of Orange, published June the 15th, 1580. This edict may serve as an irrefragable evidence of the Prince's claims to the gratitude of his country; for its chief charge was his "having introduced liberty of conscience into the Netherlands." The document is a singular combination of royal wrath with personal malignity. It reproaches William with having, in forgetfulness of the favours of Charles the Fifth, "rebelled against his son;" and declares him a "rebel, heretic, and hypocrite, like to Cain and Judas; of an obdurate conscience, a villain, the source of the Netherland troubles; a plague to Christendom, and an enemy to all mankind." But the practical part of this unkingly denunciation was more formidable. It declared that the King did thereby "prosecute and banish him out of all his dominions, forbidding any of his subjects to converse with, or relieve him, giving all his estates to those who would take them, and promising, on the word of a king, and as the minister of Almighty God, that to the man who would deliver him alive or dead, or would *take away his life*, should be given, or to his heirs, five thousand golden crowns, with the free pardon of all past crimes, with a patent of nobility, if he were not already noble, and a reward to all who assisted him in the deed!" And adding, "fur-

thermore, that all the adherents of the prince should be banished, and *their lives and estates given to whosoever would take them.*" To this document, which sinks the civilized character below the savage, William replied by an "Apology," whose strong facts, and stern contempt, must have cut the tyrant to the heart. He declared in the face of Europe, that *all* the miseries of the Netherlands were due to the *Spanish Councils*, as the result of their attempt "to reduce the country to absolute slavery, in both religion and civil rights—acting more like madmen than politicians—like Rehoboam following the advice of a weak woman, and the Pope's creature, Granville, who had told the King, that the father had chastised the people with whips, but the son ought to whip them with scorpions—and that for this purpose the Inquisition had been brought in, which was the cause of all the public commotions. And if he had taken up arms against the King, was there not Henry the Bastard of Castile, the great grandfather of Philip himself, who had, with his own hand, slain King Pedro the Cruel, his legitimate brother, and taken his kingdom, whose successor Philip was, and wore his crown to this day?"

Having thus galled the tyrant's pride, the Apology laid down the scarcely less galling principles of popular allegiance. "Who can doubt," says this wise and nervous paper, "that there is a reciprocal bond between prince and subject, by which, when the prince infringes his oath, the subject is freed from his allegiance? If the King of Spain was admitted to be Duke of Brabant, on certain conditions which he swore to maintain, and yet has *notoriously violated*, the nobility are called on to endeavour, by arms, (since no other means are to be found,) to preserve and defend their liberties, or be accounted guilty of treachery, perjury, and rebellion, to the States of their country."

To the infamy of the proposal for his murder, the Prince replied by the most indignant of all sarcasms.—"Though the King had offered money to take away his life, he did not doubt of God's protection; yet that certainly the man could never be ac-

counted a gentleman who would murder for money, except by *such Spaniards* as, being descended from Moors and Jews, retained that quality from their ancestors, who offered money to Judas to betray our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ into their hands, that they might crucify him."

The paper closed with an address to the States-General, pledging him anew to their cause; "he had already, for their sakes, lost his estates, his brothers' lives, and his son's liberty; he was now willing to lay down his own life for the peace of his country, or to expend it in her defence." The States answered him by a high testimony to his merits and services, and desire that he should retain their administration, and the singular and honourable offer of a body guard.

But the highest value of history is in its reinforcement to the principles that make nations free. The States signalized their triumph by a document which deserves to be immortal. It was the chief cornerstone of our own glorious Revolution. This admirable paper, which bears date 1581, just a century before, was the "Edict of Renunciation against the King of Spain," and discusses all the grounds and limits of national allegiance.

"It being acknowledged by all mankind that a prince is ordained of God to preserve his subjects from all injury and violence, even as a shepherd defends his sheep, and that the people were *never created to be bondsmen and slaves to his will and pleasure*, whether his commands are right or wrong; but that he is advanced to that dignity to govern them by equity and reason, and to cherish them as a father doth his children, even with the peril of his life;—if a king fail therein, and, instead of protecting his subjects, shall strive to destroy and deprive them of their ancient laws and privileges, and endeavour to make them bond slaves, his subjects are thereby *discharged from all subjection* to such a sovereign, and are to reckon and esteem him a *tyrant*, and that he is *absolutely fallen from his former dignity and sovereignty*; and the Estates of the country may lawfully and freely abandon him, and elect another prince to protect and defend them, in his

place; especially when his subjects, neither by prayers nor petitions, can soften his heart, nor divert him from his tyrannical courses, since they then have no other way to preserve their ancient liberties, their wives, children, and estates, which, according to the laws of God and nature, they are bound to defend."

The Edict then proceeds to the direct expulsion of Philip from the sovereignty.

"Now, it being apparent to all the world that King Philip of Spain, giving ear to certain wicked counselors, hath, in every particular, broken all the oaths and obligations which he had entered into for the defence of these Provinces, and hath determined to enslave, ruin, and destroy them,—We, the States-General, being pressed by extreme necessity, do, by a general resolution and consent, declare the King of Spain to be fallen from the government, dominion, and jurisdiction, of these countries. And we are resolved *never* hereafter to acknowledge him for our prince and sovereign lord; but do hereby declare ourselves, and all the inhabitants of these Provinces, to be *for ever discharged from all manner of oaths and allegiance* to the said King. July 26, 1581."

The Netherlands had been for some time contemplated as an open sovereignty, and the loose ambition of the princes of Europe was directed to its crown. The Archduke Matthias made his proposals, was received for a while, and then dismissed for a more promising rival, the Duke d'Alençon, afterwards Duke of Anjou, who, with the alliance of France, was presumed to be on the point of bringing the alliance of England, by a marriage with Elizabeth. The Prince of Orange, to whom the sovereignty was the right of his valour and hazards, again wisely awaited his time, and merely secured, by the treaty with Anjou, the subordinate sovereignty of Holland and Zealand, and the lordship of Friesland, with the title of Stadtholder.

But he was to receive a higher advance in popularity by an act intended for his destruction. Elizabeth had finally rejected Anjou's suit. Always jealous of her power, perhaps affected by the levities insepar-

able from a Frenchman, still more justly influenced by her regard for the feelings of her people, which were all hostile to her marriage, the queen, now fifty years old, resigned coquetry, and dismissed her political lover. But her rejection was softened by personal compliment, and by the still more substantial boon of an auxiliary fleet. Anjou, thus sustained, saw all rivalry disappear before him, entered the Netherlands in triumph, and was installed Duke of Brabant in the midst of great public festivities.

Philip's murderous proclamation was still without effect, but it had sunk deep into the heart of Gaspar de Anastro, a Spaniard, whose speculations in trade had failed, and who was living in gloomy poverty in Antwerp. The sum offered for the prince's assassination would retrieve his affairs at once. He opened his design to the Spanish governor of Gravelines, through whom he obtained a promise, under the king's own hand, of a sum of money greatly exceeding the original offer.\* But Anastro, either a coward, or afraid of being suspected and seized, delegated the act to a clerk in his house, a youth of twenty-three, called Juanillo, or, by his Flemish name, Jareguay. Jesuitism, the fruitful mother of guilt, could not suffer this crime to pass without taking her share. Juanillo was first confessed by a friar, and promised pardon and paradise. He was further told that a spell should be put upon him, by which he might enter the prince's presence invisibly, and then, disguised in the dress of one of the Duke of Anjou's attendants, and blessed with the formal benediction of the priest, he was sent forward in full saintship to commit murder.

That such monstrous perversions of the common feelings of nature, and the simplest dictates of religion, could find a way into the human mind, would be incredible, if it were not proved by many a bloody page in the annals of Popery.

The 18th of March, the birthday of the Duke of Anjou, was fixed on

for the deed. On that day the Prince of Orange was to give an entertainment to the Duke in Antwerp, and among the multitude of guests and attendants, the stranger might escape detection. He entered the palace unobserved. His first purpose was to shoot the prince while he was at dinner; and he attempted to approach the table, but some obstacles continually occurring, he was then forced to wait until the guests rose. He planted himself in a niche in the hall through which the prince must pass, and on his coming close presented a petition, and in the next instant fired at his head. William was, at the time, pointing out to a nobleman some tapestry on which the Spanish cruelties had been designed, and this slight but characteristic circumstance probably saved his life. The pistol was fired so near, that it burned his ruff and his beard, but the ball struck obliquely, entering the throat, breaking one of his teeth, and coming out at the left cheek, but without hurting the tongue.

William fell, covered with blood. All was confusion. Some of the guards rushed forward to help the prince, some to seize the assassin. Policy would have been satisfied with his arrest, for the discovery of his accomplices. But there was no time to think. One of the halberdiers drove his spear through the murderer, while at the same moment a page plunged his sword into his bosom. He was dead, but the papers, by a singular oversight, left in his possession, revealed the name and practices of the conspirators. Frogs' bones, rags, and the other components of amulets, were found upon him, and showed that the wretched criminal had been wrought on by superstition, not less than by avarice. His master, Anastro, fled, but Venero, his fellow-clerk, to whom the design had been first proposed, and Zimmermann, the Dominican, who had promised him paradise, were put to death. In the assassin's pocket the Jesuit catechism was found, with a prayer to the angel Gabriel, imploring "his intercession

\*The sum is stated by some at 25,000 ducats, by others 25,000 golden crowns.



with the *Almighty and the Virgin Mary*" to speed him in the murder. As if the proof of Popish interposition was not yet sufficiently glaring, the Jesuits in subsequent years openly recognised the criminals as martyrs, gathered their remnants, and exposed them as relics to the worship of the people.

The news of this atrocious attempt spread consternation through the country. The first impression of the citizens of Antwerp was, that the Duke of Anjou had taken this unworthy means of freeing himself from a dangerous rival, and the first impulse was a determination to expel the French. But William, from the bed where he expected hourly to breathe his last, wrote to the magistrates that the assassin was a Spaniard, and entirely exonerated the Duke. Spain existed in the belief that he was slain. The Reformed in every kingdom lamented for him as a loss to mankind. No man of his century was so much the object of European interest, as a champion or an enemy. But the grave did not close upon the panegyric. The wound was so dangerous, that the bleeding could be stopped only by a succession of persons for nine days pressing their thumbs upon it night and day. But it was stopped at last, and the prince, to the wonder and delight of the people, completely recovered.

Anjou had been an unhappy selection for the head of a free state. Prodigal, profligate, and despotic, he determined to overthrow the constitution, and be a sovereign by the right of the sword. In 1583 he made a sudden attack upon Antwerp, with three thousand French troops, was beaten by the citizens, driven in disgrace from the country; and when, after long negotiation, he was about to be suffered within its borders again, died suddenly, as was supposed, by poison, at an age almost too early for ambition, power, or viciousity; he expired at twenty-nine.

The Prince of Orange was now within sight of the rank worthy of his services and virtues. The United Provinces offered him their sovereignty. The time and place of his inauguration were appointed, and he had already arrived at Delft,

where this high ceremony was to be performed, when an event occurred which put an end to his labours and his life—to all but his fame.

In May, 1584, a man of a striking countenance and figure, about twenty-seven, of the name of Balthazar Gerard, made his appearance at the prince's palace in Delft, bearing a letter, signed "Francis Guyon," representing him as a friend of the Reformed, and making offers of intelligence concerning the Spanish councils. In a few days after, he again presented himself, and exhibited to a member of the council deputed to communicate with him, some blank passports of Count Mansfeldt, the Spanish general, as capable of being turned to the use of the States. The man's manners, and the detail of his adventures, attracted the prince. His address must have been of no common order; for William once suffered him to bring intelligence even into his chamber, as he lay in bed, when the villain, as he afterwards declared, was on the verge of stabbing him.

He now became affectedly pious, went perpetually to churches and chapels, and studied religious books. Having thus disarmed suspicion, he applied for money to fit himself out for a journey, which he was directed to make to Count Biron, in France, relative to some use of the passports. Ten or twelve crowns were given him. With these he bought pistols. Now prepared for the murder, he waited on the prince as he was going to dinner, and asked a passport for his journey. But the bloody business in his mind, so near its perpetration, produced a wildness in his voice and manner which startled the princess; and, in her alarm and aversion, she asked the prince what he could have to do with such a person. William, strangely unsuspecting in a time of universal treachery, and with a decree of blood out against himself, gently told her his purpose, and passed on. After dinner, as he was ascending the staircase leading to the upper rooms, he found his applicant again awaiting him, holding a passport in his right hand, as if for signature. A cloak was thrown over his shoulder, concealing two pistols which he held under his left arm. The prince had his foot

upon the first step, when the assassin fired directly at his heart. Three bullets completely penetrated his body, entering at the left side, and coming out at the right. The prince, standing upright for a moment, but feeling himself mortally wounded, exclaimed, with the piety and the patriotism which had been predominant through his life, "Oh my God! take pity of my soul, for I am sore wounded. My God, take pity of my soul, and of this poor people!" His strength now failing, he was supported in the arms of one of his attendants, who placed him upon the stairs. As he lay evidently struggling with death, the Countess of Schwartzenberg, his sister, knelt beside him, and asked, if he did not recommend his soul to the Lord Jesus Christ? The answer was a faint "Yes," with his last breath. He was scarcely carried back into the dinner room, when he expired.

William died in the profession of Calvinism. But his education, his knowledge of mankind, or his vigour of understanding, had rendered him practically the Lutheran which he had been theoretically reared. His first teachers had been Lutheran; his residence at the Court of Charles had made him Roman Catholic; the habits of his country and his time made him, at his maturer age, a professor of Calvinism, but his tolerance, mildness, and magnanimity, entitle him to a less exclusive name; he was a Christian.

The assassin, on this occasion, was not sacrificed by the ill-judged zeal of those who must have looked upon his crime with repulsion and horror. He attempted to escape, but was taken; he even attempted to justify himself, retorting on those who called him traitor, "That he was no traitor, and had done only what the King of Spain commanded him to do;" ending with the ferocious denunciation, "If I have not slain him, cursed be my ill fortune!"

But his stubbornness gave way with the excitement of the hour, and in prison he lamented that he had yielded to the delusions of the Jesuits of Dole, whom he charged as the instigators of the murder; he wished that he had remained a humble tradesman in his own country of Burgundy, and not fallen into

this fury; but sullenly concluded with—"What was done could not be undone, and he must pay for it!" He was executed four days after the murder with the savage severities of the age, but he bore them with fierce determination, as he had declared that he would; he died without a groan.

William had left four sons and eight daughters. But the eldest, William, was a prisoner in Spain, since the time of his seizure at the University of Louvain. From thirteen to five-and-forty he was kept in this captivity, and probably owed his life only to the accident of having had Philip himself for his godfather.

Maurice, the second son, was now but seventeen years old. But the solemnity of the oath which he took over his father's dead body to follow his principles, the necessities of the time, and the genius and gallantry already transpiring in this illustrious son of an illustrious sire, made the transfer of the government to him, not less a matter of wise policy than of national enthusiasm.

He found the first step of his administration encumbered by difficulties insurmountable to all but the first rank of talent and intrepidity. Alexander Farnese, the son of the former Vice-queen, the Princess of Parma, was at the head of the Spanish army, 80,000 strong, in the Netherlands, with the first military reputation in Europe, and deserving it by the most consummate tactical knowledge, followed by the most unbroken good fortune. A scarcely less formidable opponent was to be found in the assistance of Lord Leicester, the deputy of Elizabeth, whose insolence and inaptitude had thrown the States into utter confusion. For four years Maurice seemed to be hourly on the point of sinking with his sinking country. But despair is the heaviest crime that can be committed in a righteous cause. A deliverance was at hand from another point of the horizon. The vanity and religious fury of Spain were to inflict her own deathblow.

In May, 1587, the celebrated Armada set sail from Lisbon and Corunna for England. Its destruction forms one of the proudest events in a history memorable for signal exploits of conduct and courage. It

perished in three days of battle. Of its 140 ships of the line, but a melancholy remnant ever returned; and from that day the star of Spain has gone down. The object of the Armada was persecution, or extermination. It was baffled by circumstances so striking, that even in the glow of triumph, and the dejection of overthrow, the combatants on both sides cried out that the result was more the work of Heaven than of man. The cause of England was holy, and well may she rejoice in this proof, among a thousand others, that the faithful defence of her freedom and her religion will never be left without an ally alike superior to human passion and human power.

With the fall of the Armada fell the military renown of the Duke of Parma. He was to have commanded 30,000 troops in the invasion. But he came to the shore only to witness the appalling spectacle of the Spanish navy torn to pieces by the English cannon, or flying along in flames. Mutual recrimination embittered the correspondence between the Admiral and the Duke; and his popularity at Court declined, as an omen of his discomfiture in the field.

A darker blight fell upon his name. His letters were discovered, acknowledging a share in the plot for murdering the Great Prince of Orange. This has been doubted, in defiance of the evidence under his own hand, on the ground of a great soldier's honour. But he was an Italian and a bigot, and a bigot's slave—sufficient links to have bound down a more reluctant mind.

Maurice began his career by driving the Duke of Parma from before the walls of Bergen-op-zoom. He followed up his success by twenty years of battle; the capture of forty cities; the overthrow of the Spanish armies in three general encounters, the most remarkable of their time, and by a long series of naval triumphs, which placed the United States in the first rank of maritime powers.

Parma's clouded career was closed at the age of forty-nine. He died in December, 1592, of the effects of a wound received the year before, of venereal disease, and, as it was asserted and strongly believed, of poison, adminis-

tered by Philip's jealousy of his influence with the Spanish troops, and his military name.

A succession of governors of the Netherlands fell before the enterprising spirit of Maurice, but the battle of Nieuport, (July 2, 1600,) would alone have established his rank as a consummate general.

The Archduke Albert had taken the command of the Spanish forces on his arrival in September, the year before Maurice, by a singular novelty in Flemish war, attacked him in the depth of winter, and drove in the Spanish posts. But this expedition was merely the disguise for another of a more decisive order. Determining to strike a blow at the heart of the Netherlands, Maurice, with the most extraordinary secrecy, embarked the whole movable force of the States, 17,000 men, at Walcheren, in June, sailed and landed at Ghent, and instantly marched to the investment of Nieuport.

The Archduke, indignant at the surprise, suddenly collected a force of twelve thousand men, hastened to repel the invader, and began the campaign by a successful attack on the vanguard of the enemy, consisting of three thousand troops, chiefly Scottish companies under Count Ernest of Nassau. Maurice was, for once, surprised in turn by this daring attack; but the Scots stood their ground with national valour, bore the brunt of the whole Spanish line, and retreated with the loss of a third of their force, only when they saw the army of Maurice prepared and moving up to action. The forces were nearly equal on both sides. But some source of peculiar dismay seems to have lowered the usual gallant countenance of the Princes of Orange; for the commissioners of the States retired from the field to Ostend, and Maurice, calling round him his brother Henry, and a circle of young nobles who had come to make the campaign, advised them to retire in time. Henry, then but sixteen, spiritedly refused his brother's counsel, and his young companions followed his example.

The action now began, by a charge of such desperation on the English force under Francis Vere, that they were driven from their ground. But a column of their countrymen, un-

der Horace, his celebrated brother, rushed forward to their support, and the Spaniards were kept at bay again. The conflict that now ensued is described as one of the fiercest known in war. It was one general *melée* of the sword and pike along the whole front. The Spaniards fought to retrieve their ancient renown; the English from the natural hardihood of the people; the Dutch from national abhorrence of their enemy, and the conviction that for them there was no alternative between total victory and irretrievable ruin. Four-and-twenty thousand of the bravest and most practised warriors were mingled and struggling with each other for life or death. At length the Archduke, who had exhibited remarkable presence of mind and valour during the day, determined to crush his wearied opponents by a general charge of the Spanish cavalry, the finest in Europe. They advanced, the struggle of pike and spear paused, and both armies stood still, as if to see the effect of this tremendous encounter.

But Maurice had already provided for the emergency. While the Spanish squadrons were moving through the intervals of their lines, the Prince collected a battery of his heaviest guns on the spot where he expected the charge. The cavalry, in full gallop, were received with a deadly burst of fire. Horse and horseman were torn into fragments, or flung into the air. The whole of the cavalry, overwhelmed by this shower of balls, recoiled. At the same moment one of those accidents occurred which has so often, of itself, turned the fate of battle. The Archduke's charger, known by its splendid caparison, was seen, riderless, rushing through the field. An outcry arose that the Archduke was slain. The cavalry were already hastily retiring from the storm of fire, upon their own infantry. The outcry produced an evident confusion in the Spanish lines. Maurice saw that the victory was in his grasp. He ordered a general advance, plunged upon the disordered enemy, and turned the field at once into a scene of remediless slaughter.

It is curious to observe how closely the features of this victory resemble those of the crowing triumph of the late war; fought, too, in the same

portion of Europe. In Waterloo we see the same daring valour on both sides, the same mixture of personal feelings with the public hostility, the same rivalry of the two generals. We see the attack made by one army with desperate fierceness, and sustained by the other with still more unexampled fortitude. Even the details have a singular resemblance; the commencement of the battle by an attempt to overwhelm a wing, the continuance by a general attack along the line, the final assault by a charge of horse, the turning of that charge by artillery, and the gaining of the victory by a general advance in the moment of the enemy's confusion. But there the similitude ends. There can be no comparison between the numbers of the contending armies at Nieupoort and the hundred and sixty thousand who fought at Waterloo; between the results, the partial dispersion of the Spanish troops, and the forty thousand slain and prisoners of the French army—the partial conquest of a province, and the overthrow of the mighty empire of Jacobinism; between the limited fame of Maurice and Albert, and the hundred triumphs of Wellington, and the transcendent renown of that raiser and destroyer of sovereignties, warrior of warriors, Napoleon.

The course of nature was now beginning to extinguish the hostilities which neither policy nor humanity could soften. In December 1598 Philip died, at the age of seventy-two; a man who had made his own misery in a degree almost unequalled in the records of despotic and cruel minds. He died calm and callous, devoted to the ceremonies of a superstition which gave his bigoted and bitter spirit full room for the exercise of its malignity, and loving it for its evil. His death was felt as a relief to mankind.

Elizabeth, our own unrivalled monarch, his perpetual enemy and conqueror, soon followed him to the grave, (March 24, 1602,) in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of a reign which, beginning in the severest trials, was carried on with combined wisdom and virtue, and closed in a general triumph of England, freedom, and Christianity. In 1609, Henry IV. fell by the hand of an assassin, leaving behind him

the most brilliant character of the most brilliant people, unequalled among kings for political science, among courtiers for personal grace, and among soldiers for chivalrous intrepidity; but degraded in his private name by the most dissolute pursuit of pleasure, and in his public honour by the scandal, before God and man, of apostasy. To gain a crown, he forfeited his religion, and, after a few years, darkened by the scorn and distrust of the gallant men who had placed that crown upon his head, he died by the dagger of a priest of that religion which he had insulted Heaven to reconcile.

The years of the Prince of Orange, too, drew to a close. Attaining the highest honours as the champion of his country, he had been tempted by the fatal ambition to become its master. The resistance of its patriots made him suspicious, cruel, and despot. A rival soldier, the famous Spinola, started up at the head of the Spanish armies, as if to tarnish the glories of his declining years; and after an unsuccessful attempt to raise the siege of Breda, the city of his ancestors, he retired exhausted to the Hague, and died, (23d April, 1625,) after a life of fifty-nine years passed in the highest occupations of state and war.

Maurice had never married, and his titles, and the still higher honours of his public duties, descended to his brother Henry Frederic, the third son of the great William. Inheriting the genius and success of his family, the States-General in gratitude declared that the honours and employments of the Stadtholderate should be thenceforth hereditary in his house; and the decree was solemnly presented in a gold box to his son William, then an infant three years old. The Nassau line had now risen to the rank of sovereigns, as the reward of signal conduct and heroism. But a still higher rank of sovereignty was in reserve. In 1641, William, the only son of the Prince of Orange, married the Princess Mary, the eldest daughter of our Charles the First. But dying in his twenty-fourth year, he bequeathed his dignities to a son, William Henry, (born November 4, 1650,) who was to realize on a larger scale the struggles and the successes of his illustrious ancestor. To fight the

battle of civil liberty on the continent; to accomplish the still loftier supremacy of true religion in England. But the career of William the Third belongs to our own history too intimately to be traced here.

The treaty of Munster, (January 30, 1648,) established the entire independence of the States-General of Holland and the United Provinces; then gloriously concluding a war, which, with the first intermission of hostilities in 1609, had lasted eighty years.

William died childless. He was the last of the direct line of the great Prince of Orange, and his estates were bequeathed to Prince Frison of Nassau, his cousin, and Stadtholder of Friesland.

The defeat of the Armada had begun the fall of Spain, and she gradually sank out of the first order of nations. France, from the middle of the seventeenth century, had risen into her place, and become the great disturber. But the blows first given by William, and followed up with still sterner vigour by Marlborough and Eugene, at length broke down the strength of this restless and powerful people, and the peace of Utrecht (January, 1712) gave peace to Europe, wearied with useless slaughter. A remarkable change took place at this period in the sovereignty of the Netherlands. They were given by the treaty to Charles the Sixth, the new Emperor, and former rival of Philip of France, the new King of Spain. They were thenceforth the Austrian Netherlands; and thus the haughty country which had so long perverted its power over the Belgian provinces, saw at once her foreign territories given to a stranger, and a stranger wading through her blood to the native throne.

But the punishment of Spain, the head-quarters of Popery, was not yet complete. She sank from obscurity to obscurity, until her once mighty name became obsolete in Europe, or known only as the instrument and victim of France; always defeated in war, yet suffering in peace more than the poverty, the tyranny, and the waste of war, and finally retaining nothing of herself but her love of private revenge, her haughty scorn of industry, her bar-

barian hatred of knowledge, and her fierce devotedness to the most mindless, melancholy, and cruel of all superstitions. She was to be roused from this apathy in our own time, but it was only by the most terrible infliction of war on record; a contest which mingled all the elements of civil and foreign hostility. Even this storm had not the power to stimulate her to permanent vigour. She grew tired of the generous labour of freedom, cast away the burden of constitution, and has again voluntarily lain down in chains.

Policy and family alliance still continued to join the interests of Holland and England. In 1734, the young Prince of Orange, the successor of his father in the Stadtholderate of Friesland, married the Princess Anne, the daughter of George the Second. The Seven Years' war, in which Frederic of Prussia and Maria Theresa fought for the German crown, brought Louis the Fifteenth as a conqueror to the borders of the States. Their danger awoke them to a recollection of the line from which they had so often derived security. William the Fourth was proclaimed Stadtholder-General, and the dignity was finally made hereditary in both the male and female descent of Orange-Nassau. The Stadtholder died in 1751, after a reign rendered fortunately obscure by the general peace of Europe, and was succeeded by his son William the Fifth, who connected his family with Prussia by a marriage with the niece of Frederic the Great in 1766. All now seemed secure. But a burst of evils, such as had never shaken Europe before, and whose shock still vibrates through all nations, was preparing in the midst of this profound tranquillity.

Frederic and Maria Theresa, scarcely released from mutual slaughter, and Catherine of Russia, whose hands were scarcely free from the chains with which she had been threatened by her barbarian and half-mad husband, startled Europe, and consigned their own names to eternal infamy, by the seizure of Poland.

It is as easy to trace, as it is impossible to doubt, the tremendous retribution which followed. The first blow fell on Austria. A sudden spirit of change, then new to Europe,

started up in the Austrian Netherlands. There was something to praise as well as something to blame in this revolution. Joseph the Second, who had succeeded the Empress Maria Theresa, was a reformer; but he was a royal reformer, and his subjects naturally distrusted the liberty that came enforced by Austrian dragoons. Joseph was a Voltairist; and when he proclaimed religious toleration, the priesthood and the people alike shrunk from the boon offered to religion by infidelity. The first tumults broke out in Brussels, headed by Vander Noot, an advocate of some popular talent and activity. An Austrian army marched upon Brabant, and the bayonet decided the quarrel of the theologians. Vander Noot fled, returned in the first relaxation of arms, was named by his adherents Agent Plenipotentiary of Brabant, and continued to perplex the philosophy of the free-thinking emperor.

But a new and more fearful spirit was now rising from the cloud of popular commotion. Young republicanism started up by the side of ancient prejudice, and soon stripped the tardy movements of its predecessor. The leader of this aspiring party was also an advocate, Vanck, a man of vigorous ability, but inflamed with a passion for overthrow. One influence more was alone wanting, and it was found in Vander Mersch, a soldier of fortune, who put himself at the head of the patriot levies, and in a variety of encounters with the imperial troops displayed extraordinary conduct and intrepidity. The Austrian generals, surrounded by national insurrection, were paralysed; Brabant and Flanders were cleared of their troops; the leader of revolution made his triumphal entry into Brussels in 1790; and the seven southern provinces of the Netherlands, adopting the example of the northern, published their Confederation, by the title of the United States of Belgium, to the world.

In later days, we have seen Belgium borrow its revolution from France, but France had been the first borrower. The Belgium Revolution of 1790 was the French Revolution of 1793, but on a smaller scale, and fortunately unstained with royal

blood. We find the same commencement in justified popular discontent—the same sudden mixture of an aversion to all authority—the same predominance of perverted law and unprincipled force—the same elevation of obscure soldiery to military rank—the same defeat of established institutions, and the regular forces of the state—the same creation of a republic, and the same submission to a Dictator.

But here the comparison ends, and France, commissioned first to astonish, and then to scourge Europe, went on from strength to strength, from crime to crime, and from triumph to triumph, with an atrocious grandeur, which suffered no minor object to engross the eye—the parent revolution withered away, and was forgotten in the shadow of its gigantic offspring. But short-lived as it was, it enjoyed the triumph of having baffled the most powerful monarch of Europe. Joseph's last words were, that Belgium had sent him to his grave, (20th Jan. 1791.)

With this commotion raging at her gates, Holland could not be long tranquil. A party arose which proclaimed themselves the Friends of the People, began by attempting the overthrow of the government. The Stadtholder was suddenly deprived of the command of the troops, and removed from all his offices. The injured prince justly appealed to his allies. He was soon redressed. England declared her strong displeasure; and Prussia, sending an army of 20,000 men under the Duke of Brunswick, in a three weeks' campaign swept the mob of patriotism from the land, and restored the sovereign.

But revolution was to be conquered at last. The French Republic poured its troops into the Belgian provinces. Insurrection had there already done its work, and the famous victory of Jemappes, gained by Dumourier, and the still more famous victory of Fleurus by Pichegru, less conquered the Netherlands than seconded the wishes of the people for the fall of the Austrian supremacy. But French republicanism never forgot French aggrandisement. To the popular indignation, the Netherlands were finally declared, by the treaty of Campo-Formio, (17th October, 1797,) a portion of France,

and the nation was left to feel the disgrace of political extinction, and probably to repent the follies of a too rash zeal for an ill understood liberty.

The next French conquest was Holland. A frost of signal intensity turned the natural defences of the country, the rivers and morasses, into bridges for the enemy's march. Pichegru, at the head of 100,000 troops, exulting with victory, and still more exulting with the wild animation of republicanism, swept all obstacles before him, overpowered, in a series of desperate encounters, the steady valour of the British army, commanded by the Duke of York, with a bravery, and even with a talent, which nothing but party could deny, but which were rendered fruitless to all but the national honour by the smallness of his force, and the irresistible circumstances of the time; and, proclaiming universal freedom, advanced to the capital. The Stadtholder withdrew, but not by an ignominious flight. He repaired to the presence of the States-General, then sitting at the Hague, formally deposited his power in their hands until better times, and then embarked for England, the common refuge of exiled royalty and religion. The French general proclaimed the downfall of priestcraft and kingcraft, and followed the proclamation by the demand of a *hundred millions of florins!*

Holland had now to feel the full caprice of her formidable deliverer. She was declared the Batavian Republic, to please the democracy of France; she was next declared a monarchy, to give a crown to Louis, the brother of Napoleon; and she was finally declared a province of France, to feed the insatiable ambition of Napoleon himself. In all the changes, she was crushed, plundered, and insulted like a bond-slave.

But the ruin of the French armies in the great campaign of Moscow, which revived the hopes of Europe, awoke the vigour of Holland. Insurrection spread through the smaller towns; deputies were sent to invite the son of the late Stadtholder, the present King, to resume the government. He was proclaimed in the Hague, (17th November, 1813;)

and on the 30th, the Prince, escorted by a small force of 200 English marines, landed, and was received with universal joy. The writer of the present sketch was in Holland at this period, and can give full testimony to the popular delight. William, the sixth Stadtholder, was inaugurated by the title of Sovereign Prince, at Amsterdam, in March 1814. The treaty of Paris, (30th May, 1814,) confirmed by the treaty of London, gave a new extent to his dominions. It decided the union of Belgium and Holland as one monarchy. In 1815, the Sovereign Prince was proclaimed William I., King of the Netherlands; a constitution was framed on free principles; and Holland and Belgium, relieved from all danger by the fall of Napoleon, were pronounced destined to a long repose.

We have lived to see the fallacy of this political prediction, in the violent and total upbreking of that union. But that it ever was pronounced, is a dishonour to political sagacity. The Union was formed of utterly discordant elements;—difference of language, difference of commercial interests, and difference of national habits. But there was one source of variance still more incapable of being reconciled. Belgium was *Roman Catholic*. It is among the perpetual and singular features

of Popery, that its priesthood, powerless for national good, is irresistible in the cause of national evil. Without the vigour to rectify a single popular vice, to clear away a vulgar prejudice, or to stimulate a personal virtue, it knows no rival in the art of rousing the people to the wildest excesses of popular commotion. Without the faculty to heal a single public error of the state, it can overthrow the state with a word.

A Protestant prince has now assumed the crown of Belgium; it remains for time, and probably for no long time, to shew the feebleness of his possession. Popery will not endure the mildest dominion of Protestantism. It must be superior, or it is nothing. It must have the authority to resist the natural progress of the human mind, to live on the spoils of national industry, and to interpose between man and the right of choosing his own way to salvation, or it turns from the most abject flatterer of royalty into the most daring and indefatigable rebel. The Belgian King may secure his throne, like Henry IV., by apostasy; but we will not insult an honourable man, and one so nearly allied with England, by reminding him of the thorns which apostasy sowed upon the renegade's pillow, and its utter degradation to his name.

#### IRISH SCENERY; AND OTHER THINGS IRISH.

' loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

THOMSON'S Seasons.

THERE appears to exist among our writers of all grades, an irresistible passion for introductory mottoes. From the newspaper essayist to the author of a novel, historical or hysterical, a quotation from some bygone retainer of the Muses, must act as a sort of master of the ceremonies to the matter of its chapter. I think I hear my readers ask—"What possible connexion can exist between your own quotation above, and the heading or title by which it is preceded?" My answer is,—"You shall know in good time." It was a maxim of an

old friend of mine, that more information was often to be had by listening than by asking questions; and the maxim is of peculiar value to those who wish to get credit for knowing many things, of which they really know no more than Lord Althorp of finance, Lord Grey of theology, (although he can make bishops,) Hunt of modesty, Lord J. Russell of constitutional reform, or O'Connell of the manners, principles, or courage of a gentleman. To ask questions is to proclaim your ignorance, and what man of the world will com-



mit so great a mistake? Let him wait awhile, and things will come out of themselves. I was acquainted twenty years with a man whom I never suspected of being ignorant of the dead languages, he always contrived so well to appear to feel the application of a classic quotation. If addressed to him in conversation, he gave a significant nod of the head—a “very true”—“nothing more just”—“quite apt”—a smile gave qualified assent, and sometimes he has had even the hardihood to venture on a decided laugh! How he managed the matter I cannot tell, unless that with the eye of an anatomist he watched the action of the muscles of the face, connecting them with the passion or sentiment expressed, or that he was fortunate in happy equivocation: deaf people do wonders this way, and why may not the same be the instinctive property of ignorance?

The poet's mystified definition of the charm of simplicity in the female costume, will be fully understood by the lover of Nature transporting himself from trimly dressed and ultra-ornate England, to the less cultivated, but more various and strongly characteristic scenery of Ireland. If the stirring interest of human life consists, in a great degree, of ungratified wishes, in like manner, much from the same cause, the scenery of Ireland, Art has done so much, that she has become more than the “handmaid” of Nature—she has subdued her mistress to her own power, and so covered her in her own livery, that scarcely any distinction subsists between them. The alternations of the waste and the cultivated, of pleasure and surprise, cease to affect us; the power of contrast is lost in the uniform continuity of the richest cultivation, and the feelings of the traveller are reduced to a state of quietude, like the becalmed waters, losing in rest the animation constituting sublimity. Look at the scenery of England (proper), and if asked what you would add to its richness, you would answer—“Nothing.” If asked how you would increase its more striking effect, you would probably reply, by reducing the exuberance of art, which encumbers and imparts sameness to its aspect.

This illustrates the power of simplicity in the personal decoration of a female.

Travelling in England awakens less of the springs of dramatic interest—will engage the passions less than travelling in Ireland, where the dark bleak bog and moor contrast with the vivid green of her beautiful fields; the lofty mountains, the lesser undulating hills, and sequestered vallies—the intermixture of severest sterility with tracts of pasturage; which, in native strength of production, fattens an ox to the acre—the wild woods too scantily relieving the heathery sides of the mountains—the clear and sparkling streams—the generally respectable and often noble rivers, pastoral all; and the numerous lakes, diverse and multifarious in size, and shape, and beauty, cast over the surface of Ireland. Then the Danish raths or forts, crowning almost every eminence; the relics of old chapels, mocking calculation of their dates, and surrounded by the tumuli of a race who seem destined never to find repose but in death; the round towers equally mocking antiquarian conjecture of their uses; the proud monastic ruins that, relatively to the state of society, still proclaim the gorgeous temporalities of the Church before the period of the Reformation, and in the rich and happy choice of their sites, tell of the superior wealth, power, and worldly enjoyments of the Popish priesthood through all its orders. At various points of view the high lonely castle, and quadrangular towers, within whose strong and gloomy walls the rude Chiefs or Toparchs of ancient days lived in reciprocal fear and hatred, snatching their physical enjoyments from the steely grasp of danger, and maintaining their feverish and hazardous existence—their constantly disputed and barbarous dominion, by international warfare! Such inanimate memorials of the barbaric ages, can scarcely be said to meet the eye of a traveller in England. Splendid and interesting remains of “the olden time” are there, but they are those (even the remotest) of a state of civilisation to which Ireland has not yet arrived, and never will while DoYLES and O'CONNELLS spring up in her soil, and we have rulers who regard the Christianity of the Reformation as

little as they do the OATH of their KING. Unhappily Ireland abounds in the moral evidences of a barbarity which has not yet passed away, and which, with the help of Popery, promises to bid defiance to the generally subduing influence of time, upon whose backward path we shall cast a furtive glance.

It is now nearly three centuries since SPENCER the poet lived and wrote. He bore evidence to the natural beauties of Ireland in his day: its topographical aspect he thus describes. "And sure it is yet a most beautiful and sweet country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly, sprinkled with very many sweet islands, and goodly lakes, like little inland seas, that will carry even ships upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building of houses and ships, so commodiously, as that if some princes in the world had them, they would soon hope to be lords of all the seas, and ere long of all the world." The rivers and lakes remain in spite of their proprietors, but, for the most part, the woods have disappeared before the advances of modern luxury and extravagance. There are still, however, many districts wherein the bold and continuous woods delight the eyes of the traveller for miles together. Whoever follows the course of the Suire, as I have, from "sweet Clonmel" to "rich Waterford," as they are named by Spencer, will see even yet, maugre the devastations of the axe, the mountains clothed from their bases to their lofty summits, with trees chiefly of the monarch oak, viewing themselves, Narcissus-like, in the mirror of the beauteous Soire, those on the immediate banks dipping their pendent branches in her clear and full-flowing waters. Magic powers of mental association, that fill up the wide and deep spaces of time, and bring to the heart and memory of age the warm rush of juvenile feeling and circumstances! I cannot name Clonmel, and the beautiful Suire, and not live again over the days of my boyhood. Reader, make it your own case. I went to school there. Where is my kind master, honest Tom Chaytor, the Quaker, who mingled in our sports

as a boy, yet never compromised his authority and his duty as a preceptor; who was obeyed more through love than fear, and who even in fear was beloved? Where is he? Long laid in a grave which could not entomb the memory of his worth! Where are my schoolfellows? Ah! that is a question nearer home. I know not that there live one dozen out of the fifty who buzzed in the school-room, and shouted in the playground. I know not if there are three individuals, whose crispy locks of youth are turned to grey, who care one straw whether all the rest be living or dead! how the living fare, or how the dead died! Such is the world.

I cannot forget that there first flashed on my soul the lightning of a Curran's eloquence, Duquerry's calmer advocacy, Toler's precision of language, Scott's impudence, Bully Egan's fierce aspect and storming energy, who indeed was wont to

"Tear a passion to tatters;"

and more than all, and above all, Barry Yelverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore, certainly the greatest man of his day. Where are they all? Gone! gone! gone! They have escaped witnessing the degradation of their country in the triumphs of Popery; the degradation of the bar in the prostitution of its honours—and I have lived to see all.

What a picture of life, now obsolete, did an assize week then present! Those who think that the judges, the sheriff, the counsel and attorneys, the jurors, grand and petit, the criminals and their accusers, &c., constituted all that was necessary to a "general jail delivery," are greatly mistaken. There were other classes whose attendance was indispensable, not merely to "the head and front," but to the head and feet of justice; these were the hair-dressers and shoe-blacks, a race now extinct, and who, from Dublin, (*par excellence*,) went circuit as regularly as did those whose extremities of understanding they so materially assisted to furnish. The French Revolution of 1789, was, indeed a revolution to them, and they have feeling cause to curse crops a la Brutus and long pantaloons. But I have taken an excursion out of the direct road,

for which, Mr Editor, I beg your and your readers' pardon.

More southerly still, there are the noble woods which fringe the banks of the Blackwater, the prime charm of the scenery of Lismore : those of Shillela, in the county Wicklow, are identified with the pugnacity of the Irish character. Wicklow ! beautiful county ! who that has visited that Eden of Ireland, can refuse to it the application of the following description from the "Fairy Queen?"

" Fresh shadows sit to shroud from sunny ray ;

Fair lawns to take the sun in seasons due ;  
Sweet springs in which a thousand nymphs did play ;

Soft rumbling brooks, that gentle slumbers drew ;

High-reared mounts, the lands about to view ;

Low-looking dales, disloign'd from common gaze ;

" Delightful bowers, to solace lovers true ;  
False labyrinth, fond runners' eyes to daze ;  
All which, by Nature made, did Nature's self amaze."

Let no Englishman, who visits Dublin in summer, and who has three days to spare, and five pounds in his pocket, incur the reproach of not having seen the county Wicklow, from Enniskerry to Rathdrum. He will find on the road moral points of contemplation for his mind, as well as the beautiful and picturesque in nature to delight his eye. Owing to the cares of a good and religious landlord, Enniskerry is now, not only one of the handsomest, if not the most handsome, village in Ireland, but also the happiest ; for, owing to the untired zeal and pastoral labours of its exemplary rector, the Reverend ROBERT DALY, it is the freest from the ordinary vices of society. The word of God has been diligently sown in it, and its fruits are manifest—industry, sobriety, religious feeling, and, necessarily, peace, are in its dwellings ; the same blessings pervade the whole of the reverend gentleman's parish, and the demeanour and appearance of its people scarcely permit one to believe that he is in Ireland. The town of Bray is but three miles from Enniskerry—the parishes join, yet they exhibit the strongest moral contrast ; and, why ? Perhaps it is, that the rector of the former is one of those

liberals of the Church who see little or no difference between the creeds of the Protestant and Roman Catholic—one of those shepherds who can perceive no distinction between the black sheep and the white ; if so, who can wonder that the characteristics of Popery prevail ?

The Dargle, one of those romantic glens with which the county Wicklow abounds, lies close by Enniskerry—I need not describe it. The next point of moral reflection is Tenehinch, the beautifully situated residence of that once boast and glory of Ireland, the late Right Honourable HENRY GRATTAN. Pause, traveller, on the little bridge that fronts Tenehinch-house. On your left hand, the lawn is divided by the beautiful pastoral stream wherein its late master was wont to lave his limbs every morning, winter and summer : the mansion is a modest one, but it was, what it is not now, the domestic temple of a great mind. It was originally an inn, and there are yet living those who have had in it "entertainment for man and horse." The purchase of it was among the first fruits of the £50,000, the national composition in payment of the full debt of national gratitude for the equivocal benefits of 1782. The last time that I stood on that bridge, leaning on its battlement, and looking at the house, a tide of interesting recollections rushed on my mind ; the various situations in which I had seen that man so prominently and honourably identified with the history of his country, passed in array before me. His name and portraits in the magazines of that day, combined with "free trade," and "the volunteers," were familiar to my boyhood. At a more advanced period I listened to him, the Demosthenes of the Irish House of Commons, and every passion acknowledged the irresistible powers of his eloquence. In 1798 he was suspected of the *O'Connellism* of that period—the unnatural, and therefore improbable, wish to destroy his own political creation—the independent federal connexion between Great Britain and Ireland ; his portraits were removed from their places of honour—his name erased from the Privy-Council, and his person all but proscribed ! And

what was his offence? No greater, I solemnly believe, than that now of the King's Lieutenant—suffering the enemies of England a too easy access to his closet. He was not a *United Irishman*; but a man who was, and who recently and publicly boasted of the treason, is a privy-counsellor, a newly appointed Lord-Lieutenant of a county where almost all were United Irishmen, and the bosom friend of the Irish Viceroy! I was in the gallery of the House of Commons the memorable morning when the exile of obloquy, not of guilt, re-entered the theatre of his patriotic fame, to revivify his wasted fires at the altar of his country, and save from its grave the constitution which he had nursed in its cradle. The ravages of ingratitude and calumny were visible in his attenuated person and feeble steps; he was supported to the Speaker's chair by two compatriots, like himself now no more; strong dramatic effect gave all its aids to the scene—never shall I forget it! The morning's twilight mingled with the flickering of the expiring lamps; the members, at either side of the House, occupying the back benches, were struggling with, or had yielded to, a temporary repose: but the sound of Grattan's name was electric; the whisper of his approach was, in its effect, as the blast of the trumpet—every reclining head was raised, every eye open to attention. The privilege of being seated while he spoke yielded to his weakness; his speech on that occasion—all that followed—is matter of history. Grattan, Saurin, Plunkett, Bushe—all the new allies of Irish independence (so called) vainly brought their great talents to the contest; the friends of permanent British connexion supported the legislative union in the full principles and solemn compacts of Protestant ascendancy. Those principles have been abandoned, the contracts have been broken; Protestants are depressed, if not actually persecuted; Roman Catholics are cherished and elevated. But for this distinction it could not be known that there is a government in Ireland; and if the policy that now fatally rules the King's councils be not soon and utterly reversed, it needs not the prophetic gift to perceive, in the lurid vista of no distant time,

the desolation of Ireland, or her separation from the British Imperial crown.

I next saw him returned member for Dublin in the Imperial Parliament, where, until his death, he was faithful to imperial interests. Can the same be said of his sons? Let public opinion answer. The old patriot rode once more on popular favour—an unsteady and capricious support, and never better nor more finely described than by the late Lord Avonmore, in his place in the Irish House of Lords, and in reference to Mr Grattan (as well as I recollect) while placed in political abeyance. In the Imperial Parliament he had honestly denounced a French party existing in this country. The O'Connell leaven was then beginning to work among the Roman Catholic rabble, and on Mr Grattan's second election his life was assailed by the wretches who now worship the arch-agitator of Ireland's peace; it was attempted to throw him over the battlements of one of the bridges into the river, and with difficulty, and some bruises, he escaped to his house in Stephen's Green—such the vicissitudes of a political life! Were he alive now, his noble attributes would avail him nothing in a competition with the vulgar beastly-minded Popish demagogue, whose legislative nominee one of his sons has descended to become.

Here terminated the peristrepthic images of his public life, while I looked, and thought, and heard the murmuring of the type of passing time which flowed beneath me. But my recollections did not end here. The private and social hours of a great man are always deeply interesting, and one loves to see him divested of the rigid panoply in which he appears before the public eye, and his mind and manners at ease, and in the free action allowed by the dishabille of conversation at his own or a friend's table. That advantage was among the social gems of my life. I passed a summer in Mr Grattan's beautiful vicinage, and had the honour of dining with him at Tenenhinch in a small and select circle. He was very temperate of table enjoyment. His conversation, although perfectly easy, partook of the epigrammatic character of his public speaking. Mr Hardy, the bio-

grapher of the Earl of Charlemont, or rather the historian of that nobleman's times, was of the party. He lodged in the neighbourhood under distressing circumstances of every kind: he was engaged in two labours at the time, both not pursued with equal assiduity. He was writing his life of Lord Charlemont, while he was the tender and affectionate nurse and guardian of a demented wife; the first was often and willingly intermitted, the second never; he and the object of his cares are both gone off the scene. Poor Hardy—he was faithful to his party, and zealous in its service. His character gave him more weight with the public than other men derived from their wealth and connexions; as a speaker, however, he ranked but in the second class. He shared with Mr Grattan the patronage, in early life, of the Earl of Charlemont, both having been introduced into the Irish Parliament by that nobleman, who, in this way, practically refuted Lord John Russell's arguments against nomination boroughs; and should the Reform Bill pass, to the extinction of those nurseries and asylums of talent, farewell to the political patronage of modest merit, statistical knowledge, and high-minded integrity: the vulgar, the impudent, the bustling and the brutal panders to the popular passions and prejudices, will acquire the ascendant. Hardy shared the too common lot of those who will not or know not how to make their public principles subservient to their private interests—he lived for a long time poor, and died poor. The same shameful and cruel neglect of the useful partisan is carried into our own day: but it must be acknowledged that it is monopolized here, in Ireland, by the Protestant party. The assailants of our institutions pay their instruments well—there is no lack of liberality, as the O'Connell tribute testifies; while, on the side where we are most abundant, and where all is at issue to defend, pockets appear to be hermetically sealed, and words to be accounted the only coin of patriot currency. But let me bring Hardy and the reader back to the circle at Tenehinch.

It was fortunate that Mr Hardy was of the company; he assisted to

call Mr Grattan's happiest powers into play; each prompted the other to political recollections, and the secret history of transactions in which both were concerned. I was a delighted listener. Hardy played second fiddle; but he appeared necessary to the first. Grattan, I thought, played the patron a little, but with a delicate touch. Between them they produced an harmonic combination of personal anecdote and political circumstance, which I can never hope again to be equalled. Mr Grattan reclined on a sofa—the vivacity of his mind affected his body, which was in continual motion and change of position. He was Voltairean in appearance and in wit; but he partook nothing of the irreligion and immorality of the philosopher of Ferney. Mr Grattan was a Christian of the Reformation. He twisted and gesticulated as if in the throes of thought; but if the mountain was in labour, it always produced a gigantic birth—a political or philosophical maxim of the first order, was offered to the admiration and instruction of his hearers. I never so much wished the movement of time to be suspended; I never heard with such chagrin the hour strike, which warned me that I ought to take my leave.

I did take leave, and departed on my way home. It was a fine moonlight night—the way led by a back field, (not the public road,) and through the romantic glen, the Dargle. My host—splendid being! went forth to put me in the pathway—his head was uncovered—it was intellect personified—and his eye as a star which could lend light to other planets, but never needing to borrow, nor admitting of eclipse. The moon shone—he shone brighter. He accompanied me to the extreme gate of the Dargle, more than an English mile, bareheaded as he was. His chief theme was Hardy and the book he was writing; and I thought I could collect, that his humble friend was more the amanuensis than the author. “Hardy is a man of talent, and I think his work will shew it; but he is an idle fellow, and requires the lash of the slave-driver to quicken his work. He must live the days of Lord Charlemont to write Lord Charlemont's life. It is to him as a schoolboy's task—any

thing and every thing will draw him from it. Hardy is an Epicurean, with a Stoic's self-denial; but it is on the enforcement of necessity. His will goes along with enjoyment, and he is ever ready to sip the honey of life wherever it is to be found. Poor Hardy! poor Hardy! I fear his own life will end before that of Lord Charlemont will begin; and we must all be at the mercy of that History, which may be only acquainted with our faults, or unwilling to confess our virtues—if we had them.”

Such was the rich strain of intellectual treasures which this great man poured forth to the ear of a very humble auditor and companion, his eye—his powerful eye—occasionally flashing to the moonbeam, while the gentle rustling of the trees, at either side of the glen, and the murmur of the stream, urging its broken way through the rocks at the depth beneath, were the under accompaniments which inanimate nature furnished to the emanations of one of the most powerful minds that Ireland ever produced. At the extreme gate we parted—he returned home by the same way, probably, as it is said was his custom, rehearsing some Parliamentary oration to the oaks, the rocks, and rushing floods, meet auditors of his gigantic correspondent and sympathetic eloquence.

When I last saw him—Heavens, what a change! He was stricken by the hand of the Destroyer. It was a little before he went to Parliament, for the last time, to offer his final sa-

crifice on the altar of consistency, and lay down his life for a cause and a people—the one the bane of the country, the other never grateful for a benefit received, and never unvengeful for one denied. I went to Tenehinch, not expecting to see him, but to enquire after his health. Accident presented him to my aggrieved view; he was slowly and totteringly pacing along a walk at the southern aspect of the house. It was warm summer, yet he appeared winter-chilled. The blood was gradually retreating to its last citadel. He was enveloped in an old threadbare cloak—he was unshaven—his eye had lost its lustre—the power of recognition was faint; but when I was named, his spirit rallied, and he said something as like his former self, as the shadow could be like the substance. Delicacy forbade to prolong the painful interview, and I parted from him for ever! He went, Curtius-like, draining the last dregs of life, to the performance of a mistaken duty, and to a grave that he knew was open to him. His apotheosis is among the departed greatness of England—he has taken his place of everlasting rest among the heroes, sages, and statesmen, who have contributed to the strength and glory of the empire, although the phantom, an aerial one, which he pursued, but lived not to catch, is now working to her weakness, humiliation, and perhaps her ruin. Political idol of my youth! Splendid, but mistaken man! HENRY GRATTAN, farewell!

## A CREATION OF PEERS.

MUCH as we have already written on the Reform Bill, anxiously as we have contemplated it in all its bearings, the magnitude of the subject is such, that our only difficulty has been to compress the considerations which suggest themselves. Such is the force of the argument against the change, that it will admit of almost any concession, and becomes daily more powerful the longer the subject is considered.

The debate in the House of Lords brought out one leading feature in the measure, to which sufficient attention has never yet been paid, and which, in fact, could not be enlarged on with confidence till the legal opinions which were then delivered from the highest authority had become public. This is the *unparalleled confiscation of private property* which it threatens to produce, and the fatal blow at the tenure of every species of individual right which it promises to inflict.

It was urged as a serious objection to the Bill in the House of Commons, that it went to disfranchise boroughs to an immense extent, without any compensation to the individuals who now held the freehold; that this was a private right of great value, as was evinced by the anxiety with which it was sought to be taken from them by the reforming party; that they openly boasted that they had gained all that the boroughmongers had lost; that the freehold being private property, could not, on the first principles of justice, be taken away without an equivalent; and that if the precedent were once established of confiscating individual rights, upon the ground of public advantage, there was no limit could be assigned to the extent to which the invasion of property might, on the same principles, be carried.

To this it was replied, on the part of administration, that all this proceeded on a misconception of the nature of the right which was thus made the subject of invasion; that it was not private property, but a *trust* held for the public behoof, and

for the administration of which the owners were answerable to the country; that this trust had been grossly abused, and had fallen into so few hands as to be incapable of being exercised with advantage to the public; and therefore that there was no injustice in transferring the trust to other hands, nor any claim for compensation at the instance of the dispossessed proprietors.

But when the question was carried to the Peers, the ground was knocked from beneath this argument by the legal opinions delivered on the point of law by the great legal authorities who were then assembled. Lord Tenterden delivered an opinion, that the right of the freeholders and corporations threatened with destruction was *both a right and a trust*, and in this he was strongly supported by Lord Chancellor Eldon, who quoted Holt and Hale to the same purpose. Now, whatever opinion men may entertain on the merits of those Noble Lords as statesmen, we presume that as *lawyers* there is none who will gainsay the authority of Holt and Hale in ancient, and of Lords Tenterden and Eldon in modern times—the greatest authorities in point of law which the last or the present age can boast. The point, therefore, is fixed: the freehold rights threatened with disfranchisement are both a right and a trust—a right in the individual who enjoys it—a trust for the discharge of a public duty.

Considered as a right, which it is, though blended with a trust, therefore, the corporation freeholds, or the existing rights which are to be disfranchised, are as much entitled to protection as any other estate in the realm—as the rights of the Crown, the estates of the Aristocracy, or the liberties of the Commons. When once the law authorities declared that such rights were private property, the matter is at an end. We may blame the law, if we please, which conferred such rights—we may advocate the introduction of a new and more improved form of

government—but as long as the principles of justice are attended to by Government, the existing rights which the law has suffered to grow up, and taken under the cover of its shield, cannot be overturned without compensation being given, or the system of revolutionary confiscation openly adopted.

This principle runs through every department of jurisprudence. The inhabitants of a city or a county conceive that it would be advantageous to have a road, a canal, or a rail-road made in a particular direction—was it ever imagined that the public expedience of making such an improvement, would justify its projectors in applying for an act of Parliament authorizing them to seize, without compensation, the whole land required for its completion, even though the remainder of the property thus intersected will doubtless be greatly benefited by the change? Was ever such an act of Parliament passed? Does not every act infringing on private property for the public good, contain a clause providing for the indemnification of those whose property is taken, and laying down specific rules for the ascertaining of its value, if the parties cannot agree upon it without legal interference? And is this great and established principle of justice to be set at nought, merely because the Ministers of the Crown happen to be the promoters of the measure; and an invasion of private right indulged to the supreme authority, which would not be allowed to any humbler parties in the realm? The principle of the law of England has hitherto been the reverse; it was the glory, and the deserved glory of its jurisprudence, that the Crown is *more* closely fettered than an ordinary individual; and that in cases of treason, an accumulation of evidence is required unknown in the ordinary transactions between man and man: it was reserved for a Whig administration to reverse the principle, and bring forward a measure of spoliation, without compensation, which would never have been tolerated in any court which administered the law, and was governed by the principles of British justice.

The same just and necessary principle has regulated all the measures

of Government since the Revolution, in legislating for the general improvement of the state. In 1746, the recent rebellion having demonstrated the expedience of abolishing the heritable jurisdictions, as they were called, of the chieftains in Scotland, they were extinguished by act of Parliament; but £150,000 was at the same time voted, as a compensation to the dispossessed proprietors. At the Irish Union, a great number of boroughs in that island were disfranchised, in order to reduce the number of its members to something proportioned to its real importance in the empire; and a large sum was paid to the dispossessed proprietors, as a compensation for their loss.

The case of the Union with Scotland, and the recent disfranchisement of the 40s. Irish freeholders, by the Catholic Relief Bill, are no authority on the other side. At the time of the Union with England, the right of sending members to Parliament was regarded by the Scotch, not as a privilege, but a *burden*; and it was at their *own earnest entreaty*, that the number of their members was reduced from ninety, which was the number proposed by the English Government, to forty-five, at which it was fixed by the Treaty of Union. The Scotch thought that their country could not afford to send more than forty-five gentlemen to London; and that the burden of a greater number of representatives would drain the kingdom of all its precious metals! Of course, they could have no claim to compensation for the loss of boroughs which they esteemed and represented as so burdensome to the country. So also in the case of the confiscation of the Irish 40s. freeholders by the Catholic Bill; the act was accompanied by a great concession to the Irish Catholics, which, in their opinion, was more than worth the price at which it was purchased. The English Government said to the Catholics,—“You have your 40s. freeholders, and you are excluded from places in the legislature—Will you hold by your freeholders, and retain your exclusion, or give up your freeholders, and be absolved from your exclusion?” They replied,—“We will give up our freeholders, and get quit of the exclusion.” The whole Ca-



tholics of Ireland were sensible that the disfranchisement of these bog-trotting freeholders, created for mere political purposes, was an immense benefit, not only to the country generally, but the dispossessed freeholders in particular, by relieving them from a frequent collision between their landlords and spiritual guides; and accordingly, the Catholic Relief Bill, burdened as it was with the disfranchising clause, was hailed as an immense benefit by the whole Catholic population; and in particular by the great Agitator, who declared that it would "reduce him from a popular demagogue to a mere *nisi prius* lawyer;" and that after it passed, "Othello's occupation's gone." It is obvious, therefore, that as the Catholics were not only satisfied with, but ardently petitioned for, the Relief Bill, clogged as it was with the disfranchising clauses, they had made their election, and had no ulterior claim for compensation.

But the case is totally different with the present Reform Bill, which is *not* brought forward at the suit or application of the holders of the close boroughs, to relieve them of certain disadvantages with which their situation is attended, but is urged on by *other parties*, not only without the consent of the freeholders threatened with disfranchisement, but *against* their most strenuous opposition. These parties do *not* say, we call on the Legislature to relieve us of certain disabilities, and if they do so, we are willing to lose our freeholds; but they strenuously resist the proposed disfranchisement, as a confiscation of their birth-right, a destruction of their inheritance, and a violation of the rights which they hold by as sacred a tenure as the King does his throne. How can such parties be deprived without their consent—nay, against their will, of their property, without compensation? Does their disfranchisement stand on the right by which a robber obtains the purse of the traveller on the highway—

——— "the simple plan,

That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

If not, let the legal or equitable ground on which their property is taken away, without either proved delinquency or compensation, be stated, for, assuredly, none such has hitherto been brought forward. It is quite in vain, therefore, to disguise the matter. The proposed disfranchisement, without compensation, is neither more nor less than legislative spoliation; and as such it will most assuredly be stigmatized by history.

Mr Pitt, as all the world knows, was in early life, and anterior to the period when the French Revolution had roused the democratic passions, and totally changed the grounds on which a change in the representation was demanded, a Reformer. He never, however, proposed the measure of confiscating private property, without compensation; on the contrary, he intended to give full value to all the dispossessed proprietors. So tender was this great statesman of that sacred base of all government, the security of vested rights, that he did not even venture to propose *forcing* the acceptance of compensation on the owners of the boroughs marked out for disfranchisement, but left it to their inclination to accept it or not. "The plan which he proposed was, to transfer the right of choosing representatives from thirty-six of such boroughs as had fallen into decay, to such chief towns and cities as were at present unrepresented; that a fund should be provided for the purpose of giving to the owners and holders of such boroughs as were disfranchised, an appreciated compensation for their property;—that the taking this compensation *should be a voluntary act of the proprietor*, and if not taken at present, should be placed out at compound interest, until it became an *irresistible* bait to such proprietors."\* Mr Fox admitted the justice of the *principle* of compensation, but objected to the *mode* laid down of purchasing the boroughs.

Such were the principles on which those giants of ancient days approached the subject of freehold qualification; and such the tenderness of vested rights which they evinced in all their measures for amend-

\* Ann. Reg. 1784, p. 190.

ing the representation of the country. Compare this with the sweeping measure of the present day, which, without a shadow of compensation, without any proof of delinquency, proposes to disfranchise completely fifty-six, and, to the extent of one half, thirty-one boroughs; and say which is the work of just and cautious statesmen, and which of reckless and inconsiderate innovators.

This argument is altogether independent of any alleged impolicy or inexpediency in the existing system. Let it be admitted that the existing system of close boroughs is the most prejudicial that can be conceived—that the claim of the unrepresented towns for representation is utterly irresistible; still, is that any ground for depriving individuals of their property, without either proved delinquency, or tendered compensation, in order to accomplish the change? This is not a question of expedience or policy, it is one of law and justice. Law decides what the nature of the right is, justice what the compensation which should be given for its being taken away. Both are wholly independent of any considerations as to the expedience and necessity of the removal, and are not diminished one iota by the strongest case being made out for that measure that can be imagined.

A nobleman has a domain in the neighbourhood of a great town, which it is thought would form an eligible acquisition to the inhabitants, by affording room for their exercise and recreation. That is a good reason for the citizens forming a fund for the purchase of the property, and, if they can make out a strong case, for applying to the Legislature to compel a sale, upon the value being tendered to the proprietor. But is that any reason for confiscating the domain to the citizens without any equivalent? Supposing even that the right had been originally acquired by encroachment, and the title of the owner stands alone on prescription; or that it was once vested in a number of proprietors, and now has fallen into a few hands; still, is that the slightest ground for taking away the right of the existing owner without any com-

pensation? This may be done by act of Parliament on the principle of the strongest, just as the same authority may order an innocent individual to be beheaded; but it is difficult to perceive any other principle on which it can be founded.

"The freehold in the corporations," say Lord Holt and Hale, "is both a property and a trust." Considered as the former, it cannot be taken away, unless delinquency is proved, without an equivalent; considered as the latter, it may justly be forfeited upon the proof of guilt. Here, then, are the two grounds on which disfranchisement can be legally rested: tendered compensation, or proved delinquency. Let, therefore, the boroughs which Parliament thinks fit to abolish, be either purchased from the owners, or disfranchised, like Grampound and East Retford, on the ground of proved corruption; but let not a measure be entertained, which, without either the one or the other, violates the rights of the subjects of the realm.

The extent to which this arbitrary confiscation is proposed to be carried, is one of the most enormous evils which threatens us in these days of political peril. By the new bill, about 150 seats are to be disfranchised in England alone. Supposing that each seat is worth, to the persons who now return the member, £30,000, which is certainly a very moderate allowance, the value of property thus confiscated in that part of the island without equivalent, is £4,500,000.

In Scotland, the injustice is equally crying. There are about 5000 electors, according to the Lord Advocate's statement, in Scotland, of which 2500 are county freeholders. Supposing each county freehold to be worth £800, which it certainly is at the very lowest computation, the value of the property thus destroyed is £2,000,000. Taking into account the borough votes threatened with destruction, the property to be sacrificed cannot be computed, at the lowest rate, at less than £2,500,000. The greater part of these votes indeed are not, strictly speaking, destroyed; they are rendered of no value by the immense addition made to the number of voters. Who will

give any thing for a vote in any Scottish county, when it is shared with a mob of L.10 feuars in all the villages which it contains?

This freehold property is legally vested in the present owners. It is the subject of marriage contracts, provisions to children, and all the lasting obligations between man and man. It has all been purchased at one period or another for full value. It has been recognised as legal property in innumerable decisions of the Court of Law, the House of Peers, and acts of Parliament. If property thus solemnly established is to be destroyed, without an equivalent, by the introduction of a whole army of new voters to the benefit of the privilege which constituted its value, there is no security for legal rights in the kingdom.

On the same principle it may be maintained, that any other right which at present is enjoyed by an individual, or a limited number of persons, should be spread over a wider surface, and extended to a more numerous class in the community. Why should landed estates be confined to the existing owners, when so large a portion of the community are suffering from want? It is clear that the argument for the extension of the franchise is *a fortiori* applicable to a division of estates, by so much more as the enjoyment of actual property is more valuable than the acquisition of a mere political privilege. Why should the peerage be confined to four or five hundred individuals, and not be diffused, with all its consequent advantages, over a larger portion of the community? Why should the dividends be paid to 264,000 individuals, and the benefit of these regular payments be not extended, on a principle of *funded reform*, to every individual who pays taxes? Why should the crown remain on a single head, and not be divided, as in France in 1789, "among 1200 sovereigns, whom, as Catherine well said, no one obeyed but the puppet on the throne?" These consequences are disastrous: they will startle the most thorough Reformer, tending, as they obviously do, to overthrow the whole fabric of society, and for ever destroy the glories of modern civilisation: but on what principle are they to be re-

sisted, if the precedent be once admitted, that the rights of so large a portion of the British freeholders are to be sacrificed without either proved delinquency or tendered compensation, merely because those who do not as yet possess that species of property, choose to assert that it would be agreeable to them that their neighbours' property should be divided for their behoof?

The peril to *funded property*, if this grand precedent of dividing other people's estates be once established, is peculiarly great, and eminently worthy of consideration in a commercial country. The property of money in the funds is far more obnoxious, and more likely to be made the object of popular execration, than the exclusive privilege now vested in either the English or the Scotch freeholders. The public creditor, literally speaking, *lives* upon the industry of the people: he does not, like the freeholder, merely exercise a privilege which they are desirous to share with him. When, therefore, the storm of democratic fury is by a revolutionary press directed against the fundholders, as it assuredly will be, the topics presented to inflame the passions of the people will be infinitely more powerful than those which have been used with such fatal effects against the freeholders. They will say, "the boroughmonger debarred you from a privilege, but the fundholder preys upon your vitals: in shaking him off, you are not demolishing the giant who has chained you to the earth, but the vampire which sucks your heart's blood." When considerations of this sort are presented day after day, month after month, and year after year, by the daily press, to the minds of their indigent and squalid readers, can it be deemed surprising if a most vehement outcry is raised for the destruction of the funds? And if the grand precedent be once established in 1832, that private property is to be confiscated, in obedience, not to proved necessity, or admitted expedience, but mere popular outcry, on what principle can the confiscation of funded property be averted?

There are many persons who calmly contemplate such an event, and

flatter themselves, because they have no money in the funds themselves, that they will escape unharmed in the general wreck which such a measure must produce. To such persons we would beg to make the following observation. You are all either debtors or creditors, landlords or tenants, buyers or sellers, employers or workmen. Now, how are any of these obligations to be discharged, if the funds, the great bank of the nation, is destroyed? How is the landlord to recover his rents when the banks have all broke, bills have ceased to be discounted, and credit is utterly suspended by this fatal measure? How is the tenant to effect his sales, in the universal consternation consequent on such an event? How is the manufacturer to employ his workmen, when the banks refuse his bills, and the sale of his produce is destroyed? How is the creditor to recover his debt, whether in mortgage or chattel, after a national bankruptcy has destroyed his debtor's funds? How is the debtor to get time to discharge his obligations, when his creditor is himself pressed by overbearing necessity, and forced to exact the last shilling from every one who owes him money? It is evident that all must share in the general calamity: the rich by the failure of tenants and debtors, the poor by the stoppage of their employment, and the cessation of the market for their industry. But let it never be imagined that the reality, the near approach of these perils, will deter the revolutionary party from then, as now, clamouring for the measures which are to occasion them: it is the nature of democratic ambition, as of every other vehement passion, to be blind to consequences: the measures now called for, the confiscation of freehold property, now the object of such violent desire, will lead to the demolition of the funds, as necessarily, though perhaps not quite so rapidly, as that dreadful step will spread famine, devastation, and ruin through every hamlet in the land.

Farther, we can see no reason why the nation generally, and, still more, the dispossessed proprietors, should be subjected to the burden of providing the fund which should be set apart for the disfranchised

proprietors, *Cujus est commodum ejus debet esse onus*. If an advantage is to be gained for the whole community, it is fair that the public should pay for it. But where the advantage is confined to a single class of society, that class, and that class only, should be burdened with providing the funds for a change, by which it alone is to be benefited. Here, then, is a clear principle, on which reform in the representation may be brought about, in perfect unison with the rules of justice, and in so gradual a manner, as not materially to endanger (for every change must to a certain extent endanger) the institutions of society. Let the Legislature fix, upon a survey of the unrepresented towns, what number of boroughs should be in all disfranchised, and let every unrepresented town, which is desirous of members, make up the funds, either by subscription or assessment, requisite to indemnify the proprietor. This, combined with the gratuitous disfranchisement of all boroughs convicted of corruption, would afford a direct inlet for commercial and manufacturing influence in the Legislature, *fully as rapidly* as is consistent with the stability of the other institutions of the country. It may not be so agreeable, no doubt, to these reforming gentlemen to pay for the franchise they are desirous of acquiring, as to wrest it from their neighbours by Parliamentary authority, without any equivalent; just as it is sometimes not so convenient to purchase an estate, as to obtain a confiscation of it to the Crown, and a grant for nothing of the confiscated lands; but if the appearance even of justice is to be preserved in the transaction, no other method of transfer can possibly be adopted; and if it be not, no estate in the kingdom, from the Crown downwards, is held by any other than a precarious tenure.

While we are now writing, the die is probably cast; the Rubicon is passed; an unprecedented step is about to be adopted, by a violent exertion of the prerogative of the Crown; the means of effectual deliberation is taken away from one branch of the Legislature, and a precedent established, which leaves the liberties of England at the mercy of the Commons and the Throne.

When this measure is to be made public, we know not; we speak of the step pressed upon Government by the Reformers, and which, it is to be feared, they are noways unwilling to adopt.

In approaching this terrible subject, where strong expressions must be used, if justice is done to the cause of freedom and the constitution, it is our earnest desire to avoid any thing which is either inflammatory to the passions, or hurtful to the feelings. We have no cause of discord with the Administration, excepting as subjects of the realm, and interested in the preservation of our common country; we say nothing of them personally, and confine ourselves to those public measures which affect every subject, and are the property of the annalist and the historian. We address ourselves to the Conservative Party—to men who venerate the constitution, and are attached to the cause of order—who know the distinction between fearless discussion addressed to the understanding, and inflammatory topics calculated for the passions—who feel that their only chance of salvation is by a strict adherence to the constitutional means of resistance—and that the adoption of violent stretches on one side, is only a reason why they should be avoided on the other. We shall point out the true character of the measure which has been adopted, and the only means of averting its disastrous consequences which still remain to the country.

The Crown, it is said, possesses the prerogative of creating Peers, and therefore the exercise of this right cannot be objected to, if vindicated by sufficient reasons of state necessity. There can be no doubt that the Executive has the *power* to create an hundred Peers at a time, just as it has the power of ordering a file of an hundred grenadiers to march into the Chapel of St Stephen's, or the House of Lords, and expel both branches of the Legislature. But the question is, whether the exercise of this power is constitutional; whether it is vindicated by any precedent, supported by any analogy, justified by any expedience?

The only example of a similar stretch, is the creation of twelve Peers at one time by Queen Anne. This was done upon occasion of the fall of the Duke of Marlborough, to secure a majority against that illustrious general in the Upper House.\* Such is national gratitude! The only occasions on which this stretch has been attempted in English history, have been to secure the overthrow of the two greatest benefactors of their country;—of that illustrious commander who shed the radiance of glory over the commencement of the eighteenth century, and that unconquered hero, who crowned with immortal renown the opening of the nineteenth century—of the victor of Louis XIV. and the conqueror of Napoleon!

During the most arbitrary and despotic reigns of English history, no such stretch of the prerogative was ever attempted. The proud Elizabeth, notwithstanding her high ideas of the royal prerogative, never made any such attempt; and six Earls and eight Barons were all that she created during a reign of more than usual glory of eight-and-forty years. It was unknown during the reigns of the Edwards and the Henrys, the Tudors and the Plantagenets, and never attempted, even when Ministers were most pressed, under the House of Hanover. When Mr Fox, Mr Burke, and Lord North, in 1784, had carried the India Bill through the Commons, and had reason to anticipate defeat and ruin in the House of Lords, they never thought of such an invasion of the deliberative powers of that Assembly. The haughty coalition, notwithstanding its uniting all the most powerful parties in the state, resigned the helm rather than do what Earl Grey is urged to do. The Duke of Wellington did not create a single Peer, when he had reason to anticipate a defeat on the Catholic Question in the House of Lords. It was reserved for a Whig party, the vehement declaimers in favour of popular rights, to urge the Crown to the adoption of a measure unparalleled, save in a single instance, in English history; to adopt and enlarge upon that measure of their political oppo-

nents, on which they had uniformly thrown the most deserved odium; and after having, for above a century, concurred with the voice of history, in condemning the creation of twelve Peers in the close of the reign of Queen Anne, to endeavour to signalize the commencement of that of William by the creation of Thirty!

This measure has always been stigmatized as the most arbitrary stretch of power since the Revolution. On 24th June, 1717, it formed an article of *impeachment* against Robert, Earl of Oxford, the leader of Queen Anne's Tory Ministry, by the Whig party; and the following is the charge in the impeachment:—"In order to obtain such farther resolutions of that House of Parliament, on the important subject of the negotiations of peace, as might shelter and promote his secret and unwarrantable proceedings, together with other false and evil counsellors, did advise her Majesty to *make and create twelve Peers of this realm and Lords of Parliament*; and, pursuant to his destructive counsels, letters patent did forthwith pass and writs issued, whereby twelve Peers were made and created; and did likewise advise her Majesty immediately to call and summon them to Parliament, which being done accordingly, they took their seats in the House of Lords, on or about the 2d of January, 1711, to which day the House then stood adjourned; whereby the said Robert Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer did most highly abuse the influence he then had with her Majesty, and prevailed on her to exercise, *in the most unprecedented and dangerous manner*, that valuable and undoubted prerogative, which the wisdom of the laws and constitution of this kingdom hath intrusted with the Crown, for the rewarding of signal virtue and distinguished merit. By which *desperate advice*, he did not only, as far as in him lay, deprive her Majesty of the continuance of those seasonable and wholesome counsels in that critical juncture, but *wickedly perverted the true and only end of that great and useful prerogative*, to the dishonour of the Crown, and *the irreparable mischief* to the constitution of Parliament."

The Whigs, in 1717, deemed a Tory Minister worthy of impeach-

ment, and actually brought him to trial in the House of Lords, for creating *twelve* Peers to carry a particular measure—of what would they deem those worthy who should, for a similar purpose, create *Thirty*?

It is said that they had no alternative; that the Reform Question could not be permitted to remain longer in dependence; that all the interests of the country were suffering under the effects of the agitation which it produced; that the Peers could not be allowed to remain permanently at variance with the nation; and that it is better that their independence should be destroyed by the sword of the prerogative, than overturned by the violence of the people. If this reasoning were well founded, it would afford no vindication whatever of their conduct, but merely shift the censure upon another part of it. For who occasioned the violence, or roused the passions, which they now represent as irresistible? Who placed this Question upon a different footing from any other that ever was agitated in English history, and created the necessity of yielding to the mob, by appealing to their passions? Who, when the country was agitated by democratic passions, joined the populace for the sake of preserving their power, instead of uniting with their opponents for the sake of saving their country? Who forgot the noble saying of Sheridan, when the nation was on the verge of destruction from the mutiny at the Nore, and he left Mr Fox to save his country—"Concede to the mutineers? Never—for that would destroy in a moment three centuries of glory!" Who dissolved Parliament at a moment of the highest excitement, and roused the people to madness by the goading of a furious press, and forced on the elections under such circumstances as rendered the House of Commons the mirror of fleeting passion, instead of permanent opinion? Who brought forward a measure of Reform so violent, so sweeping, that it far exceeded the hopes of the Radicals themselves, and excited a ferment in the democratic party, great in proportion to the unexpected and unlooked for gift of power which was tendered to their grasp? Who brought a measure into the Legislature, which they had no hope, on

their own admission, of carrying in Parliament, but which they trusted to force upon a reluctant Legislature, by the vehemence of popular passion? Who have adopted measures which, however intended, have converted a prosperous and happy realm into a scene of discord, and the theatre of fury; have stained its cities with blood, and lighted its plains with conflagration? If the persons who have done these things now find themselves overborne by necessity; if they feel they cannot check the current they have urged into a torrent, on whom does the responsibility of such a tremendous state of things rest, but on those who embarked on the stream of innovation?

In truth, this alleged necessity which is put forth by the Reformers as the excuse for so unprecedented a stretch of power, if it really does exist, and is not a necessity merely for keeping themselves in power, is but another instance of the truth which we have frequently impressed upon our readers, and which the slightest acquaintance with the history of revolution must have rendered familiar to every scholar, that it is only the first movements and early stages of the democratic torrent which are under the control of those who put it in motion; and that after it is set agoing, they are speedily impelled onwards by a force which they feel to be irresistible. This it is which renders the rousing of democratic passion so tremendously dangerous, and affixes such deserved execration upon the names of all those in former ages, who have, for their own selfish purposes, made use of that terrific engine. The agitation, distress, and anxiety, which it produces, is so terrible, that society cannot endure it, and, to put an end to suspense, the Executive is impelled to measures which, at the commencement of the movement, all men would have recoiled from with horror.—

*Quod prius fit voluntatis, postea fit necessitatis.* The plea of necessity is never wanting in such cases; the desperate step which is utterly subversive of freedom, is represented as a measure, deplorable, indeed, but unavoidable; and, to extinguish the

effects of former popular concessions, still stronger and more vehement, revolutionary measures are felt to be necessary. It was thus that Louis XVI., after he had adopted the fatal measure of convoking the States-General, and doubling the representatives of the Tiers Etat, found himself compelled to enjoin his faithful nobles to yield to the torrent, and join with the deputies of the Commons in one assembly; a measure which, by giving a numerical superiority to the popular party, directly led to all the horrors of the Revolution. All the most violent revolutionary measures, the confiscation of the property of the Church, the execution of the King, the issuing of assignats bearing a forced circulation, the Reign of Terror, the fixing a maximum on the price of provisions, the forced requisitions from the farmers, the confiscation of two-thirds of the national debt, were justified on the plea of necessity; it was uniformly said that matters had come to that pass, that they could not go on unless the new measure was adopted. Cromwell was not without a similar excuse when he dissolved the Long Parliament. "He first addressed himself," says Hume, "to his friend St John, and told him that he had come with the intention of doing what grieved him to the very soul, and what he had earnestly besought the Lord, with tears, not to impose upon him; but there was a necessity, in order to the glory of God, and the good of the nation. It is you," added he, addressing himself to the House, "that have forced me upon this; I have besought the Lord night and day, that he would slay me rather than put me upon this work."\*

If, therefore, there was a necessity for this despotic act, it is a necessity of the Ministers' own creation. They have voluntarily embarked on this St Lawrence, and they must answer to God and man if they send the vessel of the state to its Niagara.

But before the plea of necessity is admitted for destroying the constitution, let it be considered whether Ministers have done every thing which they could to avert so direful a catastrophe? Have they united with the Conservative Party, as Mr

Sheridan so nobly did with Mr Pitt at the mutiny at the Nore? Have they called forth the strength of the country to resist the danger? Have they exerted the might of the Executive to restrain the turbulence of the people? Have they done all that men could do, charged with so sacred a trust as the preservation of the noblest monument of social wisdom and prosperity which the world has ever seen?—Have they not, on the contrary, done the very reverse of these things? Have they not done every thing in their power to beat down and ruin the Conservative Party? Has not the press, which they honour with their communications and their confidence, stimulated the ruffian mobs to plaster the friends of the constitution with mud; to strike at their faces; to strike them down with brickbats; to duck them in horseponds? Has not under their rule the reign of terror been so general, that the expression of opinion, in opposition to the multitude, required every where more than ordinary courage? Have they not roused and got up petitions in every part of the country, calling upon the King to swamp the Upper House by a great creation of Peers? And how, after having *not done* any thing whatever to avert the calamity, but on the contrary *done* every thing to produce it, can they now be permitted to shelter themselves under the plea of that necessity which originated in their measures, and has been strengthened by such indefatigable efforts of their emissaries?

"The proper use and design of the House of Lords," says Paley, "are these—first, to enable the King, by his right of bestowing the peerage, to reward the servants of the public in a manner most grateful to them, and at a small expense to the nation; secondly, to fortify the power, and to secure the stability, of regal government, by an order of men naturally allied to its interests; and, thirdly, to answer a purpose, which, though of superior importance to the other two, does not occur so readily to our observation; namely, to stem the progress of popular fury. Large bodies of men are subject to sudden frenzies. Opinions are sometimes circulated amongst a multitude without proof

or examination, acquiring confidence and reputation merely by being repeated from one to another; and passions founded upon these opinions, diffusing themselves with a rapidity that can neither be accounted for nor resisted, may agitate a country with the most violent commotions. Now, the only way to stop the fermentation, is to divide the mass; that is, to erect different orders in the community, with separate prejudices and interests. And this may occasionally become the use of an hereditary nobility invested with a share of legislation. Averse to the prejudices which actuate the minds of the vulgar; accustomed to condemn the clamour of the populace; disdaining to receive laws and opinions from their inferiors in rank, they will oppose resolutions which are founded in the folly and violence of the lower part of the community. Was the voice of the people always dictated by reflection; did every man, or even one man in a hundred, think for himself, or actually consider the measure he was about to approve or censure; or even were the common people tolerably steadfast in the judgment which they formed, I should hold the interference of a superior order not only superfluous, but wrong; for when every thing is allowed to difference of rank and education, which the actual state of these advantages deserves, that, after all, is most likely to be right and expedient, which appears to be so to the separate judgment and decision of a great majority of the nation; at least that, in general, is right *for them*, which is agreeable to their fixed opinions and desires. But when we observe what is urged as the public opinion, to be, in truth, the opinion only, or perhaps the feigned professions, of a few crafty leaders; that the numbers who join in the cry serve only to swell and multiply the sound, without any accession of judgment, or exercise of understanding; and that oftentimes the wisest counsels have been thus overborne by tumult and uproar;—we may conceive occasions to arise, in which the commonwealth may be saved by the reluctance of the nobility to adopt the caprices, or to yield to the vehemence of the common people. In expecting this advantage



from an order of nobles, we do not suppose the nobility to be more unprejudiced than others; we only suppose that their prejudices will be different from, and may occasionally counteract, those of others.”\*

“By the *balance of interest* which accompanies and gives efficacy to the *balance of power*, is meant this;—that the respective interests of the three estates of the empire are so disposed and adjusted, that whichever of the three shall attempt any encroachment, the other two will unite in resisting it. If the King should endeavour to extend his authority, by contracting the power and privileges of the Commons, the House of Lords would see their own dignity endangered by every advance which the crown made to independency upon the resolutions of Parliament. The admission of arbitrary power is no less formidable to the grandeur of the aristocracy, than it is fatal to the liberty of the republic; that is, it would reduce the nobility from the hereditary share they possess in the national councils, in which their real greatness consists, to the being made a part of the empty pageantry of a despotic court. On the other hand, if the House of Commons should intrench upon the distinct province, or usurp the established prerogative of the Crown, the House of Lords would receive an instant alarm from every new stretch of popular power.”†

It is needless, and it would be painful, to dwell on the unparalleled combination of circumstances which has at this time inverted the order here described, and brought the Crown, instead of being united with the Lords against the Commons, into the condition of being united with the Commons against the Lords. But these observations of this eminent sage demonstrate the importance of the Peers as a separate and independent estate in the realm, and enable us to appreciate the tendency of those measures, which, by destroying their power of effectual deliberation, prepare the way, at no distant period, for their formal abolition.

The House of Peers, in every age,

have been the foremost and truest friends of rational freedom. It is to them we owe Magna Charta, the emancipation of England from Papal usurpation in the time of Henry II., and the Revolution against Catholic tyranny in 1688. They took the lead in the national movement which precipitated James from the throne; and their firmness saved the liberties of England from being sacrificed at the shrine of Eastern ambition in 1784. They have never been insulted, humiliated, or weakened, but what the most grinding oppression on the throne, and the most abject submission in the nation, immediately followed. The ancient nobility of England were almost annihilated by mutual slaughter during the wars of the Roses, and the tyranny of Henry VIII. was the consequence; a reign, says Hume, in which 72,000 persons suffered by the hands of the public executioner, and a greater degree of tyranny was exercised both over the consciences, the persons, and the properties of men, than in any similar era since the reign of Nero. The Lords were abolished by the Long Parliament, and that energetic assembly soon shared the fate it had inflicted on its rival; but the liberties of the people did not long survive the shock: they were first crushed beneath the sword of Cromwell, and then lost amidst the corruptions of the Restoration.

The reason why public freedom in an old state cannot subsist for any time after the degradation of the hereditary nobility is, that the Crown and the democracy, having destroyed the power which overawed and separated them, are brought into immediate and fierce collision, and in that struggle liberty has no chance whatever of being ultimately preserved. If the monarch is victorious, either by the force of arms or the influence of corruption, a despotism is immediately established. If the people become omnipotent, the transition is equally certain, though by a more painful and agonizing passage, to absolute power. Democracy, unrestrained by aristocracy, never yet subsisted for any length of time in any old state upon earth; the evils

\* Paley, II. 216; † Ibid. 214, 215.

it induces are so excessive, the suffering which flows from it is so dreadful, that mankind soon become weary of their contentions, and willingly submit to any usurper who promises, by concentrating power in a single hand, to save them from "the worst of tyrannies, the tyranny of a multitude of tyrants." \*

But what is the stroke which is now levelled by the reforming party at the independence and the privileges of this estate, so vital to the breath of public freedom? If they had marched, like Napoleon, a company of grenadiers into the Hall of the Ancients; or, like Cromwell, with rude contumely, turned the Commons out of their seats, history would have known in what terms to designate their conduct. They do not propose to do so; they pursue a more peaceable and covert course; but in what respect does its result differ from an open destruction of their order? They have not marched in thirty grenadiers with fixed bayonets; but they are urged to march in thirty Peers with fixed votes, which must overwhelm the decision of that assembly just as effectually as the rougher hands of warlike assailants. It is quite evident that the third estate of the realm will by such a measure be completely prostrated by the two others, and the balance of the constitution irrevocably destroyed, by the union of the Crown with the power it was destined to repress.

It is in vain to say that the constitutional remedy for obstinacy in the Upper House is a new creation of Peers. If so, where are the precedents on which the consuetudinary practice is founded? With the exception of the solitary act of Queen Anne, no creation of Peers to carry a particular question ever took place since the union of the Heptarchy. That is the important point. The Reformers, with their usual historical inaccuracy, argue that a great number of Peers have been created since 1763 by the Tory party, and therefore that they are justified in this creation, to force through this particular measure. They might as well pretend, that, because there is

nothing wrong in troops exercising with fixed bayonets in Hyde Park, therefore there can be no objection to their marching with fixed bayonets into the chapel of St Stephen's: or, because it is lawful to discharge a loaded pistol in an open field, therefore it is noways blamable to fire it off at the breast of a human being. The error does not lie in the exercise of the power, but in its exercise for that particular purpose; not in discharging the gun, but in discharging it at a living creature.

Mr Pitt never created a *single Peer* to carry through a particular measure; his creations were merely general, to reward the merit of illustrious individuals, or elevate persons of great property to their proper rank in the state. If these individuals were numerous, it was because, under the administration of the Conservative party, great actions were common abroad, noble characters were frequent at home, and extensive wealth often rewarded the protected exertions of industry. What a contrast do these creations afford to those proposed in the present time, made, not to reward naval or military glory; not to illustrate civil distinction; not to ennoble commercial greatness; but to overwhelm free discussion, to extinguish independent thought, to reward democratic ambition! The old Barons of England won their coronets in the embattled field; their titles date from Cressy and Poitiers, from Falkirk and Azincour: the more modern Peers draw their descent from equally glorious deeds,—from the field of Blenheim, the fight of Camperdown, the glories of the Nile, the flag of Trafalgar, the rout of Vittoria, the conquest of Waterloo. In civil greatness, equally honourable have been the fountains of the Conservative nobility; the administration of Chatham, the wisdom of Loughborough, the eloquence of Mansfield, the vigour of Hardwicke, the learning of Eldon, the power of Thurlow, the energy of Grenville. Who envies the really illustrious of the Whig party a similar elevation? Who would grudge Baron Brougham and Vaux his coronet; or any of the

other Whig leaders their titles for national services which will survive themselves? But what a contrast to these glorious titles do the creations now proposed afford? Done not to reward merit, not to illustrate distinction, not to perpetuate honour; but to enable a particular party to remain in power, at the expense of the constitution—to sink the illustrious House, of which they are the youngest members, and form, not the ensigns of past glory, but the harbinger of future disaster!

The enormous number of "Peers whom the present Administration have created since they came into power, is another most serious consideration. If to the former creation of twenty-five we add thirty now proposed to be added, we shall have fifty-five peers created in *thirteen months*, all avowedly to carry a particular question. The Conservative party have been in power, with two short intermissions, from 1763 to 1830, or sixty-seven years. If they had created as many Peers annually as the present Ministers have done, and are said to be about to do, the Upper House would now have consisted of above four thousand members! In other words, that single branch of the Legislature would have engrossed all the persons of wealth, consideration, or respectability in the country, leaving none to the House of Commons but furious demagogues, or energetic popular leaders: the very circumstance which Lord Brougham has so well shewn was the cause of the precipitate and fatal career of the French Constituent Assembly.\*

Nor does it in the least alter the character of the measure, that a large proportion of the new Peers, it is said, will be the eldest sons of existing Barons, who will, in the course of nature, at all events, succeed to the Upper House. That may be an important point to the Peers themselves, who naturally feel desirous that their order should not be degraded by the introduction of improper members. But to the country at large, this consideration, though by no means unimportant, is not the most serious matter. The great wound which the

constitution has received; is that which arises from the decision of one branch of the Legislature being *overturned by the Royal prerogative*; in other words, the establishment of a precedent, which at any time enables the Executive, by whomsoever wielded, to break down the opposition of one of the constituent branches of the Legislature. From that wound, fatal to public freedom, the constitution never can recover, and it is called for by the friends of the people!

"Whenever, during the Revolution," says Chateaubriand, "an act of *injustice* was to be done, it was urged forward with breathless haste, and *necessity* was alleged for its adoption; whenever an act of *justice* was to be performed, it was said that delay was expedient." How exactly similar is the revolutionary career in all ages and countries! Where is the necessity for advancing so rapidly? Did not the Catholic Bill pass the Peers from the alleged force of reason at last, though for long it was rejected? Is the cause of Reform so utterly untenable that it won't bear an argument, and must dwindle away and perish, if it is long considered? Is the maxim, *magna est veritas et prævalebit*, universally applicable save to the Reform Bill? The truth cannot be eluded; it is pressed by this violent stretch of the Executive, because its authors know the universal application of this maxim, and feel that, if not now forced upon the country, it inevitably will awaken to its real tendency.

The constitution has subsisted so long, and general liberty has been so admirably preserved under it, because, as Paley has observed, in the passage quoted above, the Crown has, in all serious contests with the popular party, taken part with the Upper House; and how great soever the democratic spirit of the Commons has occasionally been, it was effectually coerced by the united weight of the Barons and the Executive; in other words, by the ruling power and the great properties of the state. If a creation of Peers be adopted, it will be mortally wounded, because a coalition against its existence has ta-

ken place, of a kind which never has been anticipated, and for which, accordingly, the constitution has made no provision, viz. the coalition of the Executive with the democratic party. It was obvious to every capacity, that if such a combination of powers took place, it would be extremely doubtful whether the aristocracy could maintain their ground against it; because the Crown, wielding the military and naval force of the realm, and possessing the unlimited power of creating Peers, and the Commons having the sole command of the public purse, stood opposed merely to an assembly of dignified and opulent landed proprietors. But such an alliance was deemed impossible by all the sages and philosophers of the last age, because it was directly contrary to the interests and existence of the contracting parties; and, therefore, they never contemplated any peril to the constitution from that quarter. It was reserved for the modern Reformers to realize what Montesquieu, De Lolme, and Blackstone deemed impossible; and to pierce the constitution to the heart by a blow, so reckless and perilous, that it never was thought possible that men could be found to strike it.

England, to all appearance, is about to enter upon the career of degrading the Peerage, and destroying its independence as a branch of the Legislature; and is there no example of what such a course leads to? Does no voice issue from the sepulchral vaults of a neighbouring kingdom, to warn us of the measure which proved fatal to their institutions? Alas! the hand of God seems to press upon our country; darkness, thick as midnight, darkness "that may be felt," to blind our people; the examples not merely of history, but of the present moment, are lost upon our rulers! At the very moment that the Crown of England is violently urged to embark on this perilous stream, the Crown of France is tottering on the head of him who wears it; while the new patents for the creation of English Peers are making out on one side of the Channel, the hereditary nobility is extinguished on the other. What has led to this overthrow of the French constitution—to this departure from

all the principles of European civilisation—to this demolition of the bulwark of modern freedom, and near approach of the greatest civilized monarchy to the barbarism and the anarchy of Turkish despotism? The fatal union of the Crown and the populace; the ruinous precipitance, forty years ago, of a reforming Administration; the placing the Executive at the head of the revolutionary movement; the repeated overwhelming of independent deliberations by the creation of Peers to carry particular questions, and the erection of a revolutionary throne on the foundation of the barricades. Sixty Peers were created at one time by Decazé to force an obnoxious measure through the Upper House; they were arbitrarily deprived of their seats by the first act of the Citizen King; thirty more were created to ensure the passing of the self-denying ordinance, and the next measure is the formal abolition of the hereditary Peerage by the Peers themselves!

It is impossible it can be otherwise. When the Assembly of Nobles is held forth to the country as unworthy of effective deliberation; when their resolutions the most solemn, their deliberations the most wise, their measures the most unanimous, are set aside by a simple stretch of the Royal prerogative, it is impossible that they can be regarded either with respect or attachment by the country. The friends of order must cease to regard them as any effective barrier against the encroachments of revolution; the supporters of innovation cannot apprehend any effective resistance from a body, whom, on a previous occasion, they have discovered so easy a method of defeating. By both the great parties into which society in all the states of Europe is now divided, the influence of the nobility must be regarded as equally extinguished; and how, after such a fall in public estimation, is their order and their rank to be preserved from destruction? Without inspiring confidence in the one party, without awakening fear in the other, they may drag on for a few years a precarious existence; but their dignity, their usefulness, is at an end, and their importance must be so much diminished, that their

ultimate destruction will be neither the subject of congratulation to the one, nor regret to the other.

The whole efforts of the Revolutionary Party will now be directed to one object, to seize possession of, and retain in their grasp, the Executive power. By so doing they occupy a position which commands the Conservative Party in rear, and enables them to assail the friends of the constitution in a quarter in which they have no defence, because no attack was apprehended. Create new Peers,—create new Peers, will be the cry raised on every occasion, on which any resistance to the advances of that most insatiable of all passions, democratic ambition, is apprehended; and the Upper House, how anxious soever to discharge their duty to their country, finding themselves paralysed by such an exertion of the Royal prerogative, must necessarily cease to oppose any serious resistance to the demands of the people. Thus, if the democratic party can only succeed in getting their favourite leaders installed in administration, there is no limit to the Revolutionary measures which they may force upon the country, or the degradation which they may impose upon the Crown. And accordingly, in France, after the House of Peers ceased to be a separate branch of the Legislature, by being united with the *Tiers Etat* in the Constitutional Assembly, the Revolution, leaving none to the House of Commons but furious demagogues or energetic nonpareils, the Revolutionary Party speedily got the direction of the Executive, and the most fatal blows at public institutions were levelled by them with the sword of the Executive. The first measure of the French upon emerging from the Revolutionary furnace, in 1795, was to revive a separate House, under the title of the Ancients; their next to restore the Peers to a separate share in the Legislature under Napoleon; so bitterly had the disastrous effects of their abolition been experienced. The first great measure of the Revolutionary Party, in 1831, when replaced at the head of affairs, has been to destroy the dignity of the Peerage, by adding to their number for a specific purpose; their next to complete their destruc-

tion. And it is with these events passing before their eyes, that the Ministers of the Crown, the sworn guardians of the realm, are urged to the insane course of destroying the independence of the Peerage, by forcing them, by new creations, to adopt a highly democratic measure. *Quam parva sapientia regitur mundus!*

Hitherto the effects of this vast creation have been considered as they affect the Lords; but the consequences of the measures are, if possible, likely to be still more disastrous upon the House of Commons.

It is stated by Hume, that at the time when the civil wars began with Charles I., the landed property in the possession of the House of Commons amounted to *three times* that belonging to the Peers.\* The relative proportion between the wealth of the two Houses has since completely changed, chiefly in consequence of the large number of commoners who have been advanced to the Peerage during the last seventy years. The violence of the reform tempest may be in some degree ascribed to that cause; because the House of Commons has gradually fallen into inferior hands in respect of property, and the check on the democratic principle which arises from the chance of losing vast possessions, was proportionally diminished in the most influential branch of the Legislature. Few great landed proprietors are now to be found in the House of Commons; and on no former occasion was their number so materially diminished as at the Reform Election.

But the recent unexampled creation has augmented tenfold an evil, which, of itself, was already becoming sufficiently formidable. The rich commoners, or at least the rich landed commoners, are almost exhausted by the enormous addition to the Peerage made or proposed in the space of twelve months. The consequences of this change must be to the last degree prejudicial to the tranquillity and great interests of the country. Lord Brougham has clearly pointed them out, as we shewed in

#### 4. Creation of Peers.

a former number, in his *Observations on the French Constituent Assembly*.\* It is to the want of what he calls a "National Aristocracy," of an assemblage of the most opulent and eminent among the landed proprietors of France, in the deputies elected to the States-General, that he ascribes the fatal career of passion and innovation into which they plunged;† and if any thing were wanting to prove the justice of his arguments, it has been furnished by the consequences of his own conduct.

What must be the inevitable result of the popular branch of the Legislature, in an age of violent revolutionary excitement, being gradually weeded of all its opulent and influential members, is sufficiently obvious. The control of the public purse will fall into hands which have no private purse to steady their operations; the great properties be represented in an assembly which has no control over the financial measures of the country. Adventurers, democrats, demagogues; men of daring audacity, unceasing energy, reckless ambition, may be expected to rise to the head of affairs, supported by popular agitation, and the influence of a democratic representative assembly. The bankrupts in fortune, the blasted in character, the ruined in prospects, will take to patriotism, "the last refuge," as Johnson observed, "of scoundrels,"—while the persons really interested in the country, by the possession of fortunes permanently vested in it, will be compelled to "sit on a hill retired," and await in impotent silence the approach of the surge, which they have by this fatal act been deprived of the means of resisting.

The French Chambers exhibit in the clearest manner what may be anticipated from this deterioration of the House of Commons, arising from the undue elevation of Peers to the Upper House. For ten years past, several great creations of Peers have taken place to carry particular measures, and the result has been the formation of a Chamber of Deputies, so outrageous, so ridiculous, as to be incapable of exercising any of the

useful functions of legislators. A scene of indescribable confusion lately took place; a sitting was broken up in uproar, because Count Montalivet called the French the *subjects of the King*! So deplorably tenacious are democratic assemblies of any thing which touches, however remotely, on their own authority. But in useful legislation, in projects of real utility, we look in vain to their proceedings for any satisfactory intelligence. They appear to be entirely occupied with alienating the Crown property, to discharge the expenses created by their democratic establishments. It is the same with the House of Commons; its useful labours have diminished just in proportion as its democratic spirit has increased. The last year has been an *annus non*, an absolute blank in useful legislation or practical improvement. This tendency may be expected to increase with the additional infusion of popular ambition from the Reform Bill; and most certainly nothing will contribute so much to augment it as the large abstraction of influential proprietors, now so strongly recommended, for the Upper House.

What all who love their country have to do now in the Peerage, is perfectly clear. Great as is the peril of the Reform Bill, the peril arising from this swamping of the House of Peers is still greater. At all hazards they should strive to remove the present Ministers from their situations. This they can easily do, and do without agitating the country as to Reform. Let them throw out the Bill, not on its own merits, but because it was sought to be carried by such means. Let them pledge themselves at the same time to entertain a project of Reform founded on rational principles, and boldly address the Crown to remove the Administration. This is the true way to meet the danger. "In politics, as in war," says Napoleon, "he who takes the lead is generally sure of success." The question now is not what degree of Reform shall be carried; great as that question is, it is merged in one still greater, viz. Whether there shall be an independent branch of the Legis-

\* Dec. 1831.

† Edin. Review, vol. vi. Rev. of Bailly.

lature separate from the Commons; in other words, whether the Crown is to be made the mere mouthpiece and weapon of the democratic party, and the flood of revolution is to overwhelm the country which has recently deluged the neighbouring kingdom?

The reforming Administration have been now above a year in power, and the following financial return exhibits the progressive fall in the Revenue, from the political agitation which they have introduced into the country.

The first table exhibits the progressive decline in the Revenue during the four quarters of the last year of the Wellington Administration; a year during the two last quarters of which the reduction in the beer duty, which produced £3,000,000 sterling, came into operation.

#### WELLINGTON ADMINISTRATION.

	<i>Decrease.</i>
Year ending 5th April, 1830.	£864,000
"    5th July, . . .	690,000
"    10th Oct. . . .	948,000
"    5th Jan. 1831.	640,000

The next table exhibits the progressive decline of the Revenue during the four quarters of the Grey Administration; in the latter quarters of which their reduction of taxation, estimated in all at £2,600,000, came into operation.

#### GREY ADMINISTRATION.

Year ending 5th April, 1831.	£1,134,000
"    5th July, . . .	1,656,000
"    10th Oct. . . .	3,072,000
"    5th Jan. 1832.	3,984,000

Thus, while the year ending with the concluding quarter of the Tory Administration, though embracing a remission of £3,000,000 of revenue,

exhibits only a deficiency of £640,000; the first complete year of Whig government, though embracing only a reduction of taxation to the amount of £2,600,000, exhibits a deficiency of almost *four millions*. In other words, supposing the reduction of taxation by the two governments had been equal, the loss of revenue arising from the Whig measures was nearly *three millions and a half*!

The Duke of Wellington left Earl Grey a real sinking fund of £2,900,000 a-year. Where is that fund now? Gone to the vault of all the Capulets. The succeeding Administration pared so closely, that in their anxiety for popularity, they left no surplus revenue to the country; in other words, they annihilated the *real sinking fund* which their predecessors left them. And now what is the result of their government? A deficiency of four millions! The wisdom of the Duke of Wellington's administration so *compensated*, by the rise of other branches of the revenue, the reduction of the beer duty, that a remission of £3,000,000 produced only a deficiency in the concluding year of his administration of £640,000. The folly of Earl Grey's administration so *aggravated*, by the fall in all other departments, the remission of £2,600,000 of taxes on coals, candles, and calicoes, that it *augmented* the deficiency to four millions in the first year of his government.

If the details of this enormous deficit be looked into, they are still more instructive. Every department exhibits a deficiency except the Post Office, the rise in which arose from the suspension of franking and general bustle consequent on the general election. The following are the items:

	1831.	1832.	<i>Increase.</i>	<i>Decrease.</i>
Customs . . .	£16,343,000	£15,336,000		£1,007,000
Excise . . .	16,895,000	14,330,000		2,564,000
Stamps . . .	6,605,000	6,500,900		104,000
Post Office . .	1,358,000	1,391,000	£32,000	
Taxes . . .	5,013,000	4,864,000		149,000
Miscellaneous	601,000	409,000		191,000
	<u>£46,815,000</u>	<u>£42,830,000</u>	<u>£32,000</u>	<u>£4,015,000</u>

It was formerly reckoned that a general election, by the expenditure it occasioned, raised the revenue a million sterling. What must have been the conduct of the Administra-

tion, which, in spite of that advantage, caused it to decline four! The Excise fell off £2,500,000, a clear proof how much the insanity of democratic ambition is beginning to

## A Creation of Poets.

press on the comforts and consumption of the poor.

All this, the Reformers say, is truly owing to agitation; but the agitation rests with the Conservative party who resisted Reform, and no such calamity would have ensued if they had quietly submitted to the change. This is like a husband, who, one morning, found his wife with the

sheets round his throat, and the process of strangulation commencing. Having struggled to save his life, she immediately exclaimed, "Lie quiet, it will soon be over." If any man supposes that agitation is to cease or diminish, or do any thing but greatly increase, with the passing of the Reform Bill, we would recommend the following facts to his consideration.

### 1. IRELAND, 1829.

Catholic Relief Bill passed—Universal tranquillity promised—Subsequent Government more lenient and indulgent to that party.

### 2. FRANCE, 1789.

Revenue ending July, 1789.—Last year of } £24,000,000.  
old Constitution,

### FRANCE, 1829.

Revenue of Charles X. }  
equalling his expenditure, } £40,000,000

### 3. BELGIUM, 1829.

Ships entering Antwerp, 1829.—Last }  
year of old regime, } 1031.  
Expenditure, 29,000,000 gilders.

In other words, *successful* Reform has brought Ireland to the brink of civil war; it reduced the revenue of France in one year *one-third*, in 1790, and compelled in peace a loan of £11,000,000, and an increase of revenue of £9,000,000 in 1830, and it lowered to nearly *a third* of its former amount the trade of the great emporium of Belgium. And yet we are seriously told that Reform, which, when resisted, has already cost the nation £4,000,000 in one year, is, when successful, to restore the revenue and revive the commerce of the state.

The deplorable effects of the misgovernment, or rather the cessation of all government, during the last year, is equally demonstrated in other departments. The Assizes have met, the Special Commissions have opened, and an universal and most lamentable increase of crime is every where conspicuous. The Scotch papers exhibit a train of murders, in that once moral and religious part of the empire, unparalleled in all its annals: the English jails are all overflowing with criminals, and the contests between poach-

### IRELAND, 1832.

Insurrection almost breaking out—Catholics in unprecedented state of exasperation—Public suffering unexampled.

### FRANCE, 1790.

Revenue ending July, 1790.—First year of } £16,000,000  
successful reform,

### FRANCE, 1830.

Expenditure, . . . £49,000,000  
Revenue, . . . 38,000,000  
Loan, and sale of crown }  
lands, } 11,000,000

### BELGIUM, 1830. 1831.

Ships entering Antwerp }  
two years after the glo- } 719 398  
rious Revolution,  
Expenditure of year, 41,000,000 gilders.

ers and gamekeepers have become so common and desperate, as to amount almost to a Chouan warfare. In Ireland, thirteen policemen have been murdered at once in the attempt to levy tithes; and a combination to oust the Protestant clergy, by resisting payment of tithes, is universal over a large part of the island. A general dissolution of all the bonds of authority, of all the restraints of power, of all the principles of morality, seems to have taken place. All this flows naturally and inevitably from the reckless measures of Government, and the inflammatory addresses of that portion of the press which they honour and support. When Ministers advise Bishops to put their houses in order, and the ministerial press indulges, month after month, and year after year, in exhortations to every species of outrage, in ceaseless vituperation of the order, and declamation against the wealth of the clergy, it is not surprising that their ruffian followers should imagine that the era of misrule has commenced, that anarchy is to be the order of the day,



and the coercion of law and religion speedily cease throughout the land.

The trial of the Bristol rioters, and the tragic act with which they have terminated, must open every man's eyes, whose heart is not steeled by democratic fury, to the enormous, the incalculable danger of the system of rousing the passions of the populace, which the reforming journals have so long and assiduously laboured to promote. The pretence will no longer do, that the rioters were mere thieves and robbers, who took advantage of the crowd on Sir Charles Wetherell's entrance to perpetrate violence. It is now proved that nine-tenths of them were men of sober, honest, and peaceable habits up to that time; but that they had been goaded on to a state little short of insanity by the declamations of the democratic press, and the exhortations to violence which for months had been ringing in their ears. To be convinced of this, we have only to recollect that the greater part even of the ringleaders were proved to be men of good character, and who engaged in acts of depredation and incendiarism then for the first time. If we would see by what arts this peaceable population has been roused to such acts of fury, we have only to recollect the words proved to have been uttered by Davis when the Bishop's palace was burning:—

“Down with the blasted Bishops: down with the Clergy: down with the Church: we shall in a month have down every church in England, and make roads of the ruins. This is the work we want: I could have foretold these twenty years it would come to this: I wish I could set fire to every church and jail in England: in six weeks there shall not be one standing.”\*

This is exactly what we always have asserted. The cause of reform, in the minds of the great mass of the popular supporters of that measure, is synonymous with a destruction of all the fetters of law and religion; an universal liberation of the passions from every physical or moral control. It is judicially proved that these were the ideas which rou-

sed the Bristol mobs; and when we consider the vast pains that have been taken to inspire them with these principles, it is not surprising that in one instance the train took fire.

The tragic fate of Colonel Brereton is a practical proof of the working of that system of submission to the mob, which all the Ministers, from the Premier, have, without one exception, inculcated. They have uniformly held out that the demand for reform could not be resisted, and that it must be conceded, not because it was in itself expedient, but because the people demanded it. With such principles incessantly promulgated in the highest quarters, it is not surprising that the head of an inferior functionary turned on the approach of danger. On the one hand, was the *old* system of repressing violence the moment it broke forth, and stemming the torrent of popular fury, as you would the letting out of waters; on the other, the *new* system of conceding every thing to the populace, trusting to their wisdom, justice, and good sense; and, above all things, avoiding the irritation of their feelings by any opposition to their wishes. The commander at Bristol, though a gallant officer in the field, conceived himself bound to adopt, in civil dissensions, the new system so strongly recommended from head-quarters; he yielded every thing to the populace, shook hands with the rioters, bowed to the majesty of the people, and sent the troops out of town, because they promised that if he did so, they would disperse and go home. The burning of the city was the immediate consequence. His better feelings returned when the crisis was over; and the nation has beheld with horror with what a relentless hand he punished himself for having adopted the ministerial system: but those who corresponded with radical meetings where resolutions to pay no taxes were passed, and declared to them that the whisper of a faction cannot prevail against the voice of the English people, of course cannot condemn a proceeding so exactly in unison with the tenor of their own political conduct.

\* Trial of Davis.

Ministers, according to Lord Blaney, urged the King in these perilous days to *disband his guards*. Reckless as they have shewn themselves to be, we can hardly credit this statement: but if it is true, it is exactly the system acted on at Bristol. Send the dragoons out of the burning city to conciliate the people; send the guards out of a burning kingdom for fear of offending them. The effects of this concession to the mob in the town speedily developed themselves: the effects of the corresponding concessions in a higher quarter promise to be not less fatal; with this difference, that it is not a city but a nation, which will be consumed.

Let the result be what it may, we can never be sufficiently thankful that the Conservative Party have had no hand in producing it. If the last hour of the British Constitution has struck, if the glories and the achievements of a thousand years are to be buried for ever, let us be thankful that the infamy of producing such a catastrophe rests on the Reformers,

and the Reformers alone. Their leaders have said, that fame is now their only object, that they look to the voice of history for a vindication of their motives. Let them not be afraid: History will do them justice. Their names will never be forgotten. The destroyers of such a fabric as the English Constitution are not likely to sink into oblivion. The future Tacitus, who is to paint the corruptions and the vices of the last days of the British empire; the unborn Gibbon, who is to portray its decline and fall, will consign their achievements, in just and merited terms, to futurity: he will contrast the splendid empire they received, with the distracted and falling state they have surrendered: the glories of their predecessors with the ruin and desolation which they occasioned: the immortal days of heroic renown with the strifes and the fury of revolutionary struggles: the long era of British freedom with the slavery and the corruption of a declining age.

LETTER FROM PROFESSOR DUNBAR AND MR E. H. BARKER,

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the last Number (V.) of the "Quarterly Journal of Education," there is an article written by a scholar evidently of considerable acquirements, which contains a review of the Greek and English Lexicon lately published by Professor Dunbar and Mr E. H. Barker, and a comparison between it and the second edition of Dr Donnegan's Lexicon. As there are several strictures in that review which we, the editors of the Lexicon, consider both partial and unfair, and as some of the author's opinions seem to us very questionable, we trust you will allow us, through the medium of your Journal, to state the views and principles we adopted when commencing the work, and to refute some of the charges that have been brought against us.

The author of the review has stated very correctly that Donnegan's Lexicon is based on that of Schneider, and that ours is founded on the second and improved edition of a translation of Schrevelius, publish-

ed at Boston, in the United States, in the year 1829. It may be asked why, since Donnegan's first edition was little more than a translation of Schneider's, we were not content with his Lexicon, but chose one for our basis of an inferior character? To this we reply, that we thought neither of these Lexicons well adapted to that class of students who stand most in need of an elementary Dictionary, as they exhibited very few of the tenses of verbs, not many of the varieties of dialect, and a very limited number of apposite quotations from the classic authors; and they also *left the quantities of doubtful vowels in syllables undetermined*. To these may be added, the entire omission of an *English and Greek Lexicon*. To supply in some measure these deficiencies, the second edition of the American Lexicon appeared to us the most suitable, as a groundwork on which we might raise a better structure. When, however, we came to examine it minutely, we found that a vast number of words had been omit-

ted, few references from approved authors had been recorded, many tenses of verbs and cases of nouns were needlessly repeated, and the etymological derivations of words were, in many places, observed to be erroneous. To remedy all these defects in the first edition of an improved work, appeared impossible, and we were, therefore, obliged to content ourselves with pruning redundancies, correcting errors, and introducing a vast quantity of new matter, supported by numerous references and authorities. That our Lexicon "does not exhibit any systematic development of the etymological forms of the Greek language," cannot be denied, for very obvious reasons, and chiefly, because such a development, even upon the plan suggested by the learned Reviewer, would have required a series of dissertations and proofs, entirely out of place in such a manual as we intended our Lexicon to be. That far more might have been done in this department, we will not dispute; but some of the errors and absurdities laid to our charge, are sins of omission, not of commission, as most of them are to be found in the American edition, which, however, we allow ought not to have been overlooked by us. Still, as they did not originate with us, we ought not to be considered as their immediate authors.

The author of the review has favoured his readers with some speculations respecting the roots of words, which, in general, appear to be sound enough, but which he is egregiously mistaken if he considers to be either new, or at all adapted to the formation of a Lexicon. They may be introduced with much propriety in lectures on the theory and structure of languages, and have been carried to a considerable extent by one of the editors, in his "Inquiry into the Structure and Affinity of the Greek and Latin Languages," &c.; a work with which the Reviewer seems to be wholly unacquainted. Suppose a lexicographer were to state, according to the opinion of the Reviewer, that *ἄστρον* was derived from *ἀστρον*, a point. It might naturally be asked, in what Greek author is *ἀστρον* to be found? The enquirer would, perhaps, be told, that it was so stated in a certain review, or a certain pamphlet, and that he will find it in the

Latin words, *acies*, *acus*, *acidus*, &c. It certainly appears to us that this is just going back to Dr Murray's fanciful system of deriving all Greek words from monosyllables, such as *Ag*, *Bag*, *Dwag*, &c., and is not much better than the old Hemsterhusian Duads. Let it not be supposed that we object to all the Reviewer's derivations, as some of them seem to be quite correct, *ἀκμαῖος*, *ἀκμαζω* from *ἀκμή*; but we are somewhat sceptical about that of *ἀντίωμα*, unless he can shew, from good authority, that the *ἰντερί* of old, made more use of the lancet than of *pharmacy*, and did not deserve the name which the Father of Poetry has bestowed upon them, of being *πολυφάρμακοι*.—*Il.* xvi. 28.

Τοὺς μὲν γὰρ ἰήτροι πολυφάρμακοι δαμψισίνονται,

"Ελπι' ἀκείμινον.

We have also very great doubts about the soundness of some of his other dogmas. "When we know," says he, "that a very large class of nouns are formed by adding the suffix *μν* to the stem, of what importance is it to drag the student through the tedious process of deducing this from a perfect passive in *μαι*?" For no other reason than to present something intelligible to his understanding, which the suffix *μν* never can do, unless the Reviewer should condescend to tell him something more about its nature and origin than that it is merely a suffix. But there are many suffixes besides *μν*, and others which the Reviewer has enumerated, added to monosyllabic words, such as *πράγ-μα*, *παι-σις*, *ποιη-της*, *πραγ-της*, *ποιη-μα*, *ποιη-σις*, *ποιη-της*, apparently formed from the perfect passive of *πράσσω* (*πράγω*) and *ποιέω*. What explanation does he give concerning these? From any thing that can be gathered from his lucubrations, he considers them as suffixes thrown at random to the end of monosyllabic roots, without any definite signification of their own. Classification of the same terminations is no doubt highly useful, and may, in many instances, facilitate the study of the language; but it is a mere mechanical operation, and gives little or no insight into the nature and meaning of the terminations themselves.

Having shewn what trifling information could be communicated to students by adopting the etymological process recommended by the

Reviewer, we shall now proceed to notice some particular derivations on which he has commented. In our Lexicon, and in Donnegan's also, *ἀρεος*, *bread*, is marked as a *primitive*. We agree with the Reviewer in thinking that it is not a primitive; but we must be allowed to assign it a different origin from what he has given to it. Donnegan says, "some take *ἀρεω*, better, perhaps, *Th. ἀρεω*. *With Damm*, to render compact." The Reviewer derives it from *ἀρε*, to *fit*. We cannot see any natural or necessary connexion between *ἀρεος*, *bread*, and *ἀρεω* or *ἀρε* as interpreted by these gentlemen. We rather imagine that *ἀρεος* is derived from the primitive verb *ἀρέω*, to *till* or *cultivate the ground*; hence *ἀρεος*, probably from *ἀρεος*, the *product*, or what springs from the cultivation of the ground; hence *food* in general, and then *bread*. We willingly surrender to him *πέρωρα*, as being none of our own; but to make its derivation intelligible, we want something more than Donnegan's *πέρω* and his suffix *ρα*. Of *ζερός*, we have said that "it seems to be derived from *ζέωσσω*, to eat." Donnegan, "Th. probably *ακτω* to *μορετός*, from *μόρος*, hence *mors*." The Reviewer, "There is no difficulty about preferring the latter explanation (derivation?) to the former, though Dr Donnegan's is not entirely free from objection as to the shape in which it is given."—"As we have the word *μορετός* in a fragment of Callimachus, we may have the word *μορετός*, or *ζερός*, the interchange of the *μ* and *ζ* being a very common occurrence." While we leave our readers to judge of the probability of this derivation, we shall proceed to adduce some arguments in support of our own, at the same time hinting to them, *how slippery a subject etymology is*. It will scarcely be disputed that the noun *ἀμβροσία*, the *food of the gods*, (by the use of which, says Schneider or Donnegan, *immortality was conferred*), and *ἀμβρόσιος*, are derived from the obsolete verb *ζέω*, the immediate parent of *ζέωσσω*, to eat. The *μ* in both has evidently been interposed to make the pronunciation more easy to the organs of the voice, and the sound more agreeable to the ear, as, originally, they must have been, according to the common analogy, *ἀζέωσσω* and *ἀζέωσιος*. In Il. v. 369,

we have *κατὰ γὰρ ἀμβρόσιον ἔδωκεν ἄνθρωποις*, and threw beside them food, not *vulgar* food, (such as was used on earth.) In Il. xiv. 78, we find *νῆξ ἀζέωτον*, the same as *ἀμβρότον*, as the latter adjective is found with the same noun in Odys. xi. 329. *Πρὶν γὰρ οὐ καὶ νῆξ φέειν ἀμβροτος*. Homer employs the adjective *ἀμβρόσιος* with *νῆξ*, with the very same signification: Il. ii. 57, *Ἀμβροσίην διὰ νύκτα*. We would now ask any candid enquirer, not wedded to a particular theory, whether any of these words can be related to such a fictitious monster as *μορετός*, or to a kind of nondescript as *μορετός*, and are not rather derived from the obsolete verb *ζέω*, the parent of *ζέωσσω*, according to a well-established analogy in the formation of verbs in *σσω* γ—*βλάξ*, and the *shad*, we shall give up to him to devour as he pleases, though we do not think that *βλάξ* has any connexion with the adjective *μαλακός*, passing, according to the Reviewer's usual theory of reduction, into *μαλακός* thence into *βλάξ*, says he, the transition is easy, as well as to the Latin *flac* in *flaccidus*. We can from this, surely, very easily account for the English word *black*, just as readily as those who derive *cucumber* from King Jeremiah. We also make him a present of the derivation of *ἐλπίσσω*, as not having been concocted by the "combined ingenuity of Messrs Dunbar and Barker," though we take some shame to ourselves for having allowed such an absurd derivation to have escaped our notice. The derivation also of *διωσσω* shall be given up, along with several others, which, we again repeat, did not originate with us, but which ought, undoubtedly, to have been omitted or corrected. We could furnish him with a tolerably extensive list, both from Schneider and Donnegan, to match those that he has pointed out in our Lexicon, though it does not appear to have been convenient for him to bring them before his readers; and we are also of opinion, that several of his own derivations might be sent back to the awkward squad, as not sufficiently drilled to make a respectable appearance. Who, for instance, would think of making the stem of *διωσσω*, *διωσ*, or of *διωσιος* and *διωσσιος*, *διωσ*? We differ a little from Blomfield, in his derivation of the latter from *διδ*, and *δωσι*, as we think that it is from *διδ*, and *δω*, the voice

of the gods. The composition of ἀπλόος c. ωι, as stated in the Lexicon, we must also disown, though we think that the Reviewer's remarks upon it, and some other adjectives, are more ingenious than solid. We are inclined to adopt Dr Blomfield's opinion concerning the derivation of it, and several other words of a similar formation, as being far more simple and intelligible.

On the Reviewer's second division of his subject, viz. *On the Existing Forms of Words in certain Authors*, we have but a very few remarks to make. "A complete Lexicon of a language," says he, "would present us with those words only which are found in the authors that the Lexicon professes to explain." A Greek Lexicon, founded on this plan, would, we imagine, be very incomplete and unsatisfactory, as there are innumerable instances of words, having once been current in the language, that afterwards gave place to others; but from these *obsolete* words were derived many that were employed both in spoken and written language. We allude, in particular, to the tenses of verbs, which, in very few instances, were formed from the same *Presents*, or from *Presents in use at a late stage of the language*. There is a very material difference in this respect between the Greek and Latin verbs; the former having borrowed several of their tenses from their primitive usage in different dialects, while the latter derived theirs from one only. The construction, therefore, of a Greek and Latin Dictionary, must proceed upon different principles, though they may, and ought to be, more nearly approximated than they generally are. While we think the Reviewer has overlooked this very material distinction, we perfectly agree with him that *obsolete* primitives ought to be so pointed out as not to mislead learners. We admit that, in our Lexicon, πύγω, which he has taken as an example of our reference to *imaginary* words, ought to have been marked as *obsolete*. But we cannot agree with him when he says that πύγω "is as regular as λίγω or τύπ(τ)ω." Surely the Reviewer has forgot that there is such a tense as ἐπύγων, which cannot be immediately *stuck* upon πύγω. Homer says, II. x. 374—δουρὸς ἀκμὴν ἐπ' ἡλὶ ἐπύγων. Is it not from the Æolic πύγω, the root of the Latin

pango, and differs only from πύγω in belonging to a different dialect of the same language? We imagine, therefore, that both πύγω and πύγω had, at one period, an existence in the language, otherwise we cannot perceive how the other tenses of the verb could have been formed. The Reviewer seems to consider τύπω as an *imaginary* word. We would ask him, if, in the course of his reading, he ever lighted upon τύπων; and if he did, by what process he would form it from τύπω? If he should consider it also one of our *imaginary* tenses, we beg leave to refer him to Eurip. Ion. 768. Under this verb we have marked τυπτήσω from the *obsol.* τυπτήω, and have referred to Aristoph. Nub. 1443. also to τυπτήσομαι, as the second fut. passive, and a reference to the same play. What says Donnegan respecting τυπτήσω? Simply fut. Att. Aristoph. Plut. 21, without any reference to τυπτήσομαι at all. The same observations apply to γίνωμαι. We have little doubt that γάω and γίω were the roots of this verb, and that they are widely scattered in other languages, under forms stripped of the Greek inflections. These inflections we would recommend to the study of the Reviewer, who seems, as far as we can judge, to be ignorant of their nature. We would now ask him, if γάω had no existence, where would he get γίγαι; and if γίω, and then γίω, were mere fictions of the imagination, whence came ἐγινόμην and ἐγινάμην? He would probably smile when we assert, that the Greek verb ζέω, or ζέομαι, is only a different form of the same verb, (II. xvi. 852.) and also ζάω, whence ζαίω and ζίδαα, likewise more immediately 1 aor. ἐζήσα. Perhaps he would look with astonishment when we still farther assert, that our Anglo-Saxon verb to be is the very same word, stripped of its suffix ομαι. If we have omitted to mark, in some instances, these *primary forms*, as having become *obsolete*, it was not because we were ignorant of the fact, but because we found it necessary to apply ourselves to more important matters. From the Reviewer's remarks, it might be supposed that we had entirely neglected this branch of Lexicography. If he had examined our Dictionary with any other view than instituting a comparison between it and Donnegan's, he would have found many

examples pointed out of *obsolete forms of presents*, as well as of *other tenses*, generally received in other Lexicons.

The Reviewer seems to be very well satisfied with the explanation he has given of the word *ῥυθμός*. He compares ours with Donnegan's, and both with his own. We will, no doubt, be accused of partiality, when we say that we consider our own to be the *best*, though somewhat defective in the natural arrangement. We would be glad to know in what Greek author *ῥυθμός* signifies "the forming of an outline or figure?" We know of none such; and we would also wish to know what definite idea the explanation of *ῥυθμός*, by "a term applicable to music, dancing, adjusting the dress, tranquillity of mind, &c." conveys? What information would a student obtain from these very indefinite explanations, to enable him to translate the following passage from Xen. Cyr. 1. ἐπὶ ἀναστάντες ορχησόμενοι, μὴ ὅπως ορχήσονται ἐν ῥυθμῷ, ἀλλ' οὐδ' ορθοῦσθαι ἰδινασθαι;—The whole is summed up by—"Stem *ῥυ*." Now, we would ask, in sober earnest, what idea any one could form from being told, that the stem of *ῥυθμός* is *ῥυ*? If he were to consult all the Greek Lexicons that were ever published, or if he should hunt after this fugitive particle through all the Greek authors that ever wrote, we doubt much if he would be able to get even a slight glance of it. We think that it may be observed in the *equable flow* of mighty streams, in the *regular progression of time and of the seasons*, and the *uniform motion* of the heavenly bodies. We connect it with the verb *ῥίω*, to *flow*, and derive from it ἀμυδῖβυτος and τριβῖβυτος, as in Odyss. xix. 173.

The Reviewer has found fault with our translation of *ῥίση*, which we have stated to be, 'the decision of a judge.' "Surely," says he, "the decision of a judge is not that from which our notions of *right* and *justice* are necessarily derived." We shall remit him to Westminster Hall for the decision of this knotty point, to take "the opinion of the Judges there upon his demurrer." We have some doubts as to our own correctness, but none at all that he is ἔκαστον ἐκείνου away from the true meaning; *ῥίση*, we imagine to be, a charge on *parole* evidence, *ρεφή*, a charge on written

evidence. Hence, *ῥίσην δίκην σὺς τὸ δικάσσειν*. We think that it is nearly allied to the Latin verb *dico*; and bears a very close resemblance, in some of its applications, to the Latin noun *ritu*; *κυρίῃ δίκῃ*—Æschyl.; *cetera fluminis ritu feruntur*.—Horace.

We might extend our remarks to various other comparisons which the Reviewer has made between our Lexicon and Dr Donnegan's, and to several of his own opinions, regarding the correct explanation of certain words, but we imagine we have said enough to convince every impartial reader that he has a theory of his own which he is endeavouring to support, and that many of his definitions, founded on that theory, are very questionable. We might, perhaps, complain that, while he has frequently compared Donnegan with Schneider, and us with both, he did not examine the work on which our Lexicon was founded, and point out some of the more important additions, alterations, and improvements we have introduced. To the etymological part of our Lexicon, and the arrangement of the meanings of words, as *primary* and *secondary*, less attention was given than they certainly deserve, in consequence of the deficiencies that were to be supplied in other more important departments. They form, however, the most difficult part of a well constructed dictionary, and require a thorough knowledge of the language from its very infancy, of its different dialects, of the changes it underwent from time to time from various causes, of the natural scenery of the country, the customs, laws, pursuits, and occupations of the inhabitants, and also the sagacity to trace the operations of all these, and many more circumstances, in forming and extending the speech of a people such as that of the Greeks. Our chief object was to furnish young men with a manual, to enable them to read and understand most of the Greek authors, and to give them those explanations only which seemed best calculated for this purpose. One part of our labours, which we considered of no small importance, but which has been entirely overlooked by the Reviewer, was, to introduce as many quotations as our limits would allow, from the classical Greek authors, in support of our explanations. The omission

of these is a defect in most Greek Lexicons that we have consulted. When a student has authorities before him on which he can rely for such and such explanations, he knows that he is proceeding upon sure grounds, and is not left to find his way through a mass of translations, very often of synonymous import, and generally extremely vague. We might also feel disappointed that the Reviewer has taken no notice of one feature in our Lexicon, which we consider of the utmost importance to junior students in particular, viz. the marking the *quantities* of most of the doubtful vowels. When learners are left without such a guide, particularly when their knowledge of the prosody of the language is defective, they are perpetually getting into blunders, and acquire a vicious pronunciation which they seldom get entirely rid of. We imagine the Reviewer could hardly fail to approve of this additional aid to students; and yet in comparing our Lexicon with Dr Donnegan's, which exhibits nothing of the kind, he has not taken the slightest notice of it.

He tells his readers towards the conclusion of his review, that "Professor Dunbar's Lexicon contains, at the end, an English and Greek Lexicon, intended to aid students in writing Greek. We have not examined it." Now, although this Lexicon is by no means either so full or so accurate as we intended it to have been, we yet think that it is an important addition to a Greek Dictionary, and may, when enlarged with many more words, with various references and idiomatic expressions, prove of great service to the more advanced students in composing Greek exercises and themes. To supply these shall be our endeavour in preparing for a second edition of the work. In the mean time, we desire those who may be influenced by the opinions of the reviewers, to compare this part of our Lexicon with any other of a similar nature, with Grove's, or Dr Maltby's, at the end of his "Greek Gradus," and we

think, if they are not deeply prejudiced indeed, they will find ours immeasurably superior, even in its present defective state, to any of them.

In conclusion, we beg leave to express our obligations to the learned Reviewer, not only for any favourable expressions that may have escaped him towards our work, but also for the criticisms he has bestowed upon it, as they will put us in the way of correcting several errors that had formerly escaped our notice. We trust that we shall be always ready to avail ourselves of remarks upon any of our publications, when they are made in the language and style befitting a gentleman to use, and not, as we have lately witnessed, for the purpose of gratifying a malignant disposition. We allude to an article in the last number of the Westminster Review, upon the "State of Greek Literature in Scotland." The author of this article is understood to be a Mr George Milligan,\* a private teacher in this city, a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and a writer of some notoriety in newspapers and magazines. This person has given various proofs of an inveterate hostility towards one of us, by petulant censures, gross misrepresentations, and offensive sneers. A few years ago he published, in the *Edinburgh Evening Post*, a series of articles on the State of Greek Literature in this country, and the mode of teaching it in our Universities; and at the very commencement of his undertaking, thought fit to libel the whole body of the clergy of Scotland, by asserting that few or none of them were capable of reading the Greek Testament. But the principal objects of his attack were the Professors of Greek in the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, particularly the former. Not content, however, with endangering, as he imagined, their characters as scholars, his ambition aimed at greater objects, the demolition and reconstruction of our highest Literary Establishments. His theories were broached at the time

\* It is with very considerable reluctance that we take notice of this person at all; and we certainly would never have done so, had he not figured away in his usual style of siffpancy and malignity in so respectable a periodical as the Westminster Review. How such a pitiful article should have got admission there, has created some surprise. It could only have been in consequence of the zeal he has manifested in the destruction of ancient establishments. It is necessary to observe, that Mr Barker is no party to the following remarks.—G. D.

when the Commissioners for visiting the Universities of Scotland were in full career of examining all and sundry who had any pretensions to propose plans of reform in our Colleges; and great must have been his disappointment in not having been summoned before these dignified personages to develop plans prepared for their special approbation. It might be supposed, that a person, who takes it upon him, without the least hesitation or apology, to censure others in the most petulant and offensive manner, would be particularly distinguished for extensive knowledge in literature, and great skill in the art of instruction. If unparalleled impudence and gross abuse raise men to eminence, then the name of Milligan will be as illustrious as those of his great prototypes, Zoilus and Dennis. If commonplace observations, puerile and petulant criticisms, insufferable arrogance, and great contempt for all others who may rank above Mr George Milligan, constitute a supereminent literary character, then this person is fully entitled to such a high distinction. From the dictatorial manner in which he has delivered his opinions respecting the system of education pursued in the literary classes of our Universities, we might have expected that he was a thorough master of the subject, both in theory and practice. If, however, we should enquire what proofs he has given of his ability as a public instructor, we shall be told that, when officiating as assistant in one of his classes to the late Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow, the students under his charge broke out into open rebellion against his authority, and set at nought his instructions; *ἢ γὰρ ἀσπονδοὺς καὶ ἀπρόκτους αὐτῷ πρὸς τοὺς παιδευομένους πόλεμος, ἵθ' ἂν τὰ πολλὰ διεδίδη λαβρῶς, εἰκότως τοὺς ἀπίστους τῶν τοιούτων, ὡς ἀμαθείς συνέστην.* We have taken the liberty to make some slight changes upon the original to accommodate the description to this modern *ευαίφρωντις*. And if he should, at any future period, provoke us to give a translation of the passage, we shall accompany it with a commentary furnished us by an eye and ear witness of his infamous campaign in the University of Glasgow.

We cannot imagine what inconceivable folly has induced this person to assume the character of an Eng-

lish scholar, in order to vilify the literary establishments of his country. Does he suppose that there is a member of the University, either of Oxford or Cambridge, who would not think himself degraded in being supposed the author of such a despicable production as that to which we have alluded in the Westminster Review? There may be narrow-minded and prejudiced men among them, but few, indeed, who do not in their conduct and writings maintain the tone and character of gentlemen: scarcely one, who would be such a renegade as to defame the institutions of his own country.

*Εἰ δ' ἦσθα μὴ κάκιστος, οὐκ οὐκ ἂν πατρὸς τὴν σὴν ἀτιζῶν, τήνδ' ἂν εὐλόγηις πόλιν  
Ὡς ἐν γὰρ μοι κέλναι· ἂν οὐ καλῶς φρενῶν  
Ὅστις πατρῶας γῆς ἀτιμάζων δροεῖ,  
Ἄλλην ἱπαινέῃ, καὶ τρύποισιν ἡδίσται.*

EURIP.

"If you were not a thorough miscreant, you would not, slighting your native country, have eulogized another state; as, in my opinion, that man could not be judged to entertain honorable sentiments, who, vilifying his native land, praises another, and is delighted with its manners." Mr Milligan strongly reminds us of the *ass* in the fable, who clothed himself with the lion's skin, in order that he might obtain a more dignified place among his fellow brutes. The stubborn animal as surely betrayed himself, by his *braying*, to be an *ass*, as our opponent by his criticisms, under the assumed garb of a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. They are mere "crambe recoccta," collected from newspapers and magazines, and served up in a new dish, the *Westminster Review*, to tempt the appetites of radicals and reformers.

If we have been silent upon the repeated and disgusting attacks of this person for so long a time, it was because we saw him labouring in the only vocation for which he seemed to have a natural aptitude, to support himself and his family. Now that better prospects, as we understand, have opened up to him, in a profession most alien to the indulgence of malevolent passions, we trust that he will henceforth devote his talents to better purposes than uncharitable censures on the public conduct and characters of men, who, however they may have failed, have at least endeavoured to deserve well of their country. We are, &c.

G. D. & E. H. B.



## THE WEST INDIA QUESTION.

## INTRODUCTION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the large portion of our Miscellany which, for the last year, has been devoted to political subjects, changes the most momentous to the British empire are going forward, on which we have hitherto hardly bestowed an article. While all eyes have been fixed on that dreadful malady which has ravaged the heart of the empire, its extremities have gradually been growing cold; and while yet stunned by the shock arising from the destruction of the constitution, we are doomed to witness, to all human appearance, the dismemberment and dissolution of the empire.

Ireland, so long a burden and a source of anxiety to Great Britain, is rapidly approaching either a civil war, or a separation from this island. In the relaxation of government, and the general confusion arising from the demolition and reconstruction of the constitution, in presence of an audacious and insatiable democratic foe, the bonds of authority over that powerful part of the empire have been entirely lost. By allowing the Great Agitator, whose arts have so long desolated his country, to escape unpunished after he had pleaded guilty; by permitting agitation of the most furious kind to go on unrestrained for a whole year; by promoting, rewarding, flattering, and indulging the leader of these turbulent movements, after they had publicly denounced him as an enemy to the public weal—Ministers have brought that unhappy island into such a state, that it seems hardly possible that either a civil war or a separation can be avoided. All that the Duke of Wellington unwisely did to pacify, has been obliterated by what our present rulers have done to agitate it; the Protestants, roused to a sense of the imminent peril which threatens them, are resolved, like brave men, to maintain their lives and properties, or perish in the attempt; the Catholics, encouraged by the experienced impunity of former tumults, and the public rewards of their author, have resolved to extirpate all the traces even of the established institutions of the country; and England, wearied with

the incessant disturbances of its peopled neighbour, would view its separation without regret, were it not that it would assuredly lead to the dismemberment and fall of the empire.

Events of an equally perilous and fatal kind threaten us in the southern possessions of Great Britain. Its vast and splendid colonial possessions, encircling the globe with their stations, and nourishing its commerce by their productions, are menaced with destruction. The government of the West India colonies, embracing so many wealthy and important islands, consuming annually L.12,000,000, worth of British manufactures, containing L.130,000,000 of British capital, employing 250,000 tons of British shipping, is silently slipping from our hands. Should the present system continue much longer, it is more than doubtful whether, in a few years, the British flag will wave on any of the Antilles. The empire of the Atlantic, and with it the wooden walls of England, the great bulwark of our freedom, will have passed to another people.

To shew that these apprehensions are not exaggerated, we transcribe the following article from the *Jamaica Courant* of Nov. 1, 1831:—

“The period has at length arrived, when the representatives of an oppressed and deeply injured people have met in council, to deliberate on the civil and political economy; and, like pilots in a storm, to consult on the means most advisable to conduct the tempest-tost bark through the billows of an agitated ocean. Looking at the conduct of the mother country to her colonies, we dare hardly give expression to our feelings on the occasion. What have we in return from England for the immense duties received upon our produce—the vast benefits derived of her industrious artisans from the almost exclusive supply of British manufactures—the nursery afforded her for seamen, that form the bulwark of her national existence, besides the wealth drawn from the wealth of the colony, to be spent in Britain by our absentee proprietors

and mortgagees? Why, beggary, ruin, and disgrace, are the barter—we are left a prey to a discontented and insatiate herd of hydras in the mother country, and exposed to a hell of opposition from every corner of the nation. But such a state of things cannot long exist. The *Amor Patriæ* of the sons of Britain in the West is dissipated—is lost. England insulted and persecuted America, and lost eleven British states at a blow. True, her 74 and 96 gun-ships could not whisk around the New World as they can around her colonies in the West Indies, but she may secure the loss of one as certainly as she has effected the alienation of the other. America at present resembles the sleeping lion. You behold the beauty and symmetry of the animal, without a demonstration of its strength and power. She remains quiet, nurses her seamen, builds new vessels of war, and lays them up in dock—husbands her wealth, and secures the affection of a noble and generous people. The day is not distant, when, feeling her influence and power, she will arise as it were from the womb of time, and spread confusion and terror around her. We would say to our members in Assembly—to those gentlemen who have been delegated by ourselves to rule the destinies of the colony, resist by fair and constitutional means any further innovation upon the rights and privileges of the people. Concession will follow concession, demand will be succeeded by demand. If we are to fall, let it not be by our own hands, let not the crime of political suicide attach itself to us. Let the ministers of England have the glorious satisfaction of destroying our institutions and commerce, and rendering our island a magnificent pyramid of desolation and ruin. England holds her possessions in the East by a thread, and her colonies in the West by a threat.”

The case is the same in all the other West India colonies. In St Vincent's, Barbadoes, Demerara, and all the Leeward Islands, the discontent is extreme. Every where the colonial legislators are remonstrating in the most vehement manner against the rash innovations of the mother country, and deliberating on the means of escaping from so ruin-

ous and ignorant a domination. Emissaries from them all have more than once visited America, with what design we do not know; and that ambitious state is not an inattentive observer of the fair prey which is thus falling into its hands. Master of the gulf of Mexico, it is easy to foresee into whose grasp the dominion of the islands which lie in its bosom will ultimately fall: if the firm hand of Britain is once relaxed, and the wisdom which *once* ruled its councils is *permanently* laid aside—it is not more difficult to foresee who will rule these flourishing colonies, if England is either torn at home with internal dissensions, or governed by a rash and ignorant democracy, attentive only to selfish objects, and ignorant of their dependence on the colonial interest of its numerous offspring. And the moment chosen for agitating the nation, and shaking all its established interests by the destruction and remodelling of the constitution, is the very one, when, from external causes, its remote portions were most threatened with destruction!

It may be presumed, from the very statement of the West India Question, that some great and overwhelming grievances are in operation to produce the wide-spread feeling of discontent which pervades these once flourishing colonies. The sugar islands are bound up, both in interest and affection, with the mother country: bound to it by ties which, but for a course of rash and perilous interference with established interests, never could have been broken. They are not colonies, in the proper sense of the word; that is to say, they are not places in which a large portion of the European inhabitants permanently settle—*Ubi lares et focos habent*: where they purchase estates on which they reside, and which they transmit as their home to their children. They are, on the contrary, places of temporary and fleeting occupation—considered only as objects of profit or subsistence; and cultivated, for the most part, with the view of being abandoned before old age, and the remainder of life passed in the mother state. The great bulk of West India proprietors reside in Great Britain, and their extensive colonial

estates, cultivated by means of overseers and slaves, transmit their produce in the shape of sugar remittances to this country. The British islands are the great market of colonial produce, exceeding to the plantations that of all the rest of the world; and any rupture with them would involve the colonies in extreme temporary embarrassments. Of all this the colonists are perfectly aware; they see how dependent they are on the market, the protection, and the navy of Britain; and yet they are coolly, but firmly, contemplating a separation from this country. Making every allowance for the vehemence of passion which is ripened in these tropical regions, under the rays of a vertical sun, it may safely be concluded that such a disposition could not have arisen, in opposition to such interests, without some great and overwhelming cause.

But if the separation of the West India Islands from this country is perilous to them, it is far more so to the mother state. They take off annually twelve millions worth, or nearly a *third* of the whole British exports. How is this vast and growing market to be preserved, if our sway over them is destroyed? Will the Americans, those jealous commercial rivals, who have taken such pains of late years to exclude the British, and favour their own manufactures, allow us to retain a monopoly of the West Indian market? Can it be preserved amidst the ill-humour and mutual exasperation which an attempted or completed separation must produce? The thing is obviously out of the question; and England must make up its mind, if it will insist, by rash and absurd legislation, upon losing these flourishing colonies, to look elsewhere for one-third of its manufacturing exports.

Upon British shipping, and through it eventually upon the British dominion at sea, and the protection of the empire from foreign invasion, the consequences of the threatened separation promise to be still more serious. Experience has proved that there is no nursery for seamen, no feeder of commerce, like extensive colonial possessions. The colonies of North America, though only containing 1,300,000 inhabitants, main-

tain a trade with the mother country which takes off £2,300,000 a-year of British manufactures, and employs *one-fifth* of the whole shipping of Great Britain; while the trade with the United States of America, though it possesses a population of 12,000,000, only employs a *seventh* of the Canadian trade, or one *thirty-fifth* of the foreign commerce of Great Britain.\* The trade to the West Indies, which now employs 250,000 tons of British shipping, may be expected to decline as the ships employed in the trade to the United States has done since they declared their independence. The right arm of the British navy will be lopped off the moment that the West India Islands have either become independent, or passed under the dominion of a foreign power. Out of £12,000,000, of which the British exports consist, £32,000,000, or *three-fourths*, are to her colonial possessions.

It is impossible it can ever be otherwise: and Lord Brougham has well demonstrated, in his "Colonial policy," to what cause the vast difference between colonial and foreign trade is owing. Colonies are distant provinces of the empire; the industry which an intercourse with them puts in motion at *both ends* feeds its own population, and the intercourse itself is exclusively maintained in domestic bottoms. That which is carried on with an independent state, on the other hand, maintains domestic labour only at *one end*, and the greater part of it is usually carried on in foreign vessels. If England exports the muslins of Manchester to Jamaica, she is benefited *both* by the industry which raises the article in Lancashire, and the labour which pays for it in remittances of sugar from Jamaica or Barbadoes; and the ships which carry on the intercourse are exclusively British, and navigated solely by British seamen: but if she exports the same article to Maryland or New York, she derives benefit only from the manufacturing industry in this country; and so far from seeing her commerce increased by the transmission of it from one country to the other, she has the mortification of beholding the greater part of the in-

tercourses carried on in the vessels of her formidable rival.

The consequence of a separation between England and her West India colonies, however serious to both, must in the end prove more hurtful to the parent than the infant state. The old and the young are mutually dependant on each other; but the consequences of a rupture are likely to be more irreparable to a man of 70 than a youth of 15. The world with all its hopes and all its prospects is before the one; the weakness of age, the night of the grave, is closing upon the other. The West India islands will doubtless suffer immensely in the first instance from a rupture with this country; but the wounds will soon be healed by the vivifying powers of nature in those prolific regions, and the market for their produce which the increasing population of America must open. Their land and their labour will still remain: property may to a great degree change hands, but it will ultimately centre in those who can turn it to useful account, and under a new regime the fertile soil and uncultivated regions of these tropical climes will yet abound with riches and inhabitants. But it is not thus that age recovers its wounds; it is not thus that limbs can be severed from the aged trunk of Britain. Teeming with inhabitants bowed down with debt, overflowing with capital which cannot find employment, and paupers who cannot earn bread, it will never recover the loss of a portion of the empire, through which so large an artery of its heart's blood flows: and the ruinous policy which severs from its body so fair a member, will cause it to bleed to death, or to perish in the attempt to stanch the wound.

What the West Indians complain of, and what threatens such deplorable consequences to the whole empire, are, 1. Excessive and perilous precipitance in forcing upon them the early and ill-considered emancipation of the slaves; and, 2. The continuance of enormous burdens upon their produce, at a time when the change in the value of money, and other causes, have made them press with unexampled severity upon their industry.

The great danger which has exci-

ted such extraordinary terror through all the West India Islands, is the incessant efforts of Government, and ignorant individuals and societies, to interfere with the management of the slaves, with a view to their immediate or early emancipation. This danger is imminent and excessive: it places the dagger at every man's throat; and approaches the torch to every human habitation. We can sympathise with the danger of such charges: they proceed from the same spirit of rash, ignorant, and impetuous innovation, under which England is now suffering so severely at home, with this difference, that the danger is greater there than here, just in proportion as the passions are more violent, and reason less powerful, under a tropical sun, and among an enslaved population, than under the cloudy atmosphere, and amidst the free inhabitants of northern regions.

We yield to none in love of freedom; and shall give decisive proof, on all occasions which may occur, of our ardent desire to promote any measures calculated to improve the condition, elevate the minds, or purify the morals of the labouring poor. It is not therefore from indifference to the Negroes, but from a sincere interest in them; not from a love of slavery, but an anxious wish to do what may *really* mitigate its horrors, that we make the following observations, the result of long thought and extensive research into the condition of the labouring classes in all parts and ages of the world.

Slavery, though unquestionably an evil, if it is *perpetuated* in circumstances, and in a population, susceptible of free habits, and capable of maintaining itself, is not only not an evil, but a positive advantage, and a necessary step in the progress of improvement in the early ages of mankind. This truth is demonstrated by the universality of slavery in rude nations all over the world, and the extremely slow steps by which the process of emancipation has gone forward in all the nations which now enjoy the blessings of general freedom. Survey the globe in ancient and modern times, you will find slavery co-existent with the human race, and continuing, though with mitigated features, through all the

glories of ancient civilisation. The ages of Pericles and Antonine, of Cicero and Socrates, of Fabricius and Justinian, were equally distinguished by the universality of this distinction among the labouring classes; 20,000 freemen in Athens gave law to 400,000 slaves; and in the decline of the Roman empire, when it was proposed in the senate that slaves should wear a particular dress, it was rejected, lest, as Tacitus observes, it should be discovered how few the freemen were in comparison.

The case was the same in the modern world. For a thousand years, slavery was universal in Europe, and it still obtains in many of the most extensive of its monarchies. Wherever the Mahomedan rule is established, slavery is to be found; it exists from one end of Africa to another, and is to be seen, with a few exceptions, over the vast extent and amidst the countless millions of the Asiatic continent. It is the influence of Christianity alone, the long establishment of civilisation, and the permanent subjugation of human injustice by the sway of religion, which has enabled mankind to get quit of this painful distinction; and it will be found, upon examination, that it never can remain absent for any length of time, but in those states whose governments have charity enough to impose, and power sufficient to collect, a general poor rate for relief of the indigent. It is in vain to say, that an institution so universal, so unvarying, and so permanent, is an undiluted evil; the abolition of which would confer nothing but blessings upon mankind. Nothing exists generally, or for ages, but what is indispensable in the stage of society in which it is to be found, and is founded in the universal and unvarying circumstances of our condition.

Protection from violence, maintenance in sickness and old age, and secure employment for their offspring, are the substantial and immense advantages which more than compensate to men, in rude or civilized ages, all the hardships of slavery. If they are free, that is to say, if they do not belong to some powerful lord,

they are liable to be massacred, plundered, and ruined with impunity; no one will take care of them, no one will maintain them, no one will relieve them, unless he has some lasting interest in their labour; and this lasting interest can only be obtained by their becoming his property. Slavery is the return made by the labourer for the advantages of permanent protection, maintenance, and care, which can never be obtained but in the highest stages of civilisation or any other conditions. Accordingly, it is observed by Sismondi,\* that when the barbarians settled in the Roman empire, the great proportion of the free inhabitants, after a few years, voluntarily submitted themselves as slaves to some powerful lord; having found, by dear-bought experience, that, when in the unprotected condition of freemen, they could not, in those unruly times, reckon for a day either on their lives, their property, or their employment.

When we say that slavery is such a dreadful evil, we always figure to ourselves what slavery would be, established in a civilized country such as this, where law is established, indigence relieved, violence restrained, and industry protected. That is the source of the greatest errors in political thought; we imagine, without being aware of it, that the condition of the people in other states is similar to what it is in our own; and this being done, the subsequent conclusions run upon wheels. But if we would accurately view the condition of the unappropriated poor in the early stages of civilisation, their condition here is to be taken not as a portrait, but as a contrast. Destitute of protection, exposed to rapine, murder, and violence, unable to provide a fund for the maintenance of old age, without a market for their industry, or an employer to furnish them with bread, they must speedily perish, or give some powerful chieftain a lasting interest in their preservation, by giving him a right of property in their labour. So universally has this necessity been felt, that in all ages and parts of the world, slavery, or the right of property in

\* Hist. de France, vol. i.

the labouring poor, has been established when society existed in this form.

Nor is it only in the early ages of civilisation, that the necessity of this appropriation of the poor exists. Few are aware of the advanced state of government which is required, and the descent of civilisation in the ranks of society, before it can be dispensed with, or the poor left to shift for themselves, amidst the injustice and the storms of the world. The Greeks and the Romans, the Persians and the Egyptians, never reached it. No state in modern Europe attained that stage till within these three hundred years. A thousand years of a beneficent religion; the long establishment of law and regular government; the progressive subjugation for centuries of the passions by a powerful and impartial central government, were necessary to enable the poor to derive any benefit whatever from their emancipation. It won't do to have civilisation merely existing in a high degree in the upper classes of society, to have luxury, ornament, and opulence among the rich, or the warlike virtues resplendent amidst a chivalrous nobility; it is indispensable beneath them to have a numerous, opulent, and industrious middling class of society; a body of men in whom prosperity has nourished sentiments of independence, and centuries of security developed habits of industry, and ages of regular justice extinguished savage passion, and long established artificial wants vanquished the indolence of savage life. Till this obtains, it is in vain to attempt the emancipation of the labouring classes; the overthrow of the authority of their lords would only annihilate industry, unfetter passion, exterminate improvement. The accomplished horrors of the *Jacquerie* in France, the hunting down of the seigneurs like wild beasts, the conflagration of their chateaus, the formation of all the serfs into bands of robbers, the total cessation of every species of industry, the resolution of society into its pristine chaos; a famine of unexampled severity, a pestilence which cut off one-third of the population

of that and every other country which it reached, signalized the growth of the democratic spirit among the serfs of that great kingdom, and wrote in characters of fire the perils of precipitate emancipation.\* Dangers not less dreadful awaited this country from the same insane spirit; the insurrection of Wat Tyler in the time of Richard II. was begun in the true spirit of this frightful anarchy, and had it not been crushed by the efforts of the feudal chieftains, the glories of British civilisation would have been for ever drowned in the waves of servile insurrection.

Many estimable persons are influenced by the consideration, that the Christian religion has proclaimed the universal equality of mankind, and thence they conclude, that it is not only wrong but impious to retain any portion of our subjects in a state of servitude, or withhold our efforts from the general emancipation of the species. There never was a more mistaken idea; it springs from a benevolent intention, but it is fitted to devastate society by its consequences. Considerations of religion lead to a directly opposite conclusion; they support, in a manner the most convincing, the arguments for which we contend.

If immediate emancipation from slavery, or its abolition in the early stages of civilisation, had been intended by Providence, or deemed consistent with human welfare in those ages, why was it not communicated to mankind at the Tower of Babel, or amidst the thunders of Mount Sinai? Why was a religion, which declared the equality of mankind in the sight of Heaven, and was fitted ultimately to effect the universal abolition of private slavery, by influencing the human heart, reserved for the highest era of ancient civilisation, the age of Cicero and Augustus? Why was it cradled, not on the frontiers of civilisation, not amidst barbarous tribes, but in the centre of refinement; midway between Egyptian learning and Grecian taste: on the confines of Persian wealth and Roman civilisation? Why, when it did come, was it made no part of that religion to emancipate

the slaves by any general or sweeping measure; but that change left to be slowly accomplished during centuries, by the silent influence of religion on individual hearts? Why, but because its author knew that the precepts it enjoined, the changes in society it would induce, were suited not to an infant but an advanced stage of civilisation; and that the equality it declared could obtain only amidst the safeguards from violence, which an ancient and highly-cultivated state of refinement afforded.

Why, if immediate and unconditional emancipation from servitude was intended to follow the Christian religion, did it subsist unmitigated for fifteen hundred years after its introduction? Because the mere promulgation of its precepts is by no means sufficient to warrant such change; because it is necessary not only that churches should be built, and bishops established, and nobles baptized; but savage indolence overcome, and barbaric violence restrained, and rude depravity covered: because it is necessary, before such a change is introduced, not only that the seed of religion should be scattered over the surface, but its roots struck and its fruits shed through the whole strata of society; because civil freedom and habits of order, and the desire of civilisation, must be long established before it can be either practicable or beneficial; and because these effects require the growth of many hundred years.

Let, then, the friends of speedy Negro emancipation follow the steps of Providence in the past extrication of the human race from the restraints of servitude; let them bring up the West India Negroes to the level of ancient civilisation at the period when the gospel was promulgated; let them cause the rude inhabitants to rival the age of Pericles and Cicero, of Ptolemy and Darius, of Cæsar and Alexander, and then they have brought the human mind to that stage when the Author of nature deemed it practicable to relax the fetters of private slavery. Or let them imitate the workings of the same unseen hand in modern times: let them establish, under the sun of the tropics, civilisation as deep, order as permanent, industry as universal, justice as equal, aristocratic violence as subdued, pri-

vate property as secure, passions as coerced, central power as resistless as in England under the reign of Elizabeth, or in France under that of Francis I., and then they may with reason allege that the soil, being duly prepared by previous culture, the seeds of universal freedom may be sown. But let them not urge on immediate or early emancipation under circumstances which Supreme Wisdom has in all past ages deemed unfit for its introduction; let them not precipitate those changes in infants, which have been uniformly reserved for the most advanced stages of civilisation; or delude themselves with the idea, that they are preparing the pacific reign of the Gospel for the sable inhabitants of the regions of the sun, when they are only hastening the horrors of a Jacquerie, or the flames of St Domingo.

Considered in this point of view, there can be no doubt that much, perhaps most, of the misery of Ireland is owing to the too early abolition of slavery among its inhabitants, and the premature extension to its fierce and passionate population of the passion of English freedom, without the moderation of English civilisation. Ireland is not in a state to be able to bear the relaxation of its labouring classes from the bonds, or their deprivation of the benefits, of private servitude. All travellers concur in stating that they are incomparably more miserable than the serfs of Russia, or the boors of Poland. Periodical famines, unknown in the rest of the world; starvation, unparalleled in modern Europe; violence and bloodshed, unexampled even in barbarous states, have signalized the fatal gift of personal freedom, to men still actuated by the passions, and requiring the restraint, of savages. And that unhappy country affords the clearest proof, that the mere existence of the highest refinement, the most polished manners, and the best education among the higher, is no security whatever against the utmost possible suffering being produced by the premature extension of freedom to the labouring classes of society. To enable mankind to bear this gift, it is indispensable not merely that the rich should be refined and civilized, but the poor industrious, patient, and acquainted with artificial

wants; that an extensive and opulent middling class should for a length of time have formed the connecting link between the higher and the lower classes of society; that the firm establishment of law and justice should have taught mankind the necessity, and learnt them the means, of restraining their passions; and that the emancipation of the labouring poor from the fetters of private authority, should have been so gradual, as, like the growth of a child, or the innovations of time, to have been imperceptible.

What are the great sources of distress in Ireland; what the causes which, in the nineteenth century, under British rule, and almost in sight of the British shores, have perpetuated the reign of anarchy and misrule; have stained its emerald fields with murders, and lighted its midnight sky with conflagrations; have precipitated upon this land a squalid and suffering multitude, and left only in its fertile plains the feeling of suffering, and the passion of revenge? They are to be found in the redundancy of the population, the grievances and vexations of the poor; the division of society into two great castes, the oppressor and the oppressed; the absence of any middling rank in the state; the unsettled, unequal, and partial administration of justice; the want of any legal provision for the labouring classes, their utter destitution in sickness and old age, and the total absence of all artificial wants, from the experienced impossibility of purchasing any of the comforts of life. As these features unequivocally demonstrate that the poor are unfit for the enjoyment of freedom, and that their emancipation from the restrictions of servitude would only tear society in pieces, so the most lamentable of them would be removed by the poor being the property of their landlords. We often hear of the poor in Ireland starving of hunger, or being driven by the pangs of want to robbery and murder, but never of the cattle wanting their daily meal. The Irish are in that state where not only they are incapable of receiving any benefit from personal freedom, but the state of destitution which it induces, subjects them to a degree of suffering and distress, to which there is no-

thing comparable in the situation of those who are looked after by their owners, on the principle of private interest.

All these considerations apply with tenfold force to the case of the West India negroes. They are in a situation so extremely low, when considered with reference to their capability of governing themselves, or acquiring subsistence in a state of freedom, that it may be foretold with perfect certainty, that any attempt, not merely to emancipate them, but even to instil into their minds the idea that they are to be emancipated, would lead immediately to conflagration, famine, massacre, and ruin. They are incapable of understanding what freedom is, the duties with which it is attended, the restraint which it imposes, and the labour which it induces. They have none of the artificial wants which reconcile men to the severe and uninterrupted toil which constitutes the basis of civilized prosperity, nor of the power of voluntary restraint upon inclination and coercion of passion, which springs from the experience of the necessity of their exertion amongst all societies of free citizens. To them, freedom conveys the idea of the immediate cessation of all restraint, the termination of every species of labour, the undisguised indulgence of every passion. It is not surprising that it should be so. Nature never intended that men in that stage of society should be free, because their emancipation from servitude leads immediately to evils, both to themselves, and to society, incomparably greater than servitude itself. The inveterate habits of indolence which always characterise savage life, the vehement passions with which it is attended, the entire disregard of the future by which it is invariably distinguished, render men, in that stage of civilisation, as incapable of flourishing or even of existing as freemen, as a child of three years of age is of comprehending the *Principia*, or fighting the battle of *Waterloo*.

How is it possible that men in the condition of African Negroes can conduct themselves as freemen?—They see none but their masters, the owners of the estates on which they work, and their overseers, and they



expect of course that when they become free they are to live like them, and enjoy the same immunity from personal toil. They little know that the free labourer is chained by necessity to severer toil than that which is wrung from them by the lash of the overseer; that they receive no certain provision in sickness or age; are allowed to beg their bread through a land flowing with milk and honey; and frequently perish of want amidst the palaces of heartless opulence. They feel none of the artificial wants, which sweeten to the European labourer his unceasing toil; and are drawn by an irresistible attraction to the indolent habits, the dreaming existence, the listless repose, which constitute the chief enjoyments of savage life. The indulgence of such habits must be utterly destructive of the splendid but imperfectly founded fabric of industry which the West Indies exhibit. If their labouring classes are emancipated before ages of civilisation have given them the habits, the wants, the self-command, and the desires of civilized life, society must instantly be resolved into its pristine elements; the smiling plantations, the industrious villages be destroyed; the human race be reduced to a tenth part of its present amount, and a few naked savages gain a precarious subsistence amidst the woods, which will speedily obliterate, under a tropical sun, all traces of former cultivation.

This is not mere speculation:—the truth of these principles have been demonstrated in the most signal manner; the experiment of precipitate emancipation has been tried on the largest scale, in the greatest, the richest, and the most flourishing of the West India colonies; conflagration, murder, and ruin, signalized its commencement, and the most frightful dissolution of manners, a rapid decline of population, a total cessation of industry, and general suffering among the unhappy victims of premature freedom, have been its lasting effects. It is this dreadful example which has penetrated the West India proprietors with a sense of the danger which threatens them, and it is in the face of its lamentable

effects that the same deplorable system is incessantly pressed forward by a numerous and well-meaning, but ignorant and deluded party in this country.

When the fumes of the French Revolution had spread the same visionary ideas of liberty and equality through its extensive dominions, which have lately penetrated the veins of the British empire, the situation of the Negroes of St Domingo excited the immediate attention of the National Assembly. It was strongly urged, that the existence of slavery was an abomination inconsistent with the new-born principles of freedom; that all men were by nature equal, and that it would be a lasting disgrace to the French Legislature, if, after having emancipated themselves from the fetters of slavery, they permitted them to hang upon the wretched cultivators of their distant colonies. In vain it was urged, by those practically acquainted with the state of the Negroes, that such a measure would, without benefiting the slaves, involve the whole colony in conflagration, and ultimately occasion the ruin of the very men whom it was intended to benefit. These wise observations were utterly disregarded; a society, with the title of *Les Amis des Noirs*, was instituted at Paris, under the auspices of Brissot and the leading Revolutionists, which carried on a correspondence with the friends of emancipation in the colony,\* and at length, overborne by clamour, and subdued by declamation, the Colonial Assembly passed several decrees tending to the gradual abolition of slavery.†

Nothing could exceed the picture of prosperity which the colony exhibited when these well-meant, but fatal innovations, began. The whites were about 40,000; the free men of colour, 30,000; and slaves, above 500,000.‡ Above a thousand plantations, in different parts of the island, nourished its numerous inhabitants in peace and happiness; great part of the most fertile portion of the island was cultivated like a garden, and the slaves, indulgently treated, and liberally partaking of the fruits of their labour, exhibited a scene of rural

\* May 15th.

† Toulanger, IV, 244,

‡ Ibid. IV. 239.

felicity and general happiness rarely witnessed in the freest and most civilized states. Every evening, the whole slaves, of both sexes, were to be seen dancing in festive circles; the sound of music, the voice of gladness, was to be heard on all sides, and the traveller, captivated by the spectacle, blessed the beneficent hand of nature, which had provided such means of felicity to the humblest of its family.\*

But very different was the state of the island, when the demon of revolutionary innovation found an entrance. A variety of laws, tending to the emancipation of the Negroes, were first passed in 1790 and 1791; and at length, on 21st June, 1792, a decree emancipated all the slaves who should take up arms in favour of the Republic.†

The consequences of these well-meant, but injudicious innovations, are thus described by the contemporary republican historian:

"The black slaves, greatly more numerous than their masters, had already heard the thrilling words, liberty and equality, addressed to them, rather by political ambition than the spirit of humanity. Insurrections broke out so early as 1789, which were only repressed by measures of severity. The first negroes who revolted, acted in the name of the King. In their savage acclamations they repeated the name of Louis. At length, after great disorders, a general insurrection took place in July 1791; in a few days 15,000 blacks were in arms; they chose two chiefs of the name of Boukman and Auguste. In a single night, the whole habitations in the island were in flames; the sugar works, the coffee plantations, were all destroyed; the whites every where murdered, hunted down, or roasted in the flames; the rich plain of the Cape, so lately smiling in prosperity, exhibited only a vast field of carnage and conflagration.

"When the first fury of the revolt had evaporated, and the whites were all shut up in Cape Town, the blacks spread themselves over the country, and avenged the executions under which they had suffered, by all the refinements of the most fruitful cruel-

ty. Both parties exerted themselves with the utmost fury; on the one hand the habit of power, and an inveterate contempt for the Negro race, on the other the passion of revenge, prompted to unheard-of atrocities.

"The island remained a prey to the most complicated disorders, until June 1792, when the whole remainder of the European population was shut up in the Cape Town. At the first appearance of an attack, a portion of the inhabitants had made their escape by sea; but a large part remained, trusting that they would suffer nothing from a combat in which they had taken no part. No sooner, however, had the republican authorities withdrawn, than the Negro troops broke in, and finding neither resistance nor restraint, soon commenced the most hideous excesses. Twenty thousand Africans unchained, mingled with the assailants; every thing was confounded in the indiscriminate massacre; inhabitants, sailors, slaves, were butchered without mercy; the conflagration which soon arose, augmented the horrors of the scene; at the sight of its illumination in the heavens, the Negroes in all the neighbouring mountains descended into the plain, and rushed in torrents into the devoted city. Every excess which vengeance, cupidity, brutal insolence, and unbridled passion could produce, was speedily committed; the asylums of young women were forced, their persons violated, and afterwards murdered; shrieking females, weeping children, trembling old men, were to be seen striving to force their way through the brutal throng, to gain the ships, or perishing under the ruins of the burning edifices. In less than twenty-four hours, Cape Town was destroyed, and its inhabitants massacred or dispersed.

"When fatigue had caused the disorder and carnage to cease, and the conflagration had ceased for want of any thing farther to burn, the remaining black inhabitants were organized into battalions, and the slaves, not knowing what to do amidst the general wreck, with their newly acquired freedom, surrendered them-

selves to obtain provisions. Ships imploring succour were dispatched to the neighbouring isles and the continent; and the remains of a flourishing colony resembled a horde cast by shipwreck on a desert shore.

"This frightful catastrophe was the first signal of the abolition of slavery by the partial emancipation of the Negroes. This idea of the liberation of the Negroes had long been spread in France and the colonies; the dreams of the philanthropist had penetrated even to the workshops of the slaves. The opposition of the whites and the men of colour, speedily accelerated the evil; they mutually freed the slaves who were to be enrolled to combat each other; and enfranchisement was always the reward to which they looked forward, as the result of their revolt. This was declared universal, by a decree of the commissioners of France, on the 21st June, 1793, which announced, that all the Negroes who took up arms for the Republic, should receive their freedom. Such were the effects of this great measure, dictated by philanthropy, but carried into execution without regard to the capacity of those for whom it was intended. The fatal gift involved in one promiscuous ruin the slaves and their oppressors."\*

Nor has the subsequent fate of this once flourishing colony been less calamitous. For ten years afterwards its history was such a succession of civil wars, disasters, and confusion, that the most patient historical research can hardly trace the thread of the calamities. Their independence has been established; but with it they have relapsed into a state of degradation, combining the indolence and recklessness of savage, with the vices and the corruptions of civilized life. Hardly caring to cultivate the ground, they wander through the woods, gaining a precarious subsistence by shooting or ensnaring animals: from being the greatest sugar island in the Gulf of Mexico, St Domingo is reduced to the necessity of importing both sugar and subsistence; population has rapidly declined; and such

is the universal dissolution of manners, as to threaten, if such an event were possible, at no distant period, its entire destruction. To all appearance, this beautiful island in half a century will be tenanted only by naked savages, more vicious and degraded, but not superior in civilisation or improvement to the Indians who first beheld the sails of Columbus.†

These facts are worthy of the most serious consideration. They demonstrate, that human nature is the same in the torrid as the temperate zone; in the sable breast of the African Negro, as in the serfs of France, or the boors of Russia. An individual does not become a man at six years of age; if we give to childhood the indulgences or the freedom of manhood, a life of unbridled passion, or useless indolence, may with certainty be anticipated. It is by slow degrees, and imperceptible gradations, that all the great changes of nature are effectual: continents, the abode of millions, are formed by the accumulations of innumerable rills; empires which are to subsist for ages, slowly arise out of the struggles and the hardships of infant existence. Freedom, the greatest gift of nature, can neither be appreciated nor enjoyed for a very long period in the progress of civilisation; if suddenly bestowed on an enslaved population, it tears society in pieces, and subjects men to the worst of tyrannies, the tyranny of their own passions and vices. If we would consult the interests of the *slaves themselves*, if we would save them from the dominion of the most frightful vices, if we would preserve their race from extermination, we must admit them, by slow degrees, and imperceptible gradations, to the advantages and the destitution of freedom. Centuries must elapse before it can be introduced without the certainty of destruction to the slave population. When we see a middling class formed which connects the upper and the lower classes, the proprietor and the Negro; when we behold justice regularly, impartially, and formally administered; when we see artificial wants prevalent

\* *Toulougan*, IV. 240—264.

† *Mackenzie's St Domingo*.

among the poor, and industry pursued for its own sake, and from a sense of the blessings with which it is attended, and a legal provision for the labouring classes established, then and not *till then*, the bonds of slavery may be abolished.—When that period arrives, however, no efforts of fanaticism, no struggles of a party, will be required for Negro emancipation; the interests of the owners themselves will lead, as in the feudal ages, to the gradual enfranchisement of the poor; the change will be so gradual as to be imperceptible, and the child will become a man without being sensible of the relaxation of the parental authority.

The general error on the subject of the West India Negroes, emanating from amiable and Christian feelings, may be traced to the same source as the political errors which are now shaking the empire to the foundation; a disregard of experience, an inattention to the lessons of history,

and an ignorance of the past progress of freedom in other parts of the world. The time, however, has now arrived, when good intentions will not justify insane actions; nor men be permitted to toss about fire-brands, and say it was in sport.—When men mingle in political concerns, we require from them not only benevolent wishes, but rational conduct and information on the subjects which they agitate; we hold it no excuse for a physician, who has sacrificed his patient by his ignorance, that he meant only to do him good.—If the boasted spread of knowledge has effected any thing, it should teach men distrust of their opinions, if not fortified by the lessons of experience; and it must prove worse than useless, if it does not inspire a rooted aversion for every project which is not founded on the deductions of history, and a determination to resist every innovation which does not imitate the gradual changes of nature.

## L'envoy.

We made a sad mistake, last month, in clean forgetting that it was our Christmas Number. The world must have thought it strange behaviour in us not to wish her a happy New Year, and many Returns of the Season. The truth is, and we frankly confess it, that we hate the idea of our getting old; and so powerful is the influence over us of that feeling, that it sometimes renders us insensible to the solar system. It is now, we have been credibly informed, 1832 A. D.; and we suppose there has been much snow. In-door people as we are during winter, we care as little about a fall of flakes as about a fall of the funds—having sold out; but we still feel in our frame certain genial symptoms of spring, a budding and a blossoming, a stir of sap, that precedes, predicts, and produces leaves and fruits on all our branches, affording shade, shelter, and sustenance to mankind. Friends of our soul! this goblet sip—and may ye live a thousand years!

It is now, we believe, some two lustres or so, since we began to delight and instruct the Public. It has become with us a confirmed habit; and that philosophically explains the ease with which we now effect our benevolent purpose, and diffuse, like the sun, without fatigue, light all round about the globe. We differ from our prototype in one particular, that we never set; and in another, that no astronomer has been so bold as to calculate of Us an eclipse. An occasional cloud may pass across our disk, but there are on it no permanent spots. We are an orb of purest Fire, yet we scorch not, neither do we consume; 'tis ours but to produce and to preserve; from our golden urn all the planets draw light; and to it return, and into it are absorbed, the comets.

It is certainly very foolish, then, in us to fear that we are waxing aged; seeing that we are universally regarded with that love and admiration which are bestowed only on the brightness and the beauty of youth. Ours, then

must be a perpetual spring involving in mysterious and perfect union the charms of all the Seasons. This is the wondrous work of—DUTY.

"She doth preserve the stars from wrong,  
And the eternal heavens through her are fresh and strong!"

But let us relapse into a humbler strain. We are human—we are mortal.  
But

"If to our share some human errors fall;  
LOOK ON OUR FACE AND YOU FORGET THEM ALL."

Our face! We beat Janus—for we have three faces—the face of Christopher North—the face of George Buchanan—and the face of Maga. 'Twould be hard to say which is the most prepossessing—of most virtues the most unimpaired index. Maga delights to be in the middle, showering her smiles right and left—like Venus between Phoenix and Nestor. Were man or deity to threaten with ill the hoary Elders, her eye would wither them; were she insulted, her Guardians would annihilate the mightiest by a nod from Olympus.

But none now ever venture to say that black is the white of our eyes; the good in love, the bad in fear, do homage at our footstool. He who abuses her, and she who abuses even the "whisper of a faction." The danger now is, to fall into the opposite extreme—and fall into the sin of Idolatry. Though the darkness in which too many of the nations are enveloped, a bright head star-bright appears." They forget what we have said in a preceding paragraph—that we are human, that we are mortal. "In apprehension how like a God," it is true—but subject to the same doom. That has smitten so soon and so suddenly so many of the mightiest of Perpetuals—Death—Burial—perhaps, in the event, of another General—Oblivion!

Politics, Poetry, Philosophy, Literature, Life—these are our themes—all perishable! At this hour they lie almost untouched. There have been people seriously alarmed at the consumption of fuel. When all the coal in the earth shall have been burned, the human race will perish of cold on the hearth of cookery—the vital flame, too, will be extinct. No—not till they have learned that there is "reason in the roasting of eggs" on the twigs of the juniper. There is also much heat. And who knows but that the "chemicals in the air" may bring fire from Heaven, without the punishment of lightning, and fill our grates with incense, whose beauty shall burn with fervent heat, till tales of smoky chimneys in popular tradition grow dim and die, the lingering relics of old wives' dreams.

Idler all these, the combustibles of the soul should be consumed, when the faith who work Maga's will, dig from its subterranean regions, for fuel to the flame that burns for ever on her shrine. Many a deep-mile-shaft mine, that first and winding shaft with its hanging terraces, through rock-floored columnar darkness, where supports the booming sea. They have the power of the ancients—here—to penetrate—and to leave up the "concealed treasures of the earth"—the vasty deep—into the air of the "central regions of the soul," which is thereby made to smile with effulgence, of which the sun bear comparison with the light from heaven," in which it is not lost—forming, the two together, one life-warming and life-giving.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

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VOL. XXXI.

## PRESENT BALANCE OF PARTIES IN THE STATE.\*

IN and out of the House the Whigs, on the subject of Reform, as a body, are nearly dumb. Last session of Parliament, Ministers wore padlocks on their mouths, of such ingenious construction that to pick them (the key having been lost) was beyond the skill even of Mr Croker. Sitting all in a row, with appendages of that sort dangling from their lips, the appearance which they presented to the Fourth Estate in the galleries, was not a little whimsical; nor did the want of speculation in their eyes serve to add to the dignity of British senators. The point-blank expression of their physiognomies reminded one of a congregation of images looking straight forward, and with imperturbable patriotism, on the ongoings of a great city, from the window of a Hair-dresser's shop. Such images, with bead-like eyes, painted cheeks, and well-arranged ringlets, look as if they could speak would they but try; promising orators. No mouths, however, have they; and we forgive the eternal taciturnity of the blockheads, with a feeling of self-reproach, for having unthinkingly expected words from wood,

"Because not of this noisy world,  
But silent and divine."

We cannot help suspecting that Ministers, on the subject of Reform, may carry too far the imitation of those their apparent prototypes, and

that the public contempt may prove fatal to our modern Pythagoreans. Monkeys, it is believed by simple-minded people, are deterred from articulate talk only by the fear of being set to work; and some apprehension of that kind seems to be at the bottom of the silence of our government.

True, that the newspapers still stutter and stammer some spiteful seditious; and an occasional pamphlet, perhaps from the grey-goose quill of Mr Place, the tailor, emits a feeble cry, as the jaws of Cloacina open to receive it, almost still-born, and querulously expiring in the moment of premature birth. But their chief periodical organ—the Edinburgh Review—supports the Bill now by the mutely-speaking eloquence of silence; and falls back in graceful repose on the back of the easy-chair of elegant literature, leaving Reform to Fate and Fortune—to its good or evil stars. The radical Press, as we predicted, without priding ourselves on the gift of prophecy, now abuses the mutes. Its directors had been watching for some months in their lack-lustre eyes dangerous symptoms of insincerity, and now denounce the hypocrites. The Westminster, the Examiner, the Spectator, and other republican organs, who have to the tune of *Ca ira* "wielded at will our fierce democratic," are waxing exceeding wroth that

\* On the Present Balance of Parties in the State. By Sir John Walsh, Bart., M.P. London: Murray. 1832.



the supply of Peers has not answered to the demand—and from their grim-lips we hear less about our Patriot King. The excellent Atlas no longer supports them on his shoulders; and declares “they are rapidly sinking in public estimation.” The acute Observer saith, that “rumours begin to come thick and fast, that the days of their existence is numbered;” and indeed almost all their organs sound dirgelike, as if over persons pining away to the tomb. They themselves shew all the symptoms of Malignant Cholera—the blue nails—the cramped extremities—the sharp features—the sunken eyes—the ghastly faces—the inarticulate whisperings—the agonizing convulsions, that, when life is extinguished, will continue to render death more dreadful than disease, nor let the body rest even in the coffin. Stick a lancet now into the veins of the Ministry, and not a drop of blood will ooze out—only something like tar. Care must be taken to have the body buried deep, deep; a night-watch must be kept against resurrection-men; we must not suffer it to be dissected; for though the question of contagion and infection be still unsettled, prudence dictates that such remains should be suffered to rot where they are buried. Let us not be blamed for being thus metaphorical; we mean but to shew how benevolent genius can improve on malignant dullness, and create poetical imagery out of the vulgar phrase “borough-mongering corruption,” as honey has been made by bees in the carcass of the animal that chews the thistle.

Meanwhile, how delightful to observe the prosperous progress of political literature among us dreadless Tories! With our eloquence the walls of St Stephen's and that other hall have resounded to the downfall of much spiders. From every corner has been swept the cobweb—and, contrary to their use and wont of old, the creatures are “not at their dirty work again.” Our periodicals, perennial in their patriotism, diffuse flowers and herbage wherever they flow, wide over the land; and ever and anon is appearing, in the same cause, some congenial and kindred pamphlet from a Walsh, a Stewart, a Fullarton, or an Escot, that like “another sun” risen on mid-day” of

Maga, illumines the political horizon, and drives afar off over its verge the sullen clouds of discontent and sedition into their native limbo.

We rejoice, at all times, to hail the Friends of our sacred cause, and to spread, wherever our pages wing their way, the treasures of the wisdom of the Conservatives. It is denied by none that We constitute one of the divisions of the Grand Army—and by many we are called—like Picton's—the Fighting Division. Our place is in the Van; and though we may have met occasionally with a check, never once have we been beaten back in confusion on the Main Body, nor disordered the Line of Battle. Indeed, the Whigs have terminated the retreating system in a general flight; we have cleared the field of them down to the last poor devil of a drummer. The Reformers are all *hors de combat*; and we have only to rout the Radicals. To our enemies we always give and do justice; and we cheerfully acknowledge that the Radicals are not like the Whigs—cowards. Queer ones many are among them—men not born to be drowned; but the populace of a country are the dregs of its people, and therefore the very rabble of England are brave. They are, at least, fierce, and will fight viciously ere they fly. But we are speaking of course now only of political warfare; in their ranks there reigns no spirit of subordination—the non-commissioned officer must beware of drilling the private, lest he insult the majesty of the people—the colonel himself must curry the favour of his own ragged regiment—the field-marshal are jealous and quick of each other's honour rather than of their own; and pray, who is generalissimo?

With the Radicals we look forward to many engagements—in which, let it be agreed, that no quarter shall be given; but for the present our business is with the Whigs. Let us take a review of their character and conduct, and then leave them—if not for ever, for a month—to the nation's contempt. And let us do so with only that calm curling of the lip, which naturally accompanies that emotion. We shall regulate our feelings by those of Sir John Walsh—often use his very words—and sometimes introduce a para-

graph or page of our own by way of variety, as condiment to the substantial dish set before us by the baronet.

In his pamphlet, as in that of Mr Escot, we find many views presented, which it has been our aim to illustrate monthly since the day on which Reform dawned on this benighted nation. But we cannot say that we have discovered any proofs in the writings of these gentlemen that they have read ours; they have travelled over much of the same ground, but not in our footsteps; our roads have lain parallel, but divided and concealed by hedgerows and gardens; and it is pleasant to meet them, at the end of our journey, in an agreeable inn bearing the sign of the King's Arms—a joyous party of Conservatives.

The object of the first three sections of Sir John Walsh's admirable treatise is, to establish and illustrate certain propositions which tend, in his opinion, to elucidate the present position of affairs in this country. These propositions are, 1st, That a Political Party in a state must rest upon a basis of political principles peculiar to itself; 2d, That the old Whigs were a party containing many aristocratic ingredients and sympathies, but that their political principle was a peculiar regard for the popular parts of the English Constitution; 3d, That this party sustained a severe shock at the period of the French Revolution, both by the secession of many of its most respectable members, who threw their weight into the scale of government, and by the creation of another party professing democracy, without any reservation or respect for the British Constitution, or for any thing else which stands in their way; 4th, That the political principle of the Whigs has been still farther invaded of late years by the liberal policy of the government; and, 5thly, That the Whigs have continued to cherish, through all their reverses, a devoted attachment, not merely to the principles, but to the interests of their party, and a strong ambitious desire for its exclusive dominion and ascendancy. Into this retrospect of the past history of these parties, Sir John Walsh has been led, by the extreme difficulty he has found in accounting for their actual state, or in explaining

the extraordinary policy of the present Ministry, which appears to him inexplicable, unless we search for its causes in a more remote time. After making every possible allowance for the total absence of official experience, yet he cannot, without tracing them to some motives originating many years since, and confined to a particular political sect, account for a series of acts so contradictory,—such perpetual and incomprehensible vacillation—such an exhibition of inconceivable recklessness and temerity at one time, with such tameness and timidity at another. He has therefore to seek—and seeking he finds it—in passions and prejudices to which the present generation are strangers—in the ranklings of early disappointments—in the desire to vindicate forgotten opinions, and to revive differences which had passed away—in the utmost fanaticism of party—a course of conduct irreconcilable with the ordinary results of human affairs, and the usual springs of men's actions. This enquiry is preliminary to the discussion of the main subject of his disquisition. And though it is not in our power to accompany him through it all, we can give much of its substance, and perhaps all its spirit.

In his description of party, he places it, at first, in its most favourable light, as Burke did, in his *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents*, and then endeavours—and with success—succinctly to state the advantages and disadvantages of political parties in a state. In doing so—that is, in fairly bringing forward the ostensible aims, in tracing the legitimate bounds, and in describing the useful results of party combinations; and, on the other hand, in exposing the errors, the evils, and the vices of which party spirit may be the cause, we may form in our minds a standard to measure the conduct of each particular party in the State.

First, then, Sir John says, rightly and forcibly, that we are entitled to require that a party should be founded upon some acknowledged adherence to fixed principles of policy, which they profess in contradistinction to their opponents. If they have not a known creed of political faith, a uniform complexion of opinion, they are a mere band of adventurers in pur-

suit of power. An intimate and sincere conviction of the truth and importance of these fundamental points, is the virtue—is the sole elevating and ennobling quality of party.

Secondly, we must watch that the spirit of party does not overpower the nobler and purer sentiment of devotion to the national welfare; we must be on our guard that the interests of a party do not become the predominating objects of its members, to the exclusion of those motives of patriotism which ought originally to have presided at its birth, and which alone can dignify, or even excuse its existence.

Thirdly, We must always wish that the body of the nation should be spectators—the observant spectators—but not the actors in political contentions. Parties in politics are ever possessed with the rage of proselytism. The true interests of good government are not advanced by sowing among a whole people the seeds of bitter strife, and introducing a war of opinions and of passions. As long as the great body of the community continues neuter, it constitutes a court of appeal, to which rival factions refer, which controls them within the bounds of moderation that exercises a salutary influence over their acts. But let a party succeed in inculcating a great portion of the people with their spirit—let a country be split into divisions—and this tribunal is dissolved. The passions of whole classes are roused, their imaginations are heated; men are no longer in that frame of mind which enables them to examine with accuracy, or to judge with impartiality. People are no longer the jealous and vigilant observers of the conduct of public men. They become the blind followers of the respective leaders of the side they espouse; their perceptions are clouded by the heat of controversy; they no longer seek for truth, they contend for victory. The production of such a state of things is one of the points on which the interests of party are most directly opposed to the interests of the nation. If it can succeed in converting the whole people from calm judges into eager disputants and acrimonious partisans, it gets rid of a formidable

check and control, and it gains a great accession of strength.

If there be truth in these opinions, and assuredly much truth there is in them, what is our present condition, and by whom have we been placed in it? What is now the “abstract essence of the Ministry?” The Reform Bill. All public measures now are debated with reference to their relation to the government, and their effect on the Bill, rather than upon their own merits. Can this be for good? If for evil—that evil lies at the door of that Ministry, whose astounding measures did necessarily disturb the quiescent state of public feeling, and induce on all minds an excitement fatal to the beneficial effects of public opinion, which, for the safety of the State, should always be brought to bear coolly, impartially, and discriminately, upon the acts of our Rulers.

But not to anticipate—let us quote—continuously—this writer’s character of those two great divisions of Whig and Tory which have for a century and a half contended for the government of our mighty nation—and then accompany him in his remarks on the conduct of the Whigs since the French Revolution of 1789, down to the concoction and promulgation of this portentous Bill, that we may have a clear and steady view of the patriots.

“No parties have ever so fixed the attention of mankind,—of none has the spirit and the conduct exerted so important an influence on the fortunes of their country, and imprinted so marked a stamp on the character of their age. None have ever been so distinguished and adorned by the talents and fame of their members. Genius, eloquence, ardent zeal, sincere patriotism, have illustrated their course and hallowed their annals. The greatest names England has produced,—names which will ever be associated with her best remembrances, and cherished while one spark of feeling for her honour and her glory survives in the breasts of her sons,—are to be found in the ranks of these two celebrated parties; and each, in turn, has furnished us with examples of those inherent vices of party to which I have alluded above, and has dimmed the lustre of its records by the faults into which they have betrayed it. Both possessed that basis of principle which I have insisted upon as essential to a character

of honour and public spirit,—both took their stand within the bounds of the Constitution,—both rejected those extreme extensions of their own doctrines which might carry them beyond it. The Whig watched over the more popular parts of our mixed government,—the privileges of the Commons, the rights of the people, the liberty of petition and remonstrance: the Tory guarded the prerogative of the Crown, the force and efficiency of the Executive, the dignity and security of the Church. But their differences, wide as they were, still were restricted within these acknowledged limits. The Tory would never have contended for the power of raising a tax without the consent of Parliament, or of inflicting punishment without trial: the Whig would not have abetted the assumption of a control over the army by the Commons, or any other overt attack upon the acknowledged rights of the other branches of the government. It is to the existence of these understood bounds, it is to the tacit convention by which the hostile divisions fought their battles within these prescribed lists, that I attribute their long duration, and the stability of our institutions which have not been endangered by their fierce and angry dissensions. In a form of government of the mixed nature of ours, the existence of two parties in some measure analogous to these was inevitable; and neither could be wholly extinguished as long as both agreed to respect the fundamental principles of the constitution.

“The foremost ranks of these two great political divisions equally consisted of the highest and most powerful of our aristocracy; they were drawn from the same orders in the community; their struggles were those of parties, not of different classes. The colour of their political opinions became even a sort of hereditary faith in their families, and blended itself curiously enough with the pride of ancestry. In the Tories, these aristocratic feelings were natural; they were in perfect accordance with the general complexion of their views and policy; but in the Whigs they created an anomaly, and involved, if ever traced fairly up to their source, two contradictory and hostile principles. A proud and exclusive temper, a demeanour somewhat haughty and reserved, a devotion to the interests of particular families, a great deference to the accident of birth, were scarcely reconcilable with that extreme attachment to the spirit and the practice of the democratic parts of our government which they so loudly proclaimed. Such inconsistencies are intimately mixed up with the very nature of man, acted upon as he is

in his social state by so many different circumstances of education, of station in the community, of early impressions, of private ties,—all agents of great power, and influencing more directly his actions and his feelings than speculative opinions can be supposed to do. I do not, therefore, accuse the Whigs of insincerity, or suppose that they merely assumed these principles as a means of exciting the people, or of wielding them for the purposes of their individual ambition: I notice it only as an inherent weakness in the Whig position, as an opposition between their tenets and their prejudices, their professions and their interest, which would unavoidably end by entangling and embarrassing them whenever time and events should put these discordant elements into action. In their origin, however, this was so little apparent, that a great portion of their hold upon the imagination (a chief cause of their popularity) arose out of this very contrast. The liberality of sentiment which prompted men to espouse opinions at variance with their immediate interests, offered at once a pledge of their sincerity and their public virtue. It is true that these abstract doctrines were rarely reduced to practice; and that the current assertion of their opponents, that Whigs were Tories out of place, seemed partly justified by their conduct. This circumstance, combined with their proud bearing in private, and their obvious prepossessions in favour of their own aristocracy, inspired a degree of distrust, and prevented their attaining that unlimited sway over the popular mind which was the great aim of their ambition.”

In these reflections Sir John Walsh has principally had in view the state of parties from our own Revolution to that of the French in 1789: that mighty epoch in the history of the European family placed the Whigs in a totally new relation with respect to the nation, and to their ancient rivals, the Tories. Among all the stupendous consequences of that great moral convulsion, it produced a complete change in the previously existing balance of parties, and, what is of far more importance, in the political ground upon which these parties stood. For a considerable and a pernicious party then sprung up, professing extreme opinions, which has ever since existed, and which *now* thrusts out of dirt and darkness its foul and frowning front, fiercer than ever on its late release from the load that had long lain on the monster. The poli-

tical principle of the Whigs was the democratic part of the English constitution; the political principle of that new party, whose creation was simultaneous with the events of the French Revolution, was the doctrine of primitive, natural, inherent rights. We all know how that doctrine was illustrated by the most brutal of the wicked; how it was illustrated by the most enthusiastic of the weak; and how it was clothed in beautiful and gorgeous colours by the imaginations of a few men of genius, who believed that they beheld the dawn of the true golden age. But the new school received, too, says Sir John Walsh, a great accession of strength from two different sources.

The first was the demagogues by profession—the other was composed of literary men of second-rate genius and ability connected with the middle orders. Individuals of this class, frequently entertaining an erroneous and excessive estimate of their own superiority, readily indulged in hostile and depreciating feelings towards distinctions which they did not possess. The conventional tone, and the early acquired manners of the upper ranks, form a line of demarcation which those who have not been educated in them cannot easily obliterate. Men of such a stamp, irritated by the consciousness of such deficiencies, and perhaps still more mortified by the hauteur of manners which has been the great mistake of the English aristocracy, were readily opposed to a system which thus wounded their vanity and hurt their self-esteem. He has been—adds Sir John—but a cursory observer of the spirit of the times, who is not aware how much the ranks of disaffection have been recruited by the mere agency of disappointed and wounded vanity. But it is needless now to dwell on these or other causes of the birth and growth of that party whom all good men came soon to abhor, and whose birth and growth were so prejudicial to the interests and ascendancy of the Whigs. But on this subject hear again Sir John Walsh in his own unbroken and beautiful words—true as holy writ.

“Hitherto their great source of moral power had consisted in their being the constituted and established organs of the popular feeling. The keystone of their

political faith had been the innocence, the beneficial tendencies, and the power of self-control inherent in popular bodies and institutions, when allowed an unlimited expansion. The birth of the Radicals undermined the former; the excesses of the Reign of Terror shook the latter. The Whigs, the established and orthodox champions of the rights of the democracy, found their province invaded, and their flock led astray, by these sectarians in politics. On the other hand, the more sober of their adherents, the most moderate in their opinions, and aristocratic in their prepossessions, alarmed and disgusted by these dangerous rivals or doubtful allies, seceded entirely, and threw themselves into the arms of the Tories. Never had their benches exhibited a more brilliant union of splendid talents, of distinguished names, of statesmen of high reputation, than when this storm overtook them. Fox in the meridian of his powers, Burke in all the unimpaired vigour of his extraordinary faculties, Sheridan in the first dazzling glory of his parliamentary career, Whitbread, Tierney, the present Lord Grey, Windham, following, with no distant steps, the track of their great leaders, formed a catalogue of which they might well be proud.

“But the great crisis to which I am reverting, was as injurious to their numerical strength within the walls of Parliament, as to their moral influence without. The phalanx I have enumerated was broken.

“The greatest of that triumvirate of chiefs, the greatest in the grasp of his intellect, and the philosophic and comprehensive powers of his mind, quitted them for ever. Mr Burke possessed, perhaps, less Parliamentary tact, less of dexterity in debate. He had not the piercing wit of Sheridan; he had not had the early House of Commons' education, which trained the powers, or the accessories of station and connexion, which augmented the influence, of Mr Fox. In those important requisites for the leader of a party, whose force consists in the control he can obtain over the opinions and feelings of a mixed popular assembly, Mr Burke was probably inferior to his two celebrated associates. In depth and originality of thought, in the comprehensiveness of his faculties, in the acuteness of his sagacity with regard to the future, in the clearness and profundity of his views on government, he not only surpassed them, but approached nearer the perfect union of the statesman and the philosopher, than any other instance in the history of the human mind. There can be no stronger example of the violence, the injustice, and

the prejudice generated by party feelings, than the obloquy with which he was pursued for changing his political connexions at this period. That this alteration involved no inconsistency with his previous opinions, we have the contemporary testimony of one of the ablest of his opponents,\* corroborated by the internal evidence of his own works.

"No impartial mind can doubt that the French Revolution, by the novelty of its theories, by the magnitude of its effect, by the contagion of its example, and by the proselytizing spirit of its authors, did alter the whole surface of politics, and every relation, whether national or social, of the European family. It is an unavoidable inference, that a public man was at liberty to adopt a new line of conduct under such new circumstances. That a man advanced in age would break all the ties and friendships of early life—friendships useful and flattering, as well as dear to him—for a trifling pension, is improbable. He who can peruse the 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' and continue of opinion that its author wrote them for hire, and belied his own convictions, liels the highest order of genius, by severing its intimate union with sincerity and truth. The only remaining consideration then is, whether the obligations of party ought to prevail in opposition to every principle of conscience and every feeling of patriotism, and to bind together discordant opinions upon new and vital questions.

"Diminished in splendour by the secession of its brightest ornaments, Burke and Windham; in numbers, by that of many of the more moderate, yet influential, of the party in both Houses of Parliament; and embarrassed by the novelty of its position with respect to the powerful ultra-democrats springing into existence, the Whig Opposition maintained a firm countenance. They continued to arraign the policy, and to scrutinize the conduct of the Ministry, with equal acuteness, with no mitigated severity, and with a deeper shade of personal animosity. But no one can read the debates, and the history of that period, without perceiving in their tone a consciousness of the difficulty of their situation, and traces of the inconsistencies in which it involved them. At one time they launch out in eloquent

praise of the French Revolution; at another, they gently blame, while they palliate its excesses. At one time, they indulge in sanguine anticipation of the benefits with which it is pregnant to the whole human race; at another, they are staggered with the enormities which disfigured its course. Now they attack with violent declamation the coalitions of European Powers as conspiracies against the rights of mankind; and soon after they are obliged to admit that the intrigues and military movements of the Republic are assaults on the existence of governments, and aggressions on the independence of nations. At home, they enrol their names in political societies, and shrink from the ultimate objects which those societies have in view. They censure the dangerous designs and treasonable projects of affiliated Jacobins; yet they loudly and violently stigmatize all measures of repression, all vigorous policy, as invasions of liberty, and acts of unwarrantable oppression. They deny not the existence of the spirit of evil—yet they insist that, unopposed, it becomes perfectly innocuous; and that it is only when some attempt is made to check and control it that it is rendered dangerous to society. Thus did they endeavour to thread their way through the narrow space which was left them, seeking to preserve their distinctness inviolate; hoping to direct and to restrain the Radicals with one hand, and to oppose the firm Ministry of Pitt with the other. Had it been practicable, they would have accomplished it; for they were proud and able men, long versed in the warfare of party, devoted to their own: the aristocratic part of our representative system gave them sure seats in Parliament; their high reputation gave them weight in it. But they attempted an impossibility; they were interposed between the shocks of elements mightier than themselves. Identified with neither, they were opposed to all movement whatever: as they were in a manner neutralized, they insisted that the nation ought to be neutral; as they would not sanction any steps of a decisive character against sedition, they argued that it would expend itself: they maintained that amidst the crash of empires, and in the face of the most active and powerful agents of destruction, if we

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\* "The late opinions of Mr Burke furnished more matter of astonishment to those who had distantly observed, than to those who had correctly examined, the system of his former political life. An abhorrence for abstract politics, a predilection for aristocracy, and a dread of innovation, had ever been among the most sacred articles of his public creed."—*Introduction to the Vendicte Gallica*.

were only quiescent, we should be safe,—as if some one were to counsel a traveller in the Arctic regions to take a sleep in the snow to recruit his strength, in a situation where inaction is death.”

Sir John Walsh declines following the Whigs through all the various phases of their opposition to the government during the eventful struggles of that long war. Entangled—he mildly says—in a false position—they persevered in a course which alienated from them the sympathies of the better part of the nation; because it displayed their indifference to her noble efforts, their disposition to undervalue her powers, and to detract from her hard-won glories. They exhibited the inconsistency of a sort of coquetry towards the splendour but iron despotism of Napoleon, a feeling at variance with all their political professions. To say thus that their conduct “alienated from them the sympathies of the better part of the nation,” is saying too little; for along with that alienation arose towards the Whigs an universal disgust, that almost smothered indignation, and gave way gradually to contempt. Had they had their own way, at this hour Britons might have been slaves. They regarded revolutionary France with fear after their love had been laid; and quaked before the tiger-monkeys.

Some vague reliance they placed on our navy; but they believed that were our army ever to see the French, it would run away; nor was that abject delusion destroyed even by the bayonets that skivered the Invincibles. Spaig was to be the sepulchre of our soldiers—or France their prison; and till this day the cowardly Whigs praise Moore chiefly because, according to their prediction, Soult drove him to Corunna. That retreat has been eulogized by them more enthusiastically than all Wellington's advances—than his hundred victories. In all their forebodings of national disaster and ruin, something worse than mere cowardice must have been working at their hearts. For the thunder of the cannon that used to precede the Gazette, seemed always to stupify as well as startle the Whig; in those days he loved not Illuminations; he shammed sadness for the killed and wounded; and tried in vain to

squeeze out to misery a sulky tear. To the very last nothing could satisfy the Whigs but Wellington's overthrow and Napoleon's triumph. They have never forgiven the “Great Lord,”—Waterloo. Yet their anger by their own shewing was absurd; for never had there been so ill-fought a battle—but for Blücher Wellington had been beaten—and as the infatuated man had made no arrangements for a retreat, the whole British army would have perished like the Babes in the Wood.

Much of folly and wrong will be forgiven to an Opposition—provided they have shewn themselves, however galled and fretted, inspired, on the whole, with a patriotic spirit. Their falsehoods will be forgotten, because uttered in bitterness, if they have been such lies as might have been extorted by rage from disappointed and baffled men, who were yet lovers of their country, and admirers of its character. But the falsehoods and lies of the Whigs, all during the war, were not of that kind; they all libelled their native land, and eulogized France, while she was, with all her revolutionary energies, striving to extinguish our liberties, by forcing us to waste our wealth in foreign subsidies, till our iron took the place of our gold, and we lavished other treasures, “transcending in their worth” all that ever flowed from exchequers, and treasures that we knew were inexhaustible—the blood that circles through their veins from the hearts of men whom the earth acknowledges to be “of men the chief;”—blood which, in profusest outpouring, was never grudged by the brave.

That was their crime; and it is inexpiable. It alienated from them at last all their own friends, whose English hearts had not been Frenchified; it arrayed against them all whom party-spirit had not yet thoroughly besotted into admiration of the outlandish; and it stamped them with infamy in the minds of all who knew that, in that dreadful contest, we were struggling for all that could make life—we shall not say desirable—but endurable, to men who had been reared on the lap of freedom, and whom a foreign tyrant had sworn, for the glory of his eagles, to make slaves. The Whigs counselled

cowardice and submission—the Tories courage and resistance—and yet at this hour, the government of England is in the hands of the dastards who declare they will set us free!

Of the conduct of the Whigs from the peace to their accession to office, we shall not give even a general sketch. Never for a week was it magnanimous. How could it be so? Who were they? They seemed to shrink and shrivel up into unnoticeable insignificance. They now and then attempted to speechify; but even in that they failed; and the most eloquent among them could not play second fiddle to Canning. They were set on the shelf as so much musty lumber; and one rarely heard of a Whig except when he died. Then he was suffered to shine in obituaries; till in a week the farthing-candle lustre of his fame expired—and he was forgot. The most respectable among them changed their names, if possible, by marriage; and widowers and old bachelors looked kindly on you when you called them Tories. Sir John Walsh, whose opinions are strong, though perhaps hardly so strong as our own on this subject, has well shewn how the events of this memorable period of our history inevitably trench upon and diminished that basis which the Old Whigs had so long and so proudly occupied before the French Revolution. They were—he says—become a Middle Term. But to preserve that sort of intermediate position, it would have been necessary that they should have possessed imposing strength; that they should have exhibited a political faith, clearly distinct from that of either of their rivals; and, above all, that it should have been thoroughly consistent with itself and with truth. The Whigs were deficient in all these things. They had been greatly weakened; they had affinities with both Tories and Radicals; and they had mixed feelings of aristocracy, and principles of democracy, which they could no longer reconcile with the circumstances of the times. But there were many causes which banded them together in fierce opposition to the Ministry, and made them draw closer and closer to, and lean more upon, their dangerous allies. Those also of their party who inclined most

to Toryism, and who might have checked their exasperated feelings, in effect quitted them entirely; formerly they hated the Tories, and determined to use, while they inwardly despised, the Ultra democrats; but circumstances have changed; and while they still hate the Tories, they fear the democrats, by whom they are in turn hated, and ere long, if they be not so already, will be thoroughly despised. For a good many years, then, before their late accession to office, it seems to Sir John Walsh that the condition of the Whigs was this—they still possessed the materials of considerable parliamentary influence within the walls of the House of Commons—still retained practised and able orators, whose names carried with them the weight derived from ancient recollection, yet altogether languishing, not fixing public attention, or guiding public opinion, and gradually finding all the ground which they had exclusively occupied trencched upon by a mixture of all parties. There was little of union or identity left; they had been at the head of a body of opinion in the country; they latterly scarcely extended beyond the drawing-rooms of the metropolis; they had formed a great party in the nation; they were fast dwindling into a political coterie; they had divided England; they still possessed Brookes's. But we must quote, without break or abridgement, an admirable passage from the Pamphlet, shewing how all this had come to pass with the Whigs.

“The country had had, during these fifteen years, to contend with many difficulties. The revulsion which followed the termination of the war, the fall of rents, the decline of trade in the first years of the peace, the shock to credit in 1825, the fluctuations in the demand for manufactures, involved us in much embarrassment. The increasing evils of the poor law system; the vast mass of the manufacturing population exposed to destitution on the slightest check to the demand for their labour; the complicated question of the currency, must have strewn with thorns the pillow of a Minister. His difficulties were without an obvious remedy: he was surrounded with theorists, each offering his explanation and his panacea—but their arguments confuted each other; the statements sup-



ported by one set of facts, were invalidated by others. The best and purest intentions, and even the highest ability, were unable effectually to cure evils resulting from a variety of causes, and acting upon a system so tremblingly sensitive, so artificial and complicated in its structure. Yet, in spite of these dark shades in the picture, I am inclined to think that history will look back upon the reign of George the Fourth as a period of national prosperity and advancement. We have enjoyed profound peace, internal and external; the respect of foreign nations; the most perfect individual liberty; the most complete security of property and person;—commonplace and vulgar blessings, perhaps, and the enumeration of which has a trite and hackneyed sound. They comprise, however, almost all that the best government can bestow; and I hope I may be excused for mentioning them,—just as we sometimes turn to old acquaintance with a feeling of regard, even if they have been rather dull and wearisome, when we think that we may probably separate from them for a long time. Nor have other evidences of increasing national prosperity been wanting. Public works extensively prosecuted; commercial enterprises on a great scale successfully undertaken; an immense development of our manufacturing industry; a vast diminution in the prices, and improvement in the quality, of almost all the materials of clothing; an increased revenue in proportion to the reduction of taxation; an extended consumption of most articles of general use and enjoyment, are proofs that the elastic force of the nation was not destroyed. I have observed that one of the characteristics of this period was the decline of party spirit; and it is to be attributed to this circumstance, that the nation bore with calm firmness and resolution the evils of one or two of those internal crises to which I have before alluded. There was no irritation applied to the wound, and it healed. Another remark that I shall venture to offer is, that there was no decay of the spirit of genuine and rational liberty. It did not appear that it required the excitement of party struggles to keep it alive, or the fierceness of faction to give it strength. Never had it shewn itself under an aspect more amiable, more worthy of our veneration and love. It seemed tempered with time and experience. It stood alone in its native grace and beauty, and had discarded those followers,—strife, contention, feverish agitation,—which had heretofore appeared in its train, blemished its purity, and had seemed almost inseparably associated

with its existence. We had a proof that the attachment to this noble and elevated principle pervaded the general character of Englishmen,—that it did not owe its preservation to the vigilance of one set of public men guarding it against the conspiracies of others,—that it was engraven in the hearts of all,—that it flourished in the breasts of Canning and of Peel, not less than in those of the most ardent disciples of Fox.

“While such was the temper of the whole educated portion of the community; while the tendency of events was to obliterate these distinctions, and to suffer these old appellations of party to fall into oblivion, what was the position of the remains of the Whigs? For half a century they had fought a losing game: they had lost office, popularity, consideration; their predictions had been disproved, their errors had been made manifest. Even the tone of liberality and conciliation in the Government had trenched upon their peculiar manner, and menaced their separate existence. Their young men were seduced into the camp of the enemy; and the influence of this sun of conciliation was not less powerful upon the rising generation, and the moderates of their party, than upon those of the Tories; but they still retained the materials of considerable importance. The aristocratic Whig families clung to their party badges as to their mottoes or their escutcheons. They still could confer a high degree of social distinction. They employed this species of patronage to recruit their ranks with men of talent: they likewise possessed the command of a great number of those private avenues to the House of Commons which are now the theme of such unsparing abuse; and they introduced by them clever and aspiring men, who would not otherwise have obtained seats. Lastly, they enlisted a parliamentary leader not unworthy to fill the place of the great names he succeeded; possessing, in addition to eminent powers and diversified attainments, many qualities which peculiarly fitted him to exercise vast influence in a popular assembly. They still with his mighty aid filled respectably the Opposition benches, pursuing against the Ministry a warfare of detail, and maintaining a useful watch over the policy of the Government.

“A state of things so destitute of excitement was, probably, distasteful to many ardent spirits in their ranks. The languor of inaction and indifference had succeeded to the mortification of defeat. Those who had entered upon the stage of public life within the last twenty years, felt, perhaps, dissatisfied that their ener-

gies should be consumed, and their lives employed in the examination and discussion of subjects requiring much labour, affording no profit, and attended with little éclat. Among those older veterans, who had been actors from the beginning of this long drama, a more deep-seated feeling, perhaps, existed. Their whole course had been a disappointment: their early youth had been crowned with the laurels of parliamentary successes; they had, in the first bright years of manhood, felt their own powers, established their own reputation, been associated with those whose memory they revered. They had passed the threshold which most men never reach; they had made that first step which is, proverbially, the most difficult; while 'the first sprightly runnings of life' still sparkled near their source, and the sanguine anticipations of that golden period would appear never to have rested upon a firmer or better ground.

"They had remained there. Their subsequent history has been one unvarying tale of efforts without progress, of contests without triumphs. They courted popularity; and popularity ranged itself on the side of their opponents, who had not courted it. They had prophesied defeat, and the nation refuted them on the days of Trafalgar and Waterloo. They proved to demonstration that our armies must be driven into the Atlantic; and the banner of England was borne by a series of victories from Vimiera to Toulouse. Their biography was written on the reverse side of those tablets on which were inscribed the most glorious passages of our history.

"They had grown old in waging this losing war of party, and they prided themselves upon consistency. It was not wonderful, that, if among them there had been some whose tempers were irritable and imperious by nature, they should have been still further soured and embittered by such causes. They mistook, perhaps, for firmness and consistency, the common pertinacity of age, retentive of early impressions, and little susceptible of new ones. They fancied that they were in full march with the spirit of the times, while they were reverting to the days of 1792, playing an imaginary back game, maintaining the infallibility of Charles Fox, and ascribing every recent evil to the dispute on the opening of the Scheldt."

What brought into power this feeble faction? Fools and knaves say, the cry for Reform. The Duke of Wellington, it is asserted, destroyed himself by the declaration that there

should be nothing of the sort as long as he was Minister. Not so. Sir John Walsh shews, in a few sentences, what we have often shewn, how that Ministry was upset. The Parliament was divided at least into four parties—the Ministerial—the Old Opposition—the Canningites and Huskissonians—and the True Tories. It contained likewise a strong body of Independents. On Sir Henry Parnell's motion for a select committee to enquire into the items of the Civil List, the Ministers were defeated; for all three parties combined against them, aided by a considerable number of the Independents. The true Tories overthrew that government, and in doing so, they did right; for how could they support the men who had "broken in upon the Constitution," and audaciously deceived the nation? Having done justice to themselves, and punished the delinquents, they are now willing to forgive, and, as far as may be, to forget; meanwhile mauling the miserable Ministry that now constitute the misgovernment.

It is easily proved, then, from the lists of divisions, that a great portion of those who voted out the Wellingtonians, were adverse to Reform. Nor did that defeat in the Commons give any accession of strength to the Whigs. They were a weak set, weaker perhaps than at any other era of their imbecility; but they were suddenly brought forward by the divisions of their opponents, "just as a ship which has lain for months enclosed by fields of ice, is at length released, not by her own strength, but by the crumbling and breaking up of the masses by which she has been imprisoned."—Such a ship!

Having been thus unexpectedly turned in, what were they to do, to save themselves from being expectedly turned out? They might pursue "the liberal and conciliating policy of Mr Canning and the Duke of Wellington"—too liberal and conciliating by far, Sir John—or they might throw themselves upon the democrats. For a while, we believe, they attempted the first alternative; and serious disturbances prevailing in some parts of England, which it was necessary to put down, all parties agreed to support the government, for the sake of the stack-yards.

The special commissions did their duty, and incendiaries were doomed to die. But even then the new Ministry, though backed by all the energy and intellect of England, began to vacillate and waver; they conceded, even then, to the clamour of the Radical press. However, the Whigs shewed a wish to separate themselves from the party of the Movement, and still more so in the affairs of Ireland. The removal of the Catholic disabilities had produced none of those happy effects so weakly and ignorantly anticipated by the promoters of that unfortunate measure—and over Ireland reigned King O'Connell—whom our new Ministry seemed resolved to treat as a traitor. So far—well. With respect to the affairs of Belgium and Holland, they seemed to pursue, in all essentials, the same course with their predecessors. They declared that it was out of their power to effect any reduction in the expenditure of the State which would materially diminish the amount of taxation. So far—well. Then came their memorable Budget. In it they attempted to satisfy the public expectation (a foolish attempt—for who that knows any thing, does not know that they themselves—the Whigs—had deluded the great majority of the ignorant people into a belief that gross malversation and prodigality pervaded every branch of the Government?) by an extensive shifting and changing of those burdens which they could not lessen. It was now seen that they were blockheads, and not only seen, but admitted on all sides, and expressed by an angry, scornful, contemptuous burst of general laughter, that, spite of the young self-conceit of the faction, and its superannuated arrogance, must have brought the burning blush of shame over the unmeaning face of the Ministry, as it stood with its finger in its mouth, sulky for a while, then blubbering, and finally confessing, by retraction conducted on the largest scale, that they were indeed a conclave of Incapables. Should our language seem too strong, take the milder words of Sir John Walsh. "It is regarded as an injudicious and crude endeavour to put in practice certain theoretical views of taxation, without due reference to existing interests, without

respect for rational enjoyments, and as founded upon errors in calculation so extensive as entirely to vitiate its estimated results." Yet among them, and instructing them, and controlling them, are some, forsooth, of the "Political Economists!!"

'Twas pitiable to see the greatest country on earth governed by such impotents. The case was singular. In the Ministry are several men of ordinary—one man of extraordinary abilities—few feebler, perhaps, than you meet with in the common run of gentlemen—and yet the conduct of the whole was such as, in private life, would have imposed the painful necessity on the relatives of the party, of having them *cognosceret*, as poor Watty was in the "Entail." And yet these are the Imbeciles who have had the impertinence to propose Reform!

They felt they were going—going—gone, if they did not forthwith fling themselves upon the democrats. They therefore lustily roared Reform! Reform! Reform! and the many-headed monster grimly laughed with all his mouths, as he opened his innumerable arms to clutch them falling into his foul but not friendly embrace. Of late years the Democratic Power had been quiescent, but it had been secretly gathering strength. The Populace—the Mob—now-a-days—have been made more than ever savagely ignorant by a base and brutal education. The best among the lower orders are perhaps now better than the best of former times; but the worst are infinitely more wicked; and the generality are more dangerous; for consider—how hostile the times to all existing institutions!

"That formidable influence had been peculiarly quiescent of late years, but had secretly gathered the materials of strength. The wide diffusion of that first step in knowledge, the art of reading,—which, when obtained, can only be very partially used by the working classes,—had given a great increase of weight to the periodical publications to which their studies are confined. The generality of these papers,—certainly those most in circulation,—had a democratic bias, and were extremely hostile to all existing institutions. The depression and rapid fluctuations which trade and agriculture had undergone, disseminated such principles. These re-

verses fell most heavily upon men of small or no capital, who, by activity or adventurous speculations, had advanced their fortunes. The painful and bitter feelings which they must have experienced when the tide turned, could not fail to prepare them for discontent, and to make them the willing and reckless agents of change. The congregated mass of manufactures perpetually augmenting, exposed to the severest privations on every variation of price, and altered proportion between demand and supply, were like so many volcanoes in the heart of the country. In Ireland, the numerical force and weight of the lower orders had been most skillfully combined and directed to the attainment of a certain object: the object was gained, and the combination remained unbroken. The example was not lost upon us. Lastly, the successes of the population of Paris and Brussels against regular troops had set the whole public mind in a state of the most feverish agitation, and had roused the passions of the most desperate part of the community. In such a condition of affairs, nothing could be conceived more hazardous than invoking the assistance of such auxiliaries. At every period, it is the especial duty of government to avoid excitement, to soothe, and, if necessary, to restrain the ebullitions of popular feeling. Under the circumstances in which the nation has been placed since the accession of the present Ministry to office, this duty has been peculiarly imperative, whether we estimate it by the importance and value of that proud fabric of human civilisation which was intrusted to their custody, or by the unusual dangers to which it has been exposed. There are moral obligations which, though binding upon all, acquire an additional weight in particular instances. Courage is peculiarly demanded of a soldier, chastity of a woman, honour and fidelity of a general. Among these may be classed that principle which forbids a government, directly or indirectly, to incite, sanction, connive at, or avail itself of that lawless brute force, which it is the first article of the social compact that it shall subjugate and restrain."

To lay on or to take off a tax the Ministry had shewn was an achievement beyond their impotence; but they supposed it might be easier to effect a revolution. They took the country somewhat by surprise. Lord Grey, it is true, had been a radical reformer in his youth, but he was now getting a very old man, had stood tottering up "for his order," and declared more than once, to the

displeasure of all Ultras, that though he still advocated Reform, it was with very different views and very different feelings from those that guided and animated him at the commencement of his career. Lord Brougham had just been delighting the ears of Yorkshiremen with eloquent avowals of his determination to carry for them an extremely temperate plan of Reform, which was all, he said, that the country wished, and the Constitution required; and my Lord John Russell's motions in Parliament had always been in strict conformity with these sound principles, "that the government must never be placed in the worst of all hands, the population of large cities,"—such are his words,—"that a uniform qualification for votes is most pernicious, and that the working of the constitution would be destroyed by the destruction of the nomination boroughs." Almost all the other members of the government, and almost all their friends, had all along held the same opinions—while some of them had been the devoted adherents of Mr Canning, who had sworn to oppose what is called Reform, to his dying day, and who kept his oath. In an hour, all honour, all truth, all sense, were flung to the winds; and round "these liars of the first magnitude," and their Bill, rallied every "partisan of extreme democratic opinions, of every shade and degree, from Sir Francis Burdett to Mr Cobbett"—aye, and far darker shades and lower degrees, down to the slumberers on bulkheads, and the snorers in kennels—thieves, robbers, incendiaries, all the lawless, yet untransported or unhanged, and them the Ministry called—The People!

What were the immediate effects of the unprincipled exposition of the First of March? Sir John Walsh mentions them in terms almost too moderate to suit our temper. The first effect, he says, was to secure the support of the party of the movement, or ultra-democratic party. They not only gave the most zealous co-operation towards aiding the measure itself, but they afforded a general, though guarded and limited, countenance to the Ministry, whose defeat upon any other point would have entailed its loss,

The second was to render the Government more dependent upon this party, by causing the most complete rupture between it and all the independent and moderate men, whether in parliament or in the country, who were attached to existing institutions and averse from desperate courses. The creation of the movement into a party directly influencing the conduct of Government, and possessing a real weight in the Legislature, has been entirely the work of the present Administration. Before their accession to office, it was confined to a lower and subordinate sphere.

The third was to lay a sure train for a collision, the most menacing to the permanence of the British constitution, between the House of Lords and a new House of Commons elected under popular excitement, and backed by the passions of the democracy.

Let us look for a few minutes at the total change of their policy with respect to Ireland. They had assumed, as we have seen, towards O'Connell, an attitude of hostility apparently the most resolute! they prosecuted, and they convicted the agitator of a violation of the law. Will you punish him, asked the Marquis Chandos? Yes—was the answer of Mr Stanley. "It is the *unalterable determination* of the law officers in Ireland to follow up the present proceedings against him—the law will take its full course." "The Crown has procured a verdict against Mr O'Connell, and it will undoubtedly call him up to receive judgment upon it." This was said on the 14th and 16th of February, and on the 28th Mr Stanley had a brush with O'Connell, when he charged him with a systematic attempt to agitate the minds and rouse the passions of the people; an accusation which he preferred in language as strong as was consistent with the usage of Parliament. He had himself been grossly insulted by that unprincipled demagogue, and called, we think, a "shave-beggar;" but though on this occasion he lashed his libeller like another Christopher, he could not silence the shameless brute, who charged Ministers with a tyrannical and despotic spirit, compared with whom, he said, the former administration was a blessing to Ireland. They were its curse.

On the 8th of March, O'Connell made, Sir John Walsh says, the ablest and most effective speech in favour of the Reform Bill which had been delivered on that side of the question. No great praise. Such is the power of this man in Ireland, that it was perfectly certain that if he continued in open enmity with the Cabinet, it would have been totally impossible to venture on the expedient of a dissolution; without some understanding that his interest would not be exerted against them, they must have resigned. He supported the Bill with all his influence, and maintained a truce with the government upon every other subject of difference; and the elections passed over much more quietly in Ireland than in England. Were the Cabinet to bring up for judgment the man who had insulted and saved them? Terrified, they truckled, and England saw Ireland despising them like dirt.

"At this time he adopted a measured tone of conciliation and partial approbation towards the Ministers, yet carefully guarding himself from taking a position among their regular supporters. He preserved his separate and independent station, assisting the Reform Bill with every effort, whether by his votes, his interest, or his talents for debate; yet keeping aloof from any cordial union with the Whigs upon the general principles of their policy. Nor did the session proceed very far without exhibiting symptoms of the little real agreement between them, and evidence of the formidable accession of influence which the results of the elections had given to Mr O'Connell. There arose two subjects of serious difference, in which the policy of the Government underwent the most pointed animadversion from him and from the Irish members who generally concurred with him. These were Mr Stanley's Registration of Arms' Bill, and the Yeomanry Corps of Ireland. The first was a measure certainly of an arbitrary character, which could only be justified on the grounds of pressing state necessity, and which the highest Tory might well have refused to pass as a permanent law. In deference to the strongly expressed opinions of Mr O'Connell and the other Irish members returned on the Catholic interest, this Bill, after having been postponed repeatedly, was suffered to drop.

"The question of the Irish yeomanry involved the whole subject of those unhappy divisions of party and religion

which have so long distracted that country. The great remedy of the repeal of the disabilities has failed entirely in reconciling them, to the deep disappointment of every friend of that country. Nothing could keep them in check but a strong and firm executive. A weak, temporizing, vacillating government, allows both sides to acquire added strength, and nourishes every feeling of unrestrained and bitter animosity. The Ministry in vain endeavoured to fall upon some course which should satisfy both the contending divisions. It was placed in a difficult position: It leaned upon one side for its maintenance in office, and upon the other for the preservation of the peace and integrity of the empire. The Protestants were alarmed and indignant. The members in the Catholic and popular interest were exasperated to the highest pitch at the refusal of the government to allow the printing of a petition from Waterford, praying that the yeomanry might be disarmed. They had, in consequence, meetings with Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, and Mr Stanley; were very much dissatisfied with the arrangement they proposed, and almost threatened to withdraw their support from them. Thus did this party, fostered by the present Cabinet, press upon and dictate to it; and such are the unequivocal warnings it receives of the dangers upon which it is so obstinately rushing. Nor were the Protestants less irritated at the regulations proposed, which would, they asserted, have the effect of placing the yeomanry at the mercy of their enemies, and utterly destroying their efficiency. I will only further recall to my readers the support Mr O'Connell lent to Lord Ebrington's motion for a resolution declaratory of confidence in the government; the compliment paid him of a silk gown and a patent of precedence; the rumoured offer to him of the Attorney-Generalship of Ireland; and the course he has recently again reverted to, of which the newspapers are full; viz. open war with the executive. The epitome of Mr O'Connell's history for 1831 is, that he was prosecuted to conviction by the government; that he laid it under essential obligations to him; that he supported it, schooled it, and thwarted it; was honoured by it, and spurned it. Possibly in 1832, if indeed the catastrophe of the drama is not still nearer at hand, he may support it, and school it, and spurn it again."

Heaven forefend that we should trace the progress of the misgovernment in our own island. They have been kicked by the hoofs of every

asinine association, and mulish union, on whose hide they have awkwardly attempted to curry favour; and have been seen in all directions sprawling in the dust. Mr Place the tailor has gone forth against them, with a polished spear, two inches long, and prevailed; the ship of the state—permit us the privilege of the ordinary national image—has well-nigh foundered in attempting to thread the Needles.

What then are the prospects of the country? Many think gloomy in the extreme—we see streaks of nascent light dawning on the horizon. It is cheering to know that the Ministry are on their last legs; and it would be the easiest thing in the world to nominate—perhaps not to appoint—their successors. Coming after such a set, it is impossible to imagine any Ministry unpopular. They are despised by all who do not detest them; with the exception of a third party, [in whom all other feelings are merged in disgust. Prone as the people of this country are to unaccountable fits of admiration, we must yet do them the justice to say, that we have never met with any individual, however odd, who admired the present Ministry. The Reformers themselves have shewn a power of discrimination, in their liking to the Bill, and their dislike of the men who framed it, from which we augur great good, as soon as this effervescence has expired, and their blood has been restored to its natural temperature. They have persuaded themselves that the provisions of the Bill are wholesome; but they feel no gratitude to the givers of the feast. This not unfrequently happens in private life. You yourself may have been one of a score of guests gobbling up what you thought a good dinner, yet all the while in your heart cursing the host as a stingy and hypocritical old hunk, whose designs in deviating so widely from his established system, you cannot but suspect must be sinister. Should your stomach be disordered during the night, you even think of poison.

Hear on this the sober language of Sir John Walsh.

"No observations have led me to the conclusion that the present government is generally popular. They have done much

to beg and court mob popularity; but the immediate leaders of this power are not disposed to share it. They take their Reform Bill at their hands as a concession to their own irresistible strength,—the footing, indeed, upon which the Ministry put it,—but it creates no enthusiasm for its authors. They are watched, on the contrary, with jealous vigilance, and some suspicion. Among the upper classes of society, there is a widely spread hostility to men who are considered as placing in jeopardy all that is valuable in civilized life. A variety of mercantile and colonial interests are opposed to them; and all Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, is unanimous on that point alone. These are formidable masses. The whole conduct of the Ministry since they have held office has been such as to excite against them a steady and permanent feeling of distrust and opposition in different influential classes of the community. They have not obtained the command, although they have received the temporary support, of that fleeting and unmanageable popular cry which they have themselves created into a fourth estate in the realm. If, as I have argued in preceding parts of this essay, the Whigs were a party who had declined in general influence and estimation in the course of the last 40 years, I do not think that the consequences of their latter policy have re-established them in the regard of the educated ranks, or even in the versatile affections of the masses. In Parliament they have not exhibited any of that commanding eloquence, those abilities of the first order, which attach people to the individual, and which kindle that enthusiasm so absolutely requisite for men to inspire who hope to lead opinion in times like these. Their first step was an arrangement by which they deprived their party of its great prop and stay in the House of Commons. If they looked alone to their strength and influence in that assembly, and their permanent authority in the country, they never committed a grosser blunder than in removing Lord Brougham from that peculiar sphere of his greatness. They probably felt, that with a seat in the Cabinet, and a place on the Treasury bench of that House, whoever might have been the titular head of the government, he would have been the real Prime Minister of England. This elevation might not have been agreeable to other members of the government, or to the high aristocratic families of the Whigs. His removal has left Sir Robert Peel confessedly without a rival in the Lower House in all the qualities of Parliamentary eloquence. The very consciousness of this undispu-

ted authority has, perhaps, given to his speeches a loftier and firmer tone. Whether from considerations of convenience, inclination, or necessity, the ministerial bench during almost all the discussions seemed to observe a studied silence, and to impose the same curb upon their adherents. This policy has not tended to strengthen their influence with the country at large. They have not been sufficiently on the scene before the public."

Did the Ministry shew the slightest symptoms of strength, we should indeed be low-spirited about the state of our country. But "kicked and cuffed on all sides" as they are, (we use the words of the Examiner,) and unable to ward or return a single blow, we are cheery on their approaching exit. Under a sensible and strong government, which we must soon have, the doctrines which appear now somewhat dangerous, will be hissed and hooted from the press as foolish; and people will be ashamed of ever having lent an ear, for a moment, to such paltry preachments. We shall hear no more of the repeal of the Union—of the separation of England and Ireland—of one red-hot Irishman holding in his hands the fate of a British Ministry—of the abrogation of the law of primogeniture—of the expulsion of the Bishops—of the abolition of the House of Lords—of the change of our monarchical form of government into republican—of the majesty of mobs—and the reign of the rabble. But for the infatuation of a Whig Ministry, we should have heard little or nothing about them now; for though the spirit of democracy be sufficiently strong to shew itself with great audacity when unresisted, and in the perpetration of the worst crimes, when encouraged, as it has been by our weak and wicked rulers, yet it knows well that it could not stand one day against the uproused loyalty of the land, and would shrink and fade away from the encounter. Then, with what gladness would myriads of worthy people, who had fallen into delusion, but whose eyes have been long opening or opened to the evils with which our best institutions are threatened, return from the error of their ways, as soon as it was safe to do so, and rejoice—never again to leave them—the ranks of the faithful. We are sick of the silly

use of the word reaction. There is no need of any; the desperadoes who cling for life to the Bill, will bellow for it till it has been struck out of their grasp; so will the renegades and apostates; so will the obstinate ignorants who run after all kinds of quackery; and so will a few thousand fierce republicans, whose well-educated leaders are now among the most powerful organs of the Press. But the energies of all the factions would be soon deadened by a vigorous government, supported as it would be, from the moment of its formation, by nine-tenths of the talent, integrity, riches, and rank of the country; and their measures would in a few weeks convince THE PEOPLE that the Reform now clamoured for was Revolution.

Since the Ministry, then, are on the brink of dissolution, we can see little or no reason for alarm. Here we differ in opinion from Sir John Walsh, who sees, we think, the prospects of the country through too gloomy a light. Yet he beautifully expresses his *manly fears*, which are those of a lover of liberty. In our happy country, he finely says, where peace, order, and internal tranquillity have been established by a long and glorious prescription, men are ashamed, they fear the ridicule of their hearers, in prognosticating such evils as revolution, civil war, and anarchy. There are those who say Old England has ridden out so many storms, that we fancy she must get through this somehow or other. The payment of the dividends seems to the fundholder as natural as the recurrence of spring, or the dawn of day. The dominion of the laws, securing property and person, appears almost as fixed and unalterable as that of those which regulate the movements of the physical world. The reason of the thinking part of the community shews them the reality of the peril; but the imagination, which generally is more excursive, and outruns the reasoning faculties, has been so disturbed in this particular direction that it cannot readily picture such novel scenes. Oh! splendid testimony—he adds—to the excellence of those institutions which have so long preserved to our country a precious immunity from half the evils

of humanity! Even when those evils are most menaced, much of our danger arises from our slowness to imagine it possible that so sacred a palladium can be broken, and that our day can furnish the mournful exception to the established precedent of centuries!

Such a magnificent fabric may not be doomed to fall under hands so mean; having stood so many blasts, without bending more than a tree, and in living growth from age to age it is a tree, it surely will not sink before my Lord John Russell, puffing away at it with a pair of smallish bellows. In Burke's time it was assailed, we think, by more potent engineers; and he had his fears, which inspired his love with eloquence that saved the state. Nobly did he shew that the whole scheme of our mixed constitution is to prevent any one of its principles from being carried as far as, taken by itself theoretically, it would go. Allow that to be the true policy of the British system, and then most of the faults with which that system stands charged will appear to be, not imperfections into which it has inadvertently fallen, but excellencies which it has studiously sought. He shewed, that it is the result of the thoughts of many minds, in many ages; no simple, no superficial thing, nor to be estimated by superficial understandings.

Do our reformers ever read now-a-days his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*—his *Observations on the Conduct of the Minority*—his *Letters on the Regicide Peare*? They who truly mean well, he would tell them, must be fearful of acting ill—that the British Constitution may have its advantages pointed out to wise and reflecting minds, but that it is of too high an order of excellence to be adapted to those which are common. It takes in too many views, it makes too many combinations, to be so much as comprehended by shallow and superficial understandings. Profound thinkers will know it in its reason and spirit. The less inquiring will recognise it in their feelings and experience. They will thank God they have a standard, which, in the most essential point of this great concern, will put them on a par with the most wise and knowing.



So thought one of the wisest of the sons of genius; but what knew Edmund Burke of the science of politics, in comparison with that terrible Tailor, whose stitches hold together the Westminster Review?

Burke has told us that it was common with all those who were favourable to Fox's party, though not at all devoted to all their reforming projects, to argue in palliation of their conduct, that it was not in their power to do all the harm which their actions evidently tended to. But what would he have said had he seen the very Ministry themselves at the head of the mob, not perhaps in the burning of Bristol, which was a trifle, but in sacking the Constitution? "I cannot flatter myself—he said—that these incessant attacks on the constitution of Parliament are safe." But he was then slashing a mere minority—not a revolutionizing Ministry with an old Jacobin at their head, and a young boroughmonger at their tail. Hear the Prophet. These gentlemen—he writes—are much stronger too without doors than some calculate. They have the more active part of the Dissenters with them; and the whole clan of speculators of all denominations, a large and growing species. They have that floating multitude which goes with events, and which suffers the loss or gain of a battle, to decide its opinions of right and wrong. As long as by every art this party keeps alive a spirit of disaffection against the very constitution of the kingdom, and attributes, as lately it has been in the habit of doing, all the public misfortunes to that constitution, it is absolutely impossible but that some moment must arrive, in which they will be enabled to *produce a pretended reform and a real revolution!*

With what a masterly hand Burke elsewhere exposes the folly—the wickedness, of the conduct of those factions, who, in order to divest men of all love for their country, and to remove from their minds all duty with regard to the state, endeavoured to propagate an opinion that the *people*, in forming their commonwealth, have by no means parted with their power over it. Discuss, says he, any of their schemes—their answer is—it is the act of the people—and that is sufficient. Are we to

deny to a *majority of the people* the right of altering even the whole frame of society, if such be their pleasure? But Burke shews that neither the few nor the many have a right to act merely *by their will*, in any matter connected with duty, trust, engagement, or obligation. And that as for number, the number engaged in crimes, instead of turning them into laudable acts, only augments the quantity and quality of the guilt. No wise legislator, at any period of the world, has willingly placed the seat of active power in the hands of the multitude, because there it admits of no control, no regulation, no steady director whatever. In England neither has the original, nor any subsequent compact of the state, expressed or implied, constituted a *majority of men, told by the head*, to be the acting people of their several communities. Give once a certain constitution of things, which produces a variety of conditions and circumstances in a state, and there is in nature and reason a principle, which, for their own benefit, postpones, not the interest, but the judgment of those who are *numero plures*, to those who are *virtute et honore majores*. When the supreme authority of the people is in question, he remarks that, before we attempt to confine or extend it, we ought to fix in our minds, with some degree of distinctness, an idea of what it is we mean, when we say the people. How grand—how simple—and how true, the following passage, from the *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs*—and how applicable to our present condition!

"A true natural aristocracy is not a separate interest in the state, or separable from it. It is an essential ingredient part of any large body rightly constituted. It is formed out of a class of legitimate presumptions, which, taken as generalities, must be admitted for actual truths. To be bred in a place of estimation; to see nothing low and sordid from one's infancy; to be taught to respect one's self; to be habituated to the censorial inspection of the public eye; to look early to public opinion; to stand upon such elevated ground as to be enabled to take a large view of the wide-spread and infinitely diversified combinations of men and affairs in a large society; to have leisure to read, to reflect, to converse; to be enabled to draw the court and attention of the wise and

learned, wherever they are to be found ; to be habituated in armies to command and to obey ; to be taught to despise danger in the pursuit of honour and duty ; to be formed to the greatest degree of vigilance, foresight, and circumspection ; a state of things in which no fault is committed with impunity, and the slightest mistakes draw on the most ruinous consequences ; to be led to a guarded and regulated conduct, from a sense that you are considered as an instructor of your fellow-citizens in their highest concerns, and that you act as a reconciler between God and man ; to be employed as an administrator of law and justice, and to be thereby amongst the first benefactors to mankind ; to be a professor of high science, or of liberal and ingenious art ; to be amongst rich traders who, from their success, are presumed to have sharp and vigorous understandings, and to possess the virtues of diligence, order, constancy, and regularity ; and to have cultivated an habitual regard to commutative justice ;—these are the circumstances of men, that form what I should call a natural aristocracy, without which there is no nation.

“The state of civil society which necessarily generates this aristocracy, is a state of nature ; and much more truly so than a savage and incoherent mode of life. For man is by nature reasonable, and he is never perfectly in his natural state but when he is placed where reason may be best cultivated, and most predominates. Art is man's nature. We are as much at least in a state of nature in formed manhood, as in immature and helpless infancy. Men qualified in the manner I have just described, form in nature as she operates in the common modification of society the leading, guiding, and governing part. It is the soul to the body, without which the man does not exist. To give, therefore, no more importance in the social order to such descriptions of men than that of so many units, is an horrible usurpation.

“When great multitudes act together under that discipline of nature, I recognise the people. I acknowledge something that perhaps equals, and ought always to guide the sovereignty of convention. In all things the voice of this grand chorus of national harmony ought to have a mighty and decisive influence. But when you disturb this harmony ; when you break up this beautiful order, this array of truth and nature, as well as of habit and prejudice ; when you separate the common sort of men from their proper chieftains, so as to form them into an adverse army, I no longer

know that venerable object called the people.”

Seldom now is reference made, in political discussion, to the great authorities in political science ; when you do so, the Radical rout scout the wisdom that has immortalized the names of the mighty men from whose lips it flowed like inspiration. The Gentlemen of the daily Press are not in general much given to reading—they have recourse to a volume of inelegant extracts for stale quotations to clench their stalest arguments, and they give the go-by to reasonings that would drive them into the ditch. All Reformers, far from single-minded, are one-eyed, and with it—seldom much of a piercer—they look at one side of every question—almost always the wrong one ; some of them believing, and all of them swearing, that the question has but one side, though it may be at the least octagonal. Why does not Sir James Mackintosh give us his edition of Burke ? The Reformers would not buy a hundred copies, but the Conservatives would exhaust it in a few weeks. How admirably does he speak of the irresolution and timidity of those who compose the “middle order” between the principal leaders in Parliament and their lowest followers out of doors ! Irresolution and timidity often perverting the effect of their controlling situation. The fear of disliking with the authority of leaders on the one hand, and of contradicting the desires of the multitude on the other, induces them, he says, to give a careless and passive assent to measures in which they never were consulted ; and thus things proceed, by a sort of *activity of inertness*, until whole bodies, leaders, middle-men, and followers, are all hurried, with every appearance, and with many of the effects, of unanimity, into schemes of politics, in the substance of which no two of them ever fully agreed, and the origin and authors of which, in this circular mode of communication, none of them find it possible to trace. The sober part give their sanction, at first through inattention and levity, at last they give it through necessity ; a violent spirit is raised, which the presiding minds, after a time, find it impracticable to stop at their plea-

sure, to control, to regulate, or even to direct.

Is it not so at this time? Ask Lord Brougham and Vaux wherefore he dropped on his knees and implored the Peers "to pass this Bill?"

The following wise passage might have been written since the new year:—

"This shews, in my opinion, how very quick and awakened all men ought to be, who are looked up to by the public, and who deserve that confidence, to prevent a surprise on their opinions, when dogmas are spread and projects pursued, by which the foundations of society may be affected. Before they listen even to moderate alterations in the government of their country, they ought to take care that principles are not propagated for that purpose which are too big for their object. Doctrines limited in their present application, and wide in their general principles, are never meant to be confined to what they at first pretend. If I were to form a prognostic of the effect of the present machinations on the people, from their sense of any grievance they suffer under this constitution, my mind would be at ease. But there is a wide difference between the multitude when they act against their government, from a sense of grievance, or from zeal for some opinions. When men are thoroughly possessed with that zeal, it is difficult to calculate its force. It is certain that its power is by no means in exact proportion to its reasonableness. It must always have been discoverable by persons of reflection, but it is now obvious to the world, that a theory concerning government may become as much a cause of fanaticism, as a dogma in religion. There is a boundary to men's passions when they act from feeling; none when they are under the influence of imagination. Remove a grievance, and when men act from feeling, you go a great way towards quieting a commotion. But the good or bad conduct of a government, the protection men have enjoyed, or the oppression they have suffered under it, are of no sort of moment, when a faction, proceeding upon speculative grounds, is thoroughly heated against its form. When a man is from system furious against monarchy or episcopacy, the good conduct of the monarch or the bishop has no other effect than further to irritate the adversary. He is provoked at it as furnishing a plea for preserving the thing which he wishes to destroy. His mind will be heated as much by the sight of a sceptre, a mace, or a verge, as if he had been daily bruised and wounded by these symbols of authority."

To return to Sir John Walsh. Towards the end of his pamphlet he finds himself led to the following conclusions—that the late changes on the Continent have revived the great struggle of 1792, of a levelling democracy aspiring to govern society upon theoretical principles against the forms of monarchy, and the laws, institutions, manners, and habits, which their feudal origin had so deeply ingrafted in the nations of Europe,—that the British Empire is equally with the Continent the theatre of a conflict between these opposing principles,—that in England a spirit of rational and wise freedom, an infusion of democracy, had been so happily blended with the feudal laws and institutions, as to produce the greatest amount of prosperity ever enjoyed by a people,—that in proportion to the security so long possessed, to the stupendous but artificial structure of wealth, of credit, and of commercial and manufacturing greatness built upon it, would be the ruin and the misery, national and individual, consequent upon every convulsion,—that the idea of its being possible to accomplish the ultimate views of the democratic party with regard to Ireland, the Church, the magistracy, the poor laws, and a vast reduction of taxes, without an extra breaking up of the whole frame of society, is perfectly chimerical,—that the present imminent danger of the country from such a destructive influence, arises from the alliance which has been established between this party and the Executive,—that, feeling itself too weak to stand alone, the latter has sought some point of agreement which should unite with it the democratic leaders,—and that having found that in the Reform Bill—or rather, having given them the great bonus of the Reform Bill, it has rendered itself absolutely dependent on them; and that they are now lying at the mercy of that faction and its mobs, who could upset them to-day if they chose, and who would, if the Bill were to pass, certainly upset them to-morrow. The approaching struggle in this country, then, is one, he thinks, of classes and divisions of society, not of parties. It is the attack of the lower and a portion of the middle classes, incited and led on by demagogue leaders, against existing institutions,

the gentry, and the property of the country. And this movement the Whigs have headed at a time when every indication by which we can judge of the future, had revealed to them the dark course on which they had voluntarily entered. The Reform Bill, without regarding its abstract consequences or operation, is a trial of strength, is a great pitched battle, between the friends of the existing order of society and the advocates of indefinite innovation and revolution.

In this state of things, all good men and true, we say, ought to look with a jealous and stern eye on all the movements of any supposed influential persons of the Conservative Party, towards any such conciliation with the Ministry as would infer a compromise of principles essential to the existence of the British Constitution. For our parts, we never liked the notion of those interviews and conferences of which we heard some time ago; and we trust that they never will be renewed; for it is impossible they can ever lead to any result, without sacrifice of faith and loss of honour. The Ministers are bound hand and feet to the Radicals by fetters of their own imposing; and though they might break them with perfect safety, and without blame except from the base, yet are they utterly obstinate to pledges which they ought never to have stooped to give, and will maintain their position till driven from it.

The Conservatives can never treat with such people till they are met at least three-fourths of the way; till Ministers become as moderate as Lord Brougham was not many months ago in his plans of Reform. Let there be a conference on that basis, or on the basis of one or other of those schemes which were advocated by some of the most distinguished Whigs for nearly thirty years in the *Edinburgh Review*. All the wild and reckless provisions of the Bill, in its more than Protean changes always a slippery monster, have been, over and over again, demolished in that able Periodical; the reasonings therein contained have produced a deep, an uneffaceable impression on the best intellect of the country; nor is it to be thought that

the patriotic exertions of those then enlightened men are to be all rendered vain by the mad measures of a Ministry, incomprehensibly composed of their own inconsistent selves, and of some others whom they had for a quarter of a century held up as dangerous visionaries, or something worse, to the ridicule or the indignation of all lovers of rational liberty. Not a step should be taken, in an affair of such prodigious importance, as the pulling down and building up of the British constitution, without the most anxious premeditation; not till all the political philosophy expounded with so much eloquence and with such powerful logic in that justly-celebrated work, be proved false and fatal, and confessed to be so by its various authors, of whom it will not be too much then to expect, or rather to demand, that, clothed in a white sheet, they read their recantation every Sabbath during the current year, each in his own parish-church, and eke every Wednesday or Saturday in the market-place, when crowded with people from rural districts, as well as with the inhabitants of the respective towns.

As for those who think the Bill bad, but would yet wish it to pass, that the country might be quieted, most of them are such thorough idiots, that we shall not waste a word on people in their unfortunate condition; but as some of them are, we are sorry to say it, sensible persons on other subjects, nay, even enlightened, we do earnestly request them to reflect on their folly, and not, in their vain anxiety to save the country from some temporary excitation, do all in their power to promote the success of measures which they confess will ultimately afflict or ruin it. What signifies all the loss caused by the stagnation of trade, and which will be made up ere long by natural processes, after the nefarious Bill has been strangled, and buried in the cross-roads, in comparison with the everlasting evils that, in their own opinion, would disturb and darken all the land in the event of its becoming law! They who speak thus call themselves the Moderates. At this crisis they are the worst enemies we have; but as, in spite of their melancholy aberration of reason, we re-

gard many of them with affection and respect, we are not without hopes that this kindly but strong remonstrance with them on a weakness so unworthy their character, will be kindly taken, and have the effect of establishing them firmly in the ranks of the Conservatives, to which they naturally belong, and in which they will feel a sudden accession of mental strength and contentment. At present they are sneered at contemptuously by Reformers; and regarded suspiciously by their own friends, who will hear of no compromise between expediency and conscience. It would be wrong to call them Trimmers; but we cannot call them True-men. Their moods of mind are fluctuating and uncertain; without seeming to know it, their writings are full of inevitable inconsistencies and contradictions; their lucubrations, in their guardedness, are most rapid; and ever and anon may be seen that awkward expression of self-imposed constraint, which, when visible in people who may be free if they choose, cannot but inspire a painful suspicion of insincerity, or lukewarmness in a cause that should be supported with all the feelings and faculties of our souls. In this war let there be no neutrals. Are they waiting to join the victorious side? They will not be suffered to do so; therefore let them leave the Shilly-shally School of Politics, else they may in good earnest experience the Knout.

The character drawn of themselves by the Reformers, Radicals, and Revolutionists, is surely a caricature. They have, they say, made prodigious advances in knowledge of late years, and outrun the British Constitution. They must have a system to live under more suitable to their expanded and exalted souls. The roof of the one they now seek to demolish is too low—its walls too narrow—its site too small—its foundations too superficial—the materials of which it is built too soft—mouldering away in weather-stains. Heaven help them—giants in their own conceit—they are dwarfs in nature; and among them, too, are many melancholy specimens of strange spinal distortion. Like geese ducking under a gateway high enough to admit without stooping a mounted lifeguardsman with

his waving crest, they complain of the entrance to Honour and Power; and nothing will satisfy their towering ambition but to subvert the edifice.

Some able men there are among them, all of whom, as we have said, are either openly against the present government, or with it because they see it blindly co-operating with them to its own destruction along with that of the state. But pray where are we to look for all the enlightenment and wisdom of which we hear so much now-a-days in the rhetoric of the Radicals? What really is the nature of that spirit spoken of as being all impatiently afloat over the land, for a new order of things outwardly commensurate with its inward greatness? It is the spirit, we are told, of the middle ranks. Middle ranks! Between what extremes? The answer is, we presume, between the labouring classes and the aristocracy. Do you mean by the labouring classes, all persons living by the mere muscular use of their hands, with or without the aid of improved machinery in agriculture and manufactures? If so, then according to your plan of Reform, they are all excluded—or nearly so—from any share of direct political power, and are slaves. Do you mean by the aristocracy, all persons who, speaking generally, may be called gentlemen? At no former period of the history of Britain have they ever stood so high, as now, on the scale of intellect; never have they enjoyed the blessings of an education at once so ornamental and so useful—classical and scientific—as may be seen in many even of the Whigs, and in nearly all the Tories. The Bill is to strengthen their power—is it? So say some sumphs among themselves, and so say some of the swindlers who would prefer cheating them out of all their privileges to highway robbery, merely to save trouble; but the bolder and honester of the Radical Reformers scorn to hide their hate, and foresee in the Bill the downfall of the gentlemen of England. Not but that there are gentlemen among the Radical Reformers themselves; but to what pernicious courses will not disturbed ambition drive strong minds that have got a twist the wrong way by accidental circumstances, and

chosen, in moody dissatisfaction, to cultivate assiduously and skilfully all the causes from which it springs? Their understandings, and, along with them, their feelings, become thoroughly perverted; and they hate with a bitter hatred the very class to which they naturally belong, and which, had their better sentiments been allowed to flow along the natural channels, their accomplishments would have graced, and their talents, their virtues, have strengthened and defended, instead of being a reproach and a peril.

We find, then, that by the middle classes, let us say it at once, for it is undeniable, are meant the L.10 and L.20 house-renters! In many places a most estimable class—in villages and moderate-sized towns, in large towns and cities, a class containing many most worthy, and not a few very enlightened persons; but, as a class, destitute of the qualifications essential in the character of those who ought to possess the chief power over the Representation in a mighty nation like ours, which stands now on the summit of civilisation, and has reached it by moral and intellectual greatness, placed beyond the sphere in which they move, and operating on materials of which they do not dream the existence. This class—absurdly called the middle—with more truth might be called the mean; it is perhaps of all classes the most dependent; more open than any other to corruption, as has been often so strongly insisted on in the Edinburgh Review; of necessity educated just up to the perilous pitch of imperfection; very presumptuous, because very shallow; and proud to believe itself—the People. A more certain way could not be devised to foster all the vices and injure all the virtues of this class, than to put into their hands the prodigious political

power that would be given them by the "Great Measure;" making them lords paramount in the State, over the labour below them, and the light above them—labour which thenceforth would be paralyzed, and light which would shine in vain. Already they are puffed up with the most ludicrous pride by the mere prospect of the Bill; scowl from their shop-doors on all who fairly estimate their character and condition; and believe what they are told by their false flatterers—in the face of their true friends, who are not insensible to their worth, or indifferent to their welfare, always respecting the one and promoting the other—that they, forsooth, are the head and heart of the nation—that they alone can feel and think for its good and glory—that they are foremost in the "march of intellect"—and that in them resides the spirit of the age, demanding the reconstruction of all our old establishments.

But we must conclude our article with a parting malediction on the Ministers, unconnected with Reform. The Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot count his fingers without being perplexed by the puzzling occurrence of his thumbs; yet trusts that the sum total is ten. The omission of such an insignificant item as L.360,000 or so has not to be apologized for, he thinks, but merely acknowledged with a panegyric on his own caudour; after his miscalculations had been exposed by the production of papers, which, if they had not been demanded, had remained in concealment. While his friend, the Fructifier, prefers L.700,000 of a deficit to L.500,000 of a surplus; and chuckles, nay, crows over the bankruptcy of the Exchequer. But in our next Number we shall expose the portentous ignorance of these fumbling Financiers.

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## THE BELGIAN QUESTION.

*Abandonment of the Barrier—The Russian Dutch Loan—Guarantee of the Throne of the Barricades.*

THE great danger to European independence is from France on the one hand, and Russia on the other. The march of Napoleon to Moscow, and of Alexander to Paris, sufficiently demonstrate the formidable nature of the power which these mighty states can put forth when they exert their whole strength; and the little chance which European freedom has of being preserved, when the energy of Gallic ambition and the weight of Scythian numbers are fairly brought into collision. The greatest struggles of modern times have arisen from the meeting of these great waves of mankind; and the defeat of Attila at Chalons remained without a parallel till the overthrow of Napoleon at Leipsic.

The interests of European freedom, therefore, imperiously require that the intermediate states should be constantly united in a close alliance to resist the approaches of these terrible potentates, and save modern civilisation alike from the encroachments of French ambition, and the tyranny of Russian power. Liberty demands, in a voice of thunder, that the barriers should be closed against both these fearful invaders, and the independence of Europe saved alike from the whirlwind of Attila and the car of Napoleon.

To support Belgium against France, therefore, and Poland against Russia, is the obvious duty, as well as interest, of every European state. Public freedom, national independence, run no risk but from one or other, or both of these states. The experience of ages has proved that France, with the addition of Belgium, is too powerful for Germany, and that no sooner has she got her frontier advanced to the Rhine, than the liberties of Europe begin to totter. Recent experience demonstrates that Russia, with the addition of Poland, is an overwhelming power on the east of Europe, and that when her armies are stationed, while still within the Russian frontier, at the distance of only 170 miles from Vienna and Ber-

lin, the power of independent deliberation is taken away from both these states.

It was early felt, that the preservation of Belgium from French influence was an object of vital importance to the liberties of Europe; and the greatest efforts, both of diplomacy and arms, have been exerted for the last three centuries to prevent such an acquisition by that ambitious power. When the dominions of Charles the Bold had descended to his daughter Mary, and the hand of that rich heiress, and with her the sovereignty of the seventeen United Provinces, was sought after by the rival monarchs of France and Spain, all the powers of European diplomacy were exerted to prevent her preferring the former; and the exasperation of that high-spirited monarch at the success of his rival, laid the foundation of the wars which afterwards desolated Europe, and led to his defeat and captivity at the battle of Pavia. When Louis XIV. threatened the liberties of Europe, and the pride of the Grande Monarque aimed at universal dominion, it was in Flanders that his principal efforts were made. Vauban and his illustrious generals knew well that if that was gained, every thing was secured; and it was there accordingly that he was encountered and defeated by Marlborough and Eugene. The victories of Ramillies and Oudenarde, of Blenheim and Malplaquet, the sieges of Tournay and Ypres, of Lisle and Conde, of Landrecy and Maubeuge, at length drove back the invaders from the vantage-ground they had acquired, and Europe in consequence enjoyed comparative peace for an hundred years.

By the Treaty of Utrecht, it was provided that a certain line of fortified towns should be kept up as a perpetual barrier against France. They were selected with care, and fortified at an enormous expense; and such was their efficacy in bridling the ambition of that military power, that her armies never suc-

ceeded in making any effectual lodgment beyond them as long as they existed.

This will not appear surprising, if the situation and nature of these barrier fortresses are considered. Mons, Menin, Ypres, Philipville, and Marienberg, and the other barrier towns, formed a line across the front of the Austrian Netherlands so powerful, that no ordinary army, how great soever, could pass them with impunity. Had any one ventured to do so, the garrisons of these fortresses would have issued out as soon as they were passed, formed an army in their rear, and forced them to retire, by cutting off their communications, and preventing the supply of ammunition and stores to their army. Thus an invading force was reduced to the necessity either of besieging two or three of the principal fortresses in the line of their advance, or of leaving them blockaded by troops superior to the garrisons they contained. The first of these was a work of time and bloodshed, which gave Europe ample opportunity to assemble and succour the menaced point; the last reduced the invading force to one half of its original amount, and left the liberties of Europe nothing to fear from the advance of the remainder.

In an evil hour, the Emperor Joseph, yielding to the advice of reckless innovators, resolved to demolish the fortifications of these barrier towns. "He objected," says Jomini, "to the expense of maintaining them; he was distrustful of the fidelity of their Walloon garrisons; and he imagined, that, in the new era of wisdom and philosophy which was approaching, there would be no need of fortresses to bridle the ambition of princes."\*

The consequences of this fatal step soon developed themselves; and the vital importance of that barrier which Marlborough and Eugene had won at so vast an expense of blood and treasure, was written in indelible characters. The revolutionary armies of France found in Flanders a vast and level plain, without a horn-work to arrest their progress; and before the distant forces of the Em-

peror could advance to its relief, the work of conquest was completed, and the Low Countries had passed under the Republican yoke. With unerring precision they rushed upon the rich garden of conquest which was thus laid open to their hands; and ten days after France was delivered from urgent danger by the retreat of the Duke of Brunswick in 1792, the victorious armies of Dumourier advanced to the long wished-for conquest of the Low Countries.

A single inconsiderable battle decided their fate. Neither of the armies which fought at Jemappes amounted to 40,000 men; the loss of the vanquished was not 4000; yet this inconsiderable victory decided the fate of the Netherlands, and brought the French armies down to Antwerp. The demolition of the barrier towns left no obstacle in their way; there was not a mountain to arrest the victors, nor a forest to shelter the vanquished; and the same ground was won in six weeks, which had been gained inch by inch by Marlborough and Eugene in as many years.

The Austrians retired to Tirlemont, leaving Brussels to its fate; but next year they defeated the French at Neerwinde, and the reconquest of the Low Countries was the immediate consequence. A powerful allied army was formed, the Republicans were defeated in several encounters, and, but for the barrier fortresses of France, Paris would have been taken, and the war terminated in that campaign. But *the five fortresses of Valenciennes, Quesnoy, Conde, Maubeuge, and Landrecy, saved France, when on the verge of destruction.*† The Allies, albeit at the head of a vast army, 120,000 strong, flushed with victory, could not venture to pass the frontier fortresses: the siege of Valenciennes was successfully completed, that of Maubeuge, Landrecy, and Dunkirk, formed; and though the two former fell, the time consumed in their reduction proved the salvation of France. The people recovered from their consternation; the vast armaments in the interior had time to be completed; and when the Allies,



after six months spent among their fortresses, attempted to advance into the interior, they were met with such considerable forces, as not only stopped their progress, but drove them back with disgrace and disaster to the Waal and the Rhine.

Thus the lessons of experience were complete on both sides. The demolition of the barrier fortresses on the Austrian side of the frontier rendered the Low Countries an easy prey to the Revolutionary forces: the preservation of the barrier fortresses on the French side saved that country from otherwise inevitable destruction. Napoleon has recorded his opinion, that nothing but the frontier fortresses of France saved it from destruction in 1793.

Subsequent events have sufficiently demonstrated, that the preservation of the Netherlands from the grasp of France, and the forcing her back from the line of the Rhine, is absolutely indispensable for the liberties of Europe; and that if once she advances her standards to that river, universal dominion must be submitted to, or a ten years' war encountered to drive her back to her original limits. The reason is plain, and, by an inspection of the map, must be obvious to every observer. The possession of the vast and opulent districts which lie between the frontier of old France and the Rhine, including the important fortresses of Luxembourg, Mayence, Thionville, and the towns which complete the defence of that frontier stream, renders the French altogether irresistible till they meet the armies of Russia. The Low Countries form a salient angle, headed by the great fortress of Mayence, which enables the invaders at once to penetrate into the heart of Germany. All Napoleon's armies destined for the subjugation of Northern Europe; those which crushed Prussia at Jena, humbled Russia at Friedland, and bore the Imperial Eagle to the Kremlin, crossed by the bridge of Mayence. "If the Allies were encamped on Montmartre," said Napoleon, "I would not surrender one village in the thirty-second military division." Memorable words, indicating the strong sense he entertained of the importance of preserving all the ground he had won in the North of

Germany, for the maintenance of that universal dominion, which he valued more than life itself.

The events which occurred at the conclusion of the war, have gone far to withdraw the attention of men from the great importance of frontier fortresses in repelling the invasion of an ambitious power. It is well known that the vast armies of the Allies passed the fortresses both on the Oder, the Elbe, and the Rhine, and accomplished the subjugation of France, while yet her garrisons were unsubdued on those rivers; and thence it is concluded that fortresses are altogether useless against modern tactics, and their demolition noways dangerous to the liberties of second-rate powers. There never was a greater mistake. It is quite true, that when passions are excited which bring millions into the field—when nations *en masse* rise up against their oppressors, and the experience and skill of twenty years is suddenly applied to the training of these vast assemblages of men, fortresses may be disregarded, and armies precipitated into a state without the reduction of their frontier defences. The reason is, that the multitudes of soldiers at the command of the invaders, enable them to blockade the towns, and at the same time advance with a sufficient head force into the interior. But neither this nor the next generation will witness such a resurrection of armed men. The passions are worn out which roused, the money is gone which equipped them. War hereafter must revert to its former principles: no landwehr and landsturm will exist to blockade the fortresses, while the regular troops follow up the career of conquest; but, like Eugene, and Marlborough, and Turenne, generals must be content to sit down before the frontier fortresses, and depend for success upon their reduction.

In proof of these principles, we shall refer to two masters in the art of war, whose authority few will gainsay—Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington.

During all his campaigns, and in those in particular in which he had not at command an overwhelming superiority of force, this great commander evinced his strong sense of the advantages of fortresses. No

sooner had he prostrated, by the victories of Montenotte and Mondovi, the Piedmontese monarchy, than he compelled the surrender, in 1796, of Tortona, Alexandria, Coni, and Turin, and from this strong base speedily carried the tide of invasion over the whole of Lombardy. Nothing arrested his progress, till he came to the bastions of Mantua; but that single fortress detained him five months before its walls, and gave the Emperor time to assemble four successive armies for its relief. The first use he made of the victory of Marengo, was to force the Allies to surrender the Piedmontese fortresses, which Suwarrow had regained, in 1799, at so great an expenditure of human life; and to the weakness of the Austrians in surrendering those strongholds, is in great part to be ascribed the disgraceful treaty of Lunéville. The campaigns of Austerlitz and Wagram were so successful, because the attack was directed in both at the Austrian monarchy, through the valley of the Danube; the quarter in which, as the Archduke Charles and General Jomini have convincingly shewn, it is most easily assailable, from the want of any frontier towns for its protection.\* Not the battle of Jena, but the treacherous surrender of Magdebourg, and the fortresses on the Oder, prostrated the Prussian monarchy in 1806; and had a few more strongholds like Dantzic existed, to check the advance of the French armies in the spring of 1807, the Treaty of Tilsit would never have enslaved for six long years the continent of Europe. The first step of Napoleon in his attack on Spain, was to gain possession, by fraud and treachery, of its frontier fortresses; and the possession of Pampeluna, Barcelona, Figueras, and St Sebastian, enabled him to maintain his footing within the gates of the Peninsula after the disasters of the first Spanish campaign, and kept at bay all the efforts of the Spaniards and English for six years. He advanced with such rapidity into Russia in 1812, because no fortresses were to be encountered on the frontiers of that vast empire to oppose his progress; and in all the reverses which

followed, clung to the fortresses of Germany with a tenacity which affords the most unequivocal evidence of the vast importance which he attached to their possession. He took post in Saxony for his final struggles amidst the strong fortifications of the Elbe: the possession of the redoubts of Dresden had well-nigh enabled him to renew the triumphs of Rivoli; and even when the Allies were in the heart of Champagne, the fortresses on the Rhine and the Elbe were in great part unsubdued. The successful invasion of the Allies in 1814 and 1815, is no evidence that he was wrong: they only shew that a single nation cannot withstand the world in arms; and that in resisting a crusade, even the greatest abilities and the most approved military system cannot always command success. As it was, the peril run by the invaders by neglecting the frontier fortresses was extreme: a considerable disaster in the plains of Champagne would, by accumulating upon the retreating force all the veteran troops in the garrisons, have driven them to a retreat as ruinous as that of 1812 was to the French army; had the movement to St Dezier not been encountered by skill and resolution equal to his own, it would have turned the fate of the campaign; and Napoleon was not far from the truth when he said, in commencing that advance, that he was nearer Vienna than the Allies were to Paris.

The Duke of Wellington has given equal evidence of his high sense of the value of fortresses in every ordinary system of warfare. He advanced without hesitation into Spain, in 1809, as the Allies had possession of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz; but no sooner had these fortresses fallen into the hands of the French, than he changed his system, and all his efforts were directed, in the first instance, to regain them from the enemy. Perhaps the most memorable period of his career, is that during which, with a force inferior to either separately, he stormed those fortresses, in the face of Marmont and Soult's armies, and thus laid the foundation of that secure advance which ultimately expelled the inva-

ders from the Peninsula. Before he advanced into France, he stormed St Sebastian, captured Pampeluna, and closely invested Bayonne; and the want of any other considerable fortress on that defenceless frontier, soon enabled him to make greater progress in the conquest of the southern provinces of that kingdom, with 60,000 men, than the Allies had been enabled to make, in 1793, on the iron frontier of the Netherlands, with 120,000. The defenceless condition of the French frontier towns, after the battle of Waterloo, enabled Blucher and Wellington to make that rapid advance into France which precipitated Napoleon from the throne; and the first use which the victors made of that glorious triumph, was to reconstruct, at a cost of five millions to this country, the barrier of Marlborough in the Netherlands, and thus close against French ambition those iron gates which had kept it at bay for an hundred years.

But what is it to our modern innovators that the vital importance of the fortresses in the Netherlands has been proved by the campaigns of Marlborough and Eugene, of Napoleon and Wellington,—that they were framed by the genius of Vauban, and their importance proved by the arguments of the Archduke Charles and Jomini,—that their value has been evinced by a century's experience, and their necessity demonstrated in works of immortal endurance,—that imperishable triumphs, followed by ages of peace, have signalized their formation, and that indelible disgrace, leading to unparalleled disaster, attended their demolition? All this is nothing to the new lights which have opened upon the world since the triumph of the mob in Paris, and the accession of innovating rulers to this country. Without doubt, Earl Grey and Lord Palmerston, who have taken upon themselves to undo the work of Eugene and Marlborough, of Blucher and Wellington, are able to shew that these great commanders proceeded on entirely wrong principles, and owed their success to a continued and inexplicable combination of chances. Without doubt, they have read and thoroughly studied the scientific works of Napoleon and St Cyr, of the Archduke Charles and Jomini; and are prepa-

red to shew, that the arguments by which they appear to have proved the vital importance of the Flemish barrier are totally unfounded. Without doubt, before they threw open the gates of Flanders to France, they had fixed upon some other and more tenable line of defence against its ambition; and were assured on reasonable grounds, that the possession of the Netherlands, for which its government, whether regal or republican, has struggled with such vehemence for a century and a half, is nowise dangerous to the liberties of Europe. Without doubt, they are ready to demonstrate, that the possession of five fortresses, all but impregnable, on the Flemish frontier, *within 160 miles of Paris*, was no advantageous base for offensive operations against that ambitious power,—and no check on its favourite incursions beyond the Rhine,—and that the advance of its standards to that river, and the consequent possession of Luxembourg, Mayence, Antwerp, and Coblenz, is likely to give it no advantage in an invasion of Germany. If they are prepared to prove these things, we are ready and anxious to consider their arguments; if they are not, when we recollect that they have destroyed the barrier, we are confident history will pronounce them the most reckless and ruinous race of politicians that the evil genius of a nation ever yet called to the helm of its government.

Let it not be imagined, that a new era is about to open on France and England, and that these two countries, united in the bonds of amity, and struggling for freedom against the world in arms, are henceforth to lay aside their mutual jealousy, and stand in no farther need of checks upon each other's ambition. Supposing that the era of republics has arrived; let the utmost aspirations of our democrats be realized, and France and England be set down as about speedily to become republican governments, is that any reason for supposing that their discord is to cease, or that the Senate and People of France are to be less formidable to the Senate and People of England than Louis XIV. or Napoleon were to its regal government? Who conquered the ancient world, and established the fabric ruinous to freedom

of universal dominion? Republican Rome. Who conquered modern Europe, and all but realized that debasing chimera? Republican France. Have our rulers, in their fond anticipation of the future and indis-soluble union of free governments, forgot the thirty years' struggle and in-extinguishable hatred of the republics of Athens and Sparta,—have they forgot the three long and bloody Punic wars between Republican Rome and Republican Carthage,—have they forgot the desperate animosity of Florence and Pisa, of Genoa and Venice, of Holland and Cromwell,—have they lived through the last age, and not witnessed the ill extinguished hatred of America and Great Britain, or the fury of Republican France against the Moun-taineers of Switzerland,—the Merchants of Holland and the Senators of Venice? Is the universal animosity of popular states at each other likely to be now diminished, because commercial and manufacturing jealousy has been superadded to the other and long established sources of popular hostility? Before this chimera, of the future amity of men's minds in free states, is realized, the future Revolutionists of this country, in addition to a bill for repealing so much of the Constitution as fixes the crown on the head of the sovereign, must bring in another to repeal so much of the human mind as makes merchants jealous of competition, soldiers ambitious of glory, and nations desirous of warlike excitation.

In truth, the treaty for the *demolition of the barrier*, which England has now signed, is utterly inexplicable on any principle of reason, and of which no account can be given but from the blindness of the innovating passion. One of the ablest of the Whigs has said that the peace of Utrecht was a treaty "which the execrations of ages had left inadequately censured." Why was it thus stigmatized by the impartial voice of history an hundred years after its formation? Because, though it *provided for the construction of the barrier*, it did not sufficiently coerce the power of France. But what would Mr Fox have said of a treaty which, *after the barrier had been won*, provided for its *demolition*?

What would future ages have said of such a treaty, if the triumphs of Marlborough had been closed with a victory which prostrated France at a single blow; if Paris had been captured by the British arms, its sovereign surrendered to British generosity, and the bones of the Grand Monarque held as a melancholy trophy in a seagirt isle by the Queen of the Ocean? Yet this is what has now been done: this weakness has now been felt—this disgrace has now been incurred! If the execrations of ages have inadequately censured the treaty of Utrecht, what measure of public indignation will be large enough for that of London?

Louis XIV. considered it as the last and deepest humiliation of his public existence, that he was obliged by the treaty of Utrecht to *demolish the fortifications*, and fill up the harbour of Dunkirk. To undo at the bidding of a foreign power what you have done in self-defence,—to level the buttresses you have raised against foreign aggression, is the last act of humiliation for those who have passed through the Caudine forks. The French monarch would not submit to this disgrace till Landrecy was taken, the last of the barrier towns captured, and nothing remained between the enemy and Paris. But our innovating rulers have felt no such compunction; with one stroke of the pen they have abandoned the trophies of two centuries of glory: without feeling shame, or being sensible to remorse, they have surrendered the fortresses which Wellington and Marlborough won in a hundred fights. Victorious England compelled vanquished France, as the last act of national humiliation, in 1714, to destroy *one* of her frontier fortresses: conquered France in 1832, persuades victorious England to *demolish five*, as the price of the friendship of the throne of the barricades. This is to be done at the *expense of the conquering power*; after having expended five millions on the construction of the barrier, we are to undertake the burden of destroying it! What more disgraceful, galling, or perilous terms could have been imposed, if the British fleet had been swept from the sea, Portsmouth and Plymouth in ashes, and Marshal Soult, with 100,000 men, in possession of the

Tower of London? And they have been agreed to while the flag of Trafalgar still floated in the winds, and the children of France yet started at the name of Waterloo!

When Mary, Queen of England, was on her death-bed, she declared that if her body were opened, the word "Calais" would be found engraven on her heart. Such was the feeling of a Tudor princess, celebrated only for her coldness of disposition and hardness of heart, at the loss of one fortress held by England as a bridle on France. How marvelously have we changed in so short a time! what a stupendous alteration does the fever for innovation produce on the human mind! While the loss of one fortress brought a queen with a British heart to her grave, the surrender of five by the conqueror in the strife is now looked upon as a matter of no importance. Truly may we now see the infatuation which the frenzy for innovation has brought on the country. This treaty for the demolition of the barrier fortresses will be looked upon by after ages as the most inexplicable and destructive in the British annals; and the mere announcement of an intention to carry it into effect, would have hurled from the helm the most popular administration since the days of Alfred.

It is said, as an excuse for this inexplicable piece of diplomacy, that the fortresses were too numerous for Belgium after its separation from Holland: that enough still remains to check the incursions of France, and that the erection of the kingdom of the Netherlands was an absurd and impracticable change on the Constitution of Europe.

All this is nothing at all to the purpose. The frontier towns of Flanders were never intended to be a covering for Belgium merely; they were the *barrier of Europe*,—the bridle on that fatal ambition, which nothing but the catastrophe of Moscow and the crusade of Paris were able, without it, to coerce. If the maintenance of that barrier was too expensive for Belgium in its divided state, let those answer for that who promoted the separation, who debarr'd the King of Holland from attempting even to regain his own, and forced Belgium to become a se-

parate power, when a reaction was preparing, and it was perfectly willing to have awakened from its infatuation, and reassembled under the House of Orange? Or if this could not be accomplished, the support of these towns should have been laid as a burden on the Germanic confederation; Russia and Great Britain should have been called on to contribute for the support of the bulwark of European freedom; the ashes of Moscow, and the battle of Jena, appealed to as the consequence of permitting their demolition. When we gave a revolutionary Monarch to Belgium, surely we were entitled and able to exact such terms as the liberties of Europe required, and the necessity of averting another twenty years' war prescribed. Before Leopold left London, it should have been made a *sine qua non*, that the barrier of Europe in his new dominions was to be upheld.

The idea that enough of fortresses still remain to coerce France, is too absurd to bear a moment's argument. After the plough has passed over the ramparts of Mons, Marienberg, Philipville, Ath, and Menin, we should be glad to see the fortresses which are to be a bridle on its ambition. The thing is altogether ridiculous; the French journals all agree that it lays Flanders open to their grasp. In reply to this objection, we deem it sufficient to say, that the Duke of Wellington, no lavish dispenser of public money, and no mean authority in the means of arresting an invading army, deemed it *absolutely necessary* to fortify all these towns; and that, when they were *not* fortified, Dumourier and Pichegru overran the Netherlands in two successive campaigns; while, when they *were*, Marlborough and Eugene were arrested in them for ten years. There are, indeed, fortresses, and many fortresses, still existing in Belgium; but they are on the *Dutch and German*, not the French frontier; and will be as ineffectual in preventing the conquest of the Low Countries by France, as the fortifications of Cadiz or Gibraltar would be in preventing an invasion of Spain through the Pyrenees.

Farther, if the inability of Flanders to support five fortresses was the real reason for the demolition of those which are consigned to destruction,

where was the necessity of demolishing those *only* which are on the frontiers of France? That is the important point to which we earnestly request the attention of our readers. Why, if five required to be destroyed, were they *all* chosen on the frontiers of that ambitious power, and *none* on the frontiers of Holland, or Prussia? If the object was merely to save expense to Belgium, could their finances not be spared as well by demolishing five fortresses on the northern, or eastern, as the south-western frontier? Is it that a barrier required to be kept up on the sides of Holland, or Prussia, while it could be safely abandoned on that of France? Is it from the burgomasters of Amsterdam, and not the schools of Paris, that the danger of European freedom is to be apprehended? Is Holland, with its 2,500,000 souls, or Prussia, with its 12,000,000, more formidable to the independence of other states, than France, with its 32,000,000? The thing will not bear an argument. The peril all lies on the other side; and yet it is there that all the work of demolition is to take place.

England is now to pay for the demolition of the fortresses which she erected fifteen years ago. Would not the money required for this work of destruction have been fully as well spent in upholding the barrier for a few years? What remains of the sixty millions of francs provided by England for their construction, is, according to the French papers, to be expended in this demolition. Why, that sum would have maintained the barrier for twenty years! Could not our rulers have waited *a little* before the gates of Europe were thrown open to French ambition? Was it absolutely necessary to commence the work of demolition while the revolutionary passions in France were still boiling over,—when its territory was bristling with bayonets, and its turbulent millions were clamouring for war? Can fortresses, which Wellington deemed necessary for the safety of Europe, immediately after its ambition was tamed by the rout of Waterloo, be now safely abandoned, because a new generation has succeeded in France, upon whom, as usual, all former experience is lost,—because a new revolution has called its tur-

bulent millions into activity, and the misery consequent on suspended industry is again, as in 1794, urging its government to ravage foreign states, and renew the march of Pichegru and Dumourier to Brussels and Amsterdam?

The conduct of our rulers on the Belgian question is inexplicable on all the ordinary principles of human nature. But one word solves it: France and Belgium are *revolutionary powers*; Mr Pitt did his utmost to coerce the democratic spirit; therefore, our present rulers have done every thing they could to encourage it.

In making this charge, we by no means mean to assert that Ministers are traitors to their country, or intend in what they do to degrade or injure Great Britain. We know perfectly they have no such intention; we believe they think they are promoting its real interests, and advancing the period of general happiness, by breaking down all the barriers of Europe against revolutionary France. What we say is, that the long habit of opposition has utterly perverted their judgment, and the passion for innovation swept away their reason. We put in for them—what Time will shew, History will be fain to adopt—the plea of complete political insanity.

In tracing the causes of their otherwise incomprehensible policy, we shall shew, beyond all question, from what it has arisen: we shall not immerse our readers in a sea of protocols; but, turning these copious rivers of error by their source, demonstrate in terms *luce meridiana clariores*, the false principles from which they have flowed, and the ruinous consequences to which they have led.

Earl Grey said, and said justly, in the House of Peers, that the present government were not answerable for the Belgian revolution; that they found it in activity when they came into office, and cannot be alone saddled with the dangers which it threatens to Europe. That is perfectly true; but it is not from that revolution, or the measures of the Duke of Wellington following on it, that any evils have arisen. It is from the forcible interference of the Allied Powers between Holland and Belgium, and the violent establishment

of a revolutionary kingdom in the latter country, and the elevation of a stranger to its throne, that the whole mischievous consequences have flowed. And these acts are chargeable on Ministers, and Ministers alone. It is there that the injustice began; it is thence that the peril has arisen.

I. When the Belgians, following the example of their brethren at Paris, deemed it necessary to have a revolution of their own, to keep pace with the march of events in the French capital, they succeeded, as all the world knows, in driving the troops of the King of the Netherlands out of Brussels; and Prince Frederick of Orange failed in an attempt to regain possession of that capital; and subsequently all Flanders, with the exception of Antwerp, shared in the flame of revolt.

Upon this disaster, the King of the Netherlands applied to England for assistance to stifle the insurrection, and regain the dominions which were guaranteed to him by the Congress of Vienna. Nothing can be clearer than that this was not an occasion on which Great Britain was either called upon, or justified in interfering. When the Allies guaranteed to the new sovereign his dominions, they guaranteed them only against external violence. They neither had, nor ought to have, any thing to do with its internal dissensions.

The obvious course for the Allies to have pursued on this occasion was, to have allowed the Belgians and the Dutch to fight it out between themselves, and taken care only that their hostilities did not involve other countries in warfare. This is the true principle of non-intervention—a principle which, as the Duke of Wellington truly said, is the rule, while interference is the exception. It is the principle which the Allies pursued with regard to Russia in its late contest with Poland—a contest which has a great similarity, in some respects, to the Belgian revolt, with this great difference, that the grievous and ill-forgotten wrongs of that unhappy country gave its gallant defenders an incomparably larger title to public sympathy than the Belgian revolutionists, who broke out into insurrection, not from reason or grievance, but contagion and example.

But there was an obvious danger

in the continuance of hostilities in Belgium from the inflammable state of the public mind in France, the jealousy of the other Powers, and the hazard that the war there, if long protracted, might involve all Europe in conflagration. To guard against these dangers, the Duke of Wellington, at the earnest intercession of the King of Holland, agreed to use the influence of Great Britain to procure a cessation of arms, with a view to the future and amicable adjustment of the differences of the two parts of the King of the Netherlands' dominions.

This was the whole which the Duke had done before he retired from office. There was nothing as yet had taken place to prevent the crowns both of Belgium and Holland from being united on one head: nay, there was nothing done to preclude the return of the whole Netherlands to their original allegiance. An armistice and line of demarcation had merely been established; and the Allied Powers had partly taken upon themselves, partly accepted at the request of the Belligerents, the office of mediators, or arbiters, in the affairs of that distracted but beautiful part of Europe.

II. The first error from which all our other blunders and injustice on this subject have flowed, took place after the accession of the Whigs to office, in the imposition of iniquitous terms on the King of Holland, the recognition of a revolutionary monarch in Belgium, and the fatal guarantee of his whole dominions and part of the Dutch cities to Prince Leopold. This took place in July, 1831, eight months after Lord Grey's accession to office, and amidst the fumes of Reform in this country.

This palpable interference in favour of the Belgian insurgents, was accompanied with a declaration, debarring the King of the Netherlands from making war on his former subjects, either to bring them back to their allegiance, or obtain better terms of separation for himself. The Allies prescribed certain terms with which both parties were dissatisfied, and at which the Dutch in particular were so indignant, that they declared they would rather perish than agree to them. It is not surprising they were so: for not content with compelling the King of Holland to

relinquish all title to the throne of Belgium, we required of him to *surrender to his revolted subjects Luxembourg and Limberg*, embracing the fortress of Luxembourg, one of the noblest fortified towns in Europe, and Maestricht, the old frontier town of the *Seven United Provinces*. To neither of these fortresses had the Belgians the shadow of a title; for Luxembourg was no part of Flanders at all, but part of the private patrimony of the House of Nassau, and Maestricht had been, since the rise of Dutch independence, one of its principal hereditary bulwarks. With truth did the King of Holland declare, that Dutch independence could not exist if such terms were exacted from him. You might as well have required from England the surrender of Portsmouth and Plymouth. Such is the importance of Maestricht in a military point of view, that in the course of one of his campaigns, Marshal Saxe declared, "that the peace lay in Maestricht;" being well aware that if once that great frontier town were taken from Holland, all the efforts of the Dutch and English to protract the war would prove unavailing.

Now what did Ministers do? They declared in common with the other Allies, that the first shot fired by the Dutch at the Belgians would be considered as equivalent to a declaration of war against all the Allied Powers!—This was a piece of the grossest injustice. What right had we to debar the King of the Netherlands from striving to regain his footing in the dominions given him by the Congress of Vienna? What right had we to compel him to surrender his old frontier fortress of Holland to his revolted subjects, and abandon his ancient patrimony, with its splendid and impregnable fortress, to their revolutionary grasp? Evidently none: the act was a piece of downright oppression, worthy to be ranked with the partition of Poland. Ireland revolts against Great Britain, and succeeds, in the first fury of the insurrection, in driving her forces out of all but a few fortified posts in that island. A mediation of the other powers in Europe takes place, and in the course of it they declare, that, besides abandoning all claims to the sovereignty of that country, England

*must surrender to its rebellious population Chatham and Portsmouth*; and that the first shot fired at the Irish by the English, to avoid these galling terms, will be considered as a declaration of war against the whole of Europe. What would every man, having a spark of British valour, or a drop of British blood in his veins, say to such conditions? Yet this is what we deliberately exacted of the Dutch, the ancient allies and faithful friends of Great Britain!

The King of Holland refused to surrender his frontier towns: he preferred the chances of war to the certainty of humiliation, and with the spirit of the illustrious house from which he sprung, declared he would die in the last ditch rather than abandon them. His armies took the field—the revolutionary rabble of Brussels, brought out from the shelter of houses, fled at the first onset: two defeats, unprecedented for their disgraceful circumstances, dissipated the fumes of the Belgian insurrection. A counter-revolt was just breaking out at Ghent. Brussels was within an hour of falling into the hands of the Dutch forces: the Belgian question was about to be "solved," by the restoration of the King of the Netherlands to his just rights, amidst the universal acclamations of all but the Jacobin rabble, when the armies of France and the fleets of England advanced together to support the forces of the insurrection, and prevent the all but completed triumph of justice, fidelity, and valour.

That was the fatal step which has engendered all the subsequent difficulties, and involved our rulers in such a maze of folly. Was there any thing ever like guaranteeing to a revolutionary monarch his dominions, when yet smoking out of the furnace of insurrection?—What business, what right, had we to *guarantee* the throne of Belgium to Leopold? Is this the system of *non-intervention* which formed one of the pledges of Ministers when they came into power? It is evident that what they call non-intervention is all on one side; it means *never* interfering in favour of a sovereign against his subjects, but *always* with the subjects against a sovereign.

The enormous folly of guarantee-



ing to Prince Leopold a throne so precarious and tottering as that of Belgium, can never be sufficiently reprobated. It was a piece of positive injustice to Holland; because, while we declined to guarantee to the King of the Netherlands his revolted Belgian subjects, we had no sort of difficulty in guaranteeing his revolted subjects against the King of the Netherlands. We guaranteed the revolutionary, but declined to guarantee the legitimate throne: we supported the revolted Belgians, but refused to do any thing in favour of the dispossessed Dutch. And this is called non-intervention, and holding the balance even between the aristocratic and democratic divisions of the world!

What we *should* have done in these circumstances, is perfectly obvious. We ~~had~~ refused, and rightly refused, to aid the King of the Netherlands in his quarrel with his Belgian subjects; and on the same principle we should have refused to aid the Belgian revolutionists in their quarrel with the King of the Netherlands. "A clear stage and no favour" should have been our principle. We should have said to Leopold—"Go, if you choose, to Belgium; make what you can of the throne of the barricades; but do not expect us to aid you against our ancient ally, or give that succour to menaced democracy which we have so recently refused to endangered royalty." This would really have been non-intervention; this would have been acting justly; this would have kept England free from embarrassments; and this would, long ere this, have extinguished the flame which threatens to involve the world in its conflagration. No mortal now doubts that if the Dutch had been *let alone*, they would, last autumn, have easily crushed the Belgian insurrection, and restored freedom, order, and happiness to the beautiful but agonized and withering provinces of Flanders.—What paralysed them in the midst of success, and stayed the uplifted arm of lawful authority? The army of Gerard and the fleet of Codrington; the power of France and the dread of England; the arms of a revolutionary monarch, and the fleets of an innovating administration.

We looked, and looked anxiously,

to see what Lord Grey said on this subject, and how he attempted to justify so gross an instance of revolutionary interference. He evaded the difficulty; he absolutely said nothing on this *the vital point* in the whole Belgian question. He said that Belgium and Holland had been four months separated, and it *was evident* they could not be again united. "It was evident!"—This is an easy way of defending a proposition which is utterly indefensible, and avoiding an objection which is altogether insurmountable. Is the separation of every country *evident*, because for four months it has been in a state of revolt? Has Earl Grey forgot that six long years of warfare, and the destruction of five great armaments had taken place in Greece, before the Allied Powers ventured on the doubtful measure of defending the Christians of the Morea from Egyptian extermination? Has he forgot that France recovered its dominion in La Vendée, after four bloody campaigns, and the extermination of a million of men? If "four months" is the period assigned for recovering dominion, under pain of having a revolutionary sovereign guaranteed on the throne of the revolted province—why was not this measure of justice dealt out to the Imperial Autocrat during his nine months' campaign against Poland? Why was army after army allowed to be precipitated on that heroic land, at the very time that not a soldier was allowed to advance from Holland into Belgium? Let us take care that this principle is not applied against ourselves, and a revolutionary monarch installed on the throne of Ireland, because "four months have elapsed," and the British authority is not re-established in that island. Truly, when we recollect the long and faithful alliance of Holland with Great Britain, and attend to the conduct of this country towards her monarch in the period of his misfortunes, we are not surprised that the Dutch captains have resolved to blow up their vessels rather than strike to the flag of England.

It is evident, therefore, that our conduct towards Holland has been utterly inexcusable; that we have, under the specious name of preserving the peace of Europe, and by the

aid of mistifying protocols, veiled an act of downright spoliation; and, with the words of freedom and liberty in our mouths, engaged in a system of revolutionary aggression and despotic partition. History will class this flagrant oppression towards the King of the Netherlands, with the strangulation of Venice and the partition of Poland, and declare that the rise of tempestuous democracy in England has been attended with an instance of national vacillation, and an exertion of despotic ambition, unparalleled in the long period of its tranquillity and freedom.

III.—The fatal step of interfering between the King of the Netherlands and his rebellious subjects, and guaranteeing to the latter the revolutionary throne which they had erected on the foundation of the barricades, explains at once the otherwise inexplicable act of abandoning the barrier of Wellington and Marlborough against France. It was no doubt an object to establish a revolutionary monarch in Belgium; but it was a still greater object to preserve the good-will of France—the great focus and centre of republican propagandism. But the elevation of a Prince, with British feelings and a British connexion, to the throne of Belgium, necessarily gave umbrage to French ambition, and might possibly threaten the ultimate acquisition of the Low Countries by that ambitious power. Something, therefore, required to be done to calm the effervescence of the Palais Royal—something to heal the wounded pride of the heroes of the barricades—something to give an earnest that the march of Dumourier to Brussels might again be renewed; and Antwerp again become the pivot of invasion and aggression on this country. To accomplish these objects, the barrier fortresses were sacrificed; the fruit of the battle of Waterloo abandoned; and Belgium for ever rendered a revolutionary power, by throwing down the gates between it and republican France. With truth does the *Constitutionnel* declare, that this single act has “inverted the relative position of Flanders to France and the Allied Powers; instead of being the advanced post of Europe against France, it has become the advanced post of France against Europe.”

We again repeat that we do not accuse Ministers of an intention to sacrifice the interests of Great Britain in this unparalleled proceeding. What we say is, that their understandings have become so warped by opposition to their political opponents, that they are incapable of perceiving the consequences of their actions; and that they have wound up their political existence so completely with the cause of revolution abroad and innovation at home, that they are unable to extricate themselves from the perilous torrent.—We have no doubt that Talleyrand clearly perceives the consequences of all these measures, and we honour him as a true patriot for doing what he has done. It was as much his duty to urge, by diplomatic art, and the specious guise of a new era in human affairs, the demolition of the fortresses, as it was Wellington's duty by military force to compel their formation. What we reprobate is the fumes of democracy and the spirit of faction which blind and infatuate the human mind, and make men adopt measures for the furtherance of particular interests, or the support of long cherished ideas, fraught with lasting disaster, beneficial only to their enemies, and which their own judgment, if applied impartially to the subject, would be the first to condemn.

Let not the illusion be cherished, that because Leopold once was intimately connected, and long has resided in this country, therefore by placing him on the throne, we establish British influence in that important kingdom, and can afford to destroy the fortresses from the ascendancy we have acquired over the government. It is not past recollections, but future expectations or present necessities, which govern mankind. By placing Leopold on the throne of Belgium, with the French armies within three days' march of Brussels, and an open road unguarded by fortresses between them, we necessarily threw him into the arms of that power. Whether he forgets the Princess Charlotte in the arms of a Princess of France or not, certain it is, that he will abandon English interest in the necessity of maintaining French connexion. What can the fleets or the money of England do to protect his open and unfortified

frontiers from Marshal Soult, at the head of 100,000 French soldiers? Is it to be expected that he, a revolutionary monarch, is to league himself with Austria, Holland, Prussia, and Russia, the heads of the aristocratic party, to resist the aggressions of republican France? As well may the lion be expected to lie down with the kid, or the wolf with the lamb. It is obvious, therefore, that Leopold is permanently and unavoidably made a revolutionary power; he lives and breathes only in a revolutionary atmosphere, and the moment that the principles of democracy are overturned in France, he falls, as a necessary appendage, to the ground. The interest, therefore, the existence of the present government of Belgium, is indissolubly wound up with the continuance of the revolutionary régime, and the ascendancy of the power of France, the chief fountain of revolutionary propagandism, in the country which has always been the grand theatre of the contests of Britain for European independence; and we, the ancient bulwark of order and freedom, have bound ourselves to guarantee his throne of the barricades on the fields illustrated by the exploits of Marlborough, and within sight of the Lion of Waterloo!

IV. But this is not all; new, and to this country equally galling consequences, have resulted from this separation of Holland from Belgium, which we actually produced, by preventing their reunion when the Dutch monarch was on the point of effecting it. This involves the question of the *Russian Dutch Loan*, the most palpable and evident, though by no means the most serious, error committed by the innovating administration.

To understand this subject, it is only necessary to recollect, that in 1815, on occasion of the establishment of the kingdom of the Netherlands, a loan of 50,000,000 of guilders, or £5,000,000 sterling, due by Russia to Holland, was undertaken by the King of the Netherlands and Great Britain. The purpose of this engagement was to secure the powerful aid of Russia in upholding the new kingdom of the Netherlands and the barrier fortresses against France, and accordingly a part of the consideration which she gave for the bond, was discharged in the large

force which she retained in the Netherlands from 1815 to 1819.

As this was the object of the treaty, it was obvious that the purpose for which it was destined, would be entirely at an end if Belgium were separated from Holland. It contained, therefore, an express clause *liberating England* in the event of such a separation taking place. The words are, "It is hereby understood and agreed between the high contracting parties, that the said payments on the part of their majesties the King of the Netherlands and the King of Great Britain, shall *cease and determine*, should the possession and sovereignty (which God forbid) of the Belgic provinces, at any time, pass, or be severed from the dominions of his majesty the King of the Netherlands, previous to the complete liquidation of the same."

Nothing could be more express than this clause. It declares the obligation of England at an end, if Flanders should ever be separated from Holland. When the separation took place, therefore, not only with our full knowledge, but by our active interference; when we had guaranteed to Leopold his revolutionary throne, and sent our fleet, in conjunction with the armies of France, for his defence, the condition suspensive of the obligation had occurred. The Dutch government accordingly viewed the matter in that light; for as soon as the separation took place, they ceased to make any farther payments on account of the loan. It is clear England was entitled to have done the same. But this would probably have embroiled Ministers with Russia; or the discussion of the subject in Parliament might have led to awkward disclosures during the transports of new-born Reform. To avoid these evils, Government neither laid the difficulty before Parliament, nor stopped payment of the dividends on the bonds, in terms of the conditions, but went on paying them, as if the contemplated separation had never taken place, and the Netherlands had still formed a compact and united barrier against France. And this was done, when so far from having done any thing to prevent the separation of the Netherlands, "we had been," as the *Times* expresses it, "from the very first, the most strenuous advocates for the settlement

of the Belgium question, *on the footing of a complete divorce.*"\* Indeed, Government themselves are so far from attempting to disguise, that they glory in the share we had in effecting the separation of Holland and Belgium. "What has England done?" says the Solicitor-General,† on the debate on this question. "*Had she not interfered?*" She had assisted to accomplish the separation. England had been accessory to the separation, and it was not in good faith to say that a separation which had been in a manner CAUSED BY HERSELF, should have been taken advantage of *to avoid the payment.*"

It is needless to say any thing on the legal question, as to whether the condition suspensive of the bond had occurred. The greatest legal authorities of England, Lord Eldon, Sir E. Sugden, Sir James Scarlett, are unanimous that it had. There is an end therefore of the legal question.

But it is said that, though free in law, we were bound in honour and equity; and we at once admit that a debt of honour must be paid. But why is it said by Lord Brougham that it was a debt which England was bound in honour to discharge? Because Russia had done nothing to produce the separation of Holland and Belgium, and therefore could not be fairly implicated in the consequences of a proceeding to which she had not been accessory.

But observe what this argument implies as to the objects of the bond. It admits that the object of the undertaking by England was to interest Russia in the preservation of the United Kingdom of the Netherlands, and yet we were avowedly the parties who broke it up. We first undertake a debt of £5,000,000, in order to secure the consolidation of a kingdom; we then become "the most strenuous advocates" for, and chief instruments in effecting, its *dislocation*; and then we go on paying the debt which was contracted to perpetuate and ensure its consolidation, in the face of a condition which provided for its cessation on that event.

This appears to us to be by far the strongest view of the question of the

Russian Dutch Loan which can be urged. It drives Ministers into a dilemma from which it is impossible to escape. If they were right in forwarding, by every means in their power, the separation of Holland and Belgium, they were clearly wrong in continuing payment of the public money on account of the loan; if they were right in continuing the payment of the loan, they were as clearly wrong in the previous measures which led to the separation. But first to urge on the separation, and hinder the reunion, and then continue the payment which their own act had caused to cease being obligatory, is a concatenation of absurdity rarely paralleled in the annals of diplomacy.

According to Lord Brougham's arguments, we should be bound to continue the payment though the Netherlands were *united to France* by voluntary union; "because," says he, "it was external conquest, not internal dislocation, which was the suspensive condition." That is, we should be bound to continue a conditional payment, intended to prevent an event, when the very event meant to be guarded against has occurred. Nothing more decisive to shew the absurdity of the proceeding can be imagined.

We do not so much blame Ministers for continuing the payments that should have been done by Parliamentary authority, as for other parts of the transaction; the omission of that which could be supplied by a bill of indemnity, is a matter of comparatively little importance. What we charge them with is, the enormous error of having promoted, by such decisive means as they did, *the separation of Holland and Belgium*, in the face of the clear interests of England, and in the knowledge of the heavy burdens which they now hold out as irremovable, which the nation had undertaken, in order to *secure their union*. That is the fatal error; the error which is now irremediable, which has lost to Great Britain the whole fruit of the battle of Waterloo, and complicated its foreign diplomacy in a way which no human wisdom will be able to unravel.

\* Times, Feb. 4, 1832.

† Debate, Thursday, 26th Jan. 1832.

The Ministerial Journals, more candid than their superiors, have revealed the real reason of this extraordinary proceeding. They say it was necessary to keep Russia quiet—that a refusal to pay the dividends would have embroiled us with that power, and that therefore it was expedient to continue the payment, in order to prevent that great power from openly espousing the cause of Holland. In other words, this voluntary and gratuitous undertaking of the bond, after it had ceased to be obligatory, was a bribe to Russia to wink at our forcibly preventing the King of the Netherlands from regaining his authority over Belgium, and for preserving a revolutionary throne in that kingdom, to the imminent hazard of European independence; that is, for the pleasure of establishing the throne of the barricades in the Netherlands, and opening the gates of that country to France, we are, besides throwing down the barrier fortresses, to pay five millions sterling. One would hardly imagine, from these proceedings, that England has seven hundred millions of debt, and has an income of £700,000 a-year less than her ordinary expenditure.

It is urged for Ministers, that if we had not interfered to arrest the King of Holland when about to vanquish the Belgians, the inevitable consequence would have been, that the newly-erected kingdom would have been subdued, and that instantly France would have poured in her armies, and the peace of Europe would have been destroyed. We have no doubt that the French would have done this, knowing, as they did, that a Reforming Administration, who had adopted their visionary ideas of freedom, was at the head of affairs in this country. But would they have done it, if Pitt or Wellington had been at the helm? Would they have ventured to beard Europe in arms, if England had been at its proper place in the van of independence and freedom, instead of sinking into the second line behind the throne of the barricades? It was the alliance with England—the knowledge that we had guaranteed the throne of Belgium to Leopold as well as them, which rendered the French

so valiant. Had we acted otherwise, they would never have stirred from Valenciennes. The Austrians bearded them in Italy—the boasts of democracy came to nothing, and the march of revolution was speedily checked to the south of the Alps.

The original sin of our Belgian interference has been that insane system of conceding to the populace, which lighted Bristol with the fires of conflagration, and promises, ere long, to involve the world in its flames. No revolutionary danger was ever yet averted by concession to the demands of democracy, any more than any mob was dispersed by flying from its approach. We have seen what the system of concession led to at Bristol; and the conduct of Government, in regard to Belgium, appears to have been founded on the same principles—"Concede every thing to the Belgian and Parisian mobs—avoid every thing which can irritate them—dismantle the fortresses, to keep them in good humour." These are the principles on which we have acted. The sending the 14th Dragoons out of the burning city, is not without a parallel in sending the fortresses out of the burning continent.

What we *should* have done in this crisis is sufficiently plain. We should *really* have followed out the system of non-interference: we should have done nothing either to restore Charles to the throne of France, or the King of the Netherlands to that of Belgium; but we should have done as little to *prevent them* from endeavouring to regain them. We should have allowed the Belgians to choose what Sovereign they liked, or adopt what form of government they preferred, on the condition only, that Belgium was to be part of the Germanic Confederation, and its fortresses intrusted to the surveillance of the Allied Powers, and that they were to fight it out, without foreign aid, with their ancient Sovereign. We were entitled to demand this, because their fortresses, though locally situated in Belgium, were, in fact, the common property of the Allied Powers, and the barrier, not of Belgium, but of Europe. Had we done this, we would have preserved our good faith inviolate to our ancient allies; we would

have given no just cause of complaint to Holland; we would have been embarrassed by no guarantee to revolutionary powers; we would have preserved the important barrier in the Netherlands; we would have permitted the King of Holland to solve the Belgian question, by extirpating, amidst the applause of all men of sense in the country, the fumes of Brussels jacobinism; and France, deprived of this advanced post of revolution, would have ceased to be formidable to Europe. We should have told that power, in conjunction with Russia, Prussia, and Austria, that we would allow no interference by them in favour of the Flemish insurrection, and that the first squadron of horse which crossed the Belgian frontier should be the signal for 300,000 men crossing the Rhine. This would have been non-intervention on both sides; whereas the present system has forced us into violent interference in favour of the revolutionary power, and exposed us to the peril of a war, against alike all our former allies, and the real interests of the country, whether they are to be under republican or monarchical guidance.

V.—This brings us to the last step in this concatenation of incapacity and blindness—the signature of the late treaty by France, England, and Belgium, in effect guaranteeing the revolutionary throne to Leopold, and binding us to uphold that tottering and vacillating revolutionary monarch, against the united force of all the rest of the continent. This treaty is at present only signed by three powers; the ratification of the others has not yet arrived, and probably never will. But be that as it may, England, without its Allies, has crossed the Rubicon, and we are irrevocably pledged to the support of two revolutionary thrones.

We do not hesitate to say, that the signature of this treaty is the most rash and fatal act of the present Administration, teeming as it does with imprudent and perilous proceedings. For who can repeal a signed treaty? An Act of Parliament may be repealed; a faulty constitution may be amended; but a treaty of guarantee cannot be got quit of without a violation of public faith. Its conse-

quences must be, to the last degree, disastrous; and that equally whether the other powers do or do not ratify the treaty.

If they do not ratify, the powers which have plunged into the torrent, must bear the weight of all Europe. We know what that is; we felt it in the war with Napoleon; we are now groaning under its effects. And this terrible burden is now to be undertaken a *second time*, to uphold a revolutionary throne; to keep the eagles of France in the Low Countries; to undo all that Marlborough, and Nelson, and Wellington have done; to overturn the balance of power, and prepare the second subjugation of the continent by republican armies.

If they do ratify it, we have the satisfaction of having completed the spoliation of our ancient ally; of having permanently fixed French ascendancy and republican principles in the Low Countries; of having in effect advanced the tricolor flag to Mayence and Antwerp; of having restored to France the mighty lever by which she shook and desolated the world under Napoleon, and imposed upon posterity the necessity of undertaking a long and hazardous war, to regain what their ancestors had bravely won, and their rulers in a moment of infatuation had abandoned.

And these disasters are the natural consequences, and will be the just retribution, of the innovating and revolutionary passions which have seized upon the nation within the last fifteen months.

The spirit of Propagandism is the accompaniment in every age of the revolutionary fury, and is the excess which Providence has appointed to lead to its destruction. A free state does not disquiet itself about its neighbours: Switzerland, Holland, and England, reposed for centuries without seeking to revolutionize or disturb any of their neighbours. But it is otherwise with the revolutionary passion. It ever seeks for proselytes, and strives to prop up its internal weakness by an array of similar passions in all the adjoining states. Republican France began the system of surrounding itself with affiliated republics, and the system

destroyed first its liberties, and then its independence. We have rushed into the same system; we must have a little advanced work of innovation on the continent of Europe, in imitation of the great parent of democracy, and our madness will bring upon the nation the same punishment.

It has been observed in the outset of this paper, that to support Belgium against France, and Poland against Russia, is the obvious policy of all the European states; because it is from these great potentates that the chief danger to their liberties is to be apprehended. By our infatuated policy, we have contrived at the same time to increase *both these dangers*; we have opened Flanders to France at the very moment that the payment we took upon ourselves to Russia enabled it to break down the independence of Poland. Thus this fatal step, of establishing a revolutionary throne in Belgium, promises to be equally ruinous to the liberties of eastern and western Europe; it has already enabled Paskewitsch to renew the triumph of Suwarrow at Warsaw, and it has gained for France all the advantages of the march of Dumourier to Brussels.

We tell the people of England, and they will perhaps remember our warning voice when the period of retribution arrives, that they will suffer, and suffer deeply, for this desertion of national duty, and this violation of public right. Europe will not forget that we strove to bully second-rate powers into a suspension of all efforts to regain their dominions, and a surrender of their ancient possessions to their rebellious subjects, at the very time that we said nothing in favour of an heroic race striving to regain their lost independence on the shores of the Vistula; that we aided the cause of rebellion when we had nothing to urge in favour of that of independence, and gave to those who had, without a shadow of reason, violated their duty towards their sovereign, that which we refused to those who had nobly stood in adversity by their prostrated country. She will not forget that, amidst the fumes of innovation, we forgot all the honour of

treaties, and all the gratitude due to past services; that we turned fiercely on our Allies who implored our assistance in the hour of trial, and to gain the applause of a fickle and despicable revolutionary mob, forgot alike all the examples of past glory and all the anticipations of future renown. The consequence of the sins of individuals fall upon themselves alone, and their immediate connexions: the punishment of national delinquencies falls on whole races of men, and is visited on the third and fourth generation of those who have violated their duty. Already we begin to feel the punishment of our national offences, in the consequences to which they lead at home, and the contempt which they engender abroad. A new and burdensome tax, it is said, will be laid on the nation as the first fruit and first recompense of its revolutionary passions; the rich will be restrained in their enjoyments, the poor stinted in their subsistence, in consequence of the perilous and guilty desires which they have concurred in indulging. Already the character of an Englishman, once the object of universal esteem, has shared in every European state in the odium consequent upon the proceedings of its government; and the national reputation, once the polar star of honour and fidelity, has been darkened by the vacillation and incapacity of democratic ascendancy. But let us not flatter ourselves that our punishment is to stop here, or the character and independence of England to emerge unharmed from a crisis so perilous to its fate. Long and costly wars must be undertaken to reconquer the barrier which has been abandoned; national disaster and humiliation incurred to expiate the sins which have been committed; torrents of blood shed to regain the character which has been lost. Happy if, in this chaos of democratic passion, the national independence and freedom is not destroyed, and we emerge from the revolutionary furnace without, as in ancient Rome, having lost our liberties; or, as in modern Venice, sacrificed our independence.

## WHAT CAUSED THE BRISTOL RIOTS?

THERE is not a city, town, village, or hamlet, in the King's dominions, where, if restraint of the law were removed, the mob would not rise upon their superiors. That this was always the case, we are not called upon to assert; that it is so *now* is an evil sufficient for our day. The hope of immediate emancipation from penury or toil, of immediately revelling in all "good things," of turning over at once to their grasp and possession the wealth that in civilized societies makes its daily display before the eyes of the needy, springs up in formidable excitement upon the least relaxation of those "bonds of peace," the checks of religion and law. Quench the love "which envieth not," and set aside fear, the sword of the law, and the state of social order is in instant disruption.

We say thus much by way of preface to an investigation into the causes of the Bristol riots, because we would vindicate at least the populace of that city from the necessity of their bearing the whole of the odium, which, we believe, they are entitled to but in common with every other populace, equally liable, like them, by incessant agitation, to be driven and maddened into outrage. Whoever may bear the punishment, theirs be the shame through whom such offences come. We think we shall be able to prove that in Bristol, more than in any other place, the democratical fury has been let loose. Its demagogues and its press have taken a more active part in revolutionary excitement—have been indefatigable in throwing contempt on its local authorities—in uprooting respect for superiors, and veneration for its religious institutions. They have followed this their unhallowed vocation, unhappily, under the banners of pretended loyalty, and with the sanction of his Majesty's Ministers. They have had all the advantage of the general relaxation of restraint, the contempt and defiance of law, and of the removal of the fear of punishment; and the mob, with all their inflammable passions, were at their mercy, the very slaves of the tyrant master-magicians, and demons of The Lamp. We say, without fear

of contradiction from any man of common sense or common integrity, that this connexion between the demagogues and Government, and the unconstitutionally allowed free use of the King's name, gave an authority to the wildest schemes of democratic ambition, an unnatural sanction to the most atrocious slanders, and threw over conservative principles the semblance of rebellion. The mob therefore, flatteringly called the People, had much reason to believe that in seeking their "withheld rights" even by outrage in the King's name, they would be loyal and patriotic; that in a revolutionary struggle, they might obtain much if it succeeded—if it did not, that they had a lenient Government who would not punish them as rebels or plunderers. We only say, they, as a mob, had reason to believe this; we say not the Government intended they should *quite* reach such a conclusion. But there were facts before the eyes of the people, plain and legible enough, and, as they read them, it is not to be wondered if they made their own comments. They had seen Commissions appointed for Incendiarism, and culprits unpunished; and thereby an odium thrown on the judges of the land. They had been told the press was more powerful than the King's judges, demanded and would obtain pardon—and they saw it was so. They knew the riots and burnings at Derby, Nottingham, and Dorchester, had been left without the notice of Government, and considered the Ministry had gained a triumph over a boroughmouger nobleman. They had seen the life of another nobleman attempted, and the reforming ruffians in ecstasy, and but small attempt to stop such outrages. They had seen O'Connell, the arch-fiend of agitation, escape from the net of the law, and rustle his silk gown in swaggering insolence, and sling from every fold the boasted praises of the Prime Minister. When they had thought to see him in unredeemable disgrace, they see him rise in the grandeur of ministerial honour. They had seen in Ireland a convicted conspiracy to defraud the clergy of their tithes pardoned—and



they had seen the consequences, resistance universally successful, the clergy (the established clergy) vituperated, robbed, and starved, and were taught to rejoice at the glorious impunity; and they recollected the intimation of Earl Grey, that he *could* contemplate the removal of the Church of England Establishment in Ireland, unconnected with the repeal of the Union. They thought they had hints as strong as those which their brethren reformers in Ireland had turned to such good account, given to them from the Ministerial Delphi, and what had they to fear, should they proceed to violence, provided it were committed in support of their "beloved Ministry, in the name of Reform and the King," even though they should plunder the King's Exchequer, and burn an anti-reforming odious Bishop in his palace?

The restraints of religion and law had been greatly removed. Were they then urged to acts of violence? The press, the Ministerial press, had incessantly recommended extreme violence, even ruffianism, the use of bludgeons, brickbats, and stones, the striking at the faces of the Tories, the not allowing any such to shew themselves at the Reform election, citizen guards and armed associations against the Tories and the Bishops; and can we wonder, if the populace, in their excusable ignorance, verily believed it to be the wish of his Majesty's Ministers, who had courted illegal assemblies, and denounced the House of Lords as a faction, and recommended the Bishops to "put their house in order," as persons who were to "die, and not live,"—if they believed it to be the wish of these vilifiers of our old constitution, to effect a revolution even by violence? Sedition had long been as it were at a premium. The Attorney-General had enjoyed his office as a sinecure. Treason had been stalking the land, as the school-master, in open day. The press, with the power of the torpedo, had touched the arm of the law, and it was benumbed and withered; Political Unions, if they had not yet seized the reins of government, had rendered the hands that held them inert and powerless; and the Majesty of England was constrained by an imbecile Cabinet to issue a pro-

clamation of entreaty for one of command. There had long been a general feeling of immunity, as if pardons were to be had, if worth the asking, for offences to be committed; and the ignorant goaded "multitude" were generally throughout the kingdom in a state of impatient turbulence and revolutionary hope. But nowhere were they more impatient than in Bristol, for there, more than in any other city or town in the kingdom, had the evil energy of the press and orators of Reform been virulently and profusely put forth.

Bristol had been particularly unfortunate in the choice the Reformers had made at their revolutionary election. Mr Protheroe had been previously an unsuccessful candidate—had shewn himself outrageously arrogant and intemperate, totally without that ballast of the mind or understanding, requisite in troublesome times, to steady himself, or those who might look up to him. The most respectable merchants, bankers, and citizens, viewed his political principles with abhorrence; and being the constant objects of his abuse, they could scarcely consider him, under any circumstances that might arise, their representative. We very believe the Political Union chose him for his worst qualities, that made him their more ready tool, and tried upon him (seeing he had but that one determined ambition, to be returned for Bristol) the experiment of degradation, to testify to the world to what a degree of low subserviency and humiliation they could reduce a delegate. What man of gentlemanly feeling would not have indignantly broken away from the base submission of their public and private vulgar examinations,—their schooling, to use their own phraseology, and as he, in little reverence to the Church, its rites and services, terms them, his catechism and confirmation? But, as it is ever the case with a little mind to seek compensation to itself for its crawling servility to one quarter, by assuming an insolence in another, so did this slave of the Political Union rise from kissing their feet, to insult and slander the late member for Bristol; a man who had been for many years singularly and deserved-

ly popular—so much so, that all parties, Whigs and Tories, had vied in pouring in their votes for him, to put him at the head of the poll, if a contest happened to arise, not in opposition to him, for that was out of all thought, but between rival Whig candidates. Mr Davis had been ever truly the member for Bristol, indefatigable for the general good, for the particular interests of the place, and the acknowledged courteous and attentive friend to every man, of whatever party, who required his time or assistance. As a man of business, well acquainted with commercial affairs, it was utterly impossible a better representative could have been chosen; and the respect and influence he enjoyed in the House, and with every government, reflected great credit on Bristol. As member for the city he was of no party—and this highly honourable man, beloved by all, was the first object of attack for the flippant and upstart candidate; and so careless was he in his assertions, that in a short time no less than three public apologies bore his signature, and his own party expressed no satisfaction at the little credit he obtained as a man from his escape from another antagonist. We ourselves have remonstrated with some of his reforming constituents upon their choice; their answer was indicative both of the character of the respect in which they hold their member, and of the use they mean to make of him, and, in the end, of the Reform Bill and its parents. “The greater the fool,” said they, “the better the tool; a stick, a stone, any thing, provided we could bind it down to vote for the Bill, would suit us; after that has passed, we will very willingly kick him out if you please, for we hold him in utter contempt.” We have thought it right to dwell somewhat on this description of the choice of the Reformers, because we shall shew that his extreme folly, to speak in the mildest terms of his conduct, if it did not produce, encouraged the riots to a dangerous allowed excess.

We have now come to this point, that the conduct of the Ministry, at once insane and imbecile, in throwing out the bait of Reform to democratic ambition, and in calling to their fellowship in arms the profligate of all classes, and the whole

bedlam of bankrupts, schemers, and despisers of the laws of God and man, and in their submission, in utter impotence, to their daring allies, had thrown the country into a dangerous state of excitement, that they were powerless to punish; and that the press, in aid of revolution, had fearlessly encouraged and demanded violence: That to a population they moved to outrage from without, the local demagogues and press within were constantly issuing most inflammatory language, of which we mean to produce some proof and specimens: That one member for the city, at least, was the mere tool of a Political Union, an illegal Political Union, and little likely, from inclination, influence, or ability, to promote sober quietness, and the decencies of civic order; and here, we regret to say, that the other member, manly and upright as we believe him to be, seems ready to go the worst lengths of the philosophers and scheming economists by whom our policy is distracted. We must now speak somewhat of another party, upon whom the blame of these riots has been generally and erroneously thrown, before we come to the immediate occasion of the outbreaking,—the magistrates, or, as they are termed, the corporation of Bristol.

It has been asserted by the London press, in atrocious ignorance, that the corporation are Tories, and, as such, have unduly influenced elections; nay, that they have spent the public money for such base purposes. It is utterly false. The local revolutionary press have, indeed, been lavish in abuse of this body, partly because they yet hold civic authority, and partly from other causes. The foolish London press have, therefore, concluded them to be Tories—or, what is equally probable, knowing what they asserted to be false, thought them a convenient body to bear the blame, justly and solely due to the Reformers. Now, the fact is, they are in no respects a political corporation. Until of very late years, certainly, the majority of its members were Whigs, and would probably have so continued, had not some of them, thinking their party were running the whole length of a democracy, become converts to

Herepath, vice-president of the Political Union, which Political Union thereupon demand of the magistrates *abdication*, and assume their power, cause the proclamation of the corporation to be torn down, and put up their own placards in its place.

But after this deputation of the magistrates, and this intimation of the determination of the people, and this remonstrance from a member of the city, what *is* the conduct of the Government? Do they send a sufficient force to protect the King's authority—"to protect the city from riot"—for that, as the member admits, was the object of the deputation? Not one hundred soldiers were at any time in the city, "to keep down"—they are the words of the pamphleteer—"an insulted population of an hundred thousand."

The magistrates provided, it is admitted, three hundred constables. If it be asked, why they did not furnish more, let the Reformer tell; and, indeed, he is either the vile slanderer of the citizens, or a true historian of Reform and its consequences—of the spirit of democracy—its foul and poisonous influence. The writer and the Reformers will settle the point between them. "Now, let the magistrates state, if they did not early discover a general indisposition on the part of the respectable inhabitants and tradesmen to enrol themselves among the special constables. The necessary consequence of this indisposition was, that only the more violent of the Tory party were sworn in; and these were found so few in number, that it became necessary to hire men to act with them as special constables." Now, though we doubt not this is every word untrue, yet, admitting the fact, here the Reformers entirely vindicate the magistracy, unwittingly, for not providing more; if it be not true, we have no *fact* to reason upon, and the *respectable* inhabitants are slandered. They likewise vindicate the magistrates, by shewing that there was no apparent necessity for a larger force, in an assertion that "This series of awful calamities were committed by a mob which was never in possession of any arms, and which, if it had been opposed with judgment and decision, by a **very small organized force**, had no

moral or combined physical means of resistance." But mark the further blundering of this malignant writer—for he afterwards admits they had "sledge-hammers," and "that a soldier, we are told, was wounded by a pistol-ball." In his ill-conditioned zeal to attack the magistrates, he defends them, for he charges them with procuring an insufficient force, while he is proving that a small one alone was necessary; that the mob consisted of but a few wretches, and that they were "an insulted population of an hundred thousand."

But we do assert, without fear of contradiction, that if the apprehensions of the magistrates were founded on correct information—and it is *now* pretty well proved that they were—the responsibility—the whole responsibility of the security, not only of the King's representative, but of the city, rested with his Majesty's Ministers. And here a question naturally suggests itself—Were *they*, too, willing, in their Reform zeal, that insult should proceed to a certain length? We fear their delusion as to their own power to command their mobs to go "thus far, and no farther," will be as fatal to the constitution, if this odious Bill be not firmly resisted, as it has been to the second city in the kingdom. For the present, however, it may not be improper to direct their attention to the profitable lesson read to them, not by their "schoolmaster," but by the Lord Chief Justice. "A riotous and tumultuous assemblage of people gathered itself together, with an object, and for a purpose, which no honest man or well-wisher to the laws of his country can sufficiently reprobate, I mean the open and avowed purpose of treating with insult and indignity, if not personal violence, a gentleman placed in a high judicial station, bearing the authority of his Sovereign, in the administration of the criminal law within this city, and during part of the very time engaged in the actual exercise of his judicial functions."—"No honest man can sufficiently reprobate"!!! Did Lord Melbourne reprobate such intention? Did honest Mr Protheroe reprobate the object of his stipulation? Did the mass of Reformers, the respectable Reformers, honest men, reprobate it? Did his Majesty's Ministers reprobate

it in their "Whereas," when they so nicely omit the name of the King's judge, and include him among their "divers persons."

There was another lesson the Lord Chief Justice read, which, had it been learned by the Cabinet *earlier*, might have averted the calamities of Bristol.

"For in the case of offences at once so alarming to the public tranquillity, and so dangerous to the property and safety of individuals, it is of the first importance to make it known to all, that enquiry and punishment follow close upon the commission of crime, in order that the wicked and ill-disposed may be deterred, by the dread of the law, from engaging in similar enormities, whilst the peaceable and industrious may look up to it with gratitude and affection, for the safeguard which it extends over their persons and property." *Did* the "enquiry and the punishment follow close upon the commission of crime," in the cases of the outrages at Nottingham, Dorchester, and Derby? Had punishment followed close, the Commission at Bristol might have been unnecessary. Had Ministers attended to the spirited, constitutional recommendation of Sir Charles Wetherell himself, this sack of the city might have been spared.

In order to do justice to this spirited remonstrance, we will extract part of the debates.

"That day," Sir R. Vivyan is speaking, "the Marquis of Londonderry was waylaid a second time, and severely wounded. (Hear.) Those who were taunted as mock Reformers, had been described as unfriendly to the extension of the liberties of the people. He denied the charge. (Hear.) He hoped that Government, after all that had passed, would see the propriety of so modifying their late Bill as to make it a safe measure, which would not scare and alarm the advocates of our ancient institutions; and he was glad to perceive that Ministers already evinced symptoms of a disposition to abate somewhat of their demands. At present, he could not forbear complaining of the system by which it was sought to make converts to Reform. Handbills were placarded through the town, fringed with black, and

bearing the names of the majority of the Lords, who were thus pointed out to the vengeance of the public, and marked as fit objects, if necessary, for the knife. (Cheers.) In no one instance did he see the police interfere to prevent the circulation of such documents; but Ministers, he concluded, were but too happy in their prospect of advantage from any contingent riots which it was likely would ensue." (Cheers.)

Lord Althorp said, "With regard to his letter to the Birmingham Union, his feelings must be very different from what they had hitherto been, before he could disdain to return a courteous answer to the communication he had received."

Mr Bankes "would tell the noble Lord, that he preferred the whisper of his (Mr B.'s) faction to the clamour of his Lordship's mob."

Lord John Russell said, "He did not hesitate to state, that he had not contemplated the majority of the Lords in the phrase so often referred to. But there might be factions in Parliament notwithstanding, which looked to their own interests, and promoted their own ends, by opposing the Reform Bill. (Hear.) After *this* explanation, he should be sorry if the House thought that any blame attached to him; and he hoped that angry discussion might not arise in the present state of public feeling."

Sir Charles Wetherell said, "Probably his Lordship's letter was written from inadvertence—a word not unknown to the Cabinet. Let me ask," said Sir Charles, "would the noble Paymaster of the Forces recommend merely calmness and soothing-syrup for the popular irritation, if Woburn Abbey had been burnt down instead of Nottingham Castle? The Duke of Newcastle's mansion has been burnt down because he voted against the Reform Bill; and by a happy convertibility of public opinion, which changes with the utmost rapidity, and without the possibility of control, Woburn Abbey, Tavistock Abbey, Althorp House, and Losely, may be the next to be sacrificed." Sir J. Wrottesley spoke "to order. The right honourable gentleman was pointing out places to be objects of popular fury." The Speaker conceived that it was out of order. Sir C. Wetherell—"I do not apprehend

that the people—the tide of the mob—‘the turbid flowing base,’ will need my information, if they at any future period should have a spark of fire for any of those splendid fabrics. I was going to conjure Government not to act on the inferior principle of soothing popular passion and calming irritation, but at once to take offenders into custody, and punish them. For this purpose I would remind the noble Lord and his coadjutors, that those who are now friendly to Reform, may hereafter be its enemies, and that the smallest change in the wind of politics will blow the flame from the mansions of their opponents to their own. When revolution begins, no man can tell where it will end, nor whose property may be sacrificed to the alternation of popular fury; and every man who thinks differently from me on such a point, may have the brains of a cockcomb, but not the intellect of a man.” (Cheers.)

Bravo, Sir Charles, we most readily cry. Readers, the riots and burnings at Bristol had not yet taken place. We have only a remark to make on the foregoing. According to Lord John Russell, he did not mean to call the majority in the House of Lords a faction. Indeed!! And according to his doctrine in politics, any fool or knave that can excite such a “present state of public feeling” must gain his ends and objects, however mischievous, if it be the rule in such case to stop angry discussion, and yield to the state of public feeling the fool or knave have created. We will not waste words on such impudent, un-British poltroonery. But we think we are advancing rapidly in tracing the causes of the Bristol Riots.

That Sir Charles Wetherell must and would attend the jail delivery was now well known to Political Union and stirring Reformers, the keepers of the merciless mobs—those bloodhounds to be let loose at the sitting time; and that their pack might be more keen for their sport, raw and reeking and smelling fresh of blood was the frequent food held up to their ravenous gluttony. They had been put upon the scent, and were made eager for the game they had to hunt down, even to the death. It was now that agitation and

excitement was indeed at work “at the corner of every street,” and that there should be no mistake, the Political Union send their orders, under the signature of the Secretary for the Council, to the Magistrates, that they should *abdicate*, couched in language insolent with prospective power. This was not unadvisedly done, it might answer a double purpose—Ministerial authority they cared little about—that was already defunct in their estimation, and if they were not secure of, they were at least regardless of, its impotent favours. They might succeed in setting aside the local authorities, then—with a clear stage before them, they might be—Kings, Emperors, demigods in the pantheon of some *Provisional Government*, to be proclaimed as safety might allow; and the example might have been quickly followed—and we should never have heard enough of the heroes of the glorious “Three Days of Bristol.” If they could not prevail upon the Magistrates to resign—the attempt would at least have the effect of making them odious to the people, and thus they would disarm them of their authority, and *might* afterwards condemn them, in the hour of tyranny, for a weakness they could not help. “If the people are quiet,” said the member for the city to Mr Herepath, the Vice-President, “they will say there is a reaction.” They shall not keep quiet—was the order. *What was the result?* Thanks to the brutal lust of intoxication, the city was spared from the miseries of successful revolution—the first fruits of the Reform Bill, that Magna Charta of thieves, and like the prophetic scroll of old, written “within and without with lamentation, and mourning, and woe.”

The Magistrates were now in no ordinary danger, and in judging of their conduct we should not, we must not, shut our eyes to the facts, and through carelessness in reasoning, admit either the outcry, or the arguments of their previously avowed virulent enemies. The Magistrates were in no ordinary danger, we repeat; they felt themselves almost deserted by the Government—worse than deserted by a great part of the citizens, who were sick and poisoned to the soul by the Reform-

ers; and we have no right to expect from them the exercise of a power the Ministers and Reformers had sedulously taken from them. Law was a dead letter—it was nowhere respected; and the magistrate that might attempt to enforce it, might have had to fear the scrutiny of the mob and of the Government. Were the proceedings in Ireland to produce no effect in England? But there must be a time in scenes of outrage, when the duty of magistrates, as such, ceases, and they merge into common citizens; for we have no right to call upon them to offer themselves in sacrifice;—and this point of time will generally be, when the riot act has been read, and the peace of the city delivered over to the keeping of a military commander. It is downright outrageous folly to expect magistrates, in all cases, to expose themselves to the same danger as the military, by heading their forces—it is not their vocation, but it is the soldier's; it is his business daringly to risk his life, but it is not the magistrate's. Are Mayors and Aldermen, with the popular odium sedulously directed against them, and that for the sinister purpose of rendering their authority of no avail, to be mounted on dragoon horses without the common protection of the soldier, his arms and his armour? Is it, that they may be the better marks for the bludgeons, the pistols, the "sledge-hammers," or the knives, of an infuriated mob? At least let the good Reforming Vituperator, whoever he may be, put helmets on their heads, and swords in their hands, that at least, if occasion serve, he may do his best to hang them for using them. But do not make a mock of them, and parade them before the vulgar abominations and insolent brutality of ruffians, with a proclamation in placards from a Political Union—"Thus shall it be done to the man whom the King delighteth to honour." Sir Charles Wetherell experienced enough of this distinction—when the honour of his sovereign King was to be sacrificed to the sovereign mob. It is evident, even now, that swarms of Revolutionists are in an agony of disappointment that the local Magistrates were not hunted down; and there are exasperated demons in the holes

of Reform, that would *Burke* them and all corporate bodies, all law, all authority, all religion, and the constitution of Old England. We have nothing to do with the magistrates, as individuals; it is in their magisterial capacity alone we have to note them. As individuals, when their corporate authority is superseded, they will act according to their various characters. Some may have more courage than others; some may be incapacitated by age, or other circumstances, from enduring the active service of dragoons, and yet be wise and discreet men, excellent members of society, worthy and respectable, as we know them to be, and fully capable of performing all their magisterial functions.

The magistrates of Bristol appealed to the Government, and appointed a constabulary force. Were the troops sent by Government sufficient to put riots out of the question, should the civic power be inadequate to protect the city or the *judge from insult*? We think not one hundred soldiers were within a due distance from the city; were these soldiers to have prevented insult?—or was insult even desired by the Government as well as the Reformers? The reader must form his own opinion.

We have advanced in our investigation—we have shewn what precautionary steps were taken by the Magistrates—we have shewn what steps were taken by the Government—we have shewn *some* of the steps, for we were not of the secret councils, taken by the Reformers and Revolutionists; their *determination*, and their ready means of executing their purposes. We believe the jury, the intelligent public, are not very desirous to investigate further THE CAUSES.

It is not our purpose to follow the outbreaking through all its horrid and disgusting scenes of insult, revolutionary organization, and subsequent drunkenness, rapine, sack, and burning. We have little pleasure in dwelling on either the bloodshed, or the howlings of intoxicated demons, dropping into the furnaces of the blazing ruins of the mansions and homes of the ejected and destitute citizens; nor will our eye follow them in their passages over the molt-

an lead, like the "damned" of the poet, drifting over "the burning mart;" nor shall our pen attempt to picture to the life the infuriate revelers below, at the magnificent and costly tables of a mayoralty house, loaded with feast and wine, and plunder, around the equestrian statue of William III., (surmounted with a cap of liberty prepared for the occasion, and in honour to their beloved Reforming King, another William, alone left uninjured.) We will not describe their maniac waste and wassail; their cries of insult, of triumph; their savage sport and laughter even at the peril of the less fortunate wretches of their gangs, dropping from the beams and rafters, from parapets, roofs, and windows, into the mass of roaring flames beneath them. Moved by an instinct averse to revolution, we shrink from the description of blood and conflagration. If we feel compelled occasionally to plunge into the fiery vortex of these infernal regions of Reform, it will be with disgust and reluctance, to snatch up a few facts that establish and strictly belong to THE CAUSES.

It is with shame for our species, we are obliged to confess, that a very great mass of citizens, of a rank even above ten pound renters, looked upon the excesses with a worse feeling than apathy; so thoroughly had the poison from the reservoirs of the press, and the stores of their local demagogues, infected their minds. They were as men "bitten by fiery serpents." We are assured, from the indubitable authority of an eyewitness of the highest character, and the account has received ample confirmation from others, that apparently respectable people, in various quarters, expressed satisfaction when the Jails, the Toll-houses, Mansion and Custom House, and the Bishop's Palace, were in flames. "It is our time now," was no uncommon cry; "the tyrants have had their way long enough." Our informant says, that he saw one standing, to all appearance a tradesman, at his own door, cheer the mob as they were passing from Lawford's-gate Prison to the Bishop's Palace to fire it, and heard him say, "That's right; go it, my boys, go it." It had been instilled into the minds of tradesmen, that

Custom and Excise Houses were the receptacles for imposts on their industry, and taxes levied by borough-mongers; that *their* pockets had been picked for their maintenance; that these taxes had been levied unjustly by a corrupt Parliament, who had divided the plunder;—and could even respectable tradesmen, if they believed all this, be expected, in the moment, too, of excitement, to protect these establishments of robbery, to come forth and extinguish the flames?—is it wonderful if they should rejoice? The Bishops had been held up to odium, as "not fit to live," (or why were they told to put their houses in order?)—their property claimed as public property—enormous revenues in the grasping hands of a bloated and selfish clergy—and if their palaces are burning, are we to expect the people to extinguish the flames? Laws had been made by tyrants, religion was the priestcraft of an anti-reforming clergy, and the solemn day, Sunday, was well hallowed in the destruction of houses of taxation, authority, and sanctity. "Down with religion and laws," is the cry, and they rush forth to burn cathedrals and jails; and mark the significance of the preference—the jails first, that more ruffians might be let loose, and that the costly things of authority, and the sacred things of the altar, might more fiendishly be trampled into the earth and the mire, under the hoof of savage Democracy. The conduct of the truly Christian, excellent Bishop, is worthy the page of History. He was in the cathedral, at his religious duties, and was entreated to escape, that his life was in danger. He was an old man, he said, and, God willing, he would die in his services, but he would not forsake them. A short time before, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, whilst consecrating a church close to Bristol, had been attacked, and in peril from a mob. Personal danger was therefore apprehended to the Bishop as well as the Recorder. They were both great and eminent men, therefore likely to be marked. "Temporibus quibus sinistra erga eminentes interpretatio, nec minus periculum ex magnâ famâ, quam ex malâ." But *here* danger is only to the good, the noble, the renowned; the

vilest are in security, whilst the good and pious must suffer all that the basest can inflict, and none but the best, the purest, the religious, can endure. The Bishop of Bristol voted against the Bill; therefore, though directed to "put his house in order," he found it a heap of ruins before the authoritative summons could be obeyed.

In the reign of Richard the Second, the Archbishop Sudbury was murdered by the mob under Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, as the Catholic writers of that day say, "by a judgment from heaven," and "that the voice of God might be fulfilled," because he dared to express his dislike of one of the grossest of their superstitious follies.\* The Bishop of Bristol voted against the Bill, and dared to express his dislike of that superstitious folly, as it may well be called. For did not a resolution pass at least at one political meeting, charging the Bishops with "impiety in voting against the People's Reform Bill?" Then, Reform is the God of the People!! This, then, is to be the true interpretation of the "*Vox Populi vox Dei!*" Are we to seek it in the midst of rapine and conflagration? The prophet found it not in the strong wind, not in the earthquake, not in the fire, but in the still small voice. No, if the "*Vox Populi*" be the "*Vox Dei*," it is not to be heard in the roar and brawling of a Pandemonium of Reformers, but it is in that still small voice of human society, pleading in charity and prayer, and in the offices of love and dutiful obedience. But we must forbear, and if any apology be necessary for our warmth, it is that the rulers of our land have gone forth "with the rewards of divination in their hands," and have called on the people to "curse whom God hath not cursed, and to defy whom the Lord hath not defied."

But the working of this widely-diffused poison has a mischievous tendency to an evil of no small magnitude. As it infuriates the idle, the profligate, the abandoned, creates apathy in the previously well disposed, so does it, in a great degree, paralyse the Conservative citizens.

As we said of the magistrates that they were in no ordinary danger, so must we say of every citizen of courage and determination to do his civic duty. Of this we have a very lamentable proof in the trials. If a soldier (we as slightly as possible allude to the unfortunate Colonel Brereton) of undoubted and tried bravery, under the benumbing influence of Reform, became inert, and, may we not say, incapable? if he thought he was doing his duty by endeavouring to soothe and to "keep in good humour" mobs in the very acts of direct outrage, and thought it right, in civic cases, not to obey the local magistrates, but to guide himself by what he considered the general practice and feeling of the government, we cannot wonder if the well-affected citizens felt alarmed, should they take upon themselves the acts of necessary severity for the suppression of tumults—at a time, too, when they well knew that every the slightest movement, that could be construed into one of aggression, would subject them to a persecuting scrutiny. But should a death unfortunately occur from the hand of the civil power, however accidental, or even in self-defence, they knew that if they could escape summary vengeance on the spot, and their homes and families be saved from massacre and fire, (for all this might be in the heat of tumult, when no one could tell how far it would reach,) yet still we say, they knew that there were parties much above the mobs, of a rabid political enmity, from the grasp of whose malignity, and particularly if Tories, they could not hope to escape; that they would be dragged before inquests, formed perhaps with little discrimination, be persecuted to imprisonment, indicted for murder, their lives and property at the mercy of a doubtfully disposed jury; and they knew that these their persecutors would be the loudest to call the hanging of an incendiary, a ringleader, or a robber, "*Legal Murder*." Yet, even with this danger before them, there were some in the hour of peril at their posts, and not found wanting.

Able and eloquent is the defence



read to the court by Captain Lewis—it is a noble proof how a gentleman can write, and feel, and act—it is every word from the heart of a man of truly noble and generous feeling; and, would we add one word more in praise, we would say of a British officer, that would not stain his character with a falsehood to save a thousand lives, if he had them, and all in jeopardy. But every word has the confirmation of evidence. The material part of the tale is shortly told. Captain Lewis, after having felt the ferocity of this “good-humoured mob,” having been knocked down, trampled upon, and seriously hurt, arms himself with pistols for self-defence. He is collared by ruffians, whom he might have shot; but out of humanity staid his hand when holding the pistol. In this state his arm receives a violent blow, the pistol goes off, and an unfortunate boy is shot. We will make a few extracts from Captain Lewis’s defence; for the personal narrative of one man who did his duty is of value.

“I had not been in my house half an hour, when a report reached me that the Gloucester County Prison was in flames, and the mob were on their way to the Cathedral. I again determined on rendering what aid I could, and instantly went to the Bishop’s Palace. I found that the mob had plundered it, and, having set it on fire, were attempting to break into the Cathedral, by the door under the cloisters, near the Chapter House. By the exertions of a small party whom I joined, they were repulsed, and the fire apparently extinguished. The alarm was then given that the mob were breaking into the houses in Queen Square, and firing them. Part of the rioters went away for a short time, and then returned, and succeeded in again setting fire to the palace. I did not leave it till I saw the smoke issuing from the roof, and all hope of being of further service was gone. I then went to the square, where the mob were numerous, and carrying all before them. The Mansion-house, and the several adjoining houses, were in flames; and riot and plunder were uncontrolled. I staid and rendered what assistance I could; but, in endeavouring to prevent

some ruffians from entering the Custom-house, I was knocked down and trampled upon, and so much injured, that I was ultimately obliged to return home; which I did, I think, about two o’clock in the morning. I had continued to exert myself as long as my strength lasted. During the whole of these proceedings I had no constable’s staff-stick, or weapon of any kind.”

After short rest he is called up again, and says, “From the experience I had during the night, in different attempts made to disperse and subdue the rioters, I was fully persuaded of the necessity of having with me the means of protecting myself, and that it was dangerous to face such an infuriated, drunken, and lawless mob, unarmed; I therefore determined on taking my pistols with me, and I accordingly placed them in the inside bosom-pocket of my upper coat. I did this not with a view of using them offensively, but merely as a means of self-defence.” The constables try to turn some men out of the square, and Captain Lewis assists, having no staff. Finding a man lingering behind, he accosts him; the man surlily retreats to the left corner of the square, followed by Captain Lewis. When—we here give Captain Lewis’s own words—“At the corner two men came forward and joined him; one of them said, ‘he was a fool if he went any farther.’ I then discovered that there were a great many others round the corner and on the quay, endeavouring to conceal themselves. On being joined by the other two, and after the above remark, the man demanded who I was, and advanced against me; I told him I was a special constable, and desired him to keep off. On my raising my arm to keep him from closing on me, he instantly collared me, and at the same time I received a severe blow on the temple from one of his companions. I felt that my life was in danger. I drew one of my pistols from my bosom, and presented it in self-defence to the man who held me by the collar. I repeated that I was a special constable, which he appeared to doubt. He swore I was no constable, and immediately I received a most severe blow just above the elbow, on the arm with which I held the pistol presented at him,

which knocked it down in quite a different direction from that in which I stood, and it instantly went off in my hands. I declare I never intentionally or consciously drew the trigger—the discharge of the pistol was occasioned by the blow. I immediately heard the cry of a boy, and saw him sitting about fifteen or sixteen yards, or perhaps more, on the ground to my right. I was greatly shocked, and in moving a few steps towards him, was surrounded and beat to the ground. I was rescued by the body of constables.” Again,

“So conscious is the ruffian by whom I was assaulted of the crime he had committed and contemplated, that he has not dared to appear in that box as a witness against me, knowing, that if he did, he would soon be placed at the bar where I unfortunately stand. Instead of having acted with precipitation or passion, I think, gentlemen, I may take credit for having displayed some forbearance and moderation. I might easily have shot the man who collared me. He was in close contact with me. I could not have missed him; but I hoped the threat I held out, and the menacing attitude I assumed, might have been sufficient for my protection. I feel an anguish that I cannot describe, that an innocent boy, never seen by me, was the victim.

“I am extremely reluctant to cast reflections on others, but I cannot refrain from remarking that the prosecutor in this case is not the mother of the deceased boy, nor connected with his family, nor can I understand how his interference can arise from a pure desire for the due administration of justice. What could be his motive for preferring to the Grand Jury under this Commission an indictment against me for murder, when it never could have entered into the mind of any reasonable man that I was guilty of that offence? The Grand Jury returned that bill of indictment, not found, as to the whole, though they might have negatived it as to murder, and found it a true bill as to manslaughter, if they had thought the evidence sufficient to put me upon my trial, even for the latter charge. The prosecutor, nevertheless, preferred to them another indictment against me for manslaughter.

“The Grand Jury having listened to all the evidence that could be advanced against me on the prosecution, and without even hearing my defence, returned that indictment, not a true bill, thereby a second time recording their deliberate judgment of my entire innocence. Thus may I say that I have been twice tried and acquitted by twenty-three of my fellow-citizens. My fate is now in your hands, (the Jury’s.) Your verdict of guilty might deprive me of country, of fortune, of fair fame. But with the greatest respect for your discernment and impartiality, I anticipate at your hands an honourable acquittal, which will restore me to my afflicted family, and to that creditable station in society which I have hitherto enjoyed, and which it has ever been my earnest endeavour through life to deserve.”

We need not add the acquittal was the signal for the expression of general joy and satisfaction. But we are moved by more important motives than the praise so justly due to Captain Lewis, in extracting so much of his defence. The question must and will be asked, who were the real prosecutors? From whose pockets did the funds come? In Bristol there is a general suspicion. We would not, through fear of being wrong in our conjecture, represent any man to be so black as even to hint at an individual. But whoever they or he may be, we envy not the feelings that will assuredly attend the closing hour of life. We understand this trial has cost Captain Lewis nearly L.800, to him as a gentleman of ample fortune of no consequence—but it might have fallen on one whose acquittal even might have been his ruin. Such, in these “liberal days,” is the hazard to be endured by one who dares to be truly loyal, and a good citizen!!! And can we wonder if cities are unprotected?

If the Conservative citizens have to dread the active enmity, open and secret, of a malignant party; that overawe, or are at least unchecked by the government, whose chief friends and supporters they profess to be—if the law is in full energy against the Conservatives, and for them a dead letter, they are almost reduced to a worse state than could arise from the entire dissolution of



gratulated the French on *their* Three Days, and you have had three days of your own—you have been the admiration of the people of Lyons, who, in boasted imitation of you, have deluged their streets with blood, and are in a state of suffering, which you are happily yet spared. We will pass over the wretched victims that have been offered up—but reflect and see what one short year has made you. You *were* a happy people under the old constitution of England, that you pronounced blessed; you slept in safety in your beds without fear of conflagration, or the terrors of infuriated mobs, unscared by tales of revolutions, which were to you but as the dreams of fancy from strange lands—never to be realized, you fondly thought, in your own. Have you now no forebodings of more evil days?—you may perhaps yet avert greater calamities. Your present suffering and shame is nothing to that which another year of continuance in the same course may produce. Even now, perhaps, you feel more indignation than repentance—you would shake off, if you well could, the imputations and charges that stand against you. But your denial is vain—you have bound yourselves to “evil workers;” and History, the cold Scrivener, will point to the contract; and the date, and detail, and *stipulations*, will be noted down in the “old almanac,” that will be no longer discarded.

But retrace your steps, reflect whither they now tend, point to the ruined homes of your fellow-citizens, and ask the Reformers if such be the objects to which they would lead you, and who are to be your companions; then bid them beat up for allies and recruits for Reform where the riots of Bristol have never been heard of; and thank God that you have a church yet left standing, in which you may offer up your prayers that the incendiary and the robber may not be at your own doors.

An intention has been expressed in the commencement of this paper, to furnish some proofs of the inflammatory, revolutionary character of the writings and speeches of the Press and the Demagogues in Bristol. We add a few here as an appendix. And here it may not be amiss to re-

mark, that the reforming orators and the reforming actors chose the same arena for the exhibition of their powers. The most violent attacks upon the constitution were made in Queen Square; *there* were the “words that burn,” *there* was the fire kindled that soon spread in awful conflagration. We do not pretend to much order or method,—we take the specimens from a few papers we have before us. Previous to the last election, Mr Protheroe, the present member, thus addressed the freemen by letter:—

“Whether that settlement shall take place through Reform or through Revolution, whether we shall at once reap its peaceful fruits, or be forced to win them through tempestuous agitation, will depend upon the promptness and decision with which the national will is declared.” Again he asks,—“Is the city of Bristol blotted from the map of England?”—not quite, the attempt did not fully succeed!! On another occasion, he speaks of the aristocracy as engaged in a struggle “to obtain corrupt and obnoxious power, asserting their right to treat their dependents as slaves, without freedom of will or conduct.” The people of Nottingham put their meaning on words uttered at Bristol,—Nottingham Castle burnt, and Three Reformers hanged!! Among other evils, he mentions,—“A church timidly clinging to venerable abuses, instead of sagaciously yielding to the fair and reasonable requirements of an enlightened and investigating era.”

After the rejection of the Bill, as a prelude to a determination to insult the King’s representative, he thus addresses his people: “It is not a matter of so much importance that the voices of gentlemen should be heard, as that a demonstration should be made of the decided, unaltered, unchangeable will of THE PEOPLE.”—(Cheers, and cries—“the Square.”) “In the meantime he hoped the Lords would learn a little more virtue from the people for whom they legislate. With regard to ulterior measures in case of the Bill being again rejected, he did not contemplate the necessity of any, so confident was he that the Bill would pass; but as the subject of resisting the taxes had been touch-

ed upon, he would say that it was their duty at this moment to support the King and his Ministers, and not desist from meeting and petitioning till the Bill was secured. If this should be again rejected, to that evil day they would leave the adoption of any other measures." (Cheering.) What! the member for the city instigate the people, in case of the rejection of the Bill, to resist payment of taxes!! Mark how he is cheered when he directs the mob against the Bishops. "OF THE BISHOPS HE WOULD SPEAK IN MERCY—their day was nearly gone by." (Loud and continued cheers.) "He would again assure them, that if any obstacle should be presented to the Bill, he should call on his constituents for their further operations. The Lords had not only insulted the Commons of England by their insane proceedings with regard to this Bill, but had put a stop to many other good measures." (Down with them!) "When the Bill had passed, the funds which had been provided for the poor and needy would no longer be applied to electioneering purposes." Now he knew well all the while they never had been so applied. "Toryism was a ravenous bird, it had exhausted the treasury of the state."

We shall only now notice his proposal, his stipulation, that the King's Judge should be insulted, and that he thwarted the Magistrates in their efforts to keep the peace of the city; for "if the people are quiet," said he, "they would say there is a reaction." The people took the advice of their member, were *not* quiet, and showed mercy to the Bishop, as to one whose "day was nearly gone by," by setting fire to his palace!!

Mr Manchee, author of the virulent pamphlet we have before alluded to, at a public meeting of Reformers, says, "Corporations were too apt to tread the people under foot, and it was time for them to be interfered with." This author now attacks the Corporation of Bristol most vehemently, because they could not suppress the riots which such language tends to excite!!

W. P. Taunton, Esq., chairman at a Reform Meeting, by way of complimenting the clergy, remarks:—"Should I shew respect to a magnificent cathedral, by prohibiting the use of the brush and the shovel, lest

the vermin should be disturbed and the filth removed?"

We must now introduce an orator of very extraordinary pretensions, Mathew Bridges, Esq., in whose speeches it is very difficult to find anything tangible. They would bring a sworn interpreter to disgrace in any court; yet the confusion of wild ideas, and jumble of revolutionary jargon, though powerless as an appeal to common sense, have a very exciting influence on those, who, leaving behind them that valuable quality, bring only already heated passions to the field of agitation—and they have the singular property of fitting any wrong to which the hearer, in his particular sense of injury, may wish to apply them. He is, in truth, the very catamaran of oratory, and when he explodes, he must be a bold man that can say he has either body or soul. We content ourselves with one specimen—a sort of second-sight view of the horrors of Bristol, and all other revolutions.

"But take the other alternative—suppose nothing to be done but to return to the old regime! That would be the hour of factious triumph; the knell of liberty would be tolled from one shore to the other; then there would be one vast uniformity over the whole surface of our affairs, but it would be like the waste of a sandy desert, or the terrific aspect of the glacier: it would be the hour when the young earthquake would be born that was to overwhelm us—the hour when the monster of corruption would coil itself to spring upon its victim—when the magic circle of conspiracy would be wrought in darkness—when deep would call to deep—when all would be uniformly ruinous, and the Sun of England would go down: it would be a time of pleasure, mirth, and song, as before; but in the midst of the festivity a hand would be seen writing on the wall in characters of fire—the volcano would soon burst, and the government would explode in atoms—(cheers and bravo.)—Civil war would be at the door, and wailing and woe be heard, to which the cataracts of Niagara would be but whippers.—Thrones, and mitres, and truncheons of office, would go down into the pit together: and England, which now set one hand on the river St

Lawrence and the other on the Ganges, would sit down in despair amidst the awful thunders of Jehovah."—(Bravo.) The beloved people must certainly have taken a hint—for it was at the hour of festivity, at the Mansion-house, they fixed their characters of fire on the wall—and the government did fairly explode when the Custom-house and Excise, with all their barrels of spirits, were blown up—and there was indeed like to have been an end to thrones, and mitres, and truncheons of office—with the Bishop and the King's Judge. We believe Mr Bridges to be a very respectable man out of this delusion, and are quite sure he did not mean the directions to have been taken so literally: but it should be a caution to orators, and shew them that the people are for matter of fact, and not for figures of speech.

A Captain Hodges, whose connexion with Bristol was no other than official, having been of the recruiting staff—Adjutant, we believe, to Colonel Brereton—so well deserved of the Ministry for his strenuous endeavours to excite the people, that the Treasury, it is understood, appointed him (as the condition on which Government information was to be obtained) Editor of the Court Journal. We hear, from some disagreement with the proprietor, he has left that situation, and has joined the armament to revolutionize Portugal. We can spare room but for an extract or two from his speeches. "Moderation was recommended to them (the people;) but he maintained that the loudest and strongest languages should be used; their infatuated opponents were not to be moved with reasoning; fear alone would operate with them." He speaks of "a black dose for him (Sir Charles Wetherell) and his Brother Aldermen to swallow;" "yet take it he must." The people "had a great battle to fight;" "if they should find the struggle going hard with them, if he were an hundred miles off, though he had no vote, he would come and throw himself among them;" and promises "to shed the last drop of his blood." After the rejection of the Reform Bill he tells the people that "he had heard them traduced and belied, night after night, in the two Houses of Parliament." "If a Tory Administration

had gained the ascendancy, would they have been allowed to express their sentiments freely on that day? No—they would have had cannons planted at the several avenues of the Square, and soldiers drawn up to overawe them; though, thank God, the Tories had not much of the army, for a majority of *them* clearly saw that their interests lay with the King and the people.—(Cheers.)—He did not think the King would dare to place the Duke of Wellington at the head of his Administration. If ever that day should arrive, no power on earth should prevent him from using his own discretion for the protection of his person and property."

It is too disgusting a work to make selection from the mass before us. Numerous other orators are there whom we are compelled to leave unnoticed. The virulence, coarseness, and ribaldry, so freely let loose throughout the country, may be found in excess, by any one who will take the trouble to refer to the speeches of the Bristol orators, to be met with in the local press. We will not pursue the examination. We are not very well acquainted with all the abominations of a portion of that press; but we cannot help noticing, that the extracts from the London press selected by a Bristol paper—the Mercury—at the very time that it is publishing to the world the horrid detail of the riots, are well calculated to inflame, not to allay, the turbulent spirit that devastated the unfortunate city. The following specimens may shew the animus and judgment:—  
**"THE BISHOPS.**—The Bishops are an amphibious sort of beings, neither 'fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring.' Their idols are silver and gold,—eyes have they, and see not,—but I cannot add with the royal poet, hands have they, and handle not. How to propitiate such things is more difficult than expensive; but even the Liturgy of their own composing makes them hard of management. They have, by grasping all, lost all; and from their treason to their high calling, disloyalty and dishonesty, the people (not to speak irreverently) 'mock when their fear cometh,'—as come it most assuredly will, when, as the wise man says, they shall eat the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own

devices. (From a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*.)—" (From the News.)—When a spirit of combination appears among the higher orders to withhold from the people their rights, it is deemed, even by the most prudent, proper to meet this spirit by a similar combination on the part of the people; and if the result should be a conflict, where will the Anti-reform Spiritual and Temporal Lords be, in a month? On the army they can place no confidence, for that is at the King's disposal; besides, from the admixture of the soldiery with the people, the former are become, three parts out of four, Reformers; and would hardly obey their officers, were they called on to fight for the boroughmongers. On the Yeomanry they *know* they cannot rely; for, besides that the 'Unions' would annihilate them in a week, the bulk of the Yeomanry would not draw a sword in their favour. Their only resource is their tenantry; and to them their conduct has been such (we instance the Duke of Newcastle, and Lords Salisbury, Stamford, Warwick, &c.) that they could not, for very shame, ask them to act in the field in their favour. They have, therefore, nothing to place in contact with Political Unions of the people; and if the latter, in the event, do, as they no doubt will, beard them in their halls—thwart them in their magisterial capacities—interpose between them and their game-law victims—make known their every act of domestic and public tyranny—in fine, if they make their country-seats too hot to hold them, who but themselves will they have to blame for the whole? Had it not been for the oppression of the aristocracy—an oppression they will not even now quietly relinquish—the people would never have thought of Political Unions: they have, however, been in a manner driven into them; and the Bishops and the other Anti-reformers must take the consequences." We would simply ask Mr Protheroe, the member for Bristol, whom we suppose to be the unknown president, and Mr Herapath, vice-president of the Political Union at Bristol, if such be the objects for which that Union was established? They have certainly "thwarted them in their magisterial capacities;" and

have made houses too hot to hold them. If we seek a solution for this hatred of authority, and combination to degrade the high, we know where to find it. "How can one enter into a strong man's house and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man, and then he will spoil his house?" Under the possibility that these pages may even meet the eyes of Majesty, we will not forbear the admirable conclusion—that "if the Goodman of The House had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his House to be broken up."

It is not very extraordinary if "Agitators," with a touch of conscience, or any other sympathy, should be the loudest to make an outcry against the *punishment* of offenders. It can therefore be a matter of surprise to none, that the execution of the law should be denominated "legal murder." But it may not be amiss to recommend the Reformers, for the future, abstinence from language that is sure to direct to outrage; and that they do not, on every slight occasion, imitate mad bulls, who think it the business of their fury to go ranting and roaring and tearing away, up tail and down horn, as if this paradise of earth was only formed to be blasted with the gust of their nostrils, and polluted with the tramp of their hoofs.

But we still trust to the Conservatives of the country, and believe they are not to be intimidated by the "madness of the people," or the roaring of the beast. We trust that the Sun of England "will not go down," but will shine bright, and dissipate the thick and noisome vapours that brood over us. They are but like the black and smoky vomitings from the furnaces of a Birmingham smithy, that, though they seem for a while to blacken heaven, are never at any time much above the earth, and then, when they are at their highest, are nearer their dispersion.

We have brought forward to the public some of the *dramatis personæ* of the Bristol tragedy. How shall we dismiss them?—The facetious Lord Chancellor has appropriated to himself the admirable expedient of Mr Puff in the Critic, of going off kneeling. The effect of that is, therefore, spoiled. Besides, it would be

an attitude of penitence we are by no means certain they feel. Considering them likewise in the light of Authors, there is yet a becoming position as a great critic bespeaks for them—Mr Bayes—who gave it as his opinion, that if thunder and lightning could not frighten an audience into complaisance, the sight of an Author with a rope about his neck might work them into pity.

On the whole, we congratulate the country on the Bristol Riots. They have given a foretaste of de-

mocracy,—they have opened the eyes of multitudes of the deluded,—they have caused the law to be ably expounded, that it cannot be again misunderstood. They have shewn specimens of the arrogance and the poltroonery of Political Unions—they have pointed out to the soldier his particular duty, and have proved that, unless checked by superior command, he will do it; that when the word is given, he will repress the Mob, and not submit to it as his Sovereign.

#### THE EXECUTIONER.

[Concluded.]

#### CHAPTER II.

Many, many months have elapsed since the day on which the frightful event I have just recorded occurred; but the vision to my senses remains as perfect as if the scene was still enacting; and instead of there being for me a morrow, and a morrow, and a morrow, it seems as though my whole life was a mere repetition of one day's existence. I am built round, and confined to one abode of sensations, as Rome's offending Vestals were encased for their unchasteness in the bondage of entombing bricks; and whatever outward events of variance occur, my heart is for ever reminding me that I am the executioner of Edward Foster. His care-worn dejected countenance flits for ever before my eyes: I meet him amid the desolateness of the far-extending moor; he walks by my side through the streets of the crowded city; and when I sleep he stalks before my fancy, dismal and enshrouded, the hero of my dreams.

But in the earlier days that followed that which ever haunts me, it was not my heart alone that reminded me of the hateful deed. I was the observed of all observers:—the rabble tracked my every footstep, and hooted me like some reptile, disgusting—not dangerous, back to my solitary den. I was the marked of men:—they almost disavowed my affinity to the species; and as I listened to their groans of execration, I began to feel as if that affinity was

fast melting into air, and leaving me, in sooth, some monstrous thing that nature had created only to shew how beyond herself she had power to act.

My father very soon quitted me.—“We must part for a while,” said he to me on the second morning after that which had witnessed the close of Foster's life.—“We must part for a while; for I have to provide the means of subsistence for us both—and perchance even a still further revenge. Here is such money as I can spare for the present; and this day six months we will meet again on this spot, that I may make farther provision for you.”

I was not sorry thus to part with him; for though he still retained his power over my mind, it was so united with fear and dread, that I rather looked upon him as a master than a friend, and felt that obedience to his will was something beyond choice or resistance. Besides, his presence was too intimately connected with the memory of my deed of death, to offer me any chance, while he remained, of being able to reject the painful burden from my mind; and I hoped that his absence would allow me to bury the hangman-image of my brain in the depths of forgetfulness.

But, as I have already said, the hope was vain. Though the author of the scene had departed, the scene itself was ever present; and after finding that I could not get rid either



of my own reflections, or the insulting notice of the mob, I determined to quit Okeham, and not to return till my appointment with Lockwood demanded my reappearance there.

Once again, therefore, I became a wandering outcast, with none either to cherish or to pity me. Nay, I was in worse condition than when I first ventured to present myself to the mercy of the world on quitting the cottage in the fens. Then, though rejected by man, I had something within to support and assist in bearing me harmless against the attacks of misfortune. But now that single consolation had disappeared. I myself had struck down honesty in my heart, and had set up wickedness in its place. The death of Foster alone did not stand recorded there. The hatred of the multitude, expressed in no equivocal phrase whenever I appeared in the streets of Okeham, had driven me to the jail for refuge, where I learned to assort myself with those who set decency at defiance, and scouted morality as an intrusion upon their pleasures. I gazed upon these associates, and perceived that drink and debauchery were their prime pursuits; and when I remembered how brandy had helped me, on the night before the execution, to forget nature, and give strength to passion, I too resolved to pursue the gross luxuries taught by their brute-philosophy;—and the deeper I drank, the more firmly did I implant in my own system the wickedness of those, who, not being better, were worse than myself.

These were the changes, then, that had taken place within me since I first wandered from the cottage in the fens; and though I had not, as then, to beg for a miserable pittance, they were sufficient to make me feel that I was dragging on a useless existence with no object in view—with no remedy in prospect. I was like one of those unfortunates, who, in the olden time, had the choice given them to drown by water, or to burn at the stake; for I had but the alternative either to let the recollections of what had been wring my very heart, or to drown them in deep intoxicating draughts, from which, each time that I awoke from them, I was more and more hateful to myself.

The one small consolation that my

departure from Okeham was intended to afford, was that of avoiding the sight of those who knew the guilty work in which these hands had been engaged, and who, in the exuberance of their feeling, hesitated not to let me know that they knew it. But this consolation was not of long continuance. After strolling for some days wherever chance directed, I reached the city of Peterborough, wet, tired, and in deep despondency at the forlorn abandonment which seemed to mark my destiny. It was in this state of feeling that I found myself at the door of a mean public-house, and the sight of it reminded me that there was still the pernicious refuge of brandy at my command. I entered, and called for liquor—drank, and called again. The fatigue that I had undergone gave additional strength to the potations in which I had indulged; and intoxication followed. What occurred during the stronger influence of the liquor I know not—but on my first beginning to regain possession of my senses, it seemed as if I had been awakened into consciousness by a severe blow on my forehead; but I had no time to ask myself any questions, for I found that I was surrounded by a mob of the lowest rabble,—pushed from side to side, with a blow from one and a kick from another—while universal execrations rang around. Oh, how well did I know those sounds!—and as they reached my ear I strained my heavy eyes to see whether some strange and unaccountable event had reconveyed me into the streets of Okeham. But no!—The houses and the streets were utterly unknown to me—it was the mob and their outcries alone that came familiar to my senses, and that reminded me of the foregone scene of my insults. It was long before I could escape their fangs, and when at last, through the humane exertions of a few, I succeeded in effecting a retreat, I still heard, as I crossed fields and sought infrequent places, the words,—“wretch,” “villain,” “hangman,” echoing in my ears. Hangman!—Aye, that was the word so uproariously dwelt upon.—Hangman!—Then I was discovered—traced!—Even in Peterborough—miles from the scene of my fatal revenge, the

mob, as it were by instinct, had translated my character, and had joined their brethren of Okeham in expressing their abhorrence of it.

These thoughts urged me on with fearful speed; and after creeping, noiseless and stealthily, for another three or four days, by any path that seemed most desolate, I arrived at Bedford. As I beheld the tall spires of the town in the distance, I shuddered, and twice turned to avoid the place. But I was half dead with exhaustion: night was at hand; and with a kind of desperate resolution I slunk into the town, and dived into the first obscure street that presented itself. Each person that I met, I turned away my head, slouched my hat, and endeavoured to avoid his gaze. But no one seemed to notice me, and gradually I became more assured. My sinking strength warned me that I needed sustenance; and again, for the first time since my flight from Peterborough, I ventured into a public-house. Tempting brandy was at hand; I snuffed its seductive flavour as soon as I entered the place, and the recollection of its exciting, drowning, oblivious influence, infused itself with irresistible power over my spirit. Brandy was had. Glorious, destructive drink! I quaffed it, and it seemed to resuscitate me, heart and head. It was to me like the helm, and the buckler, and the coat of mail to the knight of crusade,—it armed me cap-à-pie, and I staggered beneath the power of my panoply. Fresh draughts produced fresh intoxication, and again I was lost to all recollection of what was occurring. But—horror! horror!—again I was awakened from what I deemed my bliss by a repetition of the same scene that I had undergone at Peterborough—the same insults, the same buffeting, the same execration, awakened me from my drunkenness, and forced me to fly for my life.

What could it mean? Was I pursued through all my winding paths and labyrinth of ways by some treacherous spy, that only tracked me to betray, and hold me up to the detestation of mankind? I was bewildered by the confusion of ideas that my still half-intoxicated brain presented in solution of the riddle, when a few words that dropped from one of my groaning pursuers told me all. Ha-

ving launched after me a deep and ferocious shout, he exclaimed, "Beast, be wise at least in future! If you must drink, do it where there are none to hear you blab your hangman secrets."

Powers of hell, this, then, was the answer to the enigma that maddened me! I myself was the stupid spy that had discovered all, and roused the wrath of thousands against my guilty confessions. I was he that proclaimed to the world, "Ambrose is an executioner!" And what urged me to such insane disclosure? Aye, aye—brandy, brandy! The only power to which I could fly to steep me in forgetfulness of myself, played the traitor game with me of bidding flow those words that betrayed me to the rest of the world.

Farewell, then, to all refuge against myself, and my own thoughts! Farewell to all oblivion of the thing that haunted me like a demon-spectre, each day presenting itself in more frightful guise than on the last! Farewell! farewell!—the deep potations for which my aching senses yearned must be forsworn; and for the sake of hiding my sin from the gaze of men, I must be content to expose it for ever and for ever to the galling of my own conscience, and the harrowing of my own recollections.

From the day of my exposure at Bedford, I looked upon myself as one for ever doomed to live apart, not only from the intercourse of men, but even from the very sight of them; and as I wandered through the country I was ready to fly, like a frightened deer, on the first glimpse of a human figure in the distance; till the all-subduing pangs of hunger forced me to encounter man, and even then I would purchase enough to last me for days, that I might not too soon again have to face my enemy.

Thus with various wanderings over the face of England I suffered the time to elapse till the day of my appointment with my father was drawing near. I had seen it gradually approaching, as the condemned prisoner counts the gliding hours that are slipping away between him and his fate; and it was with sensations of inexpressible disgust, that I contemplated the necessity of my once again appearing in Okeham, where my face and my crime were so well

known. Compulsion, however, ruled my actions with a strong arm. My money was nearly exhausted; and my heart sickened at the thought of continuing to wander in dread and misery through the byways of the world. I resolved, therefore, to meet Lockwood as he had directed; I determined to detail to him all the horrors of thought and deed that I had undergone; and to implore him, by his paternal love for me, to make some arrangement by which I might be removed to another country, where all knowledge of me would be extinct.

These thoughts somewhat lightened my heart, as I turned my steps towards Okeham; and in obedience to its suggestions, I tried to persuade myself that there was only one more painful struggle to be undergone, and that after that there might be something—if not pleasurable—at least neutral and free from torture, about to fall to my lot. The same hope made me regard, with a more kindly aspect, the prospect of my reunion with my father. It was he, indeed, that had given action to my hatred for man, by moulding it into revenge towards one individual of the species; and it was through that revenge that the last six months of misery had been inflicted. But revenge was at an end—Foster was in his grave—Ellen's manes were appeased—and I clung with inexpressible satisfaction to the hope that my father, when he should hear the details of my sufferings, would move heaven and earth to convey me from a land that seemed to have nothing but wretchedness to bestow on the most unfortunate of her children.

It was well for me that some such sensations as these stole upon me as I approached Okeham, or never should I have been able to have gathered sufficient courage within myself to enter that hated town. As it was, I lingered in the neighbourhood till the clouds of night collected thick and gloomy around, and even then did not venture amid the scenes that were too painfully inscribed on my memory ever to be forgotten, without affecting a change in my gait, and such alterations in my general appearance as seemed best calculated to spare me from recognition. At length, I arrived at

the obscure lodging that had been appointed by my father for our rendezvous.—I was there to the very day,—almost to the very hour of the reckoning; and on finding that I had arrived at the goal of my expectation without discovery, or its accompanying shout of execration, such as had farewelled me from the place, I felt as if a huge load of bitterness had been subtracted from my bosom, and whispered to myself to welcome it as the forerunner of still better tidings.

On enquiring for my father, however, I found that he was not there; but in his stead was presented to me a letter which had arrived that morning. I opened it; and these were its contents:—

"Do you remember, Ambrose, the sentiment with which we parted six months ago?—'Perchance even a still further revenge is in preparation for us!' It is that chance that I have been watching. It has arrived—but I dare not quit my victim. Come to me instantly, dear Ambrose. Come with gladness at your heart, and brightness in your eyes; for our mutual cup of vengeance will speedily be filled to the overflowing."

The letter then went on to direct me to meet him at ———. But no, no!—I have already specified too many localities to trace my wretched progress; and I will not give utterance to that which will betray my present abode, and bring the callous and the curious to my receptacle for the purpose of comparing me with my distressful story, and so feeding their depraved and unfeeling appetite.

The few lines that Lockwood had thus penned, were read by me again and again, but it was vainly that I endeavoured to interpret their meaning. What further revenge my father had in store was a mystery beyond my solution, and seemed to belong to some portion of his story with which I was unacquainted. I only knew that the very mention of vengeance struck upon my heart with a pestilential sickness, such as can only be felt when the mind itself is in a state of utter loathing. That I still hated mankind, my bosom too keenly felt to admit of any question; but the sufferings that I had under-

gone, in answer to my claim for revenge, had been too acute and penetrating not to excite the deepest anguish when a second scene of the same order as the first was offered to my gaze.

Yet obey his letter I must!—Well-nigh penniless—entirely friendless,—it was to him alone that I had to look!

I set out, therefore, immediately upon the journey which he had prescribed; but it was with a fearful heaviness of spirit that I prosecuted my weary way thither. The gleam of happiness that had broken in upon me for a moment, was like the fitful bursting of the sun through a deep November gloom, coming but to disappear again, and to make the traveller still more conscious of the cheerless prospect that surrounded him.

After the lapse of some days, I reached the town to which my father had summoned me; and with no little difficulty discovered the lodging to which he had directed my steps.

He received me with almost a shout of delight; and as I gazed upon his countenance, all the past events that Okeham had witnessed crowded to my imagination with a frightful verity of portraiture.

"Ambrose, Ambrose," he exclaimed, "all is now complete. The death of Foster six months since was but a stepping-stone to this—the most glorious consummation of the most glorious passion that ever filled the heart of man. But you smile not, my son! I see not that glow of fervour that was wont to cross your brow when I whispered 'revenge' in your ear, and pointed the certain road to its accomplishment."

"I cannot smile," returned I, with an inward groan, "nay, I almost feel as if to expect it of me was an insult. I am not the same Ambrose that you knew six months ago."

"Pshaw! you are a cup too low. Let us discuss a bottle of brandy, and I warrant there will be smiles enough dancing in your eyes."

"No, no, no," cried I with terror; "No, brandy! I have forsworn the treacherous liquor that seduces only to betray."

"Why, that is well too," replied my father; "I scorn to do that for brandy, which I dare not do without

it. Besides, we have that within which soars high above the power of any mortal draught—We have revenge!"

"We have revenge!" I echoed, and the echo was in earnest, for the mention of brandy had reminded me of Peterborough and Bedford, and my disgraces there united with my disgraces at Okeham to make callous and inhuman my heart.

My father looked at me as I repeated the word 'revenge,' as if he would search to my very soul for the key in which I had uttered it; and then, grasping my hand, he whispered, as if it was something too precious to be exposed to common parlance, "It is ours! it is ours!"

I returned his pressure in token that the force of his words was acknowledged. But though my grasp was firm, my heart palpitated with uncertainty. I was all in all the creature of impulse, and was waiting for its full tide to direct me. At Okeham, at Peterborough, and at Bedford, I seemed ready to burst with hatred for the whole species; and felt as if no revenge could be sufficiently extensive to fill the measure of my rage. But since my exposure at the latter place, I had wandered about, solitary and unknown, now and then encountering an individual, but oftener creeping along in a country to me as blank as the South Sea Island to the shipwrecked Crusoe. During this time my sensations had undergone a change. The vehemence of my wrath had been checked for want of fuel, and the innate propensity of my bosom to love my fellow-man had been struggling in spite of myself through the gloom of my more irritated feelings. But the hot fit was now again fast gaining on me, and I perceived that a second time I was about, through the intensity of my own sensations and the kindling of my father, to be plunged into the resistless flood of hot-blooded vengeance. As the suspicion of this reached my mind, my heart beat doubtfully, as if beseeching me to avoid that which in the end would again torture it so bitterly; but against the silent feebly-persuasive beating of that heart there was a fearful array urging me onwards—my father's looks and words—my now bad passions and man-hating recollections, were all united, strong,

powerful, and headlong; and I felt as if nothing short of a miracle could save me.

I really believe that Lockwood chiefly interpreted the truth of the inward effort my heart was making to be released from its second thralldom of revenge; for as I was pausing after his last exclamation, he again interposed to hurry me on into the sea of passion.

"What," cried he, "will you echo my cry of 'revenge,' and then, when I exclaim 'it is ours,' do you desert me? Or is it true, that the fearful story of your parents' undoing, joined to that of the thousand world-heaped insults yourself have received, needs no further avengement? For shame, Ambrose, for shame!—Grasp that which I now offer; let this one week make all I desire complete, and the next shall bear us away from this cursed land for ever, to begin a new life, with new prospects and new happiness, in some country where justice yet lives, and has a practical acknowledgment."

Yes, yes, my father must have read my thoughts; for if any thing could have confirmed me in the path that he was dictating, it was that last hope that he had presented to me; and I exclaimed, as I listened to his words, "You have but to command, for me to obey. Let us fly this hateful England; and let us, ere we go, make a fearful reckoning for the injuries under which we have had to writhe."

"My own Ambrose! now you have spoken words that make me proud of my son. It only remains to put you in possession of my meaning to make you feel in your judgment, that which already has impress in your mind. When I related to you, six months since, the tale of the sufferings I had received at the hands of Foster, I was so wrapt in his crimes, that I forgot to advert to the only individual that he had made the sharer of his confidence and the upholder of his sins; for when the prime instigator of mischief is within our clutch, it is the nature of man to overlook the more humble accomplice. But no sooner had the monster suffered retribution by your hands, than my attention was directed to him, who, Foster being dead, stalked before my eyes like his ghost, mowing and chattering scornfully in my ears, as though

he would say, 'Foster in me lives again—lives to spurn at Ellen's tomb—to spit at and disdain your husband-sorrows.'

"And what has become of this wretch?" demanded I, heated almost to fury by my father's words.

"Aye, aye," replied Lockwood, "I like that question;—it bespeaks a mind panting for justice. This miserable reflector of Foster's enormities is within our power; he lies hard by in one of the dungeons of the town-prison; he, too, has been caught in the fangs of the law, and execution three days hence is to be done upon him. Ambrose, do you understand me? Three days hence he is to be hanged; and you are in the town,—nay, within one little furlong of the jail! Do you not comprehend, dear Ambrose?"

"More blood for Ambrose, wherewith to stain his soul! Oh God, my father, I cannot do it!"

"Not do it!" shouted Lockwood; "cry shame upon the puling words, and thank me for having thus a second time fostered your revenge, till it has arrived at full maturity. Think you I have worked only for myself? No; it was you that were the prime mover of all my efforts,—you, the only being in this world I have to love, to care for, or avenge. And will you now desert the glorious result that I tender ready to your hands?"

"And shall we, this accomplished, indeed quit England for evermore?"

"I swear it, Ambrose! It was for this last act alone that I have delayed our departure since Foster's death."

"Then let us go this very day," I cried. "Is it not enough that we leave the wretch in the law's all-powerful grasp, but that I must again be its executioner?"

"There lies the sum of all!" vehemently exclaimed my father. "I pine to stand below the gallows, even as I did at Okeham, and shout as I see the body of my foe swing nerveless in the air;—I long to be able to inform myself with endless repetition, 'It was Ambrose that did this good deed.'"

"No, no, no!" cried I; "it will be that repetition that will kill me."

"Not when you know all!"

"Know all, my father?"

"Aye," returned he; "you have

not yet heard who this fresh victim of our hatred is. Did I not tell you, when first you heard my story, that it was with joy I learned that Foster had dared to marry, that all his ties of nature might be withered by my hand? His wife, *alás*, escaped me by dying too early for my schemes; but the boy she left behind—Foster's only son—his dear Charles—his pride Charles!—Ha, ha! it is he that is to suffer three days hence!—it is he that I call on you to immolate, for the sake of mine and your mother's wrongs!"

Oh God, how the words of Lockwood struck upon my soul! It seemed to me as if he had felled me with some mighty mental machine, and my whole brain staggered beneath the blow. Charles—the gentle, kind-hearted Charles,—he, the chosen single one of all the human race—the only being that had ever volunteered the wretched outcast Ambrose an act of grace—was to be the victim of my butchery! I verily believe, that had the mere recollection of the youth occurred while my father had been prompting me to fresh revenge, that alone would have been sufficient to have checked his weightiest word, to have brought from my lips a steady refusal to his plans.

And I was to be this angel's executioner!

"No, no, no!"—Aye, I screamed aloud with agony, as again I uttered, "No, no, no!"

Lockwood appeared astounded at the sudden change I presented to his view. He gazed upon me as if to read my motive; and not meeting with the solution, he demanded sternly—"What now, Ambrose?—what is this, boy?"

Again I shouted, "No, no, no! I would not harm a hair of Charles's head to serve myself everlastingly!"

"And our revenge?"—

"Talk not of revenge, father! It will be no revenge that Charles should die. Nay, for mercy's sake, as you have plotted his death—now, at my entreaty, help to save him!"

"Save him!" exclaimed he; "I would not save him if I had ten times the power to do it. But who is to save him? He is marked for execution!"

"I will save him, if Heaven will give me strength!"

"You, Ambrose!"—and, as he

spoke, Lockwood put on those looks that once, at the cottage in the fens, had so overruled my words and very thoughts. "You save him, Ambrose! Hark ye, boy; I know not what this change portends, but I command that here it cease. We have met for business, not for silly exclamations that want a meaning."

But the reign of my father's power was fast growing to an end. Impulse, that till now had been in its favour, was at last arrayed against it. Nor was I still the unknowing child I had been when he had last resorted to the same means; and even were I, the image of Charles seemed to have a supernatural power over my every sensation. I had picked him, as it were, from the rest of mankind—divested him of his mortality—and enthroned him in my heart, the very god of my admiration.

It was under this influence that I replied—"They do not want a meaning, sir. On my soul, they mean, that if man can save Charles from execution, I will accomplish it. And you, too, must assist. When it was vengeance on Foster that you asked, I assisted you; now, that it is mercy on his son that I require, you must assist me."

Lockwood seemed wonderstruck at my manner; but the more he marvelled, the more was he enraged.

"Dog!" cried he, "do you talk of mercy when I talk of vengeance? Down, sir, down on your knees, and swear to do my bidding; or I will curse you with news that shall make your heart sicken, and the very life shrink from your bosom."

"You have cursed me with news," I exclaimed, half mad; "news more bitter than aught else could conjure into mischief. But Charles shall be saved. I will go to the magistrates and tell all I know."

Lockwood absolutely foamed with passion at the audacity of my words; but at length he muttered, as though he were grinding the words between his teeth—"Yes, or no—will you do my office?"

"No, no!" I exclaimed, with a fierceness that seemed to excite him ten times more; "No, no! I will have Charles's life saved, and his course made happy."

"Then art thou utterly damned!" shouted Lockwood—"Listen, listen,

while I curse you with words only exceeded in their sharpness by their truth—You are no son of mine!"

"For that I bless God," was my answer. "Say it again, that I may humble myself before Heaven in thanksgiving!"

"I do say it again; and this time I add the name of your real parent—It was Edward Foster!—Come with me, thou wretch, through the streets of this great town, that I may point out to the multitude aghast, the man that hanged his father!"

I gazed on him who had uttered these appalling words; or, rather, seemed to gaze on him; for my eyes, though there fixed, saw nothing. "All my senses flocked into my ear," which still rang with the dreadful sounds it had heard.

"Fool," continued Lockwood, "stand not staring there! But laugh—laugh, as I do, to think how deep in parricidal wickedness your soul is steeped.—Ha! ha! So the puler at last has qualms; and he who so blithely hanged his father, cannot fit the noose to his brother's neck! Well, well, poor wretch, the common hangman must do it instead; and you shall stand side by side with me below the gallows, and help me to count his dying agonies."

The very excess of anguish that those words inflicted, forced me into motion. My limbs unlocked, and my tongue loosened, as I faltered in reply—"Monster beyond belief, why has this been done? How did I ever injure you, to be exposed to misery so unutterable?"

"Can you have heard my story," replied Lockwood, "and yet ask that question? Are you not the son of Foster? and did not Foster steal Ellen from her husband?"

"Oh! Lockwood," I exclaimed, "a minute since, in the folly of my heart, I blessed Heaven when you told me that I was not your son. Now, I will bless you—nay, on my bended knees, will pray God to bless you, if you will retract those words, and once more tell me that I am yours—or only that I am not Foster's child!"

"Then should I tell a lie!" replied the fiend—"Have you not had enough of those already from me? But you shall hear all, since this has turned out to be my day of truth-telling.—Foster, by all that is sacred, is your

father; as for the rest of the story, I altered it a little to allow me to call you mine. It is true, that I left Ellen for two years—not exactly on your father's business, by the by—but I left no child; and you were not born till I had been absent a year. It was this, fool, and no silly dallying of parental nonsense, that made me steal you from the pony-chaise, and take such cunning steps that Foster, with all his anxious search, could never discover your retreat. All the rest is true. I watched him till the law better provided for him; and sent you as his executioner. The solitary life that you had led, and the insults you had received in your short progress towards Okeham, rendered you ripe for my scheme, which ever was to mingle you and Charles in Foster's ruin;—and if you do not recollect the rest, it shall be my daily delight to remind you of it; to"—

"Never, never!"

"To sit by your side, and tell how Foster died!"

"Oh God, spare me!"

"To cheer your spirits, by chuckling in your ear an echo of the glad laugh that burst from me when I saw his dead body dancing in the wind!"

"Wretch!—Monster!—Devil!"

"To wake you at night with an imitation of your father's groan;—and to welcome you in the morning with a copy of the execration that has since attended you."

I could endure it no longer. I was mad—mad—mad! And, unwitting what influence ruled me, I rushed from the room, while he roared after me—"Stay, good father-killer, your brother Charles lies waiting for your further practice!"

From the moment that I thus extricated myself from the piercing words uttered by the wretch, who, under the name of father, had seduced me to my undoing, I seemed to be in that state of bewilderment, when to think would be as easy as to lift a mountain in my arms. I stalked along, without noticing aught of the outward objects that surrounded me, and was employed in the endless repetition of the words, "good father-killer." It was well that I could not think—it was well that I was so amazed and horror-struck, that my mind was incapable of reaching any conclusion; for, had it been

otherwise, dreadful and instantaneous must have been the catastrophe. But, before I had really re-obtained the use of my reason, I had added to the words, "good father-killer," the rest of the demon's anathema—"your brother Charles lies waiting for your further practice." Those words, intended to curse me beyond redemption, were my salvation.—He waited for my further practice.—Yes, for him I would practise; but it should be for his life, and not for his death; and if I failed, I swore by heaven and hell, that one hour should behold the end of both.

The thought of the possibility of my being able to save Charles, made me for the moment forget the crime that I had committed at Okeham; the hope of preserving his life spread over my brain as the influence of brandy had formerly done; and it was under a sort of mental intoxication that I addressed myself to the labour.

I cannot pause to detail all that passed. Even now that I write these events, instead of enacting them, my brain is on fire, and I am ready to rend my lungs with shouts of joy, or tear my hair for maddening grief, according as the alternate picture of my brother or my father flashes across my mind.

It was Lockwood's wicked counsel that helped me in my first progress. I succeeded in getting myself appointed executioner to my brother; and, subsequently, by dint of such bribes as my slender means would allow, and large promises to the extent of the credulity of my instrument, I obtained ingress to his dungeon by favour of one of the turnkeys. It was midnight when I entered, and found him gently slumbering on his miserable pallet. As I leaned over, to watch a sleep such as I could never hope to enjoy, the mould of his features brought back to my recollection, with irresistible force, the countenance of my father, when, at the last moment of his existence, he bestowed on me his forgiveness. The thought that rushed into my mind overcame me, and I burst into a passionate flood of tears.

One of those scalding drops fell upon the cheek of my brother, and roused him from his repose. He looked up, and gently cried—"Is

the hour arrived? So be it. I am ready!"

Oh, merciful Heaven! how his quiet accents ran through my blood!—I could not answer him.

As he perceived my agitation, he rose from his bed—"Who are you," he cried, "that come with tears of pity?—Let me gaze on one that speaks so comfortably to my spirit."

I had turned away my head; but his words were all-persuasive; and, forgetting that my face was already too well known to him, I turned it towards him at his bidding. A shriek, that seemed to come from the bottom of his soul, told me how well I was recognised, and he, in his turn, averted his countenance, as if in disgust at my presence.

A minute, or perhaps more, elapsed before either of us uttered a word. But at length he cried,—“Why is this? Or is it necessary that the executioner should come to tell me that all is prepared?”

Words in seeming—daggers in sooth! The scathing scene of my father's death was again placed before me in all the horrid freshness of reality. But even that was softened by the influence of the errand that had brought me to my brother's dungeon; and I wept as if my heart would burst.

Charles seemed astonished; and the sound of my sobbing again induced him to turn his head towards me—"Yes, yes!" said he, after a second gaze,—“I cannot forget that face!—You do not come here to mock me?”

“To mock you, Charles?”

“Charles!”

“Dear Charles,” I replied, “I have been praying that my tongue might have power to reveal to you the very truth of my soul. But it cannot be! It is beyond the reach of words; and I must be content to let my deeds stand alone. I have stolen hither to concert means by which you may be saved.”

“Saved!” he exclaimed:—“Who are you? Are you not he that?”—

“Mercy! mercy!” I interrupted; “do not you remind me of that, lest in my madness I should think that you were Lockwood, and forego my task.”

“Lockwood!” screamed my brother; “aye, that is the villain’s



name, who, not content with robbing my father, stealing his child, and murdering Ellen, crowned all by a dreadful betrayal of him to the scaffold."

I staggered with horror at the words that were uttered by Charles. Great God! could this be possible, after the story that Lockwood had narrated to me? At length I mustered words to exclaim—"Again,—again,—once more;—was Lockwood that villain?"

"Too surely," replied Charles; "he was tried for breaking open my father's escritoire, and stealing money to a considerable amount. His sentence was two years' imprisonment, at the expiration of which he waylaid his wife, who, ill-used beyond endurance, had yielded in the interim to my father's addresses, and the next morning she was found drowned in the park lake. The infant that was with her could not be traced; and though Lockwood was subsequently apprehended and tried, he met with an acquittal, from the absence of a link in the circumstantial evidence, that otherwise carried with it full moral conviction of his guilt."

"And the child?"

"The child was never found! But my father to his dying day felt persuaded that the hour would arrive when he would be forthcoming; and in this belief he gave me, on his last farewell, the portrait of the mother set in diamonds, under a strict injunction to deliver it, with his blessing, to my brother, when that happy discovery should be made. Alas, alas! he has never been heard of:—and there will be no friend, no relation, to watch my last moments, when I am to undergo that death which has been unjustly awarded me."

"Unjustly?"

"Aye, sir, unjustly," returned my brother; "I cannot expect you to believe it; but as there is truth in heaven, so is the truth on my lips, when I say—unjustly! Either by some extraordinary mischance, or inhuman conspiracy, the evidence that could have proved my innocence was withheld on the trial; and an ignominious death will be the result."

"No, no!" I exclaimed;—"you

shall live—live to bless—to curse your brother!"

And in very agony of spirit I clasped my hands, and sank on my knees before his feet.

He started, as if afraid to listen to my words, while I almost unconsciously ejaculated, "Brother, brother!"

"Call me not by that name," at length he said; "I would not in these last moments be at enmity with any—even you I would forgive.—But do not insult me with that appellation, lest I forget my forbearance, and spurn you as the murderer of my father."

"Yes, yes; I deserve even that—but not from you! Oh, Charles! if time permitted me to tell you how bitterly I have been deceived—how Lockwood has ever brought me up as his child, and roused me to the frightful stigma that has just escaped your lips by a thousand falsehoods, in the detail of my mother's miserable fate, you would not quite hate me, for the intervention of pity would prevent it. But the precious minutes fly! I have arranged a plan for your escape!"—

At this moment our conversation was interrupted by the friendly turnkey who had admitted me, shewing himself at the door, and exclaiming, in a low whisper, "Come, come, my lad, your time is up. I dare not give you more for ten times the sum you have promised."

"One minute, and I come," I cried; and with a sort of growling assent he withdrew.

"I have not time," I continued, turning to my brother, "to explain. One word must do—sustain yourself even to the last moment; and when you get the signal from me, follow my bidding to the very letter! I shall be by your side!"

Charles looked at me doubtfully, and shook his head.

Again I kneeled—"Hear me heaven!" I exclaimed—"as I hope for mercy—as I do not expect it for the parricide—as I am a ruined, heart-riven man—I have not uttered one syllable that is not true! Farewell, dear brother—and—and do not refuse me the precious portrait of my mother, in token of your belief of my penitence."

Charles turned from me, as he muttered, "It cannot be."

"If it cannot," I replied, "I will not again ask it. I deserve no consideration; and I am too guilty to dare to press for it."

I was about to withdraw, when he called me back. His eyes were full of tears.

"I do believe your words," he said; "all of them, save those which would excite in me a hope that you can save me. Take the portrait. I am bound by my promise to our father to bestow it on you. I am more bound by the softening of my heart, which tells me that you have been the most unhappy victim of Lockwood's arts. He was wily enough to betray our father; how could your young untutored mind escape him! Brother, God bless you! If we should not meet again, remain in the assurance that that same 'God bless you,' shall be the last words these lips will utter."

How I dragged myself away from him, I know not, but, under the turnkey's guidance, I soon found myself on the outside of the prison walls. Thus set free, I went forth into the open country, where none might spy my actions, and gave myself up to the recall of the scene I had just shared with Charles. A melancholy gladness crept into my soul at the recollection of his farewell words, and at the bold resolve with which I determined to effect his escape. I pressed my mother's portrait against my bosom, as I swore to save him, and it almost seemed to my disturbed fancy, as if the picture whispered to my heart, "Save him!"

The rest of the day was spent in maturing my plans for the next coming morning, when I was again to figure on the public scaffold as an executioner. But I had thoughts, and hopes, and expectations, to cheer me onwards, and I felt as if I could submit to a thousand disgraces for the sake of adding one iota to the chance of my being able to preserve my brother's life.

The morning came. My plans were all well laid—I felt secure of success—and my heart was lighter than it had been since the day that the execrations of the mob drove me from Okeham to wander far a-field.

Yes, even in spite of the action of each minute reminding me of the part that I had there performed, my thoughts refused to be checked in their ebullition. I stood within the dreary outer cell, awaiting the appearance of my brother—but the gloom of the dungeon had not power to overcast my soul. I heard the solemn tolling of the sullen bell—but to my ear it was hopeful music that spoke of Charles's freedom. I looked around, and the eyes of all men glouted on me; yet, ere their gaze could reach me, it fell stillborn and impotent in the remembrance of the one cheering glance I was expecting from him for whom alone I lived. At length he approached from the inner prison: I heard the clanking of his chains, and the sound was welcomed by me with a smile; for I had strung my whole energies to the feat, and I was panting to be doing. But the look and the shudder of Charles, when he first beheld me with my hangman hands outstretched to knock away his fetters, nearly threw me from my balance; and I felt for a moment as if the better part of my strength had been suddenly plucked from me.

"What is this?" he murmured, as I leaned over him for the purpose of supplying the place of his irons with a cord—"What is this?—Have you spoiled my last moments and my last hope with a falsehood?—Speak, are you my brother, or are you my executioner?"

"Hush," whispered I, while my whole frame shook with emotion—"I am true, as I hope for pardon.—Keep your energies bent to their highest pitch; the rest is for me to accomplish."

He gazed on me as though he could hardly bring himself to the belief of my words; but I looked up from my odious task with such holy earnestness in his face, and his moistened eye so happily perceived that mine was ready to let fall a tear of reciprocity, that conviction in good time arrived, and I felt his tremulous fingers gently press my hand in token of his credence in my honesty.

All was arranged below; and under pretext of my office I mounted the scaffold that I might see that every

thing accorded with the scheme I had previously formed in my own mind. The ascending of a score of steps placed me about ten or twelve feet above the level of the market-place, of which the jail formed one side ; a narrow space of scarcely more than a yard in width, was raised off round the spot occupied by the platform for the reception of the posse comitatus, and the barriers of that division were of sufficient strength to prevent the pressure of the crowd breaking in upon the constabulary arrangement. The moment that I reached the scaffold, I cast an anxious look around to see if every thing wore the aspect that I had prefigured to myself, and on which my plans were built. Every thing was as I could wish : the constables, by means of the barrier, were prevented from suddenly mingling with the mob, and could only reach the open space by coming quite back to the wall of the jail, and so passing through a wicket that formed the termination of the railing ; and even the very execrations with which my presence was hailed, were pleasant to me, for I interpreted the public hatred towards me into sympathy towards Charles ; and on the sudden evolving of that sympathy much of my success depended.

Thus reassured of the favourable appearance of the market-place, I descended again to the jail for the purpose of summoning the prisoner. Together we mounted the scaffold ; and the execrations with which I had previously been greeted, were changed to sounds of pity and commiseration for my brother. They vibrated like heavenly music in my ears—they made my whole blood throb with the fever of excitement. I looked back to see how far distant we were from those who had to follow us to the platform. Fortune smiled upon me. The clergyman, who should have ascended next, was elderly and decrepit, and as he placed his foot on the first step he slipped, and seemed as if he had sprained some limb ; at all events he paused, while those immediately behind gathered round him as if to afford assistance.

One glance told me all this. "Now, Charles," I whispered, "this is the moment. Life or death, dear bro-

ther ! Turn more towards the prison while I cut the cords that bind your hands—spring forward with a bold leap into the middle of the crowd, where you see the man with a red cap ; he is placed there to make an opening for you—the multitude will be with you—they will favour your flight.—Rush through the opposite street which takes to the river, where awaits a boat—that once secured, there is none other to pursue you, and your escape to the opposite bank is certain."

My brother listened attentively, and shewed by his eye that he comprehended all. Never, never was there such a moment in the life of man as that in mine when the last coil of the rope was cut, and my brother darted forward to the leap. As I had foretold to him, the man with the cap suddenly backed, and left an open space for him on which to alight, in addition to which he extended his arms round him so as to steady his descent. That was the great moment of my agitation, for had Charles come to the ground with a shock, his flight would have been hopeless. But it was but a moment, for in another he bounded forward through the crowd, which, with exhilarating cheers, opened on every side, and pursued his way with the speed of a greyhound towards the river. Meanwhile, my own blood refused obedience to my reason, and without plan or project, I too sprang from the scaffold, unable to resist the temptation of watching him to the consummation of his escape. But, as might well be expected, my motive was utterly misunderstood, and ten thousand groans saluted me as I darted through the passage made for Charles, and which by the suddenness of my pursuit had not yet had time to close ; to groans succeeded blows—to blows missiles—but still I persevered, and exerting, as it were, a more than mortal speed, I was within a yard or two of Charles by the time he reached the river. When I perceived him thus far on the sure road to liberty, I could no longer restrain myself : I absolutely screamed with ecstasy ; and what with my unintelligible shouts of delight, what with the streams of mud with which I had been assailed, and which ran down me on every side, what with

my bleeding lacerated face, covered with wounds from the blows that I had received, I must have looked more like a mishapen lump of chaos than aught in human shape or bearing.

But all was not yet accomplished. Charles had reached the bank, which was some two or three yards above the level of the stream, and was turning to run down the hard way that led to the boat that lay ready for him, when a man suddenly made his appearance from behind a shed that stood in the angle formed by the bank and the jetty, and shewed by his actions that he was prepared to dispute my brother's passage.

Powers of hell! it was Lockwood!

Another moment, and he would have clutched Charles in his brawny arms, towards which my brother had unconsciously been running, not having perceived him till the very last moment. At the sight, my note of joy was changed to the yell of despair. It can hardly be said that I thought! No! It was as a mere act of desperation, that, still at the height of my speed, I rushed upon the villain, who had been too intent in his observations of Charles to notice me, or to prepare himself for the tremendous shock with which I assaulted him. I was in time—yes, even to a little instant, I was in time! Full with the rage of energy and speed, I drove against him, and together we toppled over the bank into the soft and oozy mud that the low-tided river had left behind. For myself I had no care; and even while in the act of falling, I shouted to my brother, "Dear, dear Charles, to the boat—to the boat! Row with the strength of a thousand! Your demon foe is destroyed!"

Charles returned my shout with a heart-spoken blessing; and as I lay over Lockwood, who each moment, by his effort to disentangle himself from me, sank deeper and deeper into the suffocating mire, I could hear my brother "ply the oars with desperate speed and vigour, while ever and anon his thanksgiving to the wicked Ambrose came on the wings of the wind, till struggling, exhaustion, and anxiety deprived me of all consciousness of existence, and left me lying senseless on the corpse of my arch-deceiver.

My story is told! My confessions are numbered! Why, I know not—but so it is; even as surely as I am now the inmate of a melancholy cell, and am counted by my fellow-men among the maniacs of the earth.—Mad! Oh no, I am not mad! Do I not remember too well the frightful scenes of Okeham—the dreadful rajolery of Lockwood, by which he has made my own thoughts my own hell?—Mad! Would I were mad; for then might these things be hidden in oblivion; and yet I would not forget all! It was I that saved the gentle Charles from execution; it was I that earned his blessings by deliverance; and though I weep when I put my hand into my bosom, and vainly seek my mother's portrait, the tears change into joyful drops when dear memory reminds me that it was to purchase his escape I sold the precious relic. No, no! I cannot be utterly mad, till I shall hear, which Heaven of mercy avert, that my brother is again within the peril of the law, as though the ghost of Lockwood, yet unsatiated, was still employed in hunting him into its toils.

SYPHAX.

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## THE SNOWING-UP OF STRATH LUGAS.

JOLLY old Simon Kirkton ! thou art the very high priest of Hymen. There is something softly persuasive to matrimony in thy contented, comfortable appearance ; and thy house, —why, though it is situated in the farthest part of Inverness-shire, it is as fertile in connubial joys as if it were placed upon Gretna Green. Single blessedness is a term unknown in thy vocabulary ; heaven itself would be a miserable place for thee, for *there* there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

Half the county was invited to a grand dinner and ball at Simon's house in January, 1812. All the young ladies had looked forward to it in joyous anticipation and hope, and all the young gentlemen with considerable expectation—and fear. Every thing was to be on the grandest scale ; the dinner in the ancient hall, with the two family pipers discoursing sweet music between the courses, and the ball in the splendid new drawing-room, with a capital band from the county town. The Duke was to be there, with all the nobility, rank, and fashion of the district ;—and, in short, such a splendid entertainment had never been given at Strath Lugas in the memory of man. The editor of the county paper had a description of it in types a month before, and the milliners far and near never said their prayers without a devout supplication for the health of Mr Kirkton. All this time that worthy gentleman was by no means idle. The drawing-room was dismantled of its furniture, and the floors industriously chalked over with innumerable groups of flowers. The larder was stocked as if for a siege ; the domestics drilled into a knowledge of their respective duties ; and every preparation completed in the most irreproachable style. I question whether Gunter ever dreamt of such a supper as was laid out in the dining-room.—Venison in all its forms, and fish of every kind. It would have victualled a seventy-four to China.

The day came at last, a fine sharp clear day, as ever gave a bluish tinge to the countenance, or brought tears "to beauty's eye." There had been

a great fall of snow a few days before, but the weather seemed now settled into a firm enduring frost. The Laird had not received a single apology, and waited in the hall along with his Lady to receive his guests as they arrived. "My dear, is na that a carriage coming up the Brose-fit-knowe ? Auld Leddy Clavers, I declare. She'll be going to dress here, and the three girls.—Anne's turned religious ; so I'm thinking she's owre auld to be married.—It's a pity the minister's no coming ; his wife's just dead—but Jeanie 'll be looking out for somebody.—We maun put her next to young Gersluin. Elizabeth's a thoct owre young ; she can stay at the side-table with Tammy Maxwell—he's just a hobblet-hoy—it wad be a very good match in time." In this way, as each party made its appearance, the Laird arranged in a moment the order in which every individual was to be placed at table ; and even before dinner he had the satisfaction of seeing his guests breaking off into the quiet *tête-à-têtes*, which the noise and occupation of a general company render sweet and secluded as a meeting "by moonlight alone." While his eye wandered round the various parties thus pleasantly engaged, it rested on the figure of a very beautiful girl whom he had not previously remarked. She sat apart from all the rest, and was amusing herself with looking at the pictures suspended round the room—apparently unconscious of the presence of so many strangers. She seemed in deep thought ; but as she gazed on the representation of a battle-piece, her face changed its expression from the calmness of apathy to the most vivid enthusiasm.

"Mercy on us a' !" whispered the Laird to his wife, "wha's she that ? that beautiful young lassie in the white goon ? an' no a young bachelor within a mile o' her—Deil ane o' them deserves such an angel."

"It's a Miss Mowbray," was the reply ; "she came with Mrs Carmichael—a great heiress, they say—it's the first time she was ever in Scotland."

"Aha ! say ye sae ?—Then we'll see if we canna keep her amang us

noo that she is come. Angus McLeod—na, he'll no do—he's a gude enough lad, but he's no bonny. Chairlie Fletcher—he wad do well enough; but I'm thinking he'll do better for Bell Johnson. Od, donner'd auld man, no to think o' him before! Chairlie Melville's the very man—the handsomest, brawest, cleverest chield she could hae; and if she's gotten the siller, so much the better for Chairlie—they'll be a bonny couple."

And in an instant the Laird laid his hand on the shoulder of a young man, who was engaged with a knot of gentlemen, discussing some recent news from the Peninsula, and dragging him away, said, "For shame, Chairlie, for shame! Do you no see that sweet, modest lassie a' by hersell? Gaug up till her this minute—bide by her as lang as ye can—she's weel worth a' the attention ye can pay her.—Miss Mowbray," he continued, "I'm sorry my friend Mrs Carmichael has left ye sae much to yoursell—but here's Chairlie, or, rather I should say, Mr Charles, or rather I should say, Lieutenant Charles Melville, that will be happy to supply her place. He'll tak' ye into ye'r dinner, and dance wi' ye at the ball."

"All in place of Mrs Carmichael, sir?" replied the young lady, with an arch look.

"Weel said, my dear, weel said—but I maun leave younger folks to answer ye. I've seen the time I wadna hae been very blate to gie ye an answer that wad have stoppit your 'wee bit mou', sae sweet an' bonny.'" Saying these words, and whispering to his young friend, "Stick till her, Chairlie," he bustled off, "on hospitable thoughts intent," to another part of the room.

After this introduction, the young people soon entered into conversation; and, greatly to the Laird's satisfaction, the young soldier conducted Miss Mowbray into the hall, sat next her all the time of dinner, and seemed as delighted with his companion as the most match-making lady or gentleman could desire. The lady, on the other hand, seemed in high spirits, and laughed at the remarks of her neighbour with the highest appearance of enjoyment.

"How long have you been with Mrs Carmichael?"

"I came the day before yesterday."

"Rather a savage sort of country I'm afraid you find this, after the polished scenes of your own land."

"Do you mean the country," replied the lady, "or the inhabitants? They are not nearly such savages as I expected; some of them seem half-civilized."

"It is only your good-nature that makes you think us so. When you know us better, you will alter your opinion."

"Nay, now don't be angry, or talk, as all other Scotch people do, about your national virtues. I know you are a very wonderful people—your men all heroes, your peasants philosophers, and your women angels; but seriously, I was very much disappointed to find you so like other people."

"Why, what did you expect?—Did you think we were men whose heads did grow beneath our shoulders?"

"No—I did not expect that; but I expected to find every thing different from what I had been accustomed to. Now, the company here are dressed just like a party in England, and behave in the same manner. Even the language is intelligible at times; though the Laird, I must say, would require an interpreter."

"Ah! the jolly old Laird—his face is a sort of polyglot dictionary—it is the expression for good humour, kindness, and hospitality, in all languages."

"And who is that at his right hand?"

"What? the henchman?—That's Rory M'Taggart—he was piper for twenty years in the 73d, and killed three men with his own hand at Vimeira."

"And is that the reason he is called the henchman?"

"Yes, henchman means, 'The piper with the bloody hand, the slaughterer of three.'"

"What a comprehensive word!—It is almost equal to the Laird's face."

But here the Laird broke in upon their conversation. "Miss Mowbray,

dinna be frightened at a' the daft things the wild soger is saying to you." Then he added, in a lower tone, "Chairlie wad settle doon into a douce, quiet, steady married man, for a' his tantrums. It wad be a pity if a Frenchman's gun should spoil his beauty, poor fallow."

The young lady bowed, without comprehending a syllable of the speech of the worthy host. "Are you likely to be soon ordered abroad?" she said.

"We expect the route for Spain every day, and then huzza for a peerage or Westminster Abbey!"

"Ah! war is a fine game when it is played at a distance! Why can't kings settle their disputes without having recourse to the sword?"

"I really can't answer your question, but I think it must be out of a kind regard to the interests of younger brothers. A war is a capital provision for poor devils like myself, who were born to no estate but that excessively large one which the catechism calls the 'estate of sin and misery.'—But come, I see from your face you are very romantic, and are going to say something sentimental,—luckily his Grace is proposing a removal into the ball-room; may I beg the honour of your hand?"

"Aha, lad!" cried the Laird, who had heard the last sentence, "are ye at that wark already—asking a led-dy's hand on sae short an acquaintance?—But folk canna do't owre sune."

The bustle caused by the secession of those who preferred Terpsichore to Bacchus, luckily prevented Miss Mowbray's hearing the Laird's observation, and in a few minutes she found herself entering with heart and soul into the full enjoyment of a country dance.

Marriages they say are made in heaven. Charles Melville devoutly wished the Laird's efforts might be successful, and that one could be made on earth. She was indeed, as the Laird expressed it, "a bonny cratur to look at." I never could describe a beauty in my life—so the loveliness of the English heiress must be left to the imagination. At all events, she was "the bright consummate flower of the whole wreath" which was then gathered together at Strath Lugas; and even Lady Cla-

vers said, "That Miss Mowbray's very weel put on indeed, for sae young a lassie. Her hair's something like our Anne's—only I think Annie's has a wee richer tinge o' the golden."

"Lord save us a'!" whispered the Laird; "poor Anne's hair's as red as a carrot."

"An' dinna ye think her voice," said her ladyship—"dinna ye think her voice is something like our Jeanie's—only maybe no sae rich in the tone?"

"Feth, ma'am," said the Laird, "I maun wait till I hear Miss Mowbray speak the Gaelic, for really the soft sort o' beautiful English she speaks gies her a great advantage."

"As ye say, Mr Kirkton," continued her ladyship, who, like all great talkers, never attended to what any one said but herself, "Jeanie has a great advantage owre her,—but she's weel enough, for a' that."

In the meantime the young lady, who was the subject of this conversation, troubled herself very little as to what Lady Clavers said or thought on the occasion. I shall not on any account say that she was in love, for I highly disapprove of such a speedy surrender to Dan Cupid in the softer sex; but at all events she was highly delighted with the novelty of the scene, and evidently pleased with her partner. No scruple of the same kind restrains me from mentioning the state of Charles Melville's heart. He was as deeply in love as ever was the hero of a romance, and in the pauses of the dance, indulged in various reveries about love and a cottage, and a number of other absurd notions, which are quite common, I believe, on such occasions. He never deigned to think on so contemptible an object as a butcher's bill, or how inconvenient it would be to maintain a wife and four or five angels of either sex, on ninety pounds a-year; but at the same time I must do him the justice to state, that, although he was a Scotchman, the fact of Miss Mowbray's being an heiress never entered into his contemplation—and if I may mention my own opinion, I really believe he would have been better pleased if she had been as portionless as himself. But time and tide wear through the roughest day; no wonder, then, they wore very rapidly through the happiest

evening he had ever spent. The Duke and the more distant visitors had taken their leave; "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious" among the younger and better acquainted parties who were left; but, greatly to the mortification of the young soldier, his partner was called away at the end of a dance, just when he had been anticipating a delightful tête-à-tête while the next was forming. With his heart nearly bursting with admiration and regret, he wrapt her in her cloaks and shawls, and in silent dejection, with only a warm pressure of the hand, which he was enchanted to find returned, he handed her into Mrs Carmichael's old-fashioned open car, though the night was dark and stormy,—and after listening to the last sound of the wheels as they were lost among the snow, he slowly turned, and re-entered the ball-room. Their absence, to all appearance, had not been noticed by a single eye—a thing at which he, as a lover under such circumstances is bound to be, was greatly surprised. "Blockheads!" he said, "they would not see the darkness if the sun were extinguished at mid-day." And he fell into a train of reflections, which, from the expression of his countenance, did not seem to be of a very exhilarating nature. In about twenty minutes, however, after his return, he was roused by the henchman, whom he had spoken of at dinner, who beckoned him from the hall.

"The bonny cratur!—the bonny cratur!" he began,—"*an' sic a nicht to gang hame in!—the stars a' put out, the snaw beginnin' to drift, and a spate in the Lugas!* Noo, if auld Andrew Strachan, the Leddy Carmichael's coachman, doitet auld body, and mair than half fou, tries the ford—oh, the lassie, the bonny bit lassie 'll be lost!—*an' I'll never hae the heart to spend the crown-piecé she slippit into my hand just afore the dancin'.*"

But what more the worthy henchman might have said must remain a mystery to all succeeding time; for, long before he had come to the episode of the crown, Charles had rushed hatless into the open air, and dashed forward at the top of his speed to overtake the carriage, in time to warn them from the ford. But the

snow had already formed itself into enormous wreaths, which, besides impeding his progress, interfered greatly with his knowledge of localities; and he pursued his toilsome way more in despair than hope. He shouted, in the expectation of his voice being heard, but he heard no reply. He stooped down to see the tracks of the wheel, but the snow fell so fast and drifted at the same time, that it was quite undistinguishable, even if the darkness had not been so deep. However, onward he pressed towards the ford, and shouted louder and louder as he approached it. The roaring of the stream, now swollen to a prodigious height, drowned his cries, and his eyes in vain searched for the object of his pursuit; far and near, up and down, he directed his gaze, and in a transport of joy at the hope which their absence presented, that they had gone round by the bridge and were saved, he was turning away to return home, when he thought he heard, in a bend of the river, a little way down, a faint scream above the roaring of the torrent. Quick as lightning he rushed towards the spot, and hallooed as loud as he could. The shriek was distinctly repeated, and a great way out in the water, he saw some substance of considerable size. He shouted again, and a voice replied to him from the river. In an instant he had plunged into the stream, and, though it was rushing with the greatest impetuosity, it was luckily not so deep as to prevent his wading. And after considerable toil, for the water was above his breast, he succeeded in reaching the object he had descried from the bank. It was, indeed, Mrs Carmichael's car, and in it he had the inexpressible delight to find the two ladies, terrified, indeed, with their appalling situation, but luckily in full possession of their presence of mind.

In a few hurried words he desired them to trust entirely to him, and begging the elder lady to remain quiet in the carriage, he lifted the younger in his arms,—but in the most earnest language she implored him to save her companion first, as she had such confidence in herself that she was certain she could remain in the carriage till he had effected his return. Pressing her to his



heart in admiration of such magnanimity, he laid her gently back, and lifting Mrs Carmichael from her seat, he pushed desperately for the shore. The water even in this short time had perceptibly risen, and on reaching the bank, and depositing his burden in safety, he rushed once more through the torrent, fearful lest a moment's delay should make it impracticable to reach the car. That light equipage was now shaking from the impetuous attacks of the stream, and at the moment when the fainting girl was lifted up, a rush of greater force taking it, now unbalanced by any weight, forced it on its side, and rolled it off into the great body of the river. It had been carried above fifty yards below the ford, without, however, being overturned, and had luckily become entangled with the trunk of a tree; the horse, after severe struggles, had been drowned, and his inanimate weight had helped to delay the progress of the carriage. The coachman was nowhere to be found. Meanwhile the three, once more upon land, pursued their path back to Strath Lugas. Long and toilsome was the road, but cheered to the young soldier by the happy consciousness he had saved "his heart's idol" from death. Tired and nearly worn out with the harassing nature of their journey and of their feelings, they at length reached the hospitable mansion they had so lately quitted. The music was still sounding, the lights still burning brightly,—but when old Simon Kirkton saw the party enter his hall, no words can do justice to the horror of his expression. The ladies were consigned to the attention of his wife. He himself took especial care of the hero of the story; and after having heard the whole adventure, when the soldier, refreshed and in a suit of the Laird's apparel, was entering the dancing-room, he slapt him on the shoulder and said, "Diel a doubt o't noo. If ye're no laird of the bonny English acres, and gudeman o' the bonny English ledly, I've nae skeel in spac-in'; that's a'."

The adventure quickly spread, and people were sent off in all directions with lights, to discover, if possible, the body of the unfortunate Andrew Strachan. After searching for a long time, our friend, the henchman,

thought he heard a voice close beside him, on the bank. He held down his lantern, and, sure enough, there he saw the object of their pursuit lying with his head at the very edge of the water, and his body on the land! The water from time to time burst over his face, and it was only on these occasions that an almost inarticulate grunt shewed that the comatose disciple of John Barleycorn was yet alive. The henchman summoned his companions, and on attentively listening to the groans, as they considered them, of the dying man, they distinctly heard him, as he attempted to spit out the water which broke in tiny waves over his mouth, exclaiming, "Faugh, faugh! I doot ye're changin' the liquor—a wee drap mair whisky, and a sma' spoonfu' o' sugar." The nodding charioteer had been ejected from his seat on the first impetus of the "spate," and been safely floated to land, without perceiving any remarkable change of situation. It is needless to say, he was considerably surprised to discover where he was, on being roused by the henchman's party. "It's my belief," said Jock Stewart, the piper, as they helped him on his way, "the drucken body thocht he was tipplin' a' the time in the butler's ha'. It wad be a gude deed to let the daidlin' haveril follow his hat and wig; and I'm thiukin' by this time they'll be doon about Fort George."

The weather was become so stormy, and the snow so deep, that it was impossible for any one to leave the house that night. The hospitable Laird immediately set about making accommodation for so large a party, and by a little management he contrived to render every body comfortable. The fiddlers were lodged in the barn, the ladies settled by the half-dozen in a room, and a supply of cloaks was collected for the gentlemen in the hall. Where people are willing to be pleased, it is astonishing how easy they find it. Laughter long and loud resounded through all the apartments, and morn began to stand "upon the misty mountain-tops," ere sleep and silence took possession of the mansion. Next day the storm still continued. The prospect, as far as the eye could reach, was a dreary waste of snow; and it was soon perceived, by those who

were skilful in such matters, that the whole party were fairly snowed up, and how long their imprisonment might last no one could tell. It was amazing with what equanimity the intelligence was listened to; one or two young ladies, who had been particularly pleased with their partners, went so far as to say it was delightful.

The elders of the party bore it with great good humour, on being assured from the state of the larder there was no danger of a famine; and, above all, the Laird himself, who had some private schemes of his own to serve, was elevated into the seventh heaven by the embargo laid on his guests.

"If this bides three days there'll be a dizzen couple before Leddy-day. It's no possible for a lad and a lass to be snaw'd up together three days without melting—but we'll see the night how it's a' to be managed. Has ony body seen Mrs Carmichael and Miss Mowbray this morning?"

But before this question could be answered, the ladies entered the room. They were both pale from their last night's adventure; but while the elder lady was shaking hands with her friends, and receiving their congratulations, the eyes of her young companion wandered searchingly round the apartment till they fell on Charles Melville. Immediately a flush came over her cheek, which before was deadly pale, and she started forward and held out her hand. He rushed and caught it, and even in presence of all that company, could scarcely resist the inclination to put it to his lips.

"Thanks! thanks!" was all she said, and even in saying these short words her voice trembled, and a tear came to her eye. But when she saw that all looks were fixed on her, she blushed more deeply than ever, and retired to the side of Mrs Carmichael. This scene passed by no means unheeded by the Laird.

"Stupid whelp!" he said, "what for did he no kiss her, an' it were just to gie her cheeks an excuse for growin' sae rosy? Od', if I had saved her frae droonin', I wadna hae been sae nice,—that's to say, my dear," he added to his wife, who was standing near, "if I hadna a wife o' my ain."

The storm lasted for five days. How the plans of the Laird, with regard to the matrimonial comforts of his guests prospered, I have no intention of detailing. I believe, however, he was right in his predictions, and the minister was presented with eight several sets of tea-things within three months. Many a spinster at this moment looks back with regret to her absence from the snow-party of Strath Lugas, and dates all her misfortunes from that unhappy circumstance. On the fourth morning of the imprisonment, the Laird was presented with a letter from Charles Melville. In it he informed him that he dared not be absent longer, in case of his regiment being ordered abroad, and that he had taken his chance and set off on his homeward way in spite of the snow. It ended with thanks for all his kindness, and an affectionate farewell. When this was announced to the party, they expressed great regret at his absence. It seemed to surprise them all. Mrs Carmichael was full of wonder on the occasion; but Miss Mowbray seemed totally unmoved by his departure. She was duller in spirits than before, and refused to dance; but in other respects the mirth was as uproarious, and the dancing as joyous as ever—and in a day the snow was sufficiently cleared away—the party by different conveyances broke up—and the Laird was left alone, after a week of constant enjoyment.

Four years after the events I have related, a young man presented himself for the first time in the pump-room at Bath. The gossips of that busy city formed many conjectures as to who and what he could be—some thought him a foreigner, some a man of consequence incog.; but all agreed that he was a soldier and an invalid. He seemed to be about six-and-twenty, and was evidently a perfect stranger. After he had stayed in the room, and listened for a short time to the music, he went out into the street, and just as he made his exit by one door, the marvels of the old beldames who congregate under the orchestra, were called into activity by the entrance through the other of a young lady leaning on the arm of an old one. Even so sim-

## GAFFER MAURICE.

*How he would neither be young nor wise, and what he had buckled on his back.*

BY THE TRANSLATOR OF HOMER'S HYMNS.

With his face to the glade, and his back to the bole  
Of a wild ash, amid the leaves so green,  
Sat a merry old soul, and his silvery poll  
And his cheeks were edged by the summery sheen;  
And his few scant locks into sunshine broke,  
Like the young bright leaves on an aged oak.

About him there sported gleams of light,  
And they linger'd here and there to scan  
(As if they were bright with life and sight)  
The innermost thoughts of the stranger man  
And would say, Sore evil betide thee here,  
If thy conscience it be not pure and clear!  
Round him, and round him they shone, and again  
Athwart, and over the grey fern fell,  
And into the glen, and lighted up then  
Visions, it were but as dreams to tell—  
Floating in amber and gold and shade,  
Like bodiless sprites in ambuscade.

Then thrice the old man rubbed his eyes,  
To see if he could see aright—  
Quoth he, I surmise more mysteries  
May be going on here than suit me quite.  
Perchance there be sprites lurk under the fern,  
And are doing what I should not discern.  
The gleam pass'd on—all was still around,  
'Mid the motionless boughs of ash and beech,  
And it seem'd the ground with unutter'd sound  
Was pregnant, and soon would burst in speech.  
First a loud laugh through the wild-wood rang,  
Then a voice broke forth, as the sweet birds sang.

FAIRY.

Gaffer Maurice, come hither to me,  
In thy merry eye good sooth I read;  
Here's a flower for thee, from the fairy-tree,  
That will make thee as young as Ganymede;  
And thy days shall flow like sunny brooks,  
With lasses and love in bowery nooks.

GAFFER.

Oh! my good old age, it is better by half,  
And I take delight in my frosty pate;  
As I lean on my staff if I merrily laugh,  
'Tis because my old Loves are out of date—  
Oh! the Beauties are aged as Helen of Troy,  
And therefore the more have I of joy.

FAIRY.

Oh! fie on thee now, thou cold Dervise—  
But still come thou hither, Gaffer Maurice,  
And I'll open thine eyes and make thee wise,  
As were ever the seven wise men of Greece,  
In sciences, languages, grammarie,  
In hieroglyphics and alchemy.

GAFFER.

Anan, Anan! was it ever known,  
 That aught but a fool would mind such things?  
 But there's good wife Joan, the silly old crone,  
 She has just put on her blue stockings:  
 Take her, an' ye like, to your knowledge-tree,  
 For there's small chance now of her tempting me.

FAIRY.

Ah! no, now, Gaffer Maurice, not so,  
 Little care we old crones to please,  
 And the mowers that mow here to and fro,  
 Would cut off her legs above her knees.  
 Quoth Gaffer Maurice—To be short of a leg,—  
 Perchance it would lower her pride a peg.

Then Gaffer Maurice hied home in a freak,  
 And with the old crone returned he;  
 And bade her go seek for roots of Greek,  
 While he went and hid him behind a tree.  
 Then Nymco, and Bakkah, and Cacoban,  
 They cut off the legs of the old woman.

But little wot she, the old crone so blythe,  
 For she spun as if in her dancing pumps;  
 For their arms were lithe, and the fairy-scythe,  
 As it cut off the legs, so it heal'd the stumps;  
 Then Gaffer Maurice he laugh'd outright,—  
 Old Dame, what maketh thee dance so light?

Hast taken a leaf from the knowledge-tree?  
 Then look'd she down—Oh lud! oh lud!  
 What is it I see?—Oh, oh, quoth she,  
 How *understandings* get nipt in the bud!  
 Oh, Gaffer Maurice, since feet I lack,  
 Thou must carry me now a pick-a-back!

Then the Fairy laugh'd. Oh, Gaffer Maurice,  
 I thought thou wert free from woman's charms—  
 A sorry release, when burdens increase,  
 To bear on your back what you spurn from your arms!  
 But there's one to teach thy old bones remorse,  
 For the grey mare's ever the better horse.

So Gaffer Maurice he was burden'd sore,  
 Till he threw the old crone upon her quilts;  
 But her spirit the more it rose therefore,  
 For she very soon put her stumps in stilts.  
 Then, quoth Gaffer Maurice, Pride, pride, old crone,  
 Won't out of the flesh if bred in the bone.

Hence, Ladies, prefer a frosty pate,  
 And a good old soul, to a whisker'd rake;  
 That would leave his mate all disconsolate,  
 And fifty fine maidens unto him take—  
 In an old man's arms, your true home confide,  
 And he'll carry you on his back beside.

## NAUTICAL ADVENTURES.

DEAR SIR,

YOU have occasionally intimated a wish for a detail of some of the scenes which I have witnessed. In a life so diversified as mine, to make a selection is not easy. Though I could go farther back into the vale of years, not without interest, perhaps, to you and to some of your friends, yet more recent events, as lying within the field of general knowledge, and therefore exciting a livelier interest, may suffice for the present. The far bygone scenes may lie aside till more leisure on my part, and perhaps inclination on yours, may invite us to a retrospection: *Olim meminisse juvabit*. Nautical adventures seem more congenial to my present mood, and with these I have had so much to do, that I have, as by instinct, learned, whenever a favourable breeze springs up, to make the best of it. With your consent, therefore, I shall ease off my sheets and square my yards, after the example of our old acquaintance,—*Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes*.

Scarcely any thing has made a more vivid and powerful impression upon my memory, and perhaps hardly any ever created a stronger sensation throughout the world, or produced more important results on the state of society, than the naval achievements of Great Britain under her favourite Nelson, against the gigantic strides which proud Gallia, at the instigation and under the conduct of Napoleon Bonaparte, was beginning to make towards universal empire. At the time to which I now refer, I was on board the *Leander*, of fifty guns, Captain Thomas Boulden Thompson, a gentleman whose kindness and affability, no less than his skill and bravery, endeared him to every officer and man on board our ship.

The fleet of Earl St Vincent had now been cruising off Cadiz for upwards of a month with twenty-two sail of the line, hoping that the Spanish fleet, which consisted of twenty-six, and which were lying at anchor in that port, would be induced to make another trial of their prowess, and endeavour to regain the laurels

they had lately lost off Cape St Vincent. All his hopes were vain. They were safely moored, and shewed no disposition to get under way, though frequently dared to it by insults the most vexatious and annoying from the British men-of-war. Towards the latter end of May, [1797,] St Vincent determined to make himself as much at home as his neighbours, and came to an anchor with his whole fleet, so as to place the enemy, whose force by this time amounted to thirty sail of the line, in a condition of complete blockade. Nothing now remained to give even exercise to any part of his men, except two or three bombardments of the town of Cadiz, and some of the Spanish ships that were within range of the British guns, to provoke, if possible, the Spanish admiral to revenge the injury inflicted. This was attempted about the beginning of July. No, every effort failed to dislodge Don Massaredo from his snug retreat. On the contrary, early in the morning of the 6th of July, to the no small merriment of our whole fleet, whom no restraints could withhold from the most vociferous expressions of scorn and indignation, ten sail of the line—the flag-ships of Admirals Massaredo and Gravina leading the way—with all the haste they possibly could, were seen warping their ships out of harm's way.

In the posture in which things now stood, there seemed no chance of being able to break the tedious monotony of still life. For, however honourable it was to the British arms, after the severe drubbing which the Spanish fleet had received from our tars, to debar so superior a force to their own from doing mischief to their enemies, by shutting them up in their own port, such was the impatience of the British sailor, that he could not bring himself to believe he was of any value, or that he was doing any service, unless he were in actual conflict with the enemies of his country. Any enterprise, therefore, which looked that way, however hazardous or seemingly impracticable, was sure to be hailed with enthusiasm, both by the officers and men throughout the fleet.

A piece of service was, however, allotted to a small squadron, of which our ship was one. Admiral St Vincent had information of a fleet of merchantmen who had put into the harbour of Vigo, near Cape Finisterre, under convoy of a Spanish man-of-war, of seventy-four guns. For the purpose of cutting these out and capturing them, the *Zealous*, of seventy-four guns, the *Leander*, three frigates, and the *Aurora*, of seventy-eight guns, were dispatched. On arriving at the place, we found the fleet so entirely sheltered by the fortifications of the enemy, as to render the attempt extremely perilous, and almost hopeless. A council of war was called by the captain of the *Zealous* to consider the subject,—which, after long and anxious deliberation, came to the conclusion, that such was the hazard to which his Majesty's ships would be exposed, and the lives of the men, by running under the batteries, and in the very teeth of the enemy's fire, that the object, if even attainable, would not be of sufficient importance to warrant the dreadful risk which must be incurred. As soon as this conclusion was announced to the men, such was their eagerness to engage, and so great their vexation and disappointment, that the squadron was thrown nearly into a state of mutiny, till more sober thought made them sensible, that however essential to successful warfare are the prowess and daring of the men, the wisdom and experience of their commanders are equally so to render bravery available. Preparations were accordingly made for returning to the fleet at Cadiz. Captain Hood, however, found it necessary to replenish the exhausted resources of the *Zealous*, by taking out of the *Leander* all our provisions, water, and fuel, directing us to put into Lisbon for a fresh supply. This we accomplished in three days, and immediately followed the squadron to rejoin the fleet.

Fortunately, to appearance, about this time the Admiral got scent of an immense treasure in specie, which was reported to be on its way from America to Cadiz, in the *Principe d'Asturias*, a Manilla ship; but having heard of the state of blockade in which the British fleet had placed the harbour of her ultimate destina-

tion, she had put into Santa Cruz, in the island of Tenerife. This was an inducement sufficiently great, in the judgment of our Admiral, to endeavour to obtain possession—an enterprise which seemed to be still more practicable from the defenceless state in which the place was represented to be. No sooner was this subject broached, than it spread like wildfire through the fleet; every eye sparkled with new life; every bosom beat high for the adventure. Each man looked forward with desire and eager expectation to be of the happy number to whom this golden service should be intrusted. By anticipation, the treasure was already theirs; the proportion of prize-money was accurately ascertained; the joyous doings and advantageous projects for future life, which the expected wealth would enable them to realize, inflamed every imagination, and occupied their whole discourse: the 'tween decks exhibited all the stir and bustle, and all the eagerness of countenance and attitude, of those who are actually dividing the spoil; scenes, alas! as airy and unreal as some of those which allure and deceive the votaries of fortune on shore.

To this state of high excitement, as we speedily learned, the whole fleet had been raised whilst we were on our way from Lisbon. A squadron, under the command of Admiral Nelson, consisting of the *Theseus*, on board of which he hoisted his flag; the *Culloden* and the *Zealous*, ships of the line; the *Emerald* of forty-four guns; the *Terpsichore* of thirty-six; the *Seahorse* of thirty-two; and the *Fox* cutter of fourteen guns, had taken their departure three days before our arrival. Scarcely had the *Leander* hove in sight, when Admiral St Vincent made a signal to us to proceed immediately to Santa Cruz, to join Admiral Nelson. Fearful, however, lest the signal should not be seen by us with sufficient accuracy, and with a view to give our captain more detailed instructions, a lieutenant was dispatched in a cutter, with a letter from the admiral. The moment the object of the expedition was made known to our crew, their enthusiasm exceeded all bounds:—

*Innequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum.*

From being under easy canvass, in a few minutes the single reef was shook out of our topsails, and they were swayed up to the mast head. Topgallant sails and royals, studding sails below and aloft, were expanded to catch every puff of wind, which else would have passed by us. Now she began to slip through the water at a rapid rate and to talk,\* whilst her impulse on the bosom of the deep was "making the green one (white)."

On the 24th of July, we made the lofty Peak of Teneriffe, and soon after hove in sight the three line-of-battle ships of Admiral Nelson's squadron in the offing. An attempt had been made on the night of the 22d to land some of the men from the frigates, which, for this purpose, had come to an anchor close in shore, to the eastward of Santa Cruz. A landing was actually effected, but the fortifications were found to be so numerous and powerful, and the heights so inaccessible, as to render success hopeless. The men therefore re-embarked, and happily effected a return to their ships without detection and without loss. By this time, the sight of such an armament hovering on the coast gave the alarm to the inhabitants, and rendered the difficulty of the enterprise proportionably greater. Nelson, however, had formed his plan, and was determined, if he could do nothing else, not to return without giving the Spaniards a specimen of British daring. He resolved to make an assault upon the garrison of Santa Cruz itself. The same afternoon on which we joined the squadron, all the ships came to an anchor at the distance of six or eight miles from the town, intending under cover of the night, to throw as many men as could be spared from the ships on shore to surprise and take the place. For this purpose, about a thousand seamen and marines, together with a small proportion of artillery, were got in readiness from the respective ships. All the boats in the squadron were put

in requisition, and filled with men. The Fox cutter, containing about two hundred men, stowed as close as they could possibly be, was added to the number. The boats were charged to keep as close as possible together, and to preserve the utmost quietness. Unfortunately for our expedition, the night proved very unfavourable, as the wind blew fresh, and created a considerable swell. At about eleven o'clock at night, all the boats made for the pier, in six divisions, having the Fox cutter in tow, the whole preceded by Admiral Nelson, about two or three miles a-head of the rest, in his gig, accompanied by three or four other boats. Dark as was the night, and stealing as quietly as possible along the shore, we were discovered by the sentinels. A scene, the most sublime I ever witnessed, ensued. In an instant, from a death-like silence, all the bells in the place began to ring; the shore all along resounded with their irregular and discordant peals. At the same moment, the blazing fire and tremendous roar of upwards of thirty pieces of cannon, reverberated from the ocean, in contrast with the immediately preceding silence and darkness of midnight. The sensation was thrilling. Had it been on any other occasion, it would have been enchanting. Increasing tumult on shore, confused shouts of men, and the rattling of carriages hastening to the posts of principal danger, were distinctly heard by us; whilst our redoubled energies were employed in concentrating our forces to commence the attack. Perceiving ourselves to be too near the shore and the range of the enemy's guns, we were especially anxious to tow the Fox cutter further out to sea; this, however, could not be attempted without incurring the danger of a raking fire from one of the batteries. In our endeavour to effect this purpose, several of the enemy's shots told upon us severely; one especially most disastrously struck the Fox cut-

\* A significant phrase for the gurgling noise made by a vessel when she is booming through the sea with a favourable gale. The classical scholar will recollect a passage in Homer, in which this circumstance is described with inimitable beauty, and will not be displeased at its insertion here:

Εν δ' ἄνιμος πρῶτον κέρον ἱερὸν, ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα  
Σείσθη, πορφυρεὶν μεγάλη λαχῆ, νηὶς λούσασα.

ter just between wind and water, and she almost immediately sunk. Notwithstanding all our exertions to save our brave fellows, upwards of one half of them perished in the waves.

By this time Admiral Nelson's detachment had reached the pier, and most of the men had effected a landing under a heavy fire from the shore. Just as he himself was stepping out of the boat, and in the very act of drawing his sword, he was struck on the elbow by a cannon ball, when he exclaimed, "Oh, Freemantle, I've lost my arm!" He was immediately conveyed on board his ship, where, after the amputation of his arm, he was put to bed, strong opiates having been administered to lull the pain. The statement which obtained currency of his having written dispatches with his left hand, in the evening of the same day when he lost his arm, is incorrect; it was not till three days afterwards that he wrote his dispatches.

In spite of all these discouragements, together with the loss of another boat and eight men, our brave fellows rushed forward in the face of three or four hundred of the besieged, carried the Mole by storm, spiked the guns with which the place was defended, and were advancing under a heavy fire of musketry and grape shot; but in this dreadful conflict nearly the whole of our men fell, amongst whom were Captain Brown and his first lieutenant. The other detachment, unable to reach the point they first intended, effected a partial landing to the southward of the citadel. Here, however, the swell was so great, that many boats were unable to land their men, and several were swamped and stove in. The men who got on shore made their way to a monastery, expecting to meet with the party under Admiral Nelson. Disappointed as they were, they had yet the hardihood to defend themselves, and even sent a summons for the surrender of the citadel. After holding out till daybreak, they were obliged to send a flag of truce, of which Captain Hood was the bearer, stipulating that they should be allowed to re-embark without molestation, otherwise that the fleet, which was before the town, would

destroy it. During the negotiation between our deputation and the governor, the latter spoke through an interpreter, with a view no doubt to detect them in some statement which might have given him an advantage against them; for no sooner was the treaty ended, than he spoke English as fluently as possible. Glad to get rid of such troublesome guests, he consented to all that was proposed to him, supplying what boats were necessary to assist our men to reach the ships; and exceeding the terms which were stipulated, by supplying our men with meat and drink, receiving the wounded British into their hospital, and allowing the fleet to purchase whatever refreshment they needed whilst they lay before the place: exemplifying the religion they professed.—"If thy enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."—Thus, alas! the golden dream vanished in air; but the sorrowful consequences remained. British valour, like that of Jason and his companions of yore, had achieved exploits almost as miraculous as theirs, and equally deserving of the Golden Fleece: destiny alone rendered their bravery unavailing.

A mournful service was yet to be performed. The remains of the gallant Richard Bowen, captain of the *Terpsichore*, and his first lieutenant, were to be brought off the island. As though our very enemies were desirous of paying a tribute to their merit as warriors, and participated in our grief at their loss, their bodies were conveyed by the Spaniards, in one of their own boats, on board our ship. Preparation was now made for their funeral. The scene was most affecting. As brave and deserving an officer as ever fought the battles of his country on the deep, and, by the express testimony of Nelson himself, as worthy of the gratitude of the British nation as any whose memory is preserved in Westminster Abbey, together with his *Fidus Achates*, was now to be consigned to the inviolable ocean. We were at this time under canvass, and out of soundings: all hands were piped upon deck to add dignity and circumstance to the funeral. There the graceful warriors lay stretched out upon the gratings.\*

\* Several heavy shots were enclosed in each of the coffins, the more readily to sink them.



The most solemn and respectful silence was observed, whilst Captain Thompson proceeded to read the funeral service. Unaccustomed as are the British tars to shew the softer passions, unsusceptible as they may sometimes be thought of the finer feelings, the hardy features of most of them were relaxed into pensive melancholy, and the silent tear was seen falling by stealth from the eyes of several whose recollections of companionship in deeds of valour overcame, for a moment, their usual hardihood. The effect was really solemn, when the corpses were launched into the mighty ocean, just as our Captain ended the following part of the service appointed for the burial of the dead at sea:—"We therefore commit their bodies to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, (when the sea shall give up her dead,) and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who at his coming shall change our vile body, that it may be like his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself."

A scene of a very different nature was soon to engage our attention. Not long after our arrival before Cadiz, the captains of all the ships in the fleet were summoned on board the Admiral's flag-ship to form a court-martial, to try the case of a mutiny which had been concerted on board one of the ships of the squadron on our return from Santa Cruz. The boatswain of the Emerald frigate, with the purpose of revenging some real or pretended injury received from the captain and officers, had instigated a conspiracy against their lives. The plot was arranged, and the time for its execution was just arrived, when the following incident providentially prevented its perpetration. As the boatswain was in close conversation with one of his associates below, one of the sailors happened to be in the immediate neighbourhood unperceived, and distinctly overheard him saying, "I tell you what, Bob, I foresee we shall have a bloody night of it." It was enough. Alarmed at what he had heard, he immediately went aft and requested a private interview with the captain, to whom he

related the foregoing expression, together with other suspicious circumstances which had lately struck his attention, and which abundantly corroborated the presumption, that some treacherous or bloody purpose was just on the point of being executed. The boatswain was instantly seized, arms were found in his possession and on his person, and many other circumstances corroborated the suspicion of the guilty purpose of his breast. He was put in irons, and in a few days the frigate arrived in the fleet. The whole of the evidence was carefully sifted by the court-martial which was called to sit on the case; his guilt was most satisfactorily proved, and he was sentenced to be hung at the yard-arm. On the third day after, which was the time appointed for the execution, a black flag, as is usual, was hoisted at the main-top-gallant-mast-head; and a cutter from each ship in the fleet, fully manned, was ordered to be in attendance to witness the execution. A tail-block was affixed to the fore-yard-arm, and the fatal rope rove through it, so as to admit the chief part of the crew taking hold of it, that at the moment of the signal being given they might run the criminal up to the yard-arm. The boatswain's arms having been pinioned, and his irons taken off, he was brought upon deck, and took his stand on the fore-castle, on a temporary platform provided for the occasion. He was a tall fine-looking man, and conducted himself with great propriety and firmness, acknowledging the justice of his sentence, and expressing his hope that he might find mercy at the hands of the Judge Eternal, through the merits of his Saviour Jesus Christ.

The sight was deeply interesting and impressive. So large a number of boats filled with men, stationed at a proper distance from the Emerald, to witness the tragical scene, lying upon their oars in gloomy silence; the deck of the frigate crowded with her crew and officers, quiet and motionless, waiting for the awful signal; whilst in the meantime every eye was directed towards the scaffold, and fixed upon the unfortunate culprit, attended by an individual stationed close by him, reading the burial service: A white cap was drawn

over his face—the fatal rope put round his neck—the reader was proceeding with the service—the gun from the port, just under the scaffold, was fired, and in its smoke the unhappy man was run up to the yard-arm, where, after the smoke had subsided, he was seen hanging. In about an hour's time he was lowered upon deck, bound up in his bedding and hammock, together with a few large shots, for the purpose of more readily sinking, and then taken in a single boat about eight miles out to sea, so as to be beyond anchorage ground, where he was plunged into his watery grave.

Our intrepid Admiral, subsequent to the unfortunate affair of Santa Cruz, had been sent to England for the purpose of recruiting his strength; which had suffered materially in consequence of the amputation of his arm. Towards the end of the year, [1797,] the surgeon who attended him pronounced that he was again fit for service. It was not, however, till the 1st of April in the following year that he left his native Albion, in the Vanguard of seventy-four guns, to rejoin Earl St Vincent off Cadiz, where he arrived on the twentieth. At this time the ever-restless ambition of the French Republic was hatching a plot of considerable magnitude and importance. The harbour of Toulon was soon discovered to be the centre of operations. All was stir and bustle in that warlike and celebrated depôt. It was not long ere a large fleet of men-of-war was seen hastily getting in readiness for sea, together with a great many transports. Troops in vast numbers were collecting from all quarters, to be under the command of Napoleon Bonaparte. Although they were nearly ready for embarkation, such was the secrecy of the projected enterprise, that none could ascertain the destination of this formidable armament.

As by an infallible presentiment of the future greatness and glory of Britain's choicest naval hero, St Vincent directed his attention to Nelson, and thought this the most suitable time to draw him forth, as a match in all respects adequate to the wily policy and daring prowess of Napoleon. He was accordingly detached

in the Vanguard, and, taking with him the Orion and Alexander, seventy-four gun ships, the Emerald and Terpsichore frigates, and the Bonne Citoyenne, sloop of war, which he found at Gibraltar, proceeded towards Toulon to watch the movements of the French fleet. On his way thither, he learned that it consisted of fifteen sail of the line, besides frigates, and about two hundred transports for the embarkation of forty thousand troops. On the twenty-first of May, not far from Toulon, a heavy gale of wind from the north-west carried away the main and mizen-topmast, and afterwards the foremast of the Vanguard, which constrained the squadron, taking Nelson's ship in tow, to proceed to the island of Sardinia to refit.

Whilst lying at Sardinia, Nelson heard that, on the very day of his disaster, the French fleet put to sea. Not knowing what course they were steering, as soon as the squadron was equipped, he proceeded to his former station; and on the 5th of June, to the no small joy of the squadron, intelligence was brought by the Mutine brig, that on the 30th she had parted from a detachment of ten sail of the line, and a fifty gun ship, which last was our ship, the Leander, on their way to join him. In two days' time the two squadrons were united, which, according to instructions brought by the Mutine from Earl St Vincent, were immediately to go in quest of Bonaparte and the Toulon fleet. The enthusiasm of the men was unbounded. They had long waited for some service by which they might signalize their valour. Here was an occasion worthy of the genius of Nelson, and the high-spirited officers and men under his command. The eyes of Britain, of Europe, of the world, were watching the issue of the expected conflict between two of the greatest chiefs recorded in history, each on his own peculiar element.

The only clew which seemed likely to conduct us to the enemy, was the direction of the wind when they left Toulon, which being to the northward and westward, led to the presumption, that they had shaped their course up the Mediterranean. Signal was accordingly made to pursue the same track. To exasperate our im-

patience, we were for a considerable time becalmed, but at length a breeze springing up, we made sail along the coast of Italy. The first information obtained of the enemy was, I believe, by our ship. By a small vessel whom we hailed, we were informed, that the fleet of which we were in pursuit had been seen off the coast of Sicily. Pursuing our course, on the 16th of June, we came in sight of Mount Vesuvius, and standing into the bay of Naples, sent Captains Trowbridge and Hardy on shore to obtain, if possible, further information. All, however, we could learn from the British ambassador at Naples was, that the French fleet had not put into the bay, but had coasted along the island of Sardinia, standing to the southward. With all possible speed we made for Sicily, where we touched, for the purpose of wooding and watering, and recruiting our provisions. On the 20th of the month we passed the celebrated Straits of Messina. Here a scene as imposing as it was novel presented itself. Already had the progress of the French arms excited the dread and the hatred of the inhabitants, and their attention was eagerly directed towards the only power capable of withstanding French aggression and tyranny. On taking our departure, we were greeted with such a display of devoted affection and respect, as was, perhaps, never surpassed. The sea was covered over with boats filled with persons of the first distinction, chiefly of the ecclesiastical order. It was thought that not less than five hundred priests were present on the occasion. These, adorned with their rich and splendid vestments, and bearing the insignia of their respective orders, elevated their crucifixes, and, with uplifted hands, imploring the blessing of Heaven upon the British arms, in making them instrumental in humbling the haughty and profane enemies of God and men, formed one of the most interesting objects I ever beheld. Nor was our fleet behind in acknowledging with loud and reiterated cheering the sense we had of their good wishes and prayers; the confidence we had in the goodness of our cause, and the assurance we possessed, whenever we should fall in with the stealthy

foe, that British valour would prove an overmatch for French boasting.

Under these favourable auspices, with information obtained that the Toulon fleet had sailed for Malta, had actually taken possession of that important island, and were lying at anchor there, thither we immediately shaped our course with a steady gale from the north-west, confidently hoping that a day or two would lay us alongside of Napoleon and his myrmidons. On the twenty-second, however, the Mutine spoke a Genoese vessel, which informed her that the French fleet took its departure from Malta on the eighteenth, leaving us scarcely any thing else to conjecture, but that as the wind had been steadily blowing from the north-west for several days, Egypt must be its ultimate destination. Thither we instantly directed our way, crowding all the canvass we possibly could, and in six days came in sight of Alexandria; but to our mortification no French fleet was there. We sent a message on shore to the British ambassador; but no information could be obtained. Puzzled to the last degree, we scarcely knew how to proceed. At length it was concluded to retrace our progress, hoping to find the enemy on his way to Egypt. Still, however, we were doomed to disappointment. After having beaten to windward for nearly three weeks, we again made the island of Sicily, where we a second time recruited our provisions; but no additional information could we gain, only that nothing had been heard of the French fleet in those seas, and that it was next to certain it had not returned to Toulon or Gibraltar. Signal was once more made by Admiral Nelson to shape our course for Egypt. When we were not far from the Morea, the Culloden, which generally took the lead, owing to her being a fast-sailing ship, gave chase to a polacre in the French service, which she continued to follow round a headland, till we lost sight of both for a considerable time. At length the Culloden reappeared, with her prize in tow, which, having run into a harbour of shallow water, was pursued by the Culloden's boats, and brought out by them. The instant

the fleet was in sight, the Culloden ran up a signal to the masthead—"Intelligence." The effect upon the fleet was like electricity; every bosom burned to know the particulars. The captain of the polacre was taken on board the admiral's ship, and gave information, that he had, only a few days before, seen the French fleet lying off Alexandria. The joy with which these tidings were received on board our ships, and the alacrity with which the command was obeyed, to make all possible sail to come up with the enemy, are scarcely credible. In the mean time Admiral Nelson made a solemn promise—and which was accordingly fulfilled—that if the information which the captain of the polacre gave proved true, he would restore him his vessel, and set him and all his crew at liberty, with a month's provision; only taking out the wine, with which she was laden, for the use of the fleet.

The French fleet, as we afterwards learned, had put into Rhodes, when we were standing for Egypt the first time, which was the occasion of our missing them. Arrived, as it appears, off Alexandria, on the second day after we had left, the French admiral learned that we had just made our appearance, and hastily departed; information from which the arrogance and vanity of our enemy led them to infer, that our withdrawing so speedily was a consequence of fear, at having heard of their numerical superiority. This delusion, no doubt, made the French admiral less careful to be in readiness for action than he might otherwise have been, had he more justly appreciated the character of British seamen.

On the morning of the first of August, the city of Alexandria once more presented itself to our view, Signal also was made by the ships which had been dispatched before, that the harbour was full of transports, and that the French flag was floating in the wind from the towers of the city. Soon afterwards the fleet itself was descried drawn up in line of battle in Aboukir Bay. Instant signal was made to clear away for action, whilst our ships steered direct for the enemy. To give a description of the general battle is

needless; every one knows it; and the glory which irradiated the British arms on the memorable night of the first of August, will shine resplendent to the end of time. Such, besides, was the full occupation and eagerness with which every man was engaged from the moment of beginning to clear away for action, till nearly the end of the battle, that but few individuals had opportunity to take more than a hasty glance of the process of the engagement; to say nothing of the darkness of the night, illuminated only by conflicting fires from the mouths of the cannon; and the smoke in which both fleets were involved. Leaving this, as most writers have described it, I shall confine myself to a description of only such scenes as fell under my own observation, immediately connected with the *Leander*, and which none could so accurately describe as those who were on board. In consequence of being detained in the neighbourhood of the Culloden—to assist, as far as we were able, to extricate her from the unfortunate situation in which she was placed, having at about seven o'clock in the evening struck on a ridge of rocks, two miles from the scene of action—we were late in coming to an engagement. It having been reported amongst the crew that the admiral had given strict orders, that the *Leander*, being a much smaller ship, and of much lighter metal, than any of the French ships of the line, was on no account to lay any of them alongside, our men were almost in a state of uproar at the disappointment, supposing this prohibition amounted to an exclusion from participating in the glory of the conflict; till they understood from Captain Thompson, that if we could find a situation in which we might "do any good," we were at liberty to run in our ship. We were not long before we discovered such a position; and accordingly we ran the *Leander* betwixt the stations of the *Peuple-Souverain* and the *Franklin* of eighty-four guns, dropping a stern and bower anchor, so as to place our ship right athwart the hawse of the latter ship, within only a few yards' distance, into the bows of which we continued to pour our broadside of twenty-

four pounders so effectually, that in less than half an hour she was completely dismantled. The whole of her bows were soon laid open, and our shots raked her decks with dreadful precision, sweeping away the dense crew which filled them, so that none of the men could at length be brought to fight the bow and fore-castle guns; the only ones which could be brought to bear upon us. The stern-cable of the *Defence* having been shot away by the *Peuple-Souverain*, the former ship swung round, so as to assume an admirable position upon the starboard quarter of our antagonist, and dealt her broadsides with terrible effect. Soon afterwards we observed a singular appearance on board of the *Franklin*; on her fore-castle an English colour was hoisted, but a French colour was flying abaft! At which our captain hailed her, and shouted, "Have you struck?"

To which the French captain replied, "Yes!"

"What do you mean, then," replied Captain Thompson, "by keeping the French colour flying abaft?"

"I cannot get any man on my decks to expose himself while he is striking it," was the reply; "but if you cease firing, I will take it down myself."

This he forthwith did; and, bringing it and his sword on board our ship, presented them to Captain Thompson, saying, "You deserve them, for you have done me all the mischief."

He was, however, conveyed on board the *Defence*, as being the larger ship, to make his surrender; but not till he had requested permission to walk round our ship; which having done, he expressed his amazement, "that such a little box should have conquered so large a ship!"

It was just *after* this event, and not, as has been erroneously stated, *before*, that the dreadful catastrophe of the blowing up of the *Orient*, in whose immediate neighbourhood we were, occurred. We had for a considerable time perceived her to be on fire, and anticipating the event, were adopting every precaution in our power against danger from the explosion; removing every thing from the upper deck which was easily com-

bustible, wetting the sails, and stationing men in all directions with buckets of water in their hands. Even up to this time, whilst the lower deck in the after part of the *Orient* was in flames, such was the fury of the men, that they still continued to fire the guns on the upper decks. At length, however, about ten o'clock, we saw her spritsail yard and bowsprit crowded with men, receding as far as possible from the flames; whilst hundreds were seen jumping overboard, and clinging to spars and other pieces of wreck which were floating in the neighbourhood. The next moment the awful explosion took place, and, in the same instant, for ever disappeared the hundreds of human beings who had just before been seen floating on the bosom of the deep. Dreadful was the concussion; it seemed as though every timber, and joint, and seam of our ship, was severed; whilst blazing masses of rigging and timber, projected an amazing height into the air, were seen suddenly descending in all directions, and in a moment extinguished in the ocean; producing, in awful contrast, the tremendous blaze and explosion of the magazine, with a silence and darkness which seemed as though the world itself had ceased to be. Every man in both fleets appeared paralysed, and for nearly a quarter of an hour no gun was fired; no motion was perceptible.

Not long after this fearful event we perceived a few of the unhappy sufferers, who, contrary to our supposition, had not been destroyed at the moment of explosion, swimming towards our ship, imploring that aid which Britons are known never to refuse to a fallen enemy. The piercing cries of these unfortunate men seem still to vibrate on my ear, as some of them approaching near the *Leander*, cried out,—"*Bon John, give rope! — O, bon John, give rope, give rope!*" As many of them as possible we rescued from a watery grave; though some of them, after all our endeavours, sunk to rise no more. It was wonderful to observe, notwithstanding the deplorable circumstances in which these poor fellows were placed, what strength the *amor patriæ*, or reluctance to acknowledge defeat, exerted in them.

To one of these forlorn creatures, drenched with water and exhausted with fatigue, I said—unseasonably I confess, and it may be thought unfeeling, but it was on the spur of the moment—"Well, Monsieur, what think you now of your Bonaparte?" To which the hapless man, summoning the little energy which remained in him, replied, "O, Monsieur John Bull, dis nothing, dis nothing; vive Napoleon!"

The issue of this dreadful, and, as it respects the British arms, glorious battle of the Nile, is all that needs to be mentioned on the present occasion, having proposed to myself, in compliance with your request, to give a detail of only such occurrences as fell under my own observation, together with such circumstances as are not elsewhere to be met with; excepting, of course, those statements which form the necessary connecting links of the story. Of the thirteen French ships of the line, eleven were taken or destroyed. The only ships which made their escape were, the *Justice* and the *Diana* frigates, and the *Guillaume Tell* and *Généreux*, of seventy-four guns, with the last of whom, in little more than a fortnight afterwards, we were destined to have a severer struggle than any which had been experienced in Aboukir Bay; and of which, as it is closely connected with this part of my history, I shall, in conclusion, give you a brief sketch.

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It was, you may be sure, no way agreeable to the British tars, to see the two seventy-fours and two frigates, who had sustained scarcely any damage—except from a few distinct and occasional shots, just to remind them that they were not forgotten by us—effecting their escape. Admiral Nelson made signal first to one ship, then to another, to endeavour to intercept their flight, but he received in reply,—"Disabled—unfit," &c. They accordingly proceeded, bearing tidings as unwelcome to the French nation, as they were joyous to the British. The second of August was employed by our crew in getting the *Leander* in sailing trim. On the third we were engaged in affording all the assistance in our

power to the *Culloden*; and, on the fifth, Captain Barry, of the *Van-guard*, charged with the dispatches from Admiral Nelson to Earl St Vincent, was sent on board our ship, and we immediately proceeded to convey the intelligence of the glorious victory of the Nile.

Nothing remarkable occurred, nor was our progress retarded, till, on the eighteenth of the month, early in the morning, being within a few miles of the Goza di Candia, the man from the mast-head cried out, "A sail on the starboard quarter—a large ship." At this time the *Leander* was becalmed, whilst the sail in question was evidently bringing up a good breeze with her. She soon discovered herself to be a sail of the line, and with a view to decoy us, ran up Turkish colours. By the shot-holes in her bows, however, we soon recognised her as one of the seventy-fours which had effected her escape from Aboukir Bay; and, on a nearer approach, that she was the *Généreux*, Captain Le Joille. We had no possibility of escape from a ship which was of a force so greatly superior to our own. Nothing remained but to clear away for action, and to render our capture, if unavoidable, as dearly obtained as possible; else an escape, if practicable, would have been advisable, and no man on board for a moment entertained the thought of striking without a battle.

At the battle of the Nile,—such was our almost miraculous exemption from disaster whilst engaged with the *Franklin*,—not one of our men was killed, and only ten were wounded; and those were not wounded by the *Franklin's* guns, scarcely any of which could be brought to bear upon us, but by the descending wreck and some of the iron ballast which fell upon our deck, from the explosion of the *Orient*. Still, however, we were nearly a hundred men short of our complement. In spite of all these disadvantages, the enthusiasm with which our brave fellows manned their guns, and held themselves in readiness, at the word of command, to receive their tremendous antagonist, was amazing. The *Généreux* soon came within range of her guns, on our larboard quarter, and opened a terrible fire upon us. Instantly hauling our

wind, so as to bring our guns to bear, we poured our whole broadside into her. The shots told severely on both sides. One single shot of our first fire, nearly knocked two of the *Généreux's* ports into one, killed two men, and then lodged in her mainmast. This dreadful struggle was continued for four hours without intermission, hurling the thundering messengers of death and destruction into each other, as fast as our guns could be loaded and fired, at not more than forty yards distant.

During the heat of the action, a youth of about eighteen years of age, an assistant to the captain's secretary, and who was stationed at one of the guns in the ward-room, was struck down, to all appearance dead, by the wind of a thirty-six pound shot, which passed close by his head. On examination by the surgeon, although the ball had not struck him, the concussion seemed to have produced a sensible indentation in his skull. Almost as soon as he was brought into the cockpit—where I attended him—and placed in a reclined posture, the blood oozed from his eyes and ears, and flowed copiously from his nose and mouth—a mournful sight. He never spoke afterwards, but died in about an hour and a half after the occurrence.\*

Whilst every one on board that was able to handle a rammer, or carry a cartridge, was needed and called upon to exert every power of his body and mind in this strenuous conflict, I was directed to take charge of four guns on the upper deck, which had now been fought with uncommon vigour and effect for upwards of two hours and a half. Much exhausted with previous care and exertion, I was greatly in want of water, the only drink allowed in British men-of-war during an engagement, and hastily ran to the quarter-deck in quest of a water-cask which had

escaped the general devastation; for almost every one on the gun-decks had been shattered to pieces. Luckily, I found one half full of water, and a jug lying by it. This, having been accidentally concealed, was a prize indeed. I eagerly seized the jug, and was just about to drink, when Captain Thompson, as necessitous as myself, stepped across the deck and requested to share the boon. I presented him with the jug, and having drank, he repaired to his former station, when he was astonished at his providential escape; during the few moments he was drinking the water, the mizen-shrouds, against which he was standing the instant before, were shot away. Nor was this all: an equal Providence saved my life at the same moment; for just as I was hastening to my former post, I was met by a lieutenant who accosted me with, "Why, —, I'm happy to see you alive! Where have you been? Every man within the last minute has been killed at the two guns where you were just standing!"—they were eleven in number.

All the cartridges on board the *Généreux*, as we afterwards learned, being expended, she sheered alongside with an evident intention to board us, and came so near as to carry away two of our ports; such, however, was the *intrepidity* of her crew, that though the captain gave the command to board, not one of his men would obey; at this moment, indeed, scarcely ten men were to be seen on her upper-deck. Our fore-castle at this juncture was crowded with men, seeking the very object which their opponents shunned, and endeavouring to grapple the *Généreux* for this purpose: one of our men had actually thrown a rope over her starboard cat-head, and was in the act of belaying it, when she sheered off and broke the rope. Could we at this instant but

\* This brings to my recollection another singular circumstance, which happened some years afterwards under my own eye. Being on a cruise in quest of some merchant ships, we had to run close under a heavy fire from a battery on shore, when our captain was knocked down on his back in a similar manner, by the wind of a large shot, and did not recover his senses for eight days. At length he was taken on shore to an hospital, where, after a careful examination of his body, a small spot, scarcely larger than a pea, was discovered on his right shoulder. No sooner was this lanced, than a dark-coloured humour flowed from the incision, and he almost instantly recovered the use of his faculties.

have lashed her fast, there is little doubt but we should have carried her. So enraged was Captain Le Joille at the dastardly conduct of his crew, that he threatened, if his men did not come upon the upper deck and board the *Leander*, he would blow up his ship. At this they came upon deck; but the moment was gone by; the opportunity for ever lost.

By this time the *Leander* had lost both her fore and main topmasts, and her mizen-mast; whilst the *Généreux* had lost only her mizen-mast: our ship, therefore, lay like a log in the water, whilst that of the enemy was completely under command. The *Généreux* then forged ahead, and ran down considerably to leeward, in order to prepare cartridges for another assault, which they did by cutting up their stockings to make bags for the powder. Whilst she was effecting this movement, either through incaution, or supposing our cartridges were as deficient as her own, or that as our masts and rigging having fallen on the starboard side, our guns were disabled; she passed down towards our starboard-quarter, affording us a charming opportunity to revenge our injuries. Our upper-deck guns were, indeed, utterly disabled with the wreck of our masts and sails, but our lower deck was ready; and accordingly we brought the whole battery of our heaviest metal on the starboard side to bear, and poured two most efficient broadsides into our antagonist as she passed us.

Having effected her purpose, and being exasperated to the highest pitch at our last destructive fire, she was coming up for a second conflict. Farther resistance would have been madness, not bravery. I informed Captain Thompson of the extent of our loss of men, and suggested to him the propriety of yielding the contest, against so fearful a disparity, else that the lives of all our brave fellows would be lost. The command was given to strike: not, however, till taking the precaution of sinking the dispatches, together with every other valuable document, to the bottom of the ocean. These, as is usual in case of danger of being captured, had been attached to a heavy shot, and suspended by a cord

out of one of the gun-room ports. This cord was cut, and the British flag struck at the same instant, whilst the tri-coloured flag was hoisted on the stump of our mizen-mast.

The position of the *Généreux* at this moment was such, as to be unable to lay us alongside, and all her boats were so shattered as to be useless. In this emergency, in order to put her men on board our ship, they constructed a raft of such spars and planks as were at hand, and a considerable number of men descended upon it; but instead of being able to reach us they were drifted to leeward. At length some of the men who were able to swim plunged into the sea, and swimming towards our ship, laid hold of the wreck which adhered to us, and scrambled, as well as they were able, up the sides of the *Leander*.

Thus ended a conflict, disastrous indeed in its issue to the *Leander*, but than which, perhaps, nothing more brave or daring was ever attempted on the ocean. That a ship of only fifty guns, the very largest of which carried only a twenty-four pound shot; whilst that of our antagonist was one of the most powerful of the French seventy-fours, whose large guns carried a thirty-six pound shot; the crew of the latter being at least seven hundred men, whilst that of the former was only two hundred and sixty; that such a ship should have sustained a conflict of upwards of six hours, at such frightful odds, will ever redound to the honour of the British navy, and the intrepidity of its hearts of oak.

On board the *Leander* thirty-eight men were killed and forty-eight wounded; whilst the *Généreux* had eighty-eight men killed, and one hundred and twelve wounded. Of those who survived to take possession of our ship, such a set of vagabonds, sure, never before trode the decks of a British man-of-war. The very sight of them was loathsome to behold, as they crawled up the sides of our gallant ship, in their filthy rags, dripping with water, and seemingly half famished. But their appearance was even princely, compared with their conduct. The moment they reached our deck, lost to all sense of honour or shame, their only object appeared to be plunder. They were



seen like so many savages, struggling with each other who should soonest reach the officers' berths, in order to rifle whatever they contained, deciding, in some instances, the partition of what they had plundered, by seizing each other by the throat.

Complaint was made to the French officers, and to Le Joille himself, of the rapacity of the men; but our remonstrances were heard only with a contemptuous sneer, and an intimation that their men had hardly enough earned the recompense they were reaping. Instead of any regard to that sense of honour which is so sacredly preserved by every man on board a British man-of-war, where each considers himself charged with maintaining the character of his country for justice and humanity towards the vanquished, this Gallic rabble resembled the bloodhounds of some vile privateer, or Algerine corsair. One little circumstance, which redounds as much to the honour of an English boy, who attended upon Captain Thompson, as it reflects disgrace upon Le Joille and his crew, is not undeserving of mention. Aware of the plunder to which his master's property was to be subjected, as well as that of the other officers, this faithful lad espied the captain's quadrant, and endeavoured to conceal it; unable to effect his purpose, he snatched it up, and was chased round the deck by one of Le Joille's scoundrels, and when he found all his efforts vain to elude his pursuer, to the no small mortification of the Frenchman, he threw it overboard, through one of the ports. Whilst the officers were thus treated on board their own ship, our common men fared no better when they were taken on board the *Généreux*. Whatever little effects they had endeavoured to rescue on their persons, were wrested from them by the harpies of rapine, as soon as they reached her execrable decks, being stripped of every thing but the clothes which covered their nakedness.

Of eighteen officers of the *Leander*, who were allowed to remain on board our own ship, I was one. We were then taken in tow by the *Généreux*, and proceeded towards the island of Malta, when we were as near being recaptured by the British fleet as possible. Suspecting no

danger, since the capture of the island by Bonaparte, Le Joille was standing for the harbour, when, on the fourth morning after our capture, a sail, which afterwards proved to be a French merchant vessel, was seen in the offing, which, on a nearer approach, perceiving the *Généreux* to be a French ship, made all possible sail towards us, with the intelligence, opportune enough for our enemy, though unfortunate for us, that a British squadron was blockading the place. But for this information, we had run into the very bosom of our own fleet, and, being once descried by them, must have fallen into their hands; as the *Généreux* was in a state too crippled to have effected an escape.

Instantly altering our course, we made all possible speed for the island of Corfu, where after a few days we arrived. All the British prisoners on board the *Généreux* were detained in a castle on the island, till an exchange of prisoners, provided for by Admiral Nelson after the battle of the Nile, who stipulated as a condition of landing in Egypt the prisoners he had taken, that an equal number of British prisoners of war should be exchanged by cartel. We, on the contrary, from on board the *Leander*, were sent in a small vessel up to Ragusa, and put on board a lazaretto, where we performed a quarantine of twenty-one days. The time we spent here, however, was far from being tedious. The inhabitants of Ragusa having heard of the victory of the Nile, and that we were part of the officers who fought and conquered on that glorious occasion, vied with each other who should shew the greatest marks of kindness and liberality towards us. Comfortable beds were provided for each of us, and every day we were supplied with all kinds of the choicest provisions, wines, and fruit: nothing they could procure was thought too good, no honour they could confer upon us too great.

After ending our quarantine at Ragusa, we were taken across the Gulf to Barletta, where we were again obliged to perform quarantine for fourteen days longer. Preparation was then made, by order of Sir William Hamilton, the British ambassador at Naples, at the expense

of the British government, to have us conveyed across the country, in order to rejoin our fleet. Seven commodious carriages were got in readiness for our journey, with directions, that we were to put up at the very best hotels in the towns through which we had to pass, and that no cost was to be spared in our entertainment, as a testimony of the gratitude of our country to the heroes of the Nile.

It was perfectly amusing to witness the commotion created in the villages and towns through which we passed; all was hilarity and merriment; especially at the hotels where we spent the nights. Our journeys were so arranged, that we usually arrived where we were to sleep, about four o'clock in the afternoon. This afforded us the most favourable opportunity of pleasant intercourse with the inhabitants. More than once we were honoured with a ball, or public assembly, and greeted wherever we went as deliverers from the hated aggression and tyranny of France; accosted ever and anon by the familiar, and, as it would seem, favourite appellation, of "Mi Lor Jack."

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery through which we passed; the effect was like enchantment. To those unaccustomed to the sight, the manner in which the vines are here trained, presents a most interesting and delightful object; extending their ample branches to adjacent trees, so arranged as to present their rich dependants most advantageously to the southern sun; whilst the clustering grapes are seen intermingling themselves, here with their own rich foliage, and there with the leaves and fruit of trees totally dissimilar. For fifteen or twenty miles together every variety of hill and dale, mantled over with foliage the most luxuriant and variegated, and with

fruit of the richest hues, attract and detain the gaze of the beholder; whilst the more elevated ground, clothed with flocks, and tended by their musical shepherds, cannot fail to associate in the mind of the admirer of classic lore, the strains of the Mantuan Bard, who erst, with his oaten-pipe, made the woodlands so sweetly to resound the beauteous *Amarillis*!

After a journey of four days, we once more got sight of the ocean, and at the same time of a part of Nelson's fleet, lying at anchor in the bay of Naples. For once, I acknowledge, the sight of British men-of-war, did not, as formerly, fill me with enthusiasm. The recollection of the perils in which I had so long been placed, in contrast, perhaps, with the gleams of pleasure with which I had been solaced on shore; but chiefly the prospect of being again engaged in foreign service, and in new perils, without having once enjoyed the privilege of visiting my native shore, spread a temporary gloom over my mind. Leave, however, was given us, through the kind indulgence of Admiral Nelson, to spend a few days in the city of Naples, where hospitable entertainment, beautiful scenery, and intelligent company, combined to promote our happiness. We were then distributed among the ships, according to our respective ranks, merit, and time of service. I and two of my companions were appointed on board the *Vanguard*. Not long after this appointment, we fell in with and captured two polacres, on board one of which I was permitted to return to my native home, in beloved Alblon. Thus were the cheerless forebodings, in which I had so lately indulged, like many others both before and since, dissipated by happier occurrences than would have been credited in the hour of despondency.

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## LORD CASTLEREAGH AND MR CANNING.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR,

FROM THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS PEEBLEDGE COURTENAY.

SIR,—Two articles in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*,\* treating of the Foreign Policy of England, under the administrations of Lord Castlereagh and of Mr Canning, have been the subject of criticism in the *New Monthly Magazine*.† As the author of these Articles, I request permission to make your far-spread Miscellany the channel of a reply to this critique.

Postponing the remarks, savouring of personality and bitterness, with which the "friend of Mr Canning" has seasoned his arguments, I proceed to notice, in their order, his criticisms upon those parts of my Reviews upon which he has found it convenient to observe.

I might perhaps make an objection to the description which is given of the purport of my argument. "The Reviewer argues that there was nearly an exact similarity between the principles of the two statesmen." My argument would have been more correctly, or at least more clearly, explained, by stating, as its objects, the establishment of these positions: That no material difference in the two systems had any practical effect upon the conduct of England; and particularly that Lord Castlereagh did not systematically repress, nor Mr Canning systematically support, liberal and popular institutions in other countries.‡

For the "fashionable" denial of merit to Mr Canning, which is said to have preceded the publication of Mr Stapleton's "Political Life of Mr Canning," I am not responsible; and was assuredly never guilty of imputing to any statesman as a fault, that his measures were referable to some general principle.¶ Yet I will confess, that I always regard with some distrust, an essay on whatever subject, which begins by asserting the superiority of "an enlarged view," and speaks contemptuously of "little minds," and "a narrow grasp of intellect." Those only will differ

from me in this distrust, who have usually found such disclaimers of littleness, followed by a proportionate liberality and grandeur of sentiment.

I questioned the "taste" of Mr Stapleton, in interlarding his eulogy upon Mr Canning, with sarcasms and spears at Lord Castlereagh.‡ "What a notion," says the indignant critic, "does this convey of the principles of some statesmen! As if the truths of history were the proper concern of a master of the ceremonies!"

If I entertained for a moment the suspicion, that Mr Stapleton himself was the writer of the letter, this passage instantly dispelled it. A person who had peculiar opportunities of observing, for five years, the daily operations of an elegant mind, could not refer the niceties of judgment, feeling, and propriety, to a common standard with courtly etiquette; or wish to restore to political society and literature that barbarous roughness, which an imitation of Mr Canning would remove.

Surely, without "concealing his sentiments with respect to Lord Castlereagh," Mr Stapleton might have becomingly avoided expressions of contempt. The relative situation of that minister with Mr Canning particularly called for this forbearance. Mr Canning felt this, and something more, when he expressed his hope that he felt as it deserved, the manliness and generosity with which his rival had voluntarily tendered to him in 1812 the seals of the Foreign Office. "What would be thought of me, what should I deserve to be thought of by every liberal mind—if after such a transaction as I have described, I could even pause for a moment to consider in what order, with respect to each other, my noble friend and I should march towards one common object in the service of our country? In that transaction, any

\* No. xv. art. 2. No. xvi. art. 5.

† No. cxxxiii.

‡ See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, xv. 35.¶ *New Monthly Magazine*, cxxxiii. 33.§ *Foreign Quarterly Review*, xvi. 401.

feelings which had previously separated my noble friend and myself were buried for ever. The very memory of them was effaced from our minds, *nor can I compliment the good taste of those who would call them up from oblivion.*"\*

He was careful, in his after-life, to avoid all appearance of the bitterness which it was perhaps not in human nature perfectly to extinguish.

I will make no objection to the slight correction which the Letter-writer makes on what he conceives to be my description of Mr Stapleton's object, the more readily as, in the passage quoted for this description, I had not Mr Stapleton particularly in view.† Let it be taken, then, as Mr Stapleton's object to prove, "that Mr Canning aided the cause of liberty in Europe, by withdrawing the powerful support of England from those who endeavoured to suppress all liberal opinions."‡

My objects were to shew, that the support said to be withdrawn, had never been given; and that "the cause of liberty in Europe" had not been the object of the policy of Lord Castlereagh with one intention, or of Mr Canning with another.

But I am reproached with setting up my own opinion against those of more competent persons. Lady Canning, it is said, must have been acquainted with the sentiments of her husband; Lord Londonderry with those of his brother. It may be so; but each of these eminent persons is the very worst witness of the thoughts or actions of *the other's* Hero; and is not a good witness of the merits of his own. The allowance which, with perfect sincerity, I have made for the partialities and amiable prejudices of the Secretary, are due, tenfold, to the widow and the brother.

So far, therefore, as the alleged misrepresentation of the policy of the one statesman depends upon a

misrepresentation of the policy of the other, those whose exclusive object it is to exalt either, ought surely to be heard with special caution.

But Lord Grey is also quoted. "He must," as is said, according to me, "have been ignorant of the policy of both." Lord Grey was ignorant of the policy of both. He had a full share of that sort of ignorance which is produced by continued opposition, rivalry, and disappointment. And all that I have taken the liberty of observing upon Lord John Russell, is applicable to Lord Grey, who has applauded the views of the noble historian. But what has Lord Grey said, and how far has his treatment of Mr Canning's policy that character of consistency without which it is of no value? Observe: He had been the opponent of Mr Pitt, Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh; against Mr Canning he directed, in 1827,§ the bitterest effusion of his own sarcastic eloquence, treating, as "a ridiculous boast," his pretensions to merit in respect of South America, and exposing [very justly] the infatuation of those Whigs who pretended to consider him as the special friend of liberty. Recently, however, speaking from the government bench in the House of Lords, which the friends of Mr Canning had enabled him to fill,—sitting opposite to the more peculiar friends of Lord Castlereagh, and answering Lord Castlereagh's brother on a point of foreign policy—he utters a sentence of approbation of Mr Canning's system, "so far as it differed from Lord Castlereagh's." He excerpts from his commendation the transactions with *Portugal* and with *Greece*. He had formerly described Mr Canning's treatment of *Spain* in 1823, as "betraying the interests, tarnishing the honour, and endangering the prosperity of England;"|| and yet, if Hansard be correct, my antagonist has even underrated the approbation

\* Speech on the Lisbon affair, 6th May, 1817. Parl. Deb. xxxvi. 222.

† The article in No. XV. was intended for a correction of misrepresentations of England's policy, from the time of Mr Pitt. It was in the first instance written as a review of Lord John Russell's republished Letter.

‡ New Monthly Magazine, p. 33-4.

§ 10th May. Parl. Deb. vii. 720.

|| 12th May, 1823. Parl. Deb. ix. 173-4.

which the same Lord Grey has recently expressed. He tells us that he "zealously supported Mr Canning's foreign policy in general, not because it was that of Lord Castlereagh, but because it was a step towards retracing the injudicious policy of his predecessor." Now, I have in vain searched the debates of the Lords for the proofs of this support, much less of its alleged foundation. There is nothing upon the subject till we come to the vituperative speech of 1827, in which Lord Grey denied to Mr Canning the praise of a peculiar and a wiser policy. "I am sure that he has not himself led to the holding up of this contrast. I am sure that it has been owing to the indiscretion of his friends."\* Again, "during the whole course of his public career, there is not any man who has less approved of his conduct than myself." Lord Grey then mentioned South America as the only point on which the "contrast" could be plausibly maintained, and proceeded with characteristic severity to deprive him of any merit on that account. No, sir, whatever Lord Grey may now say, Mr Canning had not the misfortune, while alive, to concur in foreign, any more than in domestic policy, with the leader of the Whigs!

I rely not so much upon personal authority, as upon the public acts and speeches of the Ministers whose conduct I examine; yet it is scarcely reasonable, that when Lord Grey, the head of the Opposition, is to be quoted, Lord Liverpool, the head of the Government, is to be rejected! Although responsible for every measure of the Foreign Department, from 1812 to 1827, and the expounder of the Foreign Policy in the House of Lords, he is supposed to have not been free to interfere in foreign affairs, because he had been, as it is said, elected Premier by his colleagues. It is true that the late King gave to the members of the Cabinet which had been led by Mr Perceval, an unusual share in the nomination of his First Minister; but it would be

a libel upon the character of Lord Liverpool to say, that he so far neglected the duties of the office, to which he had thus succeeded, as to permit, unconcerned, a total change of policy in a most important branch of his administration. That he was, "for some years before Lord Castlereagh's death, uneasy at the state of foreign affairs"† is probable enough; Lord Castlereagh himself, there is little doubt, was not very comfortable under all that was going on in Europe; nor is Lord Grey quite easy at the present moment; but to trace the uneasiness of the Premier to his disapprobation of the Foreign Secretary, is a gratuitous assumption.

I am far from denying that much is in the power of the Secretary of State who writes the dispatches, and talks to Foreign Ministers: he may give a different *tone* to the communications, and this change of tone may lead to more substantial alterations. I believe that Mr Canning did alter the tone; and I admit that it is "by an examination of facts alone" that we can ascertain whether there was a fundamental change of system. But surely the burthen of the proof lies upon him who would maintain that a Prime Minister of unimpeached integrity, and acknowledged talents, permitted, almost without knowing it, an entire change to be effected by his subordinates in the policy of his government.

Let us proceed then to the facts and deductions which are in dispute.

To shew not only that Mr Canning came into office without any avowed disapprobation of Lord Castlereagh's policy, and intention to change it, but "with the decided and unequivocal recognition of it as the principle of his own administration,"‡ I referred to his adoption of the Circular of 1821. The first half of this assertion is readily admitted,§ the second half is denied. The Letter-writer does not stoutly contend with Mr Stapleton, that it was a paper of 1820, not that of 1821, to which Mr Canning referred. Indeed the proofs which I adduced on

\* Parl. Deb. xvii. 726.

† New Monthly Magazine, p. 34.

‡ Foreign Quarterly Review, xvi. 401,

and New Monthly Magazine, 43.

§ New Monthly Magazine, p. 35.

this head are demonstrated.\* But he says that the principle laid down in the Circular is "not sufficiently fundamental to establish the fact of similarity of policy."

Let any impartial man read the terms in which Mr Canning spoke of this Circular, and say that he meant to express any thing but an unqualified adoption of the principles laid down in it, with the qualifications annexed, and no others? Or that it is not a fundamental, predominant, and universal rule for governing the conduct of England in all the matters to which it referred; that is, all cases in which a question might arise, connected with *the establishment or suppression of internal constitutions amongst any people, and the interference of other powers therewith?*

These are the very cases about which we are disputing; and it is in reference to these that the Circular is adopted as the "political creed" of Mr Canning and his colleagues.

"Faithful to the principles which his Majesty has promulgated to the world as constituting the rule of his conduct, his Majesty declined being party to any proceedings at Verona, which could be deemed an interference in the internal concerns of Spain on the part of Foreign Powers."†

For the plain rule thus sanctioned, your correspondent would substitute another, at once, as he conceives, comprehensive and intelligible, bearing upon every measure of foreign policy, and serving as a test by which all might be tried. This is "to make England preserve the balance not only between contending nations, but between conflicting principles." Now mark; this rule was given by Mr Stapleton as a quotation from Mr Canning. But he made a most important addition, which I took the liberty of substracting from it,‡ as not to be found in Mr Canning's speeches. This addition the Letter-writer does not venture to restore:—"Giving," subjoins Mr Stapleton, "the preference to neither, but aiding rather the liberal side, because the anti-liberals

were then the strongest." I must now carry my correction farther: "the balance" is a very pregnant expression, implying the preservation of an equipoise, by the occasional addition of weight to one side or the other. Nothing about a balance is in the speech of Mr Canning! Not only did he not profess the intention of aiding the "Liberals," but he never contemplated, under any circumstances, the grant of aid to either party. All that he did profess was to be "NEUTRAL between contending nations, and between conflicting principles."

Having thus reduced the "comprehensive and intelligible rule" of policy, to a form in which it is comprehensive and intelligible, namely, the form in which it was pronounced by Mr Canning, I will now, for the sake, not of detracting from Mr Canning's merit, but of proving his consistency, shew that this same principle was announced by Lord Liverpool, in defending and explaining the Circular itself. "No one who looked at the affairs of Europe dispassionately, could avoid seeing that there were two conflicting principles in the world. Never did Russia, Austria, and Prussia, do a more ill-advised act, than when they put forth that (the Troppau) declaration. Till then, it might be doubted whether there were two extreme principles, the disposition to crush all revolutions, without reference to time, to circumstances, to causes, or to the situation of the nations in which they arose. The other extreme principle, which he was sorry to see manifested in the noble Lords opposite, was to uphold all revolutions, not looking to their causes or justification. Revolution seemed to them to be certain good; the name cheered up their hearts. Let their Lordships look then to the constitution of Great Britain, which they boasted to be as far removed from despotism on the one hand, as from wild revolutionary principles on the other. They would see that the policy which the constitution demanded between two such principles, was neutrality. Neutrality was our policy—neutrality would

\* Foreign Quarterly Review, xvi. 400.

† Lord Commissioner's Speech, February 4th, 1823. Parl. Hist. viii. 1.

‡ Foreign Quarterly Review, xvi. 403-4.

command the respect of all the nations, and of all the temperate and moral men of Europe.\*

These were the sentiments of Lord Liverpool, while Lord Castlereagh was Foreign Secretary, and Mr Canning was out of office. They agree entirely with the doctrine of Mr Canning, when restored to its original purity.

This restoration of the pure text entirely destroys the illustration—fanciful enough in any case—which the Letter-writer gives of the superiority of his favourite maxim. “Abstinence,” says the Letter-writer, “from interference in the cause of Spain, would have been beneficial to the cause of liberty. In the case of Poland, it has benefited the cause of despotism.”† Non-interference, it appears to be thence argued, may be the principle at one time of one system, at another of its opposite.

Mr Canning’s principle would operate in the case of Poland, as it operated in the case of Spain, to a strict and impartial *neutrality*. If he had lived to this time, he would have asked, not whether the Poles were oppressed, but whether the interests of England were nearly and surely endangered by the confirmed aggrau-dizement of Russia.

Not a word from Mr Canning justifies the belief, that he abstained from interference in Spain, for the sake of benefiting the cause of liberty. I will not ask you to insert the speech of the 30th April, 1823, but I beg that those passages of it may be once more perused, in which Mr Canning urges the possible danger to ensue to England from the wider diffusion of liberal institutions.‡

The Letter-writer suspends his comments upon the Circular of 1821, to convict me of a blundering admission, “in contradiction to my main argument.” I had referred to the uneasiness of Mr Canning, while in the Cabinet with Lord Castlereagh, at the mode in which the diplomacy of England was conducted. I had mentioned his jealousy of the too intimate union of our representative with those of the continental powers;

and his justifiable confidence in his own ability to “pursue the interests of England, by measures of a different style.”§ Read, I beg, the very next line of my review, and you will find me connecting his contemplated difference of style, with a perfect conformity in principle, more particularly in reference to the institutions of foreign countries, the principal subject of alleged distinction. My admission, far from being inconsistent with any argument which I have used, is itself, in a new form, my favourite position.

We return to the famous Circular. I am accused of “unfairly” omitting those of Mr Stapleton’s criticisms, which are in commendation of this state paper; and he gives the passage at length. After censuring Lord Castlereagh for his tardiness in remonstrating against the objectionable principles of the Allies, and for avowing, that if those principles had not been forced upon his notice by a written communication, he would not have observed upon them, Mr Stapleton admits, that “the answer, when it did come, was in some respects worthy of a British minister, since it condemned, in strong and energetic language, the most preposterous of the doctrines of the Alliance;” and then again, resuming the tone of censure, he imputes insincerity to the opinions tardily promulgated, and blames the “saving clause of justification for Austria.”

If there be—which I indignantly deny—unfairness in my citations, it consists rather in the suppression of certain expressions of censure, than in the omission of those few words of slight commendation which a curious enquirer may discover in this criminatory passage.

The Letter-writer shares with Mr Stapleton a misconception of the occasion and object of the Naples Circular, and of one of its particular expressions, to which, as I noticed it but briefly in the Review,|| I will now again advert.

The Circular of the three allied courts from Troppau,¶ after mentioning the revolution at Naples, its

\* March 2, 1821. Parl. Deb. iv. 1064.

† New Monthly Mag. p. 35.

‡ Foreign Quarterly Review, xvi. 405, 6.

§ Ibid, xvi. 398, 9.

|| Ibid, xvi.

¶ Dec. 8, 1820. Ann. Reg. for 1820, vol. ii. p. 735.

dangerous example to legitimate governments, its inconsistency with the existing compact between European states, the right and necessity of interfering by joint measures of precaution, the invitation of the King of the two Sicilies to Laybach, and their resolution not to recognise governments which had been produced by open rebellion, proceeded thus:—"France and England have been invited to participate in this step, and it is to be expected that they will not refuse their concurrence, as the principles on which the invitation is founded are perfectly conformable to the treaties which they have formerly signed, and besides, offer a pledge of the most just and peaceable sentiments."

England had hitherto taken no part; she had been perfectly neutral,\* neither doing nor saying any thing upon the subject, except that she would be neutral; but not interrupting her relations with revolutionized Naples. When the Allies not only promulgated doctrines, with respect to interference for the suppression of a revolt, to which England could not assent, but expressed a confidence that she would participate in these measures of interference, as to Naples, because her treaties bound her to interfere, it became necessary to publish formally, and in the face of the world, the dissent which we had always expressed in diplomatic intercourse, from these objectionable doctrines, and from the construction put upon our treaties. Moreover, as the right of interference was stated generally, and might, therefore, by possibility be applied to any political change which might occur in this country, it was thought necessary to remind the Allies, and his Majesty's Ministers abroad, that in no case would any such interference be admitted by England† herself, and she, therefore, could not enforce it upon others. "The system of measures proposed, if reciprocally acted upon,

would be in direct repugnance to the fundamental laws of this country."

The necessity for denouncing the principles asserted, arose only when they were stated generally, and as principles which England had promised to enforce. The misconception consists in supposing that the doctrines of Troppau were in themselves repugnant to our laws. As between Austria, Russia, and Naples, the doctrine, however preposterous, could not be in any way affected by our internal constitution.

Our remonstrance, therefore, was made, so soon as the occasion required it.

The Letter-writer, who well knows that Mr Canning's approbation was applied to this particular paper, finds himself in a difficulty when he attempts to reconcile Mr Stapleton's criticisms upon it with Mr Canning's unqualified concurrence. His mode of extrication is ingenious. Mr Canning, he admits, praised "the rule and its exceptions," and so does Mr Stapleton; but Mr Stapleton agrees with Mr Canning in his commendation of the rule and its exceptions, but condemns the particular application which in the Circular is made of these exceptions.

He blames it, for that "it volunteers to admit that the position of Austria with respect to Naples came within the exception, and justified a forcible interference." Thus, according to Mr Stapleton and his friend, the dispatch, it would seem, addressed to Naples, is an admirable paper, full of just principles, qualified with exact propriety; and only wrong when it treats of Naples, and of the events which had occasioned its issue!

And to this paper, Mr Canning—precise as he was in notions and in language, accustomed to an almost excessive nicety of distinction—twice appealed publicly as his political creed, and "clung with fond pertinacity!"

\* See Lord Liverpool's speeches, 19th Feb. and 2d March, and Lord Castlereagh's of 21st Feb. and 20th March, 1821. Parl. Deb. iv. 760, 1063, 865, and 1355.

† See Lord Liverpool's speech, iv. 761; Lord Castlereagh's speech, p. 871; and the Circular itself.

‡ See Lord Castlereagh's speech of 21st March, 1821 Parl. Deb. iv. 869.



This is absolutely incredible. Now here, as throughout the book, the error lies in misrepresenting not Mr Canning, but Lord Castlereagh.

That Minister did *not* justify the forcible interference of Austria. Upon the strictest principle of neutrality, he admitted that either party might be right, but declined giving an opinion upon the question.\*

Now, it may be true—I greatly doubt it, but I might admit it without any injury to my argument—that Mr Canning had, in 1823, a more decided opinion *against* Austria, than Lord Castlereagh had in 1821.

Nothing could have been more entirely contrary to Mr Canning's diplomacy, than to promulgate that opinion, unless he was prepared to enforce it by war. In this he was *not* prepared; and could, therefore, with perfect consistency, approve of the whole paper, even though he did not concur, in every sentiment, with its composer.

But, it has happened, strangely enough, and may at least serve to shew that if I am guilty of omissions, they are not all on one side, that I omitted all mention of the speech in which Mr Canning, then disconnected with the Government, gave his opinion of this celebrated document. The immediate subject of debate was the instructions given to Sir William A'Court, to protect the royal family of Naples.† In taking his share of the responsibility attaching to his deviation from the rule of non-interference, Mr Canning said, "at that period he entirely agreed with his colleagues, that the principle to be acted upon was one

of entire and strict neutrality,—neutrality not in word only, but in deed." And after justifying the exception, he added, "with this simple exception, it was the opinion of his Majesty's Government when he was a member of it, and he had no doubt that that opinion remained unchanged—that a perfect neutrality should be preserved,—*an entire absence from any participation in the policy or councils of the Allies.*" He then charged Sir Robert Wilson (the mover) with a desire for war; and gave his own opinion for peace. "He saw that the principles of liberty were in operation, and should be one of the last persons who would attempt to restrain them, but there was a difference between excusing an action when done, and using such means as should incite to that action." He reprobated the complacency with which the murder of Charles the First had been contemplated; and proceeded thus:—"In stating once more that he was the advocate of an unqualified neutrality, he should advert for a moment to another course which had been hinted at. It was said that there were means by which this country might aid the Neapolitans, without committing itself to the issue of their struggle; that it might at least give the sanction of their *opinion* to the cause of freedom. Now it was upon that point more than any other, that he was at issue with the gentleman opposite. If it was right that with a view to favour the progress of liberty, we should declare our alliances broken, and make war against those who are now called the oppressors of the earth, in God's

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\* "With respect to the particular case of Naples, the British Government, at the very earliest moment, did not hesitate to express their strong disapprobation of the mode and circumstances under which that revolution was understood to have been effected; but they, at the same time, expressly declared to the several Allied Courts that they should not consider themselves, as either called upon, or justified, to advise an interference on the part of this country; they fully admitted, however, that the other European States, and especially Austria and the Italian powers, might feel themselves differently circumstanced; and they professed that it was not their purpose to prejudge the question as it might affect them, or to interfere with the course which such States might think fit to adopt, with a view to their own security, provided only that they were able to give any reasonable assurance that their views were not directed to purposes of aggrandizement, subversive of the territorial system of Europe, as established by the late treaties."—See Circular of 19th Jan. 1821. Parl. Deb. iv. 284.

† See Ann. Reg. 1820. Pt. 2. p. 745-6. In my Review, xvi, the date of 1813 is inadvertently given for 1821.

name let that course be decidedly taken." And then he described the House sitting "day after day, and night after night," &c. "Of all modes of support which England could extend to other countries, a constructive support was the most unfair \* \*

\* \* \* Was it not romantic to talk of embarking the country, not on account of duty, alliance, or obligation, but merely as matter of sympathy and feeling, in a war in which she had neither interest nor concern?

\* \* \* The House had been told that we had arrived at a great crisis, in which the monarchical and the democratical opinions were at war throughout the world, and that England must make up her mind which side she would espouse. We were called upon to espouse 'the new opinions,' as Queen Elizabeth, (the heroine of Sir James Mackintosh) had been supposed to have espoused those of the Reformation. But he denied that 'she plunged into wars of which she could see no end.' No. Rapin said that she followed those wars 'as long as they served her own interest.' The remainder of this interesting speech consisted of reiterated deprecation of war and interference.

If I had truly been arguing for victory rather than for truth, it would have been politic to keep back this memorable speech, for the purpose of a triumphant reply. But I use it for sober truth. It furnishes evidence, stronger, if possible, than that which I had before, of every one of my positions.

Here is a speech, delivered by Mr Canning out of office, explaining and defending the foreign policy of the Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh; enouncing the same doctrines, and displaying the same illustrations, as those which he afterwards adopted, in explaining his own policy; and treating, with mingled contempt and indignation, those notions of chivalrous patronage of European liberty,

which have since been imputed to him.

I have not entered upon the question between the Duke of Wellington and Mr Canning's representatives, as to the "moral support" to be given to the Constitutionalists in Portugal. But I would recommend to those who have invented this novel term in diplomacy, a perusal of the speech of March 1821.

It is now with more confidence than ever that I repeat, that "Mr Canning came into office with a decided and unequivocal recognition of Lord Castlereagh's policy, as the principle of his own administration." \*

I now come to South America. I had shewn that Lord Castlereagh, in July 1822, had warned the government of Spain, of our eventual recognition of the revolted provinces;† and that thenceforward there was only a question of time. Lord Castlereagh died in August 1822.

The writer in the *New Monthly* observes, that Lord Castlereagh's notice was given when there was a Constitutional Government in Spain, and that after the more absolute government was restored; and "in consequence of this change, the question became one on which the two parties in the Cabinet maintained a severe struggle for the mastery, and that on its decision the Holy Alliance and its agents well knew that the nature of their intercourse with the British government depended."‡

So far as Lord Castlereagh is concerned, the whole force of this statement rests upon this assumption; that Lord Castlereagh would not have given the warning except to the Constitutional Government, and that if he had lived to see the restoration of the old Government, he would have retracted it. As this assumption is perfectly gratuitous, I only say, that I see no reason for believing it to be justifiable.

\* The writer in the *New Monthly* says that it is nonsense "to recognise a course of 'policy' as a principle of action." If, in forty pages of close writing, I have fallen into one error in language, I am sorry for it. The language, however, is unambiguous, and perfectly intelligible; and I believe it to be quite correct. Perhaps it might have been a little better to say, "a recognition in Lord Castlereagh's policy of the principle of his own administration."

† *Foreign Quarterly Review*, xvi.

‡ *New Monthly Magazine*, p. 37.

The letter ascribes to me a more intimate knowledge of the proceedings of the Cabinet than I have possessed or assumed; but the following passage will shew that I was not altogether ignorant of the disputes to which he refers, and that although not bearing directly upon the point which I was discussing, I thought it fair to refer to them. "It is certain, that, not between Mr Canning and Lord Castlereagh, who died in August 1822, but between Mr Canning and other members of the Cabinet, there was a difference of opinion as to the period of recognition; there is much reason for believing that the indisposition of those Ministers, which produced no inconsiderable asperity of feeling, was, in part, occasioned by the objections made to the recognition, by some of our continental allies, as tending to countenance revolt. But it was only a question of time; the principle was the same, and must have operated sooner or later."\* I have also said, that "the recognition was unquestionably accelerated by the exertions of Mr Canning; and that whatever merit belongs to the acknowledgment of these provinces, at the moment at which it occurred, may very fairly be claimed by Mr Canning."

Is there here any unfair suppression?

My observations with respect to Portugal are said "to labour under the same error which has been already pointed out. It is evidently thought all-sufficient to establish conformity in principle between the two Ministers, to shew that Mr Canning, in his dealings with Portugal, adhered to the non-interference principle—a position which Mr Stapleton, so far from denying, proves to be strictly true."†

The reader of my Review will readily perceive, that in my narrative of Mr Canning's proceedings with respect to Portugal, I do not controvert the statements or opinions of Mr Stapleton; and "the same error" is apparent here, as in other parts of the letter, in supposing that my article was solely or principally a review of "the political life." I wished to mention all the leading passages of

Mr Canning's administration, for which I had the materials, in order to shew, that in none of his measures or declarations could the evidence be found, of that emancipation of Europe from the trammels of despotism, which self-interest and ignorance had ascribed to him. The position which I controvert is always this,—"that England under Lord Castlereagh was a party assisting, if not contracting, to a league of sovereigns for the repression of liberal and popular institutions, under the name of the Holy Alliance; and that Mr Canning disconnected England from this alliance, and gave her powerful support to the cause of liberty in Europe."

The next attack is upon the consistency of my statements. "In page 408, it is asserted that 'the political opponents of Mr Canning, afterwards so forward in maintaining, perhaps in originating, for purposes of their own, the notion of a difference, saw none in the negotiations with France and Spain in 1822.' And then, three lines after, we find, 'It is true, that even at this early period, they (Mr Canning's opponents) attempted to make a distinction between Mr Canning and his less liberal associates.'"

If the whole passage had been given, its meaning and consistency would have been apparent; it might even have been enough, if the word *attempted* had been printed in italics; but let the passage be read only a few lines farther. "They applauded the warmth with which he breathed his wishes for the success of Spain, and the liberality of what he said of the cause of Spanish freedom; but they argued that *in what he did*, he imitated his predecessor."

All this is strictly true, perfectly consistent, and strikingly illustrative of the nature of the difference between Lord Castlereagh and Mr Canning. I have never denied that there might be some difference of sentiment, and consequently, of expression, with respect to the continental proceedings themselves; my position is, that there was no difference as to the conduct of England.

And I must again remind the reader, that the "irreconcilable variance of

opinion" between England and the Allies, on the doctrine of interference, existed, and was declared by Lord Castlereagh, in 1820.\*

The next head of attack furnishes, without any exception, the most outrageous instance of *word-catching* which I remember to have seen: if I were as fond of crimination as my commentator is, I might say,—of wilful and disingenuous misrepresentation.

In two rather long passages, I had criticised a somewhat flighty passage, attributing to Mr Canning the conception and execution of a vast scheme for "soothing the exasperated feelings" of some unknown people, and advancing the cause of liberty in countries undescribed. I denied that Mr Canning indulged in these speculations, and observed, that if he had so speculated, "he must have been woefully disappointed;" I complained of the omission to name the countries in which these mighty works were done; and observed, that "the dispersion of the danger to arise from the conflict of discordant principles, or the collision of two parties, was a legitimate object, in no way inconsistent with the policy of Lord Castlereagh. It is," I said, "an English object, very different from that of supporting the popular cause from a mere hatred of despotism. It was, moreover, an object avowed by Mr Canning, at the outset of his administration,—*To restore or maintain England's influence in Europe.* To promote the interests of his own country, were no doubt also parts of Mr Canning's policy which it was scarcely necessary to set forth as peculiarly his."

The whole object of the first article, (in No. XV.) and a great part of the second, (in No. XVI.) were employed in proving that Lord Castlereagh *maintained the honour of England*; but, because, in the passage cited, in mentioning it as the object *equally of Lord Castlereagh and Mr Canning*, to preserve and strengthen England's influence, I coupled the word "*restore*" with

"*maintain*," I am told that I have no right to deny, that Mr Canning *retrieved the honour of his country*! I might observe, that not a word concerning honour, lost or retrieved, is to be found in the passage triumphantly quoted. But it is more important to remind the reader of the whole context, which clearly shews the object to be the assertion and commendation of the *common* policy of the two Ministers.

One only point of controversy remains. It is observed, that Lord Castlereagh, in the circular of 1821, expressed a hope that the difference of sentiment between England and her Allies, would make no alteration in the harmony of the alliance; "Mr Canning, when adverting to a similar difference of principle, observed that he would persevere in refusing, 'even though a dissolution of the alliance should be the consequence of his refusal.'"<sup>†</sup>

It is asked, whether I choose to call this a variation in *mode only*. I answer, certainly yes; nor could I find a more striking illustration of my "favourite" position. In both cases, the English Minister was invited to take a measure inconsistent with his sense of the duty and interest of England; in both, the Minister refused: nor is there the slightest ground for believing that the one would not have been quite as steadfast in his refusal as the other. But the one, habituated to a very courteous diplomacy, and treating with associates and friends, accompanied his refusal with soft words of regret, and hope that there might be no less of friendship between them. The other goes at once to the point, to which, notwithstanding all his courtesies, the first must have come at last, if resisted; and declares peremptorily and sternly, I will rather quarrel with you than acquiesce in your demand. Every man will prefer the one style or the other according to his own feeling and temper; but the results are similar.

I have now examined, I believe, every one of the observations of the

\* See Foreign Quarterly Review, xv. 56-7, and xvi. 416-17.

† New Monthly, p. 37. I do not know whence this quotation is made. I have no reason to doubt its accuracy: but quotation without reference is not quite fair, since the context often varies the sense altogether.

Letter-writer, affecting the statements or arguments of my two reviews; and I trust that the main positions which I have maintained remain unshaken.

Not one of these positions is unfavourable to Mr Canning, of whom my commentator styles himself the friend. I have denied to him no praise, except such as involved either a censure upon his predecessor or a deviation from his own recorded principles.

The object of my reviews was, to defend all Ministers, from Mr Pitt to Mr Canning inclusive, from the attacks of Whigs and Republicans; to defend Lord Castlereagh in particular against the additional hostility of Mr Canning's exclusive friends; and to display Mr Canning as the steady and consistent friend of Conservative principles at home, and the upholder of English interests, and those alone, in foreign countries.

The defence of Lord Castlereagh necessarily occupied a great share of my work; because Whigs, Republicans, and the exclusive Canningites, all joined against him. I know not, that in conducting this defence, I have said one word derogatory to Mr Canning. If any such can be found, I apologise for it to his widow, not to his present champion.

I had nearly finished my observations on the New Monthly, when I met with an attack upon the same reviews, in a new and rival publication—the Metropolitan.\* Will you allow me to make your Magazine the channel of my answer to this gentleman also?

It is not for me to account for the adoption of my articles by the Editor of the Foreign Quarterly Review. I suspect that, in the "fair and enlightened spirit" which is justly ascribed to him, he saw the propriety of discussing the questions which I raised, and judged that I treated them fairly. Our acquaintance began with these articles; I trust, in spite of the Metropolitan, that it will not end with them.

Much of what I would say on the accusation of depreciating Mr Canning, has been anticipated.

The present writer charges me with "denying the merit of Mr Can-

ning as to those points on which his fame has been heretofore supposed to rest with the greatest security." It is assumed, that what I deny to Mr Canning is unquestionably meritorious. In my opinion, which may be erroneous, but which is as much entitled to respect as those of my opponents, that from which I vindicate this eminent statesman, is inconsistency, impolicy, and imprudence. I say that he pursued the interests of England; the *supposition*, backed, if you please, by "the public voice of Europe," represents him as having madly intended, and in contradiction to his sentiments repeatedly promulgated, to engage England in the private quarrels of every European state.

It is difficult to answer accusations so desultory and so vague as those of the Metropolitan. Mr Stapleton had said, that Mr Canning was of opinion that we ought not to have a minister at Verona. Without disputing the accuracy of the statement, I thought it fair and "satisfactory" to inform the reader, on Mr Canning's authority, that the minister who was there, did nothing to lower the character of England. For this I am once more reminded of the "large and statesmanlike" question which I had before me, and reproached with "narrowness," because, in the course of a large discussion, I mentioned a small point. If I had turned the great question upon this small point, I might have been justly reproved; but I did no such thing. However, I gave an opportunity to this gentleman, as to his coadjutor, to talk of greatness, and express contempt for narrow intellects!

Then come "weakness of argument, want of accurate knowledge, sophistry!" I only wish that this writer had accommodated his style to my narrow understanding, and had condescended to point out the instances on which he grounds these serious imputations, and had "set me right" as to some of "the facts" which I am said to misrepresent.

I scarcely know whether seriously to advert to the passage following, not being quite certain whether it be lively wit or dull error. In the New

Monthly, I am represented as an hackneyed politician; the Metropolitan fancies, or pretends to fancy, me a youth just rising into fame. I fear that I must admit the superior correctness of the New Monthly Magazine.

But the most whimsical of all the accusations now follows. I presume that, young or old, I have pretty clearly described myself as a Tory, and yet I am gravely reprov'd for putting forward the well-known opposition of Mr Canning to Parliamentary Reform, and for mentioning that there was a division among the Whigs as to the junction with Mr Canning in 1827. It is "inexcusable, to excite heart-burning among those who have rallied round the reform question, with a generous oblivion of the past."

Now attend to the true state of the case. In my narrative of the proceedings of the statesman whose monarchical principles I have endeavoured to exhibit, in the consistency and force which belong to them, I necessarily mentioned, to the immortal praise of his sincerity and his influence, that he compelled the Whigs, who eagerly joined him, to follow his lead on the great question of reform. Could I fairly relate this fact, without acknowledging that *some* of the leading Whigs, members of the present Cabinet, would not join Mr Canning, upon these terms? I can say, with truth, that I had no such motive as that which is imputed, but I should not have been ashamed of it, if it had happened to occur to me.

Why I, who am convinced from the bottom of my soul, as Mr Canning was before me, that "reform" will destroy the Monarchy and the Peerage, should hesitate at sowing dissensions among the advocates of that measure, or at exposing the inconsistency of some of them, it is beyond my narrow capacity to understand!

The allusion to the military *pseudo-historian*, is also too mysterious for my intellect. The commander superseded, is now one of the new Whig Peers, very high in the army. Between him and the present Marquis of Londonderry, there was not, and could not be, any question of command.

One more explanation, on a per-

sonal matter. The anecdote concerning the "complimentary letter," was related upon my own personal knowledge. I was concerned in the "observation;" and the letter was shewn to me by Mr Canning.

Having cleared away, so far as their own confusedness permitted, the preliminary observations of this censorious critic, I come to the only point on which, in Scottish phrase, he condescends upon particulars. Here, I shall treat him with more candour than he deserves.

I am accused of two errors, evincing "a gross ignorance of facts," with respect to the communication made by Mr Canning to Mr Rush, in 1823, concerning the South American colonies of Spain. First, in describing that communication as "proposing concerted measures for the eventual recognition;" and secondly, in stating that the overture *fell to the ground* for "want of powers in the American." The recognition, it is said, by the United States, had already taken place; what Mr Canning proposed was, "to resist the Holy Alliance, in certain contingencies, by arms."

Now, I must first observe, that all that I have said as to this overture is taken from Mr Stapleton. I intended to relate the facts, which were new to me, from "the political life."

If the author has correctly stated the overture, it is clear that Mr Canning did not consider the recognition by the United States as a past event. He stated "the question of recognition to be one of time, and of circumstances," and proposed that if this was also the view of the American Government, it should be mutually confided, and declared. And I am enabled to add that Mr Canning, comparing the date of his subsequent conference with Prince Polignac, October 1823, with the speech of the American President in the December following, boasted, if I may use the expression, of having anticipated the United States.

But, on re-perusing the communication to Mr Rush, I perceive that I made my abstract of it too short; and that I ought to have mentioned, further, its 5th head, "that England could not see any part of the colonies transferred to any other power with indifference." I freely confess that as Mr Stapleton had laid no stress

upon this, and it was not followed up, I did not sufficiently regard it.

The endeavour to secure the co-operation of the great maritime power of the other hemisphere, in the resistance to any attempt that might be made to aggrandize France out of the Spanish colonies, was a commendable instance of judicious foresight. And although there was perhaps at no time any great probability of the attempt being made by France—and Mr Canning very soon brought her explicitly to disclaim the intention\*—it was impossible that this free communication with the United States should not greatly conciliate that jealous government.

Thus far, then, I admit that having mentioned this communication at all—though not bearing in any way upon my discussion—I should have done better to explain it more fully.

But I am wrong, too, it is said, in stating that the matter “fell to the ground;” because, says the Metropolitan, it occasioned much discussion in America, between Mr Monroe and Mr Jefferson, and indirectly gave rise to letters from Mr Brougham to Dr Parr, and so forth! What says Mr Stapleton? “Mr Canning found that in the delay which must intervene before Mr Rush could procure specific powers, the progress of events might have rendered any such proceeding nugatory, and the being engaged in a communication with the United States, in which a considerable time would have been consumed before it would have been possible to have arrived at a conclusive understanding with them, would have embarrassed any other mode of proclaiming our views; which circumstances might have rendered it expedient to adopt. *Mr Canning therefore allowed the matter to drop.*” If I have gone too far in assuming, that a matter allowed to drop, did fall to the ground, I can only plead that I was misled by a certain story of an apple.

The subsequent remarks of the Metropolitan upon this subject, are chiefly directed against Mr Stapleton, who is accused of having exposed his patron to “unmitigated ridicule” by his alleged misrepresentations. Mr

Stapleton is well able to defend himself, if he should think the attack formidable. I have no concern but with the attacks on my own article. I had denied that “the recognition placed England in any different position, in respect of the rest of Europe, from that in which she stood while the Holy Alliance was recent, and in full force.” “Here,” says the Metropolitan, “is only once more the strange misconception as to the real causes of Mr Canning’s agency in this matter. The recognition, as it is called, did not take place until 1825, after the Holy Alliance had fallen to pieces. *There was nothing offensive in that act, nor was any principle of policy involved in it.* It was to the principles acted upon in 1823 that Mr Canning himself went back, and to which his friends must look in seeking to justify his lofty pretensions.” Reference is then made to the famous declaration (made in 1826) as to “Spain and the Indies.” “And does the critic in the Foreign Quarterly mean to deny, that his conduct on that occasion placed England in a different position in respect of the rest of Europe, from that which she occupied when enacting a busy part at Congresses? What! no difference when she travels across the Atlantic to rear up a counter alliance against those very powers by whose side she recently sat!”

It may perhaps be the opinion of the reader that all this new speculation of the Metropolitan is not worthy of the space which I have given to it; still, I must observe, that it would destroy all the argument that has been raised by Mr Stapleton and the writer in the New Monthly upon the difference in the Cabinet concerning the recognition in 1825; and all the merit which has been allowed to Mr Canning for his successful struggle to produce that recognition, and the great result ascribed to it.

It ascribes that merit simply and solely to the communication to the American minister, about which there is no evidence of any controversy in the Cabinet.

It places Mr Canning’s merit upon a transaction, in which, it is clearly proved, he did not persevere; but of

\* Stapleton, ii. 30. Prince Polignac’s Answer to Mr Canning in October 1823.

which he accomplished the object in another mode.

The "busy part enacted at Congresses" is an idle word, unless it be shewn, *which is impossible*, that at these Congresses England permitted any thing to be done, or participated in any thing, injurious to the interests of England.

And now a few words upon those angry remarks, which the Monthly Reviewer has directed against me.

It is said that "my comments are those of an individual, having a strong personal interest in making out his case, of one sensitively anxious that his political character should not be deprived of the semblance of consistency, in consequence of his having supported, with equal energy, Lord Castlereagh and Mr Canning, and the Duke of Wellington."\*

I know not, I really know not, whether the writer of this passage was aware of the name of him to whom it was applied; but since, in thirty years of occasional engagement in political controversy, I never wrote a line affecting personal conduct or character, of which I concealed the authorship; since I have unreservedly avowed these two articles, it would be as inconsistent as it would be useless in me to deny, that I did, in subordinate and secondary stations, support Lord Castlereagh, Mr Canning, and the Duke of Wellington.

I was in office before Mr Canning joined Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh in 1816, and had attached myself, more by my own determination, than by any overt act, peculiarly to Lord Castlereagh. I presume that the "friend of Mr Canning" has no quarrel with me, for not quitting office, when the powerful co-operation of Mr Canning was given to the government which otherwise remained unchanged. I feel equally confident of his approbation, although I did not quit office, either when Mr Canning resigned on the affair of the Queen, or when he returned upon the death of Lord Castlereagh—occasions upon neither of which there was any change of men, or (as even he has admitted) any *avowed* change of measures.

If my critic thinks that it will

strengthen his personal argument, he is welcome to the additional fact, that while Mr Canning was the colleague of Lord Castlereagh, I had opportunities, to which I shall always look back with pride and gratification, of obtaining a liberal share of his favour and his confidence.

Andas, moreover, I had voted with him in every division on the Catholic Question, throughout the administration of Lord Liverpool, I presume that I may stand excused for continuing to hold office, when he formed his own government in 1827.

It is indeed not very obvious, why the names of Lord Castlereagh and Mr Canning are brought together in the charge framed against me for supporting successive Ministers. Whether the accuser knows whom he accuses, or attacks at random, it is clear that he can found no serious charge of inconsistency upon the successive support of these two Ministers. The most sensitive of politicians would not have resigned on account of a posthumous controversy.

The real offence is, the support of the Duke of Wellington. I avow, that when, after Mr Canning's death and Lord Goderich's abdication, the government was re-formed under that personage, comprising the leading friends of Lord Castlereagh and of Mr Canning also, I did not volunteer a resignation, which, while it would have had no plausible ground in any difference of opinion with the new administration, would have thrown me among Whigs, from whom I had differed all my life.

As for foreign affairs, if I had been disposed to differ—which I was not—from the Duke of Wellington, I should have differed also from him whom Mr Canning selected as his successor in that department.

I do not believe that on any one of the changes hitherto noticed, a subordinate person like myself could have resigned, without making himself ridiculous—and, I fairly own, I never thought of it.

I avow, with equal plainness, that I did not resign on an occasion when retirement would have had more plausible reasons, the resignation of Mr Huskisson and his friends in



1828 ; there is no occurrence at which I feel greater reason to rejoice, than the resolution not to follow these gentlemen, (to whom I owed no political allegiance,) when they thought proper to separate themselves from the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel, on a question, whereupon Mr Canning's friends adopted a line, assuredly not sanctioned by his authority.

I do indeed rejoice, not to have placed myself in the situation in which I might have been exposed to the temptation to which Lord Palmerston and Mr Grant have yielded ; and thus to have become the associate and partaker with those " who have LET LOOSE AGAIN, WITH BASH HAND, THE ELEMENTS OF OUR CONSTITUTION, AND SET THEM ONCE MORE TO FIGHT AGAINST EACH OTHER."\*

My antagonist has now my whole history ; I doubt whether he will find in it much to support his apprehension, that I write from personal considerations, and that I " argue more for victory than for truth." The nature of my present communication, occasioned as it is by a pretty severe rebuke, not always in very courteous language, has given to it, I fear, more of a controversial tone than is consistent either with my intention or general habits. But I assert, with much confidence, that these critics alone have traced a similar fault among the many which are doubtless to be found in the Reviews.

It is, it seems, another of my faults, that " I brag, rather ostentatiously, of what I know." The ostentation, I venture to say, is in the writer's fevered imagination ; but I will explain the meaning of the expression, several times repeated, in the Reviews — "*We know.*" All that is thus mentioned — all, I believe, without exception, is derived from personal

communication with Mr Canning himself ; the style of a review hardly admitted of any other mode of mentioning facts introduced on the authority of an individual.

The concluding sentence of the letter would induce me to believe that the writer does *not* know my name. When he learns it, he will know that the expressions, " anger of disappointment" and " cavilling of detraction," are quite thrown away ; and that I am as good a friend to Mr Canning, as he who subscribes himself by that honourable title. I trust that my relation of some passages of his early life, and my sketch of his political history, illustrates the strength and independence of his character, and the conformity of his policy with the principles which he avowed. I have many apologies to make for the mention which I have made of my own concerns. I felt compelled to it, by the insinuations of the critics. Indeed if it had been consistent with my feelings to shelter myself from such attacks by preserving an anonymous character, the public mention of my name, as the author of these Reviews, would have rendered it impossible. It is therefore in the full assurance that I have not written a line which is not warranted by Mr Canning's public acts, and by the personal communications with which he frequently honoured me ; in the consciousness of having earnestly laboured to defend him against interested misrepresentation, and injudicious praise, and in the confidence that his fame will not be sullied by an association with the less brilliant, but equally admirable, name of Castlereagh, that I subscribe myself,

His sincere and faithful admirer,  
THOMAS REGINALD COURTENAY.  
London, Feb. 16, 1832.

## THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.

THE extraordinary tumults which have lately taken place in the Papal States, the not less extraordinary influence which Austria is developing in the Papal councils, the movements of her troops for the evident purpose of making that influence paramount, and the general spirit of insurrection in the central provinces of Italy, naturally turn the eyes of politicians on the Popedom.

It is now loudly pronounced, that the temporal dominion of the Papacy is on the eve of perishing,—that her financial weakness, her territorial exposure, and her popular discontent, render recovery impossible,—and that the European world, so long agitated with fears of the predominance of Popery, may now abandon those fears, as it abandoned the fear of ghosts and the laws against witchcraft.

We doubt the truth of the prediction. The most memorable features of the Popedom are its independence of the ways of human power. It arose in defiance of all human probabilities,—it acquired dominion in equal defiance of the ordinary means of empire,—it was sustained in the midst of the clash and convulsion of the great military powers of the centre and south of Europe; and, debilitated as it may be by time, and bearing in its frame many an unhealed wound from the sword of the Frenchman and the Austrian, we look for its fall from no systematic aggression of imperial cupidity, or insurrectionary violence. Fall it will: but not to aggrandize Austria, nor to lay a foundation with its ruins for the throne of a Republican dictator. It owes a higher lesson to the world. It will sink in no squabble of speculating cabinets or plundering mobs; its fate is reserved for a time when all may tremble alike, and when the throne of Austria, proud as it is, and firm as it seems, may be shivered into fragments by the same blow.

The rise of the Popedom was in defiance of all human probabilities. It was utterly improbable that a Christian priest, the disciple of Him who declared that his kingdom was not of this world, should be a king of this world, or should be more—a

King of the kings of this world; that the priest, whose master had commanded the most utter self-denial, abjuration, and restraint of every impulse of domination over the flock of Christianity, should have aspired to the most absolute power ever invested in the hands of man; that a priest, commanded to use the most perfect simplicity and singleness of heart among men, to abjure all violence, and to be all things to all men, “that he might save some,” should place himself at the head of a sovereignty, the most memorable for intrigue of any in the annals of state stratagem, the most merciless in revenging dissent from its opinions, and the most fiercely contemptuous of the feelings, opinions, and happiness of mankind.

The Popedom rose on the division of the Roman Empire under Constantine. The absence of the Emperor in his Eastern capital left no rival to the influence of the Bishop of the Western. Sanctity first, superstition next, and finally the fears of Roman turbulence and barbarian invasion, gave the Bishop of Rome a high authority in the eyes of the Eastern Emperors. It was found essential to the safety of this deserted portion of the Empire, to conciliate the zeal of the monk who ruled the Roman populace. The fall of the Western Empire, in the year 476, made it still more important to conciliate the man, who, in all the shocks of war and spoil, still held his station; for on his influence depended the single hope of reconquering Italy from the hands of the barbarians. Every change of power threw some additional share of supremacy into the Papal hands. A quarrel for precedence with the Bishop of Constantinople, elevated without fixing his rank. The council of Chalcedon declared the *Patriarchate* of the five Bishops of Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Palestine. The decision pleased no one; it was looked upon by the Eastern Bishop as an injustice, and by the Western Bishop as an insult. Both prepared for furious hostility, and both long maintained that hostility with the bitterness of human passions. But the time was approaching when

the Papedom was to rule the Christian world without a rival.

The great feud of Nestorianism was broken out, in Constantinople early in the reign of Justinian. The Emperor had the weakness to conceive himself a theologian, and the still greater weakness to imagine that his authority could reconcile the schisms of men. Among the first corruptions of Christianity in the Greek Church has been a propensity to deify the Virgin Mary. She was proclaimed the *Mother of God*. This doctrine soon found the scorn of Nestorius, a Syrian Bishop, distinguished for his acquirements and virtues. He protested against the extraordinary assumption that God could either be born or die; and, fully allowing that the human nature of Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, reprobated the superstition of calling a mortal the mother of the Supreme. But argument was not the resource of the monks of Constantinople; pampered by the habits of a luxurious capital, blinded by their ignorance of the Scriptures which they neglected, and eager to make up by their zeal in the cause of the Virgin for their lapses in the cause of truth, morals, and religion, they attacked the holders of the Nestorian doctrine with all the weapons of public persecution. Nestorianism, however, was not to be trampled with impunity: disturbances arose in Constantinople and the provinces, and finally the Nestorians, placed under the imperial anathema, and justly declining a tribunal which had thus already declared its prejudices, appealed to the Bishop of Rome. The disturbances of his capital had alarmed Justinian; the commencement of the Vandal war made him tremble, to see religious discontent added to public difficulty; and, for the double purpose of quieting the popular mind and conciliating the virtual master of Italy, he sent a deputation to the Roman Bishop, leaving the decision of the controversy to his will.

But the imperial fame as a controversialist was embarked in the question; and this fame was dear to his bewildered and artificial mind. To obtain a favourable judgment, he knew no more direct way than by

corrupting the judge; and at once to give weight to the decision, and to secure that decision in his own favour, he declared the Bishop of Rome "*Head of ALL THE CHURCHES*." There can be no doubt of the historic truth of this memorable and fatal gift. It is recorded in all the histories of the era,—it is embodied in the imperial edicts,—and it forms repeatedly a portion of the laws of the empire. The supreme dignity was distinctly assigned to him—not merely the leading rank of the *Oriental Church*, but of "*all the churches, east and west*." This memorable concession was made in A.D. 533. The Emperor further and ominously designated the objects of Papal supremacy; he declared the Pope the *Corrector of all heretical opinions*. This formidable title remained undisturbed during the life of Justinian; but at the close of the sixth century, it was disputed by the Bishop of Constantinople, and claimed by him. The Roman Bishop denounced the usurpation, and, in his wrath, obviously forgetting Justinian's gift, pronounced that "*whosoever assumed supremacy over the universal Church was Antichrist*;"—an unconscious prophecy, like the prophecy of the Jewish High Priest, "that one must die for the people," involving himself in the acknowledgment of the public crime. But the natural spirit of Rome was to be quickly displayed in the full and unhesitating assumption of this supremacy.

Phocas, an obscure and profligate adventurer, made himself master of the throne by the murder of the Emperor Mauritius. The disgust and horror of the people alarmed him for his giddy prize; and the authority of the Bishop of Rome was solicited to give a sacred sanction to his title. The usurper received the benediction of Rome, and the Bishop received in return a confirmation of his long-disputed supremacy. Phocas sternly repressed the rival claim of the Bishop of Constantinople; and, in the year 606, Boniface the Third was declared *Head of all the Churches*, as his predecessor John had been.\* He was now "*Universal Bishop*" of Christendom.†

The eighth century was the era of the temporal power of Rome. The spiritual supremacy had been revived by an alliance with treason and usurpation. The temporal sovereignty was now to be created by an alliance with treason and usurpation. Pepin had seized the throne of Childeric, King of France. Like Phocas, he felt himself insecure, and he demanded the Papal benediction. Pope Zachary pronounced the deposition of the unfortunate king, and crowned the usurper by the hands of his missionary Boniface. The Lombard invasion gave Pepin a sudden opportunity of displaying his sense of the obligation. He broke the power of the Lombards in battle, and gave to the Pope in full sovereignty the spoils of the Lombard kingdom, the territories of Ravenna, Bologna, and Ferrara, with the Pentapolis. The Lombards made a last attempt, and were finally ruined by Charlemagne, who marched to Rome, was received in triumph by Pope Adrian, and was crowned as the successor of the Roman Emperors, the new master of the world.

This service had its reward. The Emperor, in the exultation of the moment, made over to the Popedom the whole sovereignty of the fallen Exarchate. But the ambition of the Holy See had now learned to look to higher objects. A decree was produced from the Romish archives, which was declared to be by command of the first Constantine, and which assigned to the Popedom the sovereignty of Rome, Italy, and the West. The instrument was a forgery; its falsehood is now notorious to all historians. But those were not the times of investigation. Such learning as had survived the furious shocks of the Gothic and Greek wars, was limited to the Romish priesthood. The Pope asserted his right derived from the first Christian Emperor, and from that hour he proceeded to establish and enforce it by the sword and the torch in every region of the civilized world.

The Papal power was the power of opinion acting on the singular ignorance of mankind, in a period when military violence had alternated with superstition, first to break down the freedom of nations, and then to enslave their minds. The

actual territory has, at all times, been small; and one of the most unaccountable circumstances in the history of this pre-eminently ambitious and intriguing government, which, for many an age influenced every revolution of Italy, and which openly arrogated dominion over the princes of the earth, is, that its provinces have scarcely received any addition since the donative of Charlemagne. They are still confined to the Three Legations, which the Austrians now seem on the point of protecting for his Holiness, St Peter's patrimony, Umbria, Spoleto, Perugia, and some other unimportant districts. But their position is promising. They stretch across the Peninsula, and have ports on the two seas. They ought to have long since shared in the commerce engrossed by the Venetians, their neighbours on the north, and the Tuscans, their borderers on the west. The climate is fine, the soil fertile, the popular mind subtle, susceptible, and ingenious. But, by some problem in the Papal government, all the advantages of nature seem to have been thrown away in every age. The aspect of the country strikes the traveller at once, as afflicted by the double evils of tyranny and ignorance. The land lies in sterility, the climate is poisoned by neglected marshes, and the people are proverbially among the most beggared, discontented, and disheartened population of Italy.

But the prodigious power which this government has exercised upon Europe, and the power which it is still capable of exercising, and which it will inevitably exercise in the first public crisis of opinion in Europe, make the details of the Papal government one of the most curious studies in political science. The whole system is marked by strong contradictions. One of the weakest of European States in point of territory, it exhibits an extraordinary influence over some of the most important portions of the Continent. One of the poorest in point of revenue, and with a population almost totally destitute of trade and manufactures, a people of monks and mendicants, no treasury of Europe steers so clear of bankruptcy. One of the most despotic of all governments, in fact, a government almost wholly depen-

dent on the will of an individual, there are few where the people have so much a will of their own, or, at least, are so little questionable by authority for any of their follies. One of the most *discretionary* governments on record, ruled by men of the cloister, or by Cardinals, who lead the coxcombry of the capital, and with a decrepit old priest at their head, generally chosen expressly for his decrepitude, Rome has contrived to wind her way with sufficient security through the difficulties of a thousand years; and though undoubtedly undergoing a formidable share of the common calamities of Italy, for she has been repeatedly sacked, been claimed by rival Popes, and deeply smitten by the furious feuds of the Italian Barons, yet, in the midst of change, has contrived to preserve her dominions, scarcely altered, since the day of their original donation.

The Papal government, or what may be entitled the cabinet and the ministerial officers, is wholly constituted of prelates. But those prelates are not all priests. The greater part are laymen, though they wear the prelatical habit and the tonsure. They are numerous too, generally not less than three hundred. From those prelates the Popes choose the Cardinals; some of whom are, by custom, entitled to their rank, from having, as prelates, served peculiar public offices. Those are all persons of considerable trust; and their places are termed *pasti cardinalizie*, as being, in fact, preparatory to the red hat. They are the offices of governor of Rome, treasurer, major domo, secretary of the consulta, auditor of the chamber, and president of Urbino, with some others of inferior activity.

Those prelates form a species of Roman peerage. Their origin dates as old as the Crusades. On the conquest of Palestine, the Papal government amply reinforced the ecclesiastical part of the invasion. A crowd of priests, decorated with the titles of the primitive bishops, were sent out to take possession of the sees conquered by the swords of the God-freys and Tancred's. The camp overflowed with Bishops of Ephesus, Antioch, Cæsarea, &c.; but the Saracen lances and arrows soon forbade the

residence of those saints of the west, and year by year their dioceses were curtailed, until the whole tribe were thrown back upon the hands of their original fabricator. Palestine was left to darkness and Saladin, while Rome was fearfully overstocked with claimants and complainants, whom she had looked on as handsomely provided for at least in this world. Many of those returned bishops were connected with powerful Italian families; and as connexion is a natural element of promotion even in the unworldly Church of Rome, the Popes were involved in the dilemma of giving them either places or pensions. The places were decided on, and the Italians saw with some surprise those pious pilgrims and grave confessors embarked in all kinds of secular employments. But in Italy all indignation is discreet; the layman is a proverbial idler; the Pope is God's vicegerent; and Infallibility and the Inquisition settle every thing between them. The bishops are still consecrated for dioceses in *partibus infidelium*, wear imaginary mitres, and have the spiritual watching of provinces in which they dare not set a foot, and govern their grim population of Turks and Arabs at a distance, which amply provides for safety in life and limb. The time is confidently expected, when they shall find the Mussulmans strewing the ground before their triumphant return; but in the mean time they draw their incomes out of the Roman purse, and are dispatched to serve the State as nuncios, and all the various public and private diplomacy of the Popedom.

But there are classes and ranks even in this prelacy. And added to episcopate in *partibus infidelium*, are many *prelati* whose title depends on their being unmarried, and being able to deposit in the Papal stock a sum whose interest is not less than twelve hundred crowns (about £280 a-year), or who can make an estate chargeable with this stipend. Others are appointed by the simple *dictum* of the Pope, without the security, to which, however, he generally gives some equivalent, in the salary of a place. Others are made prelates in consequence of having a prelacy left as a rent charge upon the family estate, as a provision for younger

brothers. The stipend is to be paid out of the general income, and the chosen individual is tonsured, frocked, and pensioned accordingly.

There are three Cardinal Legates, or viceroys, over the provinces, who are generally chosen from the more mature and the better-educated of the prelates; but the majority are satisfied with as little learning as will carry them through the mere routine of their offices; a tolerably fluent use of Latin of a very low temperature, and a little civil law, are enough for public honours; and if the price is thus easy, who can wonder at their taking no further trouble on the subject? From such men as ministers and magistrates, he must be sanguine who should expect any wonders in politics or legislation. But, to prevent palpable blunders, they are assisted in the courts of law by assessors, who are generally advocates by profession, and who, if they know nothing else, are acquainted with the forms of proceeding. Yet from time to time a man starts up who, in spite of every fault of national habit and personal neglect, exhibits ability. The late Cardinal Gonsalvi was one of those. He was intelligent for a monk, manly for a Roman, and learned for a priest. As a Cardinal and Minister he was a miracle. All was not much. But he transacted the public business with diligence, coerced the fashionable openness of robbery, tried to coerce the gaming-tables, but they were too fashionable for his powers; was civil to strangers, and had the good sense to feel that the English were better worth civility than all Europeans besides; lived without *nephews*, and died without filching fortunes for them from the public purse.

In all governments, finance is one of the most essential points, and among the phenomena of the Popedom has always been reckoned its being always comparatively rich. The secret, however, chiefly lay in the large sums which it gathered from all Popish Christendom. Previously to the Reformation, it is notorious that Rome raised a revenue out of every community of Europe, out of every province and parish, and out of the income of every bishop and priest, as it is that the remorselessness of her extortion furnished one of the prin-

cipal weapons against her supremacy. Europe, in the 16th century, was governed by a nest of tyrants, and the lay extortioner grew jealous of the priestly speculator. The populace, fleeced by both alike, hated both with the same inveteracy; but the first thing to be overthrown was the Papal plunderer; and for this the assistance of the princely plunderer was called on, used, and successful. Luther's vigour, sincerity, and truth, did much; but without the princes of Germany the cause must have gone to the bottom. Yet, even so late as a few years before the French Revolution, the Papal receipts from foreign countries amounted to not less than two millions and a half of Roman crowns (£1,566,000 sterling.) The list, from the office of the Roman datary, is curious, as somewhat ascertaining the influence of the Papacy surviving in the various continental dominions, even on the verge of its overthrow. Spain stands at the head of this pious munificence.

<i>Roman Crowns.</i>	
Spain and her colonies,	640,845
Germany and the Netherlands,	486,811
France,	357,133
Poland,	180,745
Portugal and her colonies,	260,100
The two Sicilies,	136,170
The rest of Italy (exclusive of the Popedom),	107,067
Switzerland,	87,034
The North,	87,033
The Sardinian dominions,	60,712
Tuscany,	3,052
	<hr/>
	2,406,702

We thus see Spain and Portugal contributing nearly one-half of the whole, and the surviving Popery of the land of the Reformation contributing nearly half a million,—a singular instance of the tardiness with which the most obvious truth makes its way, and of the extraordinary tenacity with which superstition grasps whatever can conduce to its profit or its power. A large portion of this money, however, went into the hands of the Papal agents, or *spedizioneri*, the managers of all the foreign business of the Popedom. Yet, though it did not pass directly into the treasury, it undoubtedly filled up the chasm which their salaries must have otherwise made in the general revenue.

The revenue arising from the Papal territory, or, "Income of the Apostolical Chamber," about the same period, was full three millions two hundred thousand Roman crowns (L.744,186 sterling), arising from the various heads of

The farming of the lands belonging to the Chamber.

The farming of taxes paid by the parishes to the state.

The farming of the duties on wines and brandies.

The tax upon all butcher's meat consumed in Rome.

The tax upon all the wheat consumed in Rome.

The duties on all foreign goods imported.

The lottery.

One duty more is levied on a class of persons, whom we should scarcely expect to find among the ways and means of an ecclesiastical state. But the easy policy of the government, taking it for granted that license will exist under all circumstances, has evidently thought that it may as well make a profit of it, and thus those stray members of the commonwealth contribute to the repletion of the priestly pocket.

The lottery had been so long an expedient of our own finance, that we can scarcely exclaim against the foreign governments by which it is still suffered to exist. But *our* lottery, for many years before its extinction, was so cleansed of its evils as to be comparatively harmless, and even in its worst of times held no comparison with the sweeping allurements and perpetual gaming of the Roman one. In Rome the lottery is drawn *nine* times a-year, and, as there is a lottery going on in Naples, in the intervals of the Roman drawing, in which, too, the Roman populace dabble as regularly as in their own, they, in fact, have *eighteen* drawings in the twelve months. And, to level the mischief to all ranks, they can play for about a halfpenny. The temptation, too, is of the exact order to inflame the cupidity of the rabble. A ticket worth three baïoes may win a *terno*, or sequence, worth one hundred and eighty crowns. This would be a grand affair to the gamesters of the streets. But the chances against the *terno* are no less than 117,479 to one.

On those conditions, it may be

presumed, that the instances of making a fortune by the lottery are not many. But the temptation is strong enough to ruin one half of the populace by the loss of money, and the other half by the loss of time. Days and nights are spent in calculating lucky numbers, consulting a sort of lottery astrologers, who predict numbers that are *warranted to win*, and counting over their gains in *future*.

The Roman funding system is as curious as any other part of this most curious of all governments. It has preceded us in all the discoveries on which our financiers pride themselves; a sinking fund—bank bills to half-a-dozen times the amount of the capital—a national debt regularly increasing, and without the smallest hope of ever being diminished—and pawnbroking on the grandest scale possible. There is nothing new under the sun.

The Roman national debt is as old as the sixteenth century, the memorable period when the star of the Queen City first began to wane; and, like all other national debts, it took its rise in war. Charles V., a thorough politician, or, in other words, a thorough hypocrite, was the champion of the Popedom, for the purpose of availing himself of the Papal influence in securing the fidelity of dominions that already felt themselves too large for a tyrant, and too enlightened for a persecutor. But if the battle was fought in Germany, it was to be paid for in Rome; and Clement VII. soon found, that to have Emperors for his champions was to the full as costly as it might be glorious. The Papal ducats were sent flying about the world, slaying the twin heretics, Turks and Protestants. But the treasury was sinking even in this plethora of triumph, and Pope Clement was at once in sight of universal dominion, and in the jaws of bankruptcy. In this crisis the Italian genius awoke. An invention untried or unthought of by all the struggling monarchs of the last three thousand years, was engendered in the brilliant brain of an Italian chairman of the committee of ways and means. It was proposed that every man who put into the treasury one hundred crowns, should receive an interest of ten per cent. The idea was in-

comparably congenial to Italian life; in a country where the infinite majority—whether through fear, indolence, or avarice, keep their money in specie. The prospect of an outlet for this cumbrous deposit, where the outlet was safe, and the inlet sure, where the income was growing, and the possessor had no trouble in its growth—was the most popular invention imaginable. Clement raised the money. His successors found the simplicity of the expedient admirably adapted to their tastes, and they continued to raise the money, and swell the debt, until Sixtus V., a man of vigour, who ought to have lived in later times, gave the last finish to the system, by raising a loan of ten millions of crowns at once—a prodigious sum in those times, and hoarding enough of it to have bought the whole baronage of Rome.

But the interest *must* be paid, and unless he were inclined to bring the forebodings of the people upon his head, there must be some prospect offered of defraying the principal at some time or other in the course of futurity. Sixtus had found his government thronged with sinecurists. A duller financier would have attempted to relieve the state by extinguishing the sinecures. But Italian subtilty saw further into things. *He put all the sinecures up to sale.* They were all for life—were named *Vacabili* from their nature, and brought in a quiet income of about eight per cent for their purchase money. It was in fact but another mode of borrowing money by annuity at eight per cent. Thus we find all our modern expedients anticipated. The practical inconvenience of having so many placemen with nothing to do, the contempt thrown upon all efficient government offices by their connexion with this swarm of idlers, and the general degradation of public honours by this traffic and sale, were matters of no consideration to the thorough love of money, and passion for power, that made the character of Sixtus.

The proceeds of the *Vacabili* had been nominally intended to form a sinking fund. But Sixtus found better employment for the money in intriguing through all the European courts with one part, and building churches and palaces with the other.

He was a bold, proud, and arrogant priest. But the Italians had no right to exclaim at his vices; for he was Italian to the heart's core; and the Romans had some reason to thank him for his *furor* of embellishment; he would have built a new Rome if he had found the valley of the Tiber naked; he found it full of ruins, and he spent his energies in patching what he would have taken delight in creating.

The history of all national debts is the same; if we except that of President Jackson's empire, where, however, the experiment is too green, the country too unfinished, and the precariousness of public power in cabinets and councils too *annual*, to suffer the natural course of things. But America will yet have her national debt in full vigour, like her more civilized ancestors. The Roman treasury never put a ducat in progress to pay off its debt. The money of the *Vacabili* went in feasts and fasts, in the erection of a new opera house, or the hire of a new ballerina, or *dresses de chant*, or in the pensions of a whole host of nephews and nieces, who suddenly came to light upon the announcement that their *uncle* was elected by the Cardinals to carry the keys of St Peter, and for whom the venerable head of the state felt all the emotions of paternity. The legacy of public debt which Sixtus bequeathed for the perplexity of future generations, to the amount of twenty millions of crowns, gradually mounted to thirty, forty, till at the close of the last century it was fifty, or a little short of twelve millions of pounds sterling. "And what are twelve millions sterling?" will the English man of clubs and coffeehouses say, as he runs down the tremendous columns of our Easter budget. Yet even our angry politician should remember, that what is but twelve millions in England, would be at any period four times the value in Italy; and that, from the universal rise of expenses, public and private, in every country, forty-eight millions, forty years ago, would go as far as twice the number now. On this fair calculation, the Papal debt, at the close of the eighteenth century, would be better represented by a hundred millions of pounds sterling. 'Tis true, that this still dwindles beside our eight hun-



dred millions—that it is but a mole-hill beside our mountain. But we must recollect, too, the difference in the grounds of the two accumulations; the pressure of the whole defence of Europe on England, the indefatigable labour, the impregnable resistance, the unequalled triumph; that we had to support the credit of every failing exchequer, from the Pole to the Line; that we had to recruit every rising army, and refit every beaten one; to fight for one king in his last ditch, and to carry another to his last colony: to teach the Russians to stand fire, and to help the Grand Turk to pay for his gunpowder; that we were the soldiers and sailors of every shore and sea, the bottleholders or the champions of every battle; that we were the suppliers of Portugal with port, of Spain with corn, of Italy with macaroni, and of Turkey with opium; that we were the bakers, the brewers, and the bankers of mankind, busy with the paupers and patriots of the earth, from Lima to Labrador, and from Labrador round the world to Loo Choo; England the fighter, the footman, the *factotum* of the universal family of man.

What was this stirring life to the gilded sofas and lazy purple of Rome, feeding on becafireoes, and cooling its fingers in vases of rose water, pining over a picture, or panting after a *cauzone*? The *nation boutiquiere* has been in the right after all, in spite of the whole legion of Cardinali and Prelati. Foreigners let their money slip through their fingers. England may throw it away. But she has something to remember for it. She has name, and fame, and activity, and health for it. All may be paupers alike, and this is the natural conclusion of all. But let us be contented with our fate. Nations are not like men; no nation ever *dies* rich. But let Italy, Germany, and France die like broken upspendthrifts, wrapped in the remnants of their finery, in the workhouse. Let England die, if die she must, like her own soldiers and sailors, without a shilling, and not caring a straw about the matter; die in action, high and hot-blooded to the last, and finished by a blow worthy to end the life of the bold!

This *oratio honorifica* to the praise of the "*Tellus alma virorum*," has

drawn us away from the history of Papal finance. In what proportion the glass runs down within the last few years, is difficult to say, in a country where there are no committees of supply open to the world, no chancellors of the exchequer to make a hebdomadal discovery of the national bankruptcy, and no Humes and Burdetts to threaten them with the scaffold for the deficit of a farthing. But we may follow the instinct of nature, and pledge ourselves that French visits and Papal restorations, insurrections once a month, and Austrian marches to put them down, have not reinforced the energies of the Papal purse since, and that the *Luoghi di Monte*, the national debt, is swelling as rapidly as ever. Forty years ago, the interest, even at three per cent, had reduced the government income to a little more than a million and a half of crowns, (about £395,000 sterling.)

Braschi, Pius VI., a graceful and accomplished man, very ill used by his enemies the French, and not much better used by his friends the Austrians, added his own extravagance to the debt. He was by nature a projector, and, if he had been without a shilling of other men's money, would probably have made a fortune. But as Pope, he was more naturally amused in wasting a treasury. Every government has always some problem in *petto*, some peculiar hobby on which it rides, till poverty forces it to dismount. The Roman hobby has been for a thousand years the draining of the Pontine Marshes. Braschi's riding this hobby cost the people nearly half a million of English pounds, the loss of lives to a considerable amount, and gained nothing in return but an obvious increase of the miasmata. The conclusion seems to be, that the pestilence holds its ground by right of nature, and that neither Pope nor Cardinal will ever eject it. We shall not come to this conclusion, until we see the question fairly tried by an English engineer, with English money, English workmen, and an army of steam engines. But the impression produced by so many centuries of failure is, that the Pontine Marshes are irreclaimable. They lie too low for drainage, and the utmost that can be done is to make the soil solid enough

for the pasturage of cattle, of which it rears great numbers for the markets of Rome. But this does not extinguish the miasmata. The air which, singularly enough, seems to have no effect on cattle, is the very breath of mortality to man; ague and consumption hover over the ground for ever, and the guards, herdsmen, and few inhabitants, are all but volunteers for the grave.

The history of a district that so stubbornly defies the skill of man, has had so long and close a connection with the mother city of Europe, might make a very ingenious book. One effectual and easy cure for the pestilence that perpetually breeds in this soil, would be to overflow the marshes at once, which their level would allow in all directions; but the value of the pasture acts too forcibly on Roman avarice for a measure which would restore health to an immense extent of territory, and probably save Rome itself from the incursions of the *malaria*, gradually spreading over every quarter of the capital.

Another exploit of Braschi's love for throwing down and building up, marked the temper of the age. He marched a troop of bricklayers and masons against the old temple of Venus, standing by St Peter's, a work so strongly bearing the marks of ancient genius, that it had earned the panegyric of Michael Angelo. There was doubtless some barbarism in pulling this down to make way for a new Sacristy to St Peter's. But it was a barbarism which, the year before, would not have excited a murmur—a century before would have been panegyricized, and in the true ages of Romish supremacy would have entitled the overthrower to canonization. But Braschi had fallen "on evil days and evil times." The French *philosophes* had been lecturing the Romans, without much consciousness of their having so classic a pillage; piety was no longer to be found in building sacristies, nor was Venus thought to be altogether so disreputable a rival to the St Ursulas and St Bridgets of the most amusing and apocryphal of all calendars. The whole wit of the rising generation was poured upon the unfortunate Pope's head. Pun and pasquinade haunted his pillow, flew

in his face in the streets, glared from the very walls of his study, and scattered thorns on the embroidered cushions of his *salle de reception*. He was an undone builder; and the popular indignation might be taken as an omen of the march of Napoleon, which finally stripped him of his pictures, his purse, his Papedom, his personal liberty, and loaded him with all the other alliterative evils that could weigh down the tiara of the handsomest and most luckless of priests and potentates. He had, for his own misfortune and the laughter of Rome, inscribed over the entrance of his sacristy the following characters:—

"Quod ad Templi Vaticani ornamentum  
Publica vota flagitabant,  
Pius VI. Pont : Max : fecit, perfectitque."

Among a thousand poetic insults, an angry neophyte of the republic thus posted up his opinion under the inscription:—

"Publica! Mentiris. Non publica vota  
fuere,  
Sed tumidi ingenii vota fuere tui."

The general Papal administration is as curious as its finance. All the provinces have a species of viceroys, vested with authority to judge in all cases except capital ones. But the three important provinces of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna (or Ravenna), called the Three Legations, from their being governed by Legates *a latere*, Cardinals delegated by the Pope every three years, imply powers in their governors little inferior to those of the Pope himself. Next to those is the President of Urbino, a prelate governor, whose appointment differs from that of the governors of the Legations in being "during pleasure." Over all the cities, also, there are governors, prelates, corresponding to our magistrates of the higher order. Over the towns that are not honoured with the name of cities are governors by *brief*, as being appointed by the Pope's brief; and over the villages are commissaries, appointed by patent of the Secretary of State. The two latter classes form almost the only exception to the monopoly of office by the priesthood. They are not required to be priests, and they may even be married men. They must be doctors of law, but

this is not a very cumbrous acquirement. Rome sells the diploma as she sells every thing. The honour in this case is cheap; it is sold for about three guineas.

But the great machine of the state is the *Sagra Consulta*, nearly equivalent to our Privy Council and Court of King's Bench combined. It is a tribunal exercising a judicial authority over the whole state, excepting the city of Rome itself, which is under local governors. This body consists of a Cardinal Secretary of State, who acts as president, a prelate as secretary, and eight prelates called *ponenti*, who have all equal voices in the decision. The whole state is divided into eight districts, for each of which one of those prelates is the *ponente*, agent, or general functionary. Their cognizance is formidable, though solely over criminal cases. The governor of the city where a crime is committed, makes his report to the *ponente* of the district, who examines the matter, and makes his report to the body; who again, by a plurality of votes, decide on the sentence. The secretary then reports to the Pope, who signifies his decision by an order, which returns to the body to be signed by the president and secretary.

This shews like deliberation, but its effects are equivalent to the most cruel tyranny. The first step in every instance is to throw the accused into prison; and of all loathsome places an Italian prison is the most loathsome. There, squalid, starving, stript of his property, and wearing away health, intelligence, and life, the wretched prisoner must wait for the deliberations of the *Sagra Consulta*, deliberations which linger through years.

The process of the trial is a facsimile of the memorable system of the Inquisition. All is secrecy. The prisoner is never suffered to confront the accuser. The depositions of the witnesses are all taken down in private by a notary; the witnesses themselves are not suffered to read over their own depositions. The witnesses for, or against, are never confronted with the accused; he is never suffered even to know who they are. When the depositions are complete, the accused is brought up

to be examined by the same notary and one of the inferior judges; in other words, brought up to be urged to criminate himself. If the case be one which might involve a sentence of death, the accused who pleaded not guilty, or refused to make himself a criminal, was put to the torture. But this most inhuman process has been disused. However, the dungeon, the bread and water, and the utter uncertainty of trial, are still torture enough, if the unfortunate man had never felt a thumb-screw, nor had a spine dislocated by the rack. The absurdity of using torture as an instrument of truth, could not be more clearly evidenced than by the Roman practice. If the most innocent man gave way under his agony, he was pronounced guilty. If the most guilty had the hardihood of nerve to refuse all confession under the torture, he was, after a few experiments on the toughness of his sinews, pronounced innocent, and *incapable* of being pronounced guilty, let the proofs be however powerful. Thus all was in favour of ruffianism. The hardy constitution of the robber and highway assassin, was his defence; while the feeble frame of the honest citizen, or the man of study and seclusion, was an evidence of crime, and betrayed him to ruin.

It forms a striking feature in all foreign tribunals that their prejudice is *against* the accused, and this especially in countries where espionage is a common expedient of all classes, where conscience is solved by sumpence and a confessional, and where accusation is notoriously made on the slightest and the most nefarious grounds. While, among us, though accusation is rare, and therefore to be presumed, not made but on valid grounds, the prejudice is wholly in favour of the accused. In the foreign tribunal, the *onus* lies on the accused; in the English on the accuser. In the one the business of the judge is, not to shew that the accused has justice, but that he cannot escape. This purpose is evidently less to secure the ends of truth, than to vindicate the strictness of the laws; the accuser is the favourite of the court, the accused is the victim. The judge performs, the lawyer examines and cross-examines, browbeats and terrifies; the accused, probably in-

nocent, is confounded, silenced, beaten down, but the judge gains the honours of a successful minister by this verbal torture; the accused is hanged, and the tribunal triumphs in the proof that it has cleverness enough to hang. Even in France, the majesty of justice, which consists in its fairness, is perpetually insulted by this passion for conviction. The judge with us is counsel for the defendant, if he has no other. The judge in France is counsel for the plaintiff, if he had a thousand others. Well may England rejoice in her lot; and manly and vigorous may be her efforts to retain the Constitution which has made her the depositary of all the best principles of law, freedom, and religion.

There are but few executions in Rome, for there, as in all other places, the chief crimes are committed among the rabble; and they seldom wait for the tardier process of the law. Where a culprit may be shut up in his dungeon for half-a-dozen years from the time of his sentence till its execution, rabble vengeance is not much disposed to trust to the tribunals. The knife is a speedier mode of settling their injuries. Stab is given for stab. The oppressor, the betrayer, or the robber, is run through the midriff with a stiletto. The matter is settled, and justice troubles herself no more upon the subject.

A remarkable exception is made in the case of priests and women. Capital punishment cannot touch them. The priest, let him be thief, seducer, conspirator, or assassin, is never to exhibit on a scaffold. He goes, at the worst, only into perpetual confinement in the House of Correction—the *Ergastolo*. There he has nothing to do, and does nothing. He may read his breviary, and he *must* hear mass once a day; there end his troubles. He is fed by the Pope, until his benefactor grows weary of feeding him; as he becomes burdensome, he becomes virtuous; his days in this Roman purgatory now rapidly shorten; at last he is discovered to be clean once more. The *padre Cherico* vouches for his saintship, and he is let loose upon mankind again. If he dies in confinement, he is still better off. He is absolved, anointed, wrapped "in the weeds of Dominic," and sent direct to heaven.

The women, too, are sent into confinement, but with this difference, that they have something to do. Many a fair hand of the Roman *donzelle* is at this hour picking hemp, spinning wool, and making horse-cloths. In their *casa*, to which the archangel Michael gives his name, they conquer the enemy by flogging, bread and water, and masses perpetual,—a sufficient contrast to the life of a promenader of the *Piazza di Spagna*, a free *Trasteverina*, or a *prima cantatrice* of the Theatre of the Phoenix; but not a bad retirement, after all, for the most calamitous of fallen potentates, a failing beauty. The *Sagra Consulta*, in addition to its functions of imprisoning and hanging, is the board of quarantine. Like the spear of Achilles, if its point kills, its rust cures; it slays and it keeps alive. But as we are now *nationally* startled by fears of pestilence, there is some interest in even the detail of Roman quarantine.

The Papal States are notoriously surrounded by pestilence. Mahomet bequeathed the legacy to his converts, and in the lands of the Moslem the plague never dies. If it is not sweeping the turbans of Constantinople, it is doing justice on the sheepskin caps of Shiraz and Teheran. If it is not breaking up the Tartar encampments on the shores of the Baikal, it is waging war against the harems of Morocco; if not at Cairo, it is peace-making between the rival butchers of Tripoli and Tunis, by slaying the population of both. But it is always alive, always in action, and always hovering round the states of his Holiness. Every wind that blows may bring it, and by the help of a Mediterranean sloop, which will bring any thing, a Levant captain, who will swear any thing, and a Jew pedlar, who will buy any thing, a pair of pantaloons may spread mortality, at any hour, from the peasant that starves in his hut to the Pope that revels in his palace, from Loretto or Civita Vecchia to the Vatican.

In the midst of this perpetual peril even Roman laziness is active, and Papal slumber is awake; and nothing can be a more convincing proof of the value of precaution on such a subject, than the immunity which

common vigilance can thus secure from one of the most horrid of all evils, as well as the most subtle, permanent, and apparently uncontrollable by man.

The two chief Roman health-offices are those of Civita Vecchia and Ancona. Immediately on the arrival of the vessel, the captain comes on shore to an appointed spot, which is palisaded, to prevent communication. Then his bill of health is read to the health-commissary, who, if he has any suspicion of the vessel, receives the bill in a pair of tongs, and smokes it over burning straw before he reads it. If the report be favourable, the rest of the crew are ordered to appear, and are then singly examined. If all be well, they are admitted to free pratique. If any remain sick on board, the port physician visits them; if they are sick of the pestilence, the captain and crew are marched back on board, and the unlucky doctor is forced to take up his quarters with them, until the infection is fully developed or extinguished. Guards are set over the vessel, and on the shore, to prevent communication. If the plague appears unequivocally, the goods are either burnt in the Lazaretto, or if the captain object to that, they are put on board, and the vessel is ordered to put to sea, on pain of being fired into and sunk at her moorings. There is also a perpetual Board of Health, consisting of the governor of the district, and five other magistrates, who assist the Commissary in person, each for a week. In any peculiar case, the Commissary has the power to call them together. Their votes and opinions are transmitted to the secretary of the *Sagra Consulta*. The affair is taken into consideration by that body; and in the meantime, with a wise precaution against consequences, the vessel and crew are kept in strict quarantine. No bill of health from the Levant or the coast of Barbary will avail. All arrivals from either are looked on as coming from a land of pestilence; and are destined to quarantine. The most important reflection for us is, that by the help of these arrangements, plain and manageable as they are, the Roman States have, for a vast length of time, been secured from the plague.

The construction of the Papal Ca-

binet is simple; it may be said to consist of three ministers, the Governor of Rome, the Pope's Auditor, and the Cardinal Vicar, three officers, each once possessed of very high personal functions. The Governor of Rome is always a prelate. He has a shewy establishment, and in the streets is attended with a guard. He may be considered as the representative of the Pope's temporal power. But this chief's present occupations are those of a head of the police. He decides in a large extent of civil and criminal cases; the majority of which in Rome, however, have dwindled down into quarrels between the mob, or chicaneries between shopkeepers. One section of the Roman jurisdiction deserves remark for its connection with the general tendency to criminate the accused. If a servant charges his employer with withholding his due, the first process of the court is to order the employer instantly to deposit the sum demanded in the hands of its officer—difficult as it may be for him to procure, or utterly groundless as the demand may be on the face of it—or he must give adequate security for the sum, or be imprisoned at once. The *onus* still rests upon the accused, for he is compelled to prove that the accuser has spoken falsely, instead of the natural process compelling the accuser to prove that he has spoken the truth; and as the defendant's own oath goes for nothing, he must look about for witnesses of a transaction, which, in nine instances, has no witnesses, or be condemned to pay the whole demand. In this mode half a dozen rogues, by conspiring against any man, may lock up his whole property in the Governor's hands, and while he is not indebted a shilling in the world, may strip him of every shilling. The practice among a people singularly fraudulent by nature, and who in all cases prefer the circuitous way to the straight one, must produce a prodigious quantity of fraud, offensive and defensive. An amusing story on this point is told of an Englishman and his Roman lawyer.

The English *Milor* had resided at Rome but a few months, when he was waited on by a succession of dealers in *virtu*, who, to his astonishment, came, not to solicit commis-

sions for Venuses and Mercuries, but to demand payment of "their bills!" John Bull burst out first into laughter, and next into rage, gave them his opinion of their merits in round English, and, finally declaring that his only answer would be the horse-whip or the horse-pond, put the whole deputation to the rout down the marble steps of his *palazza*. Next day, however, he was waited on by a more formidable requisition, in the shape of one of the Governor's *Sbirri*, ordering his attendance *with the money in question*, on pain of being sent to jail. There are no Habeas Corpus, or Insolvent Acts, nor any of the English frippery of rights and wrongs, in Rome; all is solid payment, plain prosecution, and jail for life. The Englishman devoted Pope, Governor, and dealers in *virtu*, to the *Dii manes*, and drove to a famous advocate. "You say you never bought this five hundred crowns of bronzes, nor this thousand crowns worth of intaglios, nor this three thousand?—"

"Three thousand furies!" exclaimed the Englishman, "do you take me for a madman? I have not bought sixpence-worth of their gewgaws since I came into Rome, and I intend to leave it to-morrow, without the purchase of so much as a sleeve-button."

"Then you intend to pay the money, of course?" said the advocate.

"Not a paul," said the Englishman; "I can swear that I never saw the yellow visage of one of these rascals before."

The advocate at length, however, succeeded in bringing his angry client to leave the matter to his management. The money being paid into Court, the trial lingered marvellously, for this was, in the first place, the genius of the legislature, and in the next, the enemy's advocate was directed to bring it into the *malaria season*, the period when all foreigners naturally take flight, and when the innkeepers lay an additional tax upon the English post-chaises. John Bull roared in vain, and was on the point of giving up the cause, to be let loose for Albano, Naples, or any other part of the earth, where he could escape a six months' ague and paralysls for life. Fortune favoured him at last. The *malaria* fever had

made its way into the Governor's household, and his prelateship ordered the business of the Court to be concluded with the utmost expedition. The advocate waited on the Englishman. "You may now order your horses," said he; "we have gained our cause."

"Bravo!" said the client, "of course you shewed that the fellows could not prove my ever having ordered their trumpery?"

"Quite the contrary," said the advocate; "they proved the fact, and proved it by no less than twenty witnesses, who all swore that they had seen you order them."

The Englishman pronounced that expression, which makes such a figure in the mouth of the British sailor, and which Figaro declares to be "*le fond de la langue*."

"But how did you beat them?"

"Swearing against them would be of no use, so I brought five-and-twenty witnesses to swear that they *saw you pay* for them. The fellows were not prepared for this, and you gained your cause."

The Pope's Auditor is nearly equivalent to our Lord Chancellor; he is the supreme judge in civil causes, but is not restricted to the rules or limitations of the other tribunals. His usual method is to determine any peculiar point of law which may have arisen, and then remit the cause to the inferior tribunals. He decides all matters brought before him in equity. He has another point of resemblance to the Lord Chancellor, (whose office, indeed, as it was originally held by churchmen, may be but an improved copy of the Roman Auditors.) His functions are considered to be so immediately connected with those of the head of the state, or his advisers, that they cease instantly upon the Pope's death. He is named by the Pope *during pleasure*, and though always a prelate, he vacates his office on being appointed a Cardinal, thus giving the Pope an easy means of getting rid of him; or if he is suffered to remain in office afterwards, it must be as pro-auditor, or presumed *locum tenens* for the future Auditor; and there are few instances where the first act of a Pope is not to displace the former Auditor.

The Roman Senate still subsists. How are the mighty fallen! The

Conscript Fathers, the men of the fasces and the curule chair, are now a single noble, an attorney, and three petty justices. The distributors of kingdoms, and the chastisers of kings, are now a court for fixing the weekly price of butcher's meat, and the recovery of small debts. Such is a name!

The Cardinal Vicar, the third great officer of state, possesses very high and very active functions. In his court, constituted of himself, an auditor, a prelate entitled the Vicegerent, and a prelate entitled the civil *Luogotenente*, he exercises an authority in civil and ecclesiastical cases within ten miles of Rome. Under other modifications he exercises a similar jurisdiction in criminal cases. But he possesses one function, personally and exclusively, which alone gives a very formidable power. As Cardinal Vicar, or Vicar-General to the Pope, he is *censor of the public morals*. By this single authority, he commands the liberty of every man and woman in the state. Espionage is, of course, one of the shortsighted arts of all the continental governments. But Roman espionage is perpetual and universal, and, with the restlessness and meanness that belongs to the unemployed life of monkery, it makes mischief out of every thing. The Cardinal Vicar has the power of arrest and conveyance to the dungeon, in all instances of his own caprice, or the caprice of others. The husband who wishes to get rid of his wife, the wife who plots against her husband—and in the miserable system of Italian matrimony, and the habitual profligacy of both sexes, those bitter intrigues and fierce separations are frequent—has only to influence the Cardinal, or perhaps the Cardinal's valet, or the valet's valet, or a clerk in his office; and the accused is privately seized, privately consigned to a prison, and privately kept there for years, or for life.

In England, a single act of this kind would overthrow a Ministry, and the existence of such an office would set the kingdom in a flame. But foreigners are satisfied with shrugging their shoulders, thanking the Virgin that it is not their own ill luck, and wiping out all traces of the transaction by going to the ope-

ra. The Italian, as long as he has macaroni, troubles himself but little about the deeds of Cardinal Vicars. A cloak that will keep out the rain, and a cigar that will smoke away the day, advance him still farther in the road to happiness. But give him a new punchinello for the streets, and a new *maestro* for the stage, and let dungeons frown, friends disappear, executioners flog, and Vicars and Vicegerents ride over the necks of mankind, the Italian enjoys the supreme of felicity. Revolutions in Italy! There may be a few disbanded French *braves*, longing for plunder and full pay again; or a few broken commissaries, thinking of the glorious times of robbery; but the people have as little sympathy with them, as they have with Julius Cæsar and the Tenth Legion. There will be no more revolution in Italy than in the bottoms of their own coffee-cups. The priests are the masters there, and even if the Pope should be *untemporalized*, which he will not, by Austria, nor by Europe, until the final change of all European institutions is at hand, the priests will twist the chain round the hands, the feet, and the throat of the Italian.

Of all states, the Roman is the most plagued with law. Every functionary, from the Pope to the lowest prelate, is vested with judicial rights of some kind or other; and nothing but actual experience can conceive the harassings, the expense, and the perpetual misery, of this teasing eternity of legislation. Independently of the *Segnatura di Giustizia*, a tribunal of law, strictly so called, and the *Segnatura di Grazia*, which decides by equity, is the *Roti*, a sort of representative tribunal of the provinces of Italy, consisting of twelve prelates, of Rome, the Milanese, Tuscany, &c., and the *Apostolic Chamber*, consisting of fourteen members, headed by the Cardinal *Camerlengo*, or Great Chamberlain, and the Roman Treasurer;—the whole equivalent to our Commissioners of the Treasury, but still, like all the rest, exercising judicial functions.

Under a system of government in which the will of one man is the law, —for the Pope's personal decision is considered superior to all written authorities, and is without appeal;

where law, in even its most judicial form, refuses all oral testimony, all cross-examination, and all confronting the accuser with the accused; where the chief tribunals receive all anonymous accusations; where the *salaries* of some of the assessors are not above five pounds English a-year; and, to complete the picture, where a lawsuit for half of five pounds may be driven from court to court for half-a-dozen years,—our only wonder should be, not that one half of the Romans are on the very verge of beggary, but that all Rome is not one aggregate of beggary, one mob of mendicancy, one huge workhouse. And this it unquestionably would be, but for the influx of foreigners, and especially of the English, who go there to gaze, be robbed, and be laughed at for being robbed. In fact, modern Rome has *always* lived upon strangers,—upon Popish strangers before the Reformation, and upon the Protestant English since. By a miracle worth all the miracles of their breviary, the Romans, on the strength of their heretic gains, are beginning to glaze their windows, whitewash their pestilential chambers, sweep their streets, and occasionally wash their own hands and faces. But if a war should check the current of the English, the whole city will tumble into bankruptcy; Rome will be one grand *Seccatura*, and the habitual Italian physiognomy will be restored, squalid and unblenched as ever. But it is in the provinces that the misery is most palpable. The States lying on the Adriatic, Umbria, the Marca, and the Legations, by their great natural fertility, counteract the indolence and the poverty of their people. But their system of farming—farms of thousands of acres, constant fallows, and interminable copsas, for the food of the cattle in winter, and firing—leave the cultivators in comparative helplessness. It is on the Mediterranean side, the *Marremma*, that the system is completely felt. The whole is little better than a desert, though the soil is singularly fertile; but it is infected by vapours which render it unhealthy. This obstacle, however, might be soon overcome by a vigorous people, for the marshes are easily capable of being drained; and by planting in ju-

dicious situations, where the south wind might be excluded, and by cultivating the soil, there is full evidence that the infection might be totally extinguished. But the Italians are not that people. They would rather smoke the worst tobacco in the world, sip the worst chocolate, breathe the worst air, and live under the worst government, than take spade or plough in hand, shake off their indolence and rags together, and send the priests and the pedants to legislate for the Esquimaux.

Politics are much talked of in Italy; for they are, like the Athenians in the days of their degeneracy, prodigious lovers of news, and settlers of the affairs of all mankind. But even their lovers of liberty do not understand what they are talking about. They sigh for Jacobinism, and have no more conception of a liberty which could gain its point without plunder, and live without unsettling the whole frame of society, than they have of an eruption of Vesuvius without fire, or a Pope without a nephew. The elections of the Pope are now mere matters of form. France has lost all her weight, or rather has contemptuously abandoned it; Portugal and Spain are still powerful in the conclave; but Austria is the great absorbent,—she can make any Pope she pleases. She, however, is wisely satisfied with having the substance of power, without the shew. But day by day she is binding the Popedom more to her interests; she is becoming more and more the habitual refuge of the Popes; and it altogether depends on Prince Metternich whether the next election will or will not see the last Italian privilege—that of making an *Italian* Pope—nullified, and place an Archduke on the Papal throne.

In these remarks on the Italian character, it is spoken of only as borne down by the vices of its governments. If men live in a dungeon, they must have the habits of a dungeon. If the Italian is eternally surrounded by spies, he must be either a spy or a victim. If his government will give him nothing to do, or will not suffer him to do any thing for himself, he must be either a thief or an idler, he must either beg or carry a barrel-organ. By na-



ture he has great gifts, perhaps the most marked and admirable of any man of Europe. His country is the soil of genius; he is singularly acute, vivid, and sensitive, with the most glowing susceptibility of the lovely,

the noble, and the grand in the arts; a poet by nature—a musician by instinct—a victim and a slave only by the vileness of his governments, and the blindness of his religion.

## FAMILY POETRY.—NO. III.

## THE PLAY.

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.—VIRG.

CATHERINE of Cleves was a lady of rank,  
 She had lands, and fine houses, and cash in the bank;  
     She had jewels and rings,  
     And a thousand smart things,  
     Was lovely and young,  
     With a *rather* sharp tongue,  
 And she wedded a duke of high degree,  
 With the star of the order of *St Esprit*;  
     But the Duke de Guise  
     Was by many degrees  
 Her senior, and not very easy to please;  
 He'd a sneer on his lip, and a scowl with his eye,  
 And a frown on his brow—and he look'd like a Guy—  
     So she took to intriguing  
     With Monsieur St Megrin,  
 A young man of fashion, and figure, and worth,  
 But with no great pretensions to fortune or birth;  
     He would sing, fence, and dance  
     With any man in France,  
 And took his rappee with genteel *nonchalance*;  
 He smiled, and he flatter'd, and flirted with ease,  
 And was very superior to Monseigneur de Guise.

Now Monsieur St Megrin was curious to know  
 If the lady approved of his passion, or no;  
     So, without more ado,  
     He put on his *surtout*,  
 And went to a man with a beard like a Jew,  
     One Signor Ruggieri,  
     A cunning-man near, he  
 Could conjure, tell fortunes, and calculate tides,  
 Perform tricks on the cards, and heaven knows what besides,  
 Bring back a stray'd cow, silver ladle, or spoon,  
 And was thought to be thick with the man-in-the-moon.  
     The sage took his stand  
     With his wand in his hand,  
 Drew a circle, then gave the dread word of command,  
 Saying solemnly—"Presto!—*Hey, quick!*—*Cock-a-lorum!*"  
 When the Duchess immediately popp'd up before 'em.

Just then a conjunction of Venus and Mars,  
 Or something peculiar above in the stars,  
 Attracted the notice of Signor Ruggieri,  
 Who bolted, and left him alone with his deary.—  
 Monsieur St Megrin went down on his knees,  
 And the Duchess shed tears large as marrowfat peas;

When—fancy the shock!—  
 A loud double-knock  
 Made the lady cry, "Get up, you fool!—there's De Guise!"  
 'Twas his grace sure enough;  
 So Monsieur, looking bluff,  
 Strutted by, with his hat on, and fingering his ruff:  
 While, unseen by either, away flew the dame  
 Through the opposite keyhole, the same way she came;  
 But alack! and alas!  
 A mishap came to pass,  
 In her hurry she somehow or other let fall  
 A new silk *bandana* she'd worn as a shawl;  
 She had used it for drying  
 Her bright eyes while crying,  
 And blowing her nose as her beau talk'd of "dying!"

Now the Duke, who had seen it so lately adorn her,  
 And knew the great C with the Crown in the corner,  
 The instant he spied it smoked something amiss,  
 And said, with some energy, "D—n it! what's this?"  
 He went home in a fume,  
 And bounced into her room,  
 Crying, "So, ma'am, I find I've some cause to feel jealous.  
 Look here!—here's a proof you run after the fellows!—  
 Now take up that pen—if it's bad, choose a better—  
 And write as I dictate this moment a letter  
 To Monsieur—you know who!"—  
 The lady look'd blue;  
 But replied, with much firmness, "Curse me if I do!"—  
 Then De Guise grasp'd her wrist  
 With his great mutton fist,  
 And pinch'd it, and gave it so painful a twist,  
 That his hard iron gauntlet the flesh went an inch in:  
 She didn't mind death, but she could not bear pinching;  
 So she sat down and wrote  
 This polite little note;  
 "Dear Mister St Megrin,  
 The Chiefs of the League in  
 Our house come to dine  
 This evening at nine;  
 I shall soon after ten,  
 Slip away from the men,  
 And you'll find me up stairs in the drawing-room then.  
 Come up the back way, or those impudent thieves,  
 The servants will see you;

Yours,

Catherine of Cleves."

She directed, and sealed it, all pale as a ghost,  
 And De Guise put it into the twopenny post.

St Megrin had almost jump'd out of his skin  
 For joy, that day when the post came in:  
 He read the note through,  
 Then began it anew,  
 And thought it almost too good news to be true.  
 He clapp'd on his hat,  
 And a hood over that,  
 With a cloak to disguise him and make him look fat;  
 So great his impatience, from half after four  
 He was waiting till ten at De Guise's back-door.  
 When he heard the great clock of St Genevieve chime,  
 He ran up the back-staircase six steps at a time,

But had scarce made his bow  
 He hardly knew how,  
 When, alas and alack !  
 There was no getting baek,  
 For the drawing-room door was bang'd to with a whack.—  
 In vain he applied  
 To the handle, and tried,  
 Somebody or other had lock'd it outside !  
 And the Duchess in agony sobb'd, " My poor chap,  
 We are *cotch* like a couple of rats in a trap !"

Now the Duchess's Page,  
 About twelve years of age,  
 For so little a boy was uncommonly sage ;  
 And, just in the nick, to their joy and amazement,  
 Popp'd the gas-lighter's ladder close under the casement ;  
 But all would not do—  
 Though St Megrin got through  
 The window,—below stood De Guise and his crew,  
 And though never man was more brave than St Megrin,  
 Yet fighting a score is extremely fatiguing ;  
 He thrust carte and tierce  
 Remarkably fierce,  
 But not Beelzebub's self could their cuirasses pierce,  
 While his doublet and hose,  
 Being holiday clothes,  
 Were soon cut through and through from his knees to his nose ;  
 Still an old crooked sixpence the Conjuror gave him,  
 From " pistol and sword" was sufficient to save him,  
 But, when beat on his knees,  
 That confounded De Guise  
 Came behind with the *foyle* that caused all this breeze,  
 Whipp'd it tight round his neck, and, when backwards he'd jerk'd him,  
 The rest of the rascals jump'd on him and Burk'd him.  
 The poor little Page too himself got no quarter, but  
 Was served the same way,  
 And was found, the next day,  
 With his heels in the air and his head in the water-butt.  
 Catherine of Cleves  
 Roar'd " Murder !" and " Thieves !!"  
 From the window above  
 While they murder'd her love,  
 Till finding the rogues had accomplish'd his slaughter,  
 She drank Prussic acid without any water,  
 And died like a Duke-and-a-Duchess's daughter !

## MORAL.

Take warning, ye fair, from this play of the Bard's,  
 And don't go where fortunes are told on the cards !  
 But steer clear of conjurers !—never put query  
 To " wise Mrs Williams," or folks like Ruggieri :  
 When alone in your room shut your door to, and lock it ;  
 Above all, KEEP YOUR HANDKERCHIEF SAFE IN YOUR POCKET !  
 Lest you too should stumble, and Lord Leveson Gower, he  
 Be call'd on,—sad poet !—to tell *your* sad story !

## CHATEAUBRIAND.

## No. I.—ITINÉRAIRE.

IT is one of the worst effects of the vehemence of faction, which has recently agitated the nation, that it tends to withdraw the attention altogether from works of permanent literary merit, and by presenting nothing to the mind but a constant succession of party discussions, both to disqualify it for enjoying the sober pleasure of rational information, and render the great works which are calculated to delight and improve the species, known only to a limited class of readers. The conceit and prejudice of a large portion of the public, increase just in proportion to the diminution of their real information. By incessantly studying journals where the advantage of the spread of knowledge is sedulously inculcated, they imagine that they have attained that knowledge, because they have read these journals, and by constantly abusing those who oppose themselves to the light of truth, they come to forget that none oppose it so effectually as those who substitute for its steady ray the lurid flame of democratic flattery.

We have always maintained the contrary doctrine; we assert that the diffusion of useful knowledge, of all that can dispel prejudice, elevate the understanding, and purify the heart, is not in the ratio, but the inverse ratio, of the reading of newspapers; that party politics are to men what novels are to women, and ardent spirits to the labouring classes; that they agitate the mind with passion, without storing it with information; and call millions to the decision of questions which neither nature has given them faculties to understand, nor study the means of competently judging. We maintain that prejudice is so common, passion so general, information so scanty, in this generation, not because they do not, but because they do, read to such an exclusive degree the public journals; and that the acrimonious style in which they are written, the hasty conclusions which they contain, and the partial view of human affairs which they exhibit, are of all other circumstances those which are most adverse to the developement or diffusion of truth.

It is, therefore, with sincere and heartfelt joy, that we turn from the turbid and impassioned stream of political discussion, to the pure fountains of literary genius; from the vehemence of party strife to the calmness of philosophic investigation; from works of ephemeral celebrity to the productions of immortal genius. When we consider the vast number of these which have issued from the European press during the last fifteen years, and the small extent to which they are as yet known to the British public, we are struck with astonishment; and confirmed in the opinion, that those who are loudest in praise of the spread of information, are generally those who possess least of it for any useful purpose.

It has long been a settled opinion in France, that the seams of English literature are wrought out; that while we imagine we are advancing, we are in fact only moving round in a circle, and that it is in vain to expect any thing new on human affairs from a writer under the English constitution. This they ascribe to the want of the *bouleversement* of ideas, and the extrication of original thought, which a revolution produces; and they coolly calculate on the catastrophe which is to overturn the English government, as likely to open new veins of thought among its inhabitants, and pour new streams of eloquence into its writers.

Without acquiescing in the justice of this observation in all its parts, and strenuously asserting for the age of Scott and Byron a decided superiority over any other in British history since the days of Shakspeare and Milton in poetry and romance, we must admit that the observation, in many departments of literature, is but too well founded. No one will accuse us of undue partiality for the French Revolution, a convulsion whose principles we have so long and so vigorously opposed, and whose horrors we have endeavoured, sedulously, though inadequately, to impress upon our readers. It is therefore with a firm conviction of impartiality, and a consciousness of yielding only to the tone of truth, that we are

obliged to confess, that in historical and political compositions the French of our age are greatly superior to the writers of this country. We are not insensible to the merits of our modern English historians. We fully appreciate the learned research of Turner, the acute and valuable narrative of Lingard, the elegant language and antiquarian industry of Tytler, the vigour and originality of McCrie, and the philosophic wisdom of Mackintosh—and if we can find room for it amidst the whirl of politics, we shall endeavour to do justice to their labours in this Miscellany. But still we feel the justice of the French observation, that there is something “English” in all their ideas. Their thoughts seem formed on the even tenor of political events prior to 1789; and in reading their works we can hardly persuade ourselves that they have been ushered into the world since the French Revolution advanced a thousand years the materials of political investigation.

Chateaubriand is universally allowed by the French, of all parties, to be their first writer. His merits, however, are but little understood in this country. He is known as once a minister of Louis XVIII., and ambassador of that monarch in London, as the writer of many celebrated political pamphlets, and the victim, since the Revolution of 1830, of his noble and ill-requited devotion to that unfortunate family. Few are aware that he is, without one single exception, the most eloquent writer of the present age; that independent of politics, he has produced many works on morals, religion, and history, destined for immortal endurance; that his writings combine the strongest love of rational freedom, with the warmest inspiration of Christian devotion; that he is, as it were, the link between the feudal and the revolutionary ages; retaining from the former its generous and elevated feeling, and inhaling from the latter its acute and fearless investigation. The last pilgrim, with devout feelings, to the holy sepulchre, he was the first supporter of constitutional freedom in France; discarding thus from former times their bigoted fury, and from modern, their infidel spirit, blending all that was noble in the ardour of the Crusades, with all that is generous in the enthusiasm of freedom.

The greatest work of this writer is his “*Genie du Christianisme*,” a work of consummate ability and splendid eloquence, in which he has enlisted in the cause of religion all the treasures of knowledge and all the experience of ages, and sought to captivate the infidel generation in which he wrote, not only by the force of argument, but the grace of imagination. To us who live in a comparatively religious atmosphere, and who have not yet witnessed the subversion of the altar, by the storms which overthrew the throne, it is difficult to estimate the importance of a work of this description, which insinuated itself into the mind of the most obdurate infidels by the charms of literary composition, and subdued thousands inaccessible to any other species of influence by the sway it acquired over the fancy.

*Così all'egro fanciul' porgiamo aspersi,  
Di soave licor gli orsi del vaso;  
Succchi amarià ingannato intanto ei beve,  
Et dall'inganno suo vita riceve.*

It is not however to this immortal work that we are now to direct the attention of our readers: that will form the subject of another article in a succeeding Number. We intend at present to confine our attention to his “*Itineraire de Paris à Jerusalem*,” being an account of the author's journey in 1806, from Paris to Greece, Constantinople, Palestine, Egypt and Carthage. This work is not so much a book of travels as memoirs of the feelings and impressions of the author during a journey over the shores of the Mediterranean; the cradle, as Dr Johnson observed, of all that dignifies and has blest human nature, of our laws, our religion, and our civilisation. It may readily be anticipated that the observations of such a man, in such scenes, must contain much that is interesting and delightful: our readers may prepare themselves for a high gratification; it is seldom that they have such an intellectual feast laid before them. We have translated the passages, both because there is no English version with which we are acquainted of this work, and because the translations which usually appear of French authors are executed in so slovenly a style.

Of his first night amidst the ruins of Sparta, our author gives the following interesting account:—

"After supper Joseph brought me my saddle, which usually served for my pillow. I wrapped myself in my cloak, and slept on the banks of the Eurotas under a laurel. The night was so clear and serene, that the milky way formed a resplendent arch, reflected in the waters of the river, and by the light of which I could read. I slept with my eyes turned towards the heavens, and with the constellation of the Swan of Leda directly above my head. Even at this distance of time I recollect the pleasure I experienced in sleeping thus in the woods of America, and still more in awakening in the middle of the night. I there heard the sound of the wind rustling through those profound solitudes, the cry of the stag and the deer, the fall of a distant cataract, while the fire at my feet, half extinguished, reddened from below the foliage of the forest. I even experienced a pleasure from the voice of the Iroquois, when he uttered his cry in the midst of the untrodden woods, and by the light of the stars, amidst the silence of nature, proclaimed his unfettered freedom. Emotions such as these please at twenty years of age, because life is then so full of vigour, that it suffices as it were for itself, and because there is something in early youth which incessantly urges towards the mysterious and the unknown: *ipsi sibi somnia fingent*; but in a more mature age the mind reverts to more imperishable emotions: it inclines, most of all, to the recollections and the examples of history. I would still sleep willingly on the banks of the Eurotas and the Jordan, if the shades of the three hundred Spartans, or of the twelve sons of Jacob, were to visit my dreams; but I would no longer set out to visit lands which have never been explored by the plough. I now feel the desire for those old deserts which shroud the walls of Babylon or the legions of Pharsalia: fields of which the furrows are engraven on human thought, and where I may find man as I am, the blood, the tears, and the labours of man."—I. 86, 87.

From Laconia our author directed his steps by the isthmus of Corinth to Athens. Of his first feelings in the ancient cradle of taste and genius

he gives the following beautiful description:—

"Overwhelmed with fatigue, I slept for some time without interruption, when I was at length awakened by the sound of Turkish music, proceeding from the summits of the Propyleum. At the same time a Mussulman priest from one of the mosques called the faithful to pray in the city of Minerva. I cannot describe what I felt at the sound; that Iman had no need to remind one of the lapse of time: his voice alone in these scenes announced the revolution of ages.

"This fluctuation in human affairs is the more remarkable from the contrast which it affords to the unchangeableness of nature. As if to insult the instability of human affairs, the animals and the birds experience no change in their empires, nor alterations in their habits. I saw, when sitting on the hill of the Muses, the storks form themselves into a wedge, and wing their flight towards the shores of Africa. For two thousand years they have made the same voyage—they have remained free and happy in the city of Solon, as in that of the chief of the black eunuchs. From the height of their nests, which the revolutions below have not been able to reach, they have seen the races of men disappear: while impious generations have arisen on the tombs of their religious parents, the young stork has never ceased to nourish its aged parent. I involuntarily fell into these reflections, for the stork is the friend of the traveller: 'it knows the seasons of heaven.' These birds were frequently my companions in the solitudes of America: I have often seen them perched on the wigwags of the savage; and when I saw them rise from another species of desert, from the ruins of the Parthenon, I could not avoid feeling a companion in the desolation of empires.

"The first thing which strikes a traveller in the monuments of Athens, is their lovely colour. In our climate, where the heavens are charged with smoke and rain, the whitest stone soon becomes tinged with black and green. It is not thus with the atmosphere of Athens. The clear sky and brilliant sun of Greece have shed over the marble of Paros and

Pentilicus a golden hue, comparable only to the finest and most fleeting tints of autumn.

"Before I saw these splendid remains I had fallen into the ordinary error concerning them. I conceived they were perfect in their details, but that they wanted grandeur. But the first glance at the originals is sufficient to shew that the genius of the architects has supplied in the magnitude of proportion what was wanting in size; and Athens is accordingly filled with stupendous edifices. The Athenians, a people far from rich, few in number, have succeeded in moving gigantic masses; the blocks of stone in the Pnyx and the Propyleum are literally quarters of rock. The slabs which stretch from pillar to pillar are of enormous dimensions: the columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius are above sixty feet in height, and the walls of Athens, including those which stretched to the Piræus, extended over nine leagues, and were so broad that two chariots could drive on them abreast. The Romans never erected more extensive fortifications.

"By what strange fatality has it happened that the chefs d'œuvre of antiquity, which the moderns go so far to admire, have owed their destruction chiefly to the moderns themselves? The Parthenon was entire in 1687; the Christians at first converted it into a church, and the Turks into a mosque. The Venetians, in the middle of the light of the seventeenth century, bombarded the Acropolis with red-hot shot; a shell fell on the Parthenon, pierced the roof, blew up a few barrels of powder, and blew into the air great part of the edifice, which did less honour to the gods of antiquity than the genius of man. No sooner was the town captured, than Morosini, in the design of embellishing Venice with its spoils, took down the statues from the front of the Parthenon; and another modern has completed, from love for the arts, that which the Venetian had begun. The invention of fire-arms has been fatal to the monuments of antiquity. Had the barbarians been acquainted with the use of gunpowder, not a Greek or Roman edifice would have survived their invasion; they would have blown up even the pyramids in the

search for hidden treasures. One year of war among the moderns will destroy more than a century of combats among the ancients. Every thing among the moderns seems opposed to the perfection of art; their country, their manners, their dress; even their discoveries."—I. 136—145.

These observations are perfectly well-founded. No one can have visited the Grecian monuments on the shores of the Mediterranean, without perceiving that they were thoroughly masters of an element of grandeur, hitherto but little understood among the moderns, that arising from gigantic masses of stone. The feeling of sublimity which they produce is indescribable: it equals that of Gothic edifices of a thousand times the size. Every one must have felt this upon looking at the immense masses which rise in solitary magnificence on the plains at Stonehenge. The great block in the tomb of Agamemnon at Argos; those in the Cyclopiæ Walls of Volterra, and in the ruins of Agrigentum in Sicily, strike the beholder with a degree of astonishment bordering on awe. To have moved such enormous masses seems the work of a race of mortals superior in thought and power to this degenerate age; it is impossible, in visiting them, to avoid the feeling that you are beholding the work of giants. It is to this cause, we are persuaded, that the extraordinary impression produced by the pyramids, and all the works of the Cyclopiæ age in architecture, is to be ascribed; and as it is an element of sublimity within the reach of all who have considerable funds at their command, it is earnestly to be hoped that it will not be overlooked by our architects. Strange that so powerful an ingredient in the sublime should have been lost sight of in proportion to the ability of the age to produce it, and that the monuments raised in the infancy of the mechanical art, should still be those in which alone it is to be seen to perfection!

We willingly translate the description of the unrivalled scene viewed from the Acropolis by the same poetical hand: a description so glowing, and yet so true, that it almost recalls, after the lapse of years, the fading tints of the original on the memory.

"To understand the view from the

Acropolis, you must figure to yourself all the plain at its foot; bare and clothed in a dusky heath, intersected here and there by woods of olives, squares of barley, and ridges of vines; you must conceive the heads of columns, and the ends of ancient ruins, emerging from the midst of that cultivation; Albanian women washing their clothes at the fountain or the scanty streams; peasants leading their asses, laden with provisions, into the modern city: those ruins so celebrated, those isles, those seas, whose names are engraven on the memory, illumined by a resplendent light. I have seen from the rock of the Acropolis the sun rise between the two summits of Mount Hymettus: the ravens, which nestle round the citadel, but never fly over its summit, floating in the air beneath, their glossy wings reflecting the rosy tints of the morn-

ing: columns of light smoke ascending from the villages on the sides of the neighbouring mountains marked the colonies of bees on the far-famed Hymettus; and the ruins of the Parthenon were illumined by the finest tints of pink and violet. The sculptures of Phidias, struck by a horizontal ray of gold, seemed to start from their marbled bed by the depth and mobility of their shadows: in the distance, the sea and the Piræus were resplendent with light, while on the verge of the western horizon, the citadel of Corinth, glittering in the rays of the rising sun, shone like a rock of purple and fire."

—L. 149.

These are the colours of poetry; but beside this brilliant passage of French description, we willingly place the equally correct and still more thrilling lines of our own poet.

"Slow sinks moreauteous ere his race be run,  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun,  
Not as in northern clime obscurely bright,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light;  
O'er the hushed deep the yellow beams he throws,  
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows;  
On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle,  
The God of Gladness sheds his parting smile;  
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,  
Though there his altars are no more divine;  
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss  
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!  
Their azure arches through the long expanse,  
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,  
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,  
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven,  
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep."

The columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius produced the same effects on the enthusiastic mind of Chateaubriand as they do on every traveller:—But he has added some reflections highly descriptive of the peculiar turn of his mind.

"At length we came to the great isolated columns placed in the quarter which is called the city of Adrian. On a portion of the architrave which unites two of the columns, is to be seen a piece of masonry, once the abode of a hermit. It is impossible to conceive how that building, which is still entire, could have been erected on the summit of one of these prodigious columns, whose height is above sixty feet. Thus this vast temple, at which the Athenians toiled for seven centuries, which all the

kings of Asia laboured to finish, which Adrian, the ruler of the world, had first the glory to complete, has sunk under the hand of Time, and the cell of a hermit has remained undecayed on its ruins. A miserable cabin is borne aloft on two columns of marble, as if Fortune had wished to exhibit on that magnificent pedestal, a monument of its triumph and its caprice.

"These columns, though twenty feet higher than those of the Parthenon, are far from possessing their beauty. The degeneracy of taste is apparent in their construction; but isolated and dispersed as they are on a naked and desert plain, their effect is imposing in the highest degree. I stopped at their feet to hear the wind whistle through the Co-



riuthian foliage on their summits: like the solitary palms which rise here and there amidst the ruins of Alexandria. When the Turks are threatened by any calamity, they bring a lamb into this place, and constrain it to bleat, with its face turned to heaven. Being unable to find the voice of innocence among men, they have recourse to the new-born lamb to mitigate the anger of heaven."—I. 152, 153.

He followed the footsteps of Chandler along the Long Walls to the Piræus, and found that profound solitude in that once busy and animated scene, which is felt to be so impressive by every traveller.

"If Chandler was astonished at the solitude of the Piræus, I can safely assert that I was not less astonished than he. We had made the circuit of that desert shore; three harbours had met our eyes, and in all that space we had not seen a single vessel! The only spectacle to be seen was the ruins and the rocks on the shore—the only sounds that could be heard were the cry of the seafowl, and the murmur of the wave, which, breaking on the tomb of Themistocles, drew forth a perpetual sigh from the abode of eternal silence. Borne away by the sea, the ashes of the conqueror of Xerxes repose beneath the waves, side by side with the bones of the Persians. In vain I sought the Temple of Venus, the long gallery, and the symbolical statue which represented the Athenian people; the image of that inaplacable democracy was for ever fallen, beside the walls, where the exiled citizens came to implore a return to their country. Instead of those superb arsenals, of those Agoræ resounding with the voice of the sailors; of those edifices which rivalled the beauty of the city of Rhodes, I saw nothing but a ruined convent and a solitary magazine. A single Turkish sentinel is perpetually seated on the coast; months and years revolve without a bark presenting itself to his sight. Such is the deplorable state into which these ports, once so famous, have now fallen—Who has overturned so many monuments of gods and men? The hidden power which overthrows every thing, and is itself subject to the Unknown God whose altar St Paul beheld at Phalera."—I. 157—158.

The fruitful theme of the decay of Greece has called forth many of the finest apostrophes of our moralists and poets. On this subject Chateaubriand offers the following striking observations:—

"One would imagine that Greece itself announced, by its mourning, the misfortunes of its children. In general, the country is uncultivated, the soil bare, rough, savage, of a brown and withered aspect. There are no rivers, properly so called, but little streams and torrents, which become dry in summer. No farm-houses are to be seen on the farms, no labourers, no chariots, no oxen, or horses of agriculture. Nothing can be figured so melancholy as to see the track of a modern wheel, where you can still trace in the worn parts of the rock the track of ancient wheels. Coast along that shore, bordered by a sea hardly more desolate—place on the summit of a rock a ruined tower, an abandoned convent—figure a minaret rising up in the midst of the solitude as a badge of slavery—a solitary flock feeding on a cape, surmounted by ruined columns—the turban of a Turk scaring the few goats which browse on the hills, and you will obtain a just idea of Modern Greece.

"On the eve of leaving Greece, at the Cape of Sunium, I did not abandon myself alone to the romantic ideas which the beauty of the scene was fitted to inspire. I retraced in my mind the history of that country; I strove to discover in the ancient prosperity of Athens and Sparta the cause of their present misfortunes, and in their present situation the germ of future glory. The breaking of the sea, which insensibly increased against the rocks at the foot of the Cape, at length reminded me that the wind had risen, and that it was time to resume my voyage. We descended to the vessel, and found the sailors already prepared for our departure. We pushed out to sea, and the breeze, which blew fresh from the land, bore us rapidly towards Zea. As we receded from the shore, the columns of Sunium rose more beautiful above the waves: their pure white appeared well defined in the dark azure of the distant sky. We were already far from the Cape; but we still heard the murmur of the waves, which broke on the cliffs at its foot, the whistle of

the winds through its solitary pillars, and the cry of the sea-birds which wheel round the stormy promontory: they were the last sounds which I heard on the shores of Greece."—I. 196.

"The Greeks did not excel less in the choice of the site of their edifices than in the forms and proportions. The greater part of the promontories of Peloponnesus, Attica, and Ionia, and the Islands of the Archipelago, are marked by temples, trophies, or tombs. These monuments, surrounded as they generally are with woods and rocks, beheld in all the changes of light and shadow, sometimes in the midst of clouds and lightning, sometimes by the light of the moon, sometimes gilded by the rising sun, sometimes flaming in his setting beams, throw an indescribable charm over the shores of Greece. The earth, thus decorated, resembles the old Cybele, who, crowned and seated on the shore, commanded her son Neptune to spread the waves beneath her feet.

"Christianity, to which we owe the sole architecture in unison with our manners, has also taught how to place our true monuments: our chapels, our abbeys, our monasteries, are dispersed on the summits of hills—not that the choice of the site was always the work of the architect, but that an art which is in unison with the feelings of the people, seldom errs far in what is really beautiful. Observe, on the other hand, how wretchedly almost all our edifices copied from the antique are placed. Not one of the heights around Paris is ornamented with any of the splendid edifices with which the city is filled. The modern Greek edifices resemble the corrupted language which they speak at Sparta and Athens; it is in vain to maintain that it is the language of Homer and Plato; a mixture of barbarous words, and of foreign constructions, betrays at every instant the invasion of the barbarians.

"To the loveliest sunset in nature, succeeded a serene night. The firmament, reflected in the waves, seemed to sleep in the midst of the sea. The evening star, my faithful companion in my journey, was ready to sink beneath the horizon; its place could only be distinguished by the rays of light which it occasionally

shed upon the water, like a dying taper in the distance. At intervals, the perfumed breeze from the islands which we passed, entranced the senses, and agitated on the surface of the ocean the glassy image of the heavens."—I. 182, 183.

The appearance of morning in the sea of Marmora is described in not less glowing colours.

"At four in the morning we weighed anchor, and as the wind was fair, we found ourselves in less than an hour at the extremity of the waters of the river. The scene was worthy of being described. On the right, Aurora rose above the headlands of Asia; on the left, was extended the sea of Marmora; the heavens in the east were of a fiery red, which grew paler in proportion as the morning advanced; the morning star still shone in that empurpled light; and above it you could barely descry the pale circle of the moon. The picture changed while I still contemplated it; soon a kind of rays of rose and gold, diverging from a common centre, mounted to the zenith; these columns were effaced, revived, and effaced anew, until the sun rose above the horizon, and confounded all the lesser shades in one universal blaze of light."—I. 236.

His journey into the Holy Land awakened a new and not less interesting train of ideas, throughout the whole of which we recognise the peculiar features of M. de Chateaubriand's mind: a strong and poetical sense of the beauties of nature, a memory fraught with historical recollections; a deep sense of religion, illustrated, however, rather as it affects the imagination and the passions, than the judgment. It is a mere chimera to suppose that such aids are to be rejected by the friends of Christianity, or that truth may with safety discard the aid of fancy, either in subduing the passions or affecting the heart. On the contrary, every day's experience must convince us, that for one who can understand an argument, hundreds can enjoy a romance; and that truth, to affect multitudes, must condescend to wear the garb of fancy. It is no doubt of vast importance that works should exist in which the truths of religion are unfolded with lucid precision, and its principles defined with the force of reason: but it is at least of equal moment, that others should be found

in which the graces of eloquence and the fervour of enthusiasm form an attraction to those who are insensible to graver considerations; where the reader is tempted to follow a path which he finds only strewn with flowers, and he unconsciously inhales the breath of eternal life.

"On nearing the coast of Judea, the first visitors we received were three swallows. They were perhaps on their way from France, and pursuing their course to Syria. I was strongly tempted to ask them what news they brought from that paternal roof which I had so long quitted. I recollect that in years of infancy, I spent entire hours in watching with an indescribable pleasure the course of swallows in autumn, when assembling in crowds previous to their annual migration: a secret instinct told me that I too should be a traveller. They assembled in the end of autumn around a great fish-pond; there, amidst a thousand evolutions and flights in air, they seemed to try their wings, and prepare for their long pilgrimage. Whence is it that of all the recollections in existence, we prefer those which are connected with our cradle? The illusions of self-love, the pleasures of youth, do not recur with the same charm to the memory; we find in them, on the contrary, frequent bitterness and pain; but the slightest circumstances revive in the heart the recollections of infancy, and always with a fresh charm. On the shores of the lakes in America, in an unknown desert, which was sublime only from the effect of solitude, a swallow has frequently recalled to my recollection the first years of my life; as here on the coast of Syria they recalled them in sight of an ancient land resounding with the traditions of history and the voice of ages.

"The air was so fresh and so balmy that all the passengers remained on deck during the night. At six in the morning I was awakened by a confused hum; I opened my eyes, and saw all the pilgrims crowding towards the prow of the vessel. I asked what it was? they all replied, 'Signor, il Carmelo.' I instantly rose from the plank on which I was stretched, and eagerly looked out for the sacred mountain. Every one strove to shew it to me, but I could

see nothing by reason of the dazzling of the sun, which now rose above the horizon. The moment had something in it that was august and impressive; all the pilgrims, with their chaplets in their hands, remained in silence, watching for the appearance of the Holy Land; the captain prayed aloud, and not a sound was to be heard but that prayer and the rush of the vessel, as it ploughed with a fair wind through the azure sea. From time to time the cry arose, from those in elevated parts of the vessel, that they saw Mount Carmel, and at length I myself perceived it like a round globe under the rays of the sun. I then fell on my knees, after the manner of the Latin pilgrims. My first impression was not the kind of agitation which I experienced on approaching the coast of Greece, but the sight of the cradle of the Israelites, and of the country of Christ, filled me with awe and veneration. I was about to descend on the land of miracles—on the birth-place of the sublimest poetry that has ever appeared on earth—on the spot where, speaking only as it has affected human history, the most wonderful event has occurred which ever changed the destinies of the species. I was about to visit the scenes which had been seen before me by Godfrey of Bouillon, Raymond of Toulouse, Tancred the Brave, Richard Cœur de Lion, and Saint Louis, whose virtues even the infidels respected. How could an obscure pilgrim like myself dare to tread a soil ennobled by such recollections!"—I. 263—265.

Nothing is more striking in the whole work than the description of the Dead Sea, and the Valley of Jordan. He has contrived to bring the features of that extraordinary scene more completely before us than any of the numerous English travellers who have preceded or followed him on the same route.

"We quitted the convent at three in the afternoon, ascended the torrent of Cedron, and at length, crossing the ravine, rejoined our route to the east. An opening in the mountain gave us a passing view of Jerusalem. I hardly recognised the city; it seemed a mass of broken rocks; the sudden appearance of that city of desolation in the midst of the wilderness had something in it al-

most terrifying. She was, in truth, the Queen of the Desert.

"As we advanced, the aspect of the mountains continued constantly the same, that is, a powdery white—without shade, a tree, or even moss. At half past four, we descended from the lofty chain we had hitherto traversed, and wound along another of inferior elevation. At length we arrived at the last of the chain of heights, which close in on the west the Valley of Jordan and the Dead Sea. The sun was nearly setting; we dismounted from our horses, and I lay down to contemplate at leisure the lake, the valley, and the river.

"When you speak in general of a valley, you conceive it either cultivated or uncultivated; if the former, it is filled with villages, corn fields, vineyards, and flocks; if the latter, it presents grass or forests; if it is watered by a river, that river has windings, and the sinuosities or projecting points afford agreeable and varied landscapes. But here there is nothing of the kind. Conceive two long chains of mountains running parallel from north to south, without projections, without recesses, without vegetation. The ridge on the east, called the Mountains of Arabia, is the most elevated; viewed at the distance of eight or ten leagues, it resembles a vast wall, extremely similar to the Jura, as seen from the Lake of Geneva, from its form and azure tint. You can perceive neither summits nor the smallest peaks; only here and there slight inequalities, as if the hand of the painter who traced the long lines on the sky had occasionally trembled.

"The chain on the eastern side forms part of the mountains of Judea—less elevated and more uneven than the ridge on the west: it differs also in its character; it exhibits great masses of rock and sand, which occasionally present all the varieties of ruined fortifications, armed men, and floating banners. On the side of Arabia, on the other hand, black rocks, with perpendicular flanks, spread from afar their shadows over the waters of the Dead Sea. The smallest bird could not find in those crevices of rock a morsel of food; every thing announces a country which has fallen under the divine wrath; every thing inspires the horror

at the incest from whence sprung Ammon and Moab.

"The valley which lies between these mountains resembles the bottom of a sea, from which the waves have long ago withdrawn: banks of gravel, a dried bottom—rocks covered with salt, deserts of moving sand—here and there stunted arbutus shrubs grow with difficulty on that arid soil; their leaves are covered with the salt which had nourished their roots, while their bark has the scent and taste of smoke. Instead of villages, nothing but the ruins of towers are to be seen. Through the midst of the valley flows a discoloured stream, which seems to drag its lazy course unwillingly towards the lake. Its course is not to be discerned by the water, but by the willows and shrubs which skirt its banks—the Arab conceals himself in these thickets to waylay and rob the pilgrim.

"Such are the places rendered famous by the maledictions of Heaven: that river is the Jordan: that lake is the Dead Sea. It appears with a serene surface; but the guilty cities which are embossed in its waves have poisoned its waters. Its solitary abysses can sustain the life of no living thing; no vessel ever ploughed its bosom;—its shores are without trees, without birds, without verdure; its water frightfully salt, is so heavy that the highest wind can hardly raise it.

"In travelling in Judea, an extreme feeling of ennui frequently seizes the mind, from the sterile and monotonous aspect of the objects which are presented to the eye: but when journeying on through these pathless deserts, the expanse seems to spread out to infinity before you, the ennui disappears, and a secret terror is experienced, which, far from lowering the soul, elevates and inflames the genius. These extraordinary scenes reveal the land desolated by miracles;—that burning sun, the impetuous eagle, the barren fig-tree; all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are there. Every name recalls a mystery; every grotto speaks of the life to come; every peak echoes the voice of a prophet. God himself has spoken on these shores: these dried-up torrents, these cleft rocks, these tombs rent asunder, at-

test his resistless hand : the desert appears mute with terror ; and you feel that it has never ventured to break silence since it heard the voice of the Eternal."—I. 317.

"I employed two complete hours in wandering on the shores of the Dead Sea, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Bedouins, who pressed me to quit that dangerous region. I was desirous of seeing the Jordan, at the place where it discharges itself into the lake ; but the Arabs refused to lead me thither, because the river, at a league from its mouth, makes a detour to the left, and approaches the mountains of Arabia. It was necessary, therefore, to direct our steps towards the curve which was nearest us. We struck our tents, and travelled for an hour and a half with excessive difficulty, through a fine and silvery sand. We were moving towards a little wood of willows and tamarinds ; which, to my great surprise, I perceived growing in the midst of the desert. All of a sudden the Bethlemites stopped, and pointed to something at the bottom of a ravine, which had not yet attracted my attention. Without being able to say what it was, I perceived a sort of sand rolling on through the fixed banks which surrounded it. I approached it, and saw a yellow stream which could hardly be distinguished from the sand of its two banks. It was deeply furrowed through the rocks, and with difficulty rolled on, a stream surcharged with sand : it was the Jordan.

"I had seen the great rivers of America, with the pleasure which is inspired by the magnificent works of nature. I had hailed the Tiber with ardour, and sought with the same interest the Eurotas and the Cephissus ; but on none of these occasions did I experience the intense emotion which I felt on approaching the Jordan. Not only did that river recall the earliest antiquity, and a name rendered immortal in the finest poetry, but its banks were the theatre of the miracles of our religion. Judea is the only country which recalls at once the earliest recollections of man, and our first impressions of heaven ; and thence arises a mixture of feeling in the mind, which no other part of the world can produce."

—I. 327, 328.

The peculiar turn of his mind ren-

ders our author, in an especial manner, partial to the description of sad and solitary scenes. The following description of the Valley of Jehoshaphat is in his best style.

"The Valley of Jehoshaphat has in all ages served as the burying-place to Jerusalem : you meet there, side by side, monuments of the most distant times and of the present century. The Jews still come there to die, from all the corners of the earth. A stranger sells to them, for almost its weight in gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers. Solomon planted that valley : the shadow of the Temple by which it was overhung—the torrent, called after grief, which traversed it—the Psalms which David there composed—the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which its rocks re-echoed, render it the fitting abode of the tomb. Jesus Christ commenced his Passion in the same place : that innocent David there shed, for the expiation of our sins, those tears which the guilty David let fall for his own transgressions. Few names awaken in our minds recollections so solemn as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is so full of mysteries, that, according to the Prophet Joel, all mankind will be assembled there before the Eternal Judge.

"The aspect of this celebrated valley is desolate ; the western side is bounded by a ridge of lofty rocks which support the walls of Jerusalem, above which the towers of the city appear. The eastern side is formed by the Mount of Olives, and another eminence called the Mount of Scandal, from the idolatry of Solomon. These two mountains, which adjoin each other, are almost bare, and of a red and sombre hue ; on their desert side you see here and there some black and withered vineyards, some wild olives, some ploughed land, covered with hyssop, and a few ruined chapels. At the bottom of the valley, you perceive a torrent, traversed by a single arch, which appears of great antiquity. The stones of the Jewish cemetery appear like a mass of ruins at the foot of the mountain of Scandal, under the village of Siloam. You can hardly distinguish the buildings of the village from the ruins with which they are surrounded. Three ancient monuments are particularly conspicuous : those of Zachariah, Josaphat, and Absalom. The

sadness of Jerusalem, from which no smoke ascends, and in which no sound is to be heard; the solitude of the surrounding mountains, where not a living creature is to be seen; the disorder of those tombs, ruined, ransacked, and half-exposed to view, would almost induce one to believe that the last trump had been heard, and that the dead were about to rise in the valley of Jehoshaphat."—II. 34-35.

Chateaubriand, after visiting with the devotion of a pilgrim the Holy Sepulchre, and all the scenes of our Saviour's suffering, spent a day in examining the scenes of the Crusaders' triumphs, and comparing the descriptions in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* with the places where the events which they record actually occurred. He found them in general so extremely exact, that it was difficult to avoid the conviction that the poet had been on the spot. He even fancied he discovered the scene of the Flight of Erminia, and the inimitable combat and death of Clorinda.

From the Holy Land, he sailed to Egypt; and we have the following graphic picture of the approach to that cradle of art and civilisation.

"On the 20th Oct. at five in the morning, I perceived on the green and ruffled surface of the water a line of foam, and beyond it a pale and still ocean. The captain clapped me on the shoulder, and said in French, 'Nilo;' and soon we entered and glided through those celebrated waters. A few palm-trees and a minaret announce the situation of Rosetta, but the town itself is invisible. These shores resemble those of the coast of Florida; they are totally different from those of Italy or Greece, every thing recalls the tropical regions.

"At ten o'clock we at length discovered, beneath the palm-trees, a line of sand which extended westward to the promontory of Aboukir, before which we were obliged to pass before arriving opposite to Alexandria. At five in the evening, the shore suddenly changed its aspect. The palm-trees seemed planted in lines along the shore, like the elms along the roads in France. Nature seems to take a pleasure in thus recalling the ideas of civilisation in a country where that civilisation first arose, and barbarity has now resumed its sway. It was eleven o'clock when we cast anchor before the city, and as it was some time before we

could get ashore, I had full leisure to follow out the contemplation which the scene awakened.

"I saw on my right several vessels, and the castle, which stands on the site of the Tower of Pharos. On my left, the horizon seemed shut in by sand-hills, ruins, and obelisks; immediately in front, extended a long wall, with a few houses appearing above it; not a light was to be seen on shore, and not a sound came from the city. This nevertheless was Alexandria, the rival of Memphis and Thebes, which once contained three millions of inhabitants, which was the sanctuary of the Muses, and the abode of science amidst a benighted world. Here were heard the orgies of Antony and Cleopatra, and here was Cæsar received with more than regal splendour by the Queen of the East. But in vain I listened. A fatal talisman had plunged the people into a hopeless calm: that talisman is the despotism which extinguishes every joy, which stifles even the cry of suffering. And what sound could arise in a city of which at least a third is abandoned; another third of which is surrounded only by the tombs of its former inhabitants; and of which the third, which still survives between those dead extremities, is a species of breathing trunk destitute of the force even to shake off its chains in the middle between ruins and the tomb?"—II. 163.

It is to be regretted that Chateaubriand did not visit Upper Egypt. His ardent and learned mind would have found ample room for eloquent declamation, amidst the gigantic ruins of Luxor, and the Sphinx avenues of Thebes. The inundations of the Nile, however, prevented him from seeing even the Pyramids nearer than Grand Cairo; and when on the verge of that interesting region, he was compelled unwillingly to retrace his steps to the French shores. After a tempestuous voyage, along the coast of Lybia, he cast anchor off the ruins of Carthage; and thus describes his feelings on surveying those venerable remains.

"From the summit of Byrsa, the eye embraces the ruins of Carthage, which are more considerable than are generally imagined; they resemble those of Sparta, having nothing well preserved, but embracing a considerable space. I saw them in the

middle of February: the olives, the fig-trees, were already bursting into leaf: large bushes of angelica and acanthus formed tufts of verdure, amidst the remains of marble of every colour. In the distance, I cast my eyes over the Isthmus, the double sea, the distant isles, a cerulean sea, a smiling plain, and azure mountains. I saw forests, and vessels, and aqueducts; moorish villages, and Mahometan hermitages; glittering minarets, and the white buildings of Tunis. Surrounded with the most touching recollections, I thought alternately of Dido, Sophonisba, and the noble wife of Asdrubal; I contemplated the vast plains where the legions of Annibal, Scipio, and Cæsar, were buried: My eyes sought for the site of Utica. Alas! The remains of the palace of Tiberius still remain in the island of Capri, and you search in vain at Utica for the house of Cato. Finally, the terrible Vandals, the rapid Moors, passed before my recollection, which terminated at last on Saint Louis expiring on that inhospitable shore. May the story of the death of that prince terminate this itinerary; fortunate to re-enter, as it were, into my country by the ancient monument of his virtues, and to close at the sepulchre of that King of holy memory my long pilgrimage, to the tombs of illustrious men."—II. 257—258.

"As long as his strength permitted, the dying monarch gave instructions to his son Philip; and when his voice failed him, he wrote with a faltering hand these precepts, which no Frenchman, worthy of the name, will ever be able to read without emotion. 'My son, the first thing which I enjoin you is to love God with all your heart; for without that no man can be saved. Beware of violating his laws; rather endure the worst torments, than sin against his commandments. Should he send you adversity, receive it with humility, and bless the hand which chastens you; and believe that you have well deserved it, and that it will turn to your profit. Should he try you with prosperity, thank him with humility of heart, and be not elated by his goodness. Do justice to every one, as well the poor as the rich. Be liberal, free, and courteous, to your servants, and

cause them to love as well as fear you. Should any controversy or tumult arise, sift it to the bottom, whether the result be favourable or unfavourable to your interests. Take care, in an especial manner, that your subjects live in peace and tranquillity under your reign. Respect and preserve their privileges, such as they have received them from their ancestors, and preserve them with care and love.—And now, I give you every blessing which a father can bestow on his child; praying the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, that they may defend you from all adversities; and that we may again, after this mortal life is ended, be united before God, and adore his Majesty for ever!"—II. 264.

"The style of Chateaubriand," says Napoleon, "is not that of Racine, it is that of a prophet; he has received from nature the sacred flame; it breathes in all his works."\* It is of no common man—being a political opponent—that Napoleon would have said these words. Chateaubriand had done nothing to gain favour with the French Emperor; on the contrary, he irritated him by throwing up his employment and leaving his country upon the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien. In truth, nothing is more remarkable amidst the selfishness of political apostasy in France, than the uniform consistence and disinterestedness of this great man's opinions. His principles, indeed, were not all the same at 50 as at 25; we should be glad to know whose are, excepting those who are so obtuse as to derive no light from the extension of knowledge and the acquisitions of experience? Change is so far from being despicable, that it is highly honourable in itself, and when it proceeds from the natural modification of the mind, from the progress of years, or the lessons of more extended experience. It becomes contemptible only when it arises on the suggestions of interest, or the desires of ambition. Now, Chateaubriand's changes of opinion have all been in opposition to his interest; and he has suffered at different periods of his life from his resistance to the mandates of authority, and his rejection of the calls of ambition. In early life, he was exiled

from France, and shared in all the hardships of the emigrants, from his attachment to Royalist principles. At the earnest request of Napoleon, he accepted office under the Imperial Government, but he relinquished it, and again became an exile upon the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. The influence of his writings was so powerful in favour of the Bourbons, at the period of the Restoration, that Louis XVIII. truly said, they were worth more than an army. He followed the dethroned Monarch to Ghent, and contributed much, by his powerful genius, to consolidate the feeble elements of his power, after the fall of Napoleon. Called to the helm of affairs in 1824, he laboured to accommodate the temper of the monarchy to the increasing spirit of freedom in the country, and fell into disgrace with the Court, and was distrusted by the Royal Family, because he strove to introduce those popular modifications into the administration of affairs, which might have prevented the revolution of July; and finally, he has resisted all the efforts of the Citizen-King to engage his great talents in defence of the throne of the Barricades. True to his principles, he has exiled himself from France, to preserve his independence; and consecrated in a foreign land his illustrious name, to the defence of the child of misfortune.

Chateaubriand is not only an eloquent and beautiful writer, he is also a profound scholar, and an enlightened thinker. His knowledge of history and classical literature is equalled only by his intimate acquaintance with the early annals of the church, and the fathers of the Catholic faith; while in his speeches delivered in the Chamber of Peers since the restoration, will be found not only the most eloquent but the most complete and satisfactory dissertations on the political state of France during that period, which is anywhere to be met with. It is a singular circumstance, that an author of such great and varied acquirements, who is universally allowed by all parties in France to be their greatest living writer, should be hardly known except by name to the great body of readers in this country.

His greatest work, that on which his fame will rest with posterity, is the "*Genius of Christianity*," of which we shall soon give some account to

our readers. The next is the "*Martyrs*," a romance, in which he has introduced an exemplification of the principles of Christianity, in the early sufferings of the primitive church, and enriched the narrative by the splendid description of the scenery in Egypt, Greece, and Palestine, which he had visited during his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and all the stores of learning which a life spent in classical and ecclesiastical lore could accumulate. The last of his considerable publications is the "*Etudes Historiques*," a work eminently characteristic of that superiority in historical composition, which we have allowed to the French modern writers over their contemporaries in this country; and which, we fear, another generation, instructed when too late by the blood and the tears of a Revolution, will be alone able fully to appreciate. Its object is to trace the influence of Christianity from its first spread in the Roman empire to the rise of civilisation in the Western world; a field in which he goes over the ground trod by Gibbon, and demonstrates the unbounded benefits derived from religion in all the institutions of modern times. In this noble undertaking he has been aided, with a still more philosophical mind, though inferior fire and eloquence, by Guizot; a writer, who, equally with his illustrious rival, is unknown, save by report, in this country; but from whose joint labours is to be dated the spring of a pure and philosophical system of religious enquiry in France, and the commencement of that revival of manly devotion, in which the antidote, and the only antidote, to the fanaticism of infidelity is to be found. It certainly affords some countenance to the general opinion on the continent, that we are an age behind them in political thought, to find, that while the master spirits of France, taught by the sufferings, and emerging from the flames of a Revolution, are recurring to the system of Christianity, as the only secure basis of the social order, we are beginning to adopt the superficial infidelity which has brought these disasters upon their country; and that while Chateaubriand and Guizot are following out the principles of Robertson and Butler, we are reverting to the declamations of Raynal and Voltaire.



## THE MINISTRY AND THEIR SUPPORTERS.

THE Government have just announced, through their favourite evening journal, that they consider themselves to have scrambled out of the Slough of Despond, which, it was on all hands admitted, they had blundered into. Three or four days have elapsed without any fresh exposure, and upon the strength of this, they set up their claims to a little longer enjoyment of official power, dignity, and emolument. This is certainly an amusing piece of confidence in the face of the settled opinion of every man of sense, that it is only by an extraordinary position of circumstances, that the patience of the country admits of their stay, and that such a set of unaccountably rash, imbecile, and negligent men, never held the reins of government in this country.

It is really difficult to convey by words an adequate notion of the general contempt into which the present conductors of government affairs have fallen, or of the danger arising from this general feeling, at a time when the popular mania is so much against government of any kind, and when more than ever the superintendence of persons having the character of wise, vigilant, and determined men, is required to keep the popular machine from breaking in pieces by the violence of its own action. It is not merely that the policy of the Government is bad, but the conduct of its members is so foolish, so contradictory, so childish almost, that even the weakest creatures feel themselves of consequence compared with them. Their continual blunders, too, in the plainest matters of business, furnish arguments which the cunning partisans of democracy are not slow to take advantage of, in demonstrating to the lower orders the ignorance of those who rule them in high places. Those who govern Great Britain, must be real men of business, if they look to be potent in any thing save to destroy. Such Ministers as we have now, may succeed in pulling down, but to build up again must be left to the hands of men of a different stamp. Whether these are to be found among the rough disciples of Republicanism, or the cautious and

energetic supporters of the Monarchy and the Constitution *as it is*, a little time will now discover.

"There is," says Lord Bacon, "a great difference between a cunning man and a wise man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability. There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well; so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men. Again, it is one thing to understand persons, and another thing to understand matters; for many are perfect in men's humours, that are not greatly capable of the real part of business." Here is a good description of the Whig party in general, but particularly of the present Government, which in "the real part of business," has shewn itself so unfit, that it produces, instead of satisfaction, alternate lamentation and derision. It requires the most ample allowance for this distinction so ably shewn by Lord Bacon between cunning and wisdom, as well as the fullest consideration for the difference between playing the game, and criticising the moves of other players, to account for the extraordinary and foolish errors into which our Ministers have fallen, notwithstanding the character which some of them possessed for ability when out of office. It was reasonable to expect that Lord Grey would attempt to act upon wrong principles, but who could have supposed that he would have shewn himself in every measure very rash, and almost very stupid? Who could have imagined that he would have attempted a measure of Parliamentary Reform, in which the Aristocracy are vitally interested, without having discovered with some degree of accuracy how far the Aristocracy would consent, and whether he would not at the eleventh hour find himself baffled? Who could imagine that he would assert confidently in the House, and in answer to the Duke of Wellington too, that there was a surplus of half a million in the revenue, when it was to be proved afterwards from documents in his own office at the very time, that when he spoke the revenue was largely exceeded by the expenditure? Who could have believed that

he would make a declaration respecting Irish Tithes so displeasing to those by whose sufferance he holds office, that he would be compelled to get another Minister to explain away what he said—to retract, and to apologise? Yet Lord Grey has done all these things. Who would have supposed that the only effort of legislation, to be acknowledged as peculiarly Lord Brougham's own, would be the most egregiously bungling experiment in the art of creating patronage that ever was known—a measure never spoken of in the profession to which his Lordship belongs, except with contemptuous ridicule? Yet such is the fate of his measure respecting Bankruptcy.

Who would have imagined that Lord Plunkett should have such a story to tell of himself, as that he demanded fees from Irish magistrates which he had no right to demand, and should acknowledge to have taken part in the rankest job concerning his own secretary, that ever disgraced Ireland, the land of jobbing? No one ever thought Lord Althorp very bright; but who would have imagined that he would have to come down to the House to confess a financial miscalculation to the amount of twelve hundred thousand pounds, and admit a blunder in a common arithmetical sum, to the amount of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds? Who would suppose that Lord Palmerston, with all his known indolence, would have been guilty of the follies and neglects which have placed us in our present condition with Portugal, with Holland, and with the Northern Powers, who hold back from the treaty to which, through the craft of Talleyrand, and our Minister's incaution, we are bound? Who would have deemed it possible that the whole Ministry could have been so indescribably absurd as they proved themselves in the Russian Dutch loan affair—a piece of folly without parallel, and without the shadow of an excuse?

But with all these damning blots upon their character as Ministers, how do they remain in power?—That may be briefly explained.—First, the power of any government is *ex-officio* considerable, and commands, directly or indirectly, a great many votes. Secondly, a large majority of the House of Commons

are so bound by pledges extorted by the mobs of last May, to vote for the Reform Bill, and Ministers shelter themselves behind the Reform Bill in every extremity. They cry out, "If you vote against us in any serious matter, we shall denounce you as enemies to our Reform Bill." This cry alone, and even this but very barely, saved them on the Russian Dutch loan division. Thirdly, the partisans of democracy, who scarcely conceal their desire for a complete revolution in church and state, use their best efforts to keep the present Ministers in their places, because they see that they could not have more efficient, though perhaps unconscious tools. Lastly, the Ministers are determined not to quit until they are absolutely turned out, which is not so very easy a thing to manage. Ministers generally yield when they are beaten in Parliament, but these Ministers have been repeatedly beaten, and have not yielded.

It is not only melancholy, but intensely mortifying, to behold the interests and the honour of a great nation falling to the ground, as ours but too palpably are, in the hands of such Ministers and such supporters. There were something glorious even in falling before the efforts of able men; but it is miserable that the Monarchy of England should be frittered away by fools. The fate that came upon Charles and his kingdoms, was the work of men fit to make or unmake an empire; but it is enough to break the heart, to see the pitiful quacks, the jabberers of nonsense and impiety, the nauseous fops, and mindless puppies, who are now dragging this nation down into destruction. Gulliver made prisoner by an army of Lilliputians while he slept, is an apt similitude for Great Britain in its present hands. The Revolutionists may be as grasshoppers for multitude, but among them there is not one man worthy to tie the shoes of a Reformer of the olden time. Is it not pitiful to behold the towers of the constitution of Great Britain falling, not amid the shout of battle, with valiant men dying in their defence,—not by lightning or tempest,—not by torrent or earthquake—but that multitudes of filthy vermin are burrowing under their walls, and undermining their foundations?

The present Ministry of Great

Britain are held in complete thralldom and subjection by a few English Radicals, with that most gross and contemptible person, Mr Joseph Hume, at their head, and between fifty and sixty members of the House of Commons sent there through the influence of the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland. These are not Irish gentlemen, the best of whom make rather imprudent legislators, but the coarsest, least respectable herd, that ever left the Irish shore, whether on four legs or on two. The chaff of wild corn, the froth of puddle, the dross of base metal, are similies too good for them, yet the influence of such as these affects, nay rules, the destinies of the British empire! Is it not such oppression as this that maketh the wise man mad?

It is not too late to rid ourselves of the destroying evil of such a Government, and the pestilent swarm of their supporters; but it must be done by an exercise of loftier energies, and more powerful feelings, than have as yet displayed themselves upon the public scene, though we know they are not extinct, and the spark is but wanting to light them up to glories, and in the end to triumphant action. If there ever were a time when men were called upon to stand forth bravely and boldly in defence of the faith and principles of their fathers, this is that time. The period for a parley has gone by; it is in vain to stand chaffering upon trifles; the ALTAR and the THRONE—the sacredness of religion—the respectability of virtue—the order and gradation in society—the security of property, are all in imminent jeopardy, through the tampering of multitudinous quacks, and the weakness of sentiment among those who *ought* to arise and crush them. There are who pretend to see the danger, but love their ease and their wealth too well to peril either in the great good cause. They may, too late, find that that ease will be disturbed, and that wealth be taken away wholly, which, if now sacrificed in part, would overcome the enemy. It is no ordinary political contest that is before us; it is a struggle between the Monarchy, the Church, and the Aristocracy of England, and a disgraceful Revolution, in

which men, equally coarse and paltry, will be in the uppermost places.

But to return to the Government professions of their own excellent and improving character—they are merely laughed at in London, even by those who, in their communications to the public, affect to treat them with most gravity. It is not true, that any declaration, favourable to the Reform Bill of the Grey Ministry, has been obtained from those noblemen who declared themselves in favour of *some* measure of Reform, in the discussion of last session. The declaration of Lord Grey at the Mansion House is sufficiently vague to mean anything or nothing, and even if it were not so, we have seen and heard enough of Lord Grey lately to be perfectly well satisfied that no dependence whatever is to be placed upon his statements in political matters. Whether his memory fail him—as when he could not call to mind his menace addressed to the Bishops; or he has not attended to the matter—as in the case of his assertion of a surplus revenue; or his expressions convey a meaning different from that which he intended—as in his statement regarding Irish Tithes—certain it is, that all Lord Grey now says must be received with more than a few grains of allowance.

No very sudden change of the Ministry is to be looked for, nor would any mere change of Ministers suffice for what is at present wanting. The heart and the mind of the nation require to be roused up to a sense of the wickedness, the worthlessness, and the littleness of the buzzing busy bodies who are fly-blowing the body of the State, and causing it to stink in the nostrils of men of sense and feeling. They must be shaken off by a strong and manly enthusiasm, or we shall do no good. Between the huckstering economy of our domestic system, and the prodigal concession to foreign countries, we are become no more than feeble disputants, when we should be bold and energetic actors. Would that the soul of an Edmund Burke would break forth amongst us!

*London, Feb. 20, 1832.*

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VOL. XXXI.

## THE PROSPECTS OF BRITAIN.\*

It is recorded by Josephus, that the night before the Roman armies entered Jerusalem, there were heard flying overhead, and calling to each other through the upper spaces of the Temple, angels and spiritual watchers; and the words which could be distinguished, were μεταβαίνωμιν ἐντιυθιν—*Let us depart hence!* It seems the *Religio loci* adhered too closely to its shrine to be torn away without some human throes, some protestation that it suffered violence, and something like the language of farewell:—Even in Christian realities, as in the fables of old romance,

“The parting genius was with sighing sent.”

The *Ρωμαϊκὸν ταγματὼν ἀλαλαγμοί*, the dire *alalagmos*, or war-cry of the Roman legions,—that herald of tears and blood, and forerunner of the last profanations, and in this case the accomplicher of the prophetic “abomination of desolation,” even *that* was necessary to quicken the angelic motions; and this savage hurraing had already begun to load the air with its denunciations of carnage, whilst the heavenly cohorts were yet marshalling their shadowy ranks for flight.

To Mr Douglas, as to many others, there are signs and portents abroad, which seem to indicate the same sullen and reluctant departure of its ancient tutelary virtues from this longfavoured land. The foundations, in their eyes, are manifestly giving way, of that massy system on which so much of our happiness has repo-

sed for ages. Morals, public and domestic, political integrity in the senate, and “pure religion breathing household laws,” have seemed for some time preparing for flight. The old faith, and the old obligations of conscience, have seemed to sit loosely upon all men. Ancient landmarks have disappeared—new names are heard, and new hopes are daily avowed, such as once would have been held pollution to any cause. And it is not any longer the sullen cynicism of a recluse, but the general instincts of the world, which begin to apprehend, in the changes at this time travelling forward on every side, some deeper and more awful disorganization of our ancient social system, than was designed by its first movers, or suspected, until lately, by the most jealous and apprehensive observer.

These anticipations are not limited by Mr Douglas to Great Britain; they are coextensive with Europe, and exclude nothing, that we know of, unless, perhaps, the New World. That region is not at least superannuated, and may be supposed still moving onward upon the original impulse which projected its orbit, and determined the elements of its paths. But on this side the Atlantic, all is given over in his calculations to interminable revolution. If we understand him rightly, which in a very desultory, though eloquent writer, is not always easy to do, Europe is now hurried forward by internal causes, leagued with irresistible pressure from without, into a

\* By James Douglas, Esq. of Cavers. 8vo. Black. Edinburgh. 1831.  
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*maelstrom* of chaotic change: the hideous roar is already heard, the fatal suction is already felt; and escape is even already impossible. For England, indeed, there is still a reserve of hope. Chiefly from her greater moral resources, she has still a choice before her of two paths; or if she cannot wholly avert the blow which, as a member of European Christendom, must reach her in many of its consequences, at any rate she has it in her power to modify its action, and to reduce within the bounds of a providential chastisement, what to some will be absolute destruction.

Such we collect to be Mr Douglas's view. And thus far we go along with him, that most assuredly we believe ourselves to stand at the portals of mighty and far-stretching convulsions. The first French Revolution was but the beginning of woes. It was an earthquake; and Europe has too easily flattered herself that its effects had spent themselves in the overthrow of Napoleon. But one earthquake is often no more than the herald of another. And signs innumerable convince us that Europe, in every kingdom and province of her populous regions, is ripe for a long series of changes, to which no prince, or league of princes—no nation, or confederacy of nations—can now fix a limit. Influence from without, coming in the shape of war, has visited every part of her territory, and manured whatever seeds of change might pre-exist, into a ranker and a hastier growth. Will any man maintain that Spain, Italy, Greece, in the South—or, for the middle of Europe, France, Germany, the Low Countries—could now resume that station of quiet and inert repose which possessed them before the era of 1788? Every nook of these lands has been inundated for forty years with revolutionary incitements. Not a peasant's cottage, not an individual shed, but has been separately appealed to—tempted—provoked—to change for its own sake, and change as the means of every other improvement; to change as the end, and change as the indispensable instrument. Agitation has run its course, and completed its work: the apostles of insurrection and revolution have fulfilled their mission, and closed their labours: all now stands ready for the reaper's sickle.

Yes! Sorrow is at hand for Europe, and calamity to which the ruthless wars of Napoleon have been but as a prelude. So much we believe, thus far we assent unwillingly to Mr Douglas. But what shape will this calamity put on? To what issue will it tend? What will be its probable period, or course of revolution? How far will it involve ourselves?

These are questions depending chiefly on the particular theory adopted as to the nature and causes of the present condition of Europe. The author before us insinuates a sort of hypothesis on this subject, somewhat too fine-spun for practical use, or for his own conclusions. "An unseen power," says he, "is smiting the idol of human dominion at its base. The feet on which it rests are broken; the iron and clay are literally separating. The composite governments, which resulted from the union of barbarian conquerors and Roman subjects, have lost the cement that bound them, and are crumbling into dust." That is to say, whatsoever ruin or decay now threatens the states of Europe, is to be considered a mere process of decomposition, by which the ancient substratum of Vandalism is parting asunder from its uncongenial ally of Roman civilisation, and the heterogeneous elements betraying themselves in the ruins of that compound edifice which they had coalesced to form.

But this hypothesis will hardly sustain itself against the examination of history. Structures that endure the wear and tear of fourteen hundred years, cannot be taxed with any radical vice either of materials or of workmanship. Spite of names and words, the materials must virtually have been homogeneous, and fitted by nature for union; or, which is the sole alternative, the overpowering excellence of the material on one side must have neutralized the mortal tendencies on the other. One or other conclusion is inevitable on Mr Douglas's premises. On this fugitive earth of ours, it is past all doubt, that a duration of one thousand years and upwards bears a testimony, such as cannot be gainsaid, to the essential and radical excellence of any institution.

On a point of this nature, it is history only which is entitled to speak authentically. Let us therefore ra-

pidly review the spirit of European annals, and the main stream of European revolutions, from the period at which Rome came into a position of substantial influence upon the movements of the northern nations, or upon the character of their institutions; and still more attentively from the period at which these northern nations reacted upon the Roman south.

Whilst the Western Empire flourished, and original Rome maintained her mighty supremacy, it was a matter of necessity that her arts, her policy, and her institutions, should make joint progress with her arms. We know by the testimony of contemporary historians, that in different degrees, varying with the state of her military influence, this was in fact the case. Elegance in the habits of life, and the arts which ministered to it, prevailed to a great extent in Gaul, in Britain, and in Spain. Elsewhere, as in Germany, where Rome maintained only an uneasy frontier, her influences of this nature were less; they were less at any one time; and they fluctuated. The reason was apparent. Gaul, Britain, and Spain, from the peculiar figure and situation of their territory, admitted of a perfect military possession; but in Germany a belt of variable breadth was all that Rome could be said to possess; beyond this was a savage country, overshadowed by forests, and bristling with indignation—vindictive remembrances—and all the repulsive passions, wheresoever it was not desolate of men. Anti-Roman passions effectually precluded an efficient Roman influence. And even for that age, there was no universal mirror held up to Roman manners, Roman usages, or Roman maxims of jurisprudence. Amongst the aboriginal Gauls, Britons, and Spaniards, such a diffusion of education might be found, and such a civilisation, during the Roman domination in their several territories, as would naturally correspond to the influence of the victors, and the ambition or interest of the conquered.

These relations, however, between Rome and her European provinces, in process of time perished. Rome was gradually bridled in her career of conquest and offensive warfare;

next was thrown upon the defensive; and finally, even for defensive warfare, was obliged to concentrate her entire efforts upon her domestic territory. Her legions were gradually withdrawn to her own gates; and the *alumni* of Roman civilisation in all European provinces, whether many or few, were now at length thrown upon their own unassisted energies.

What followed is too memorable, and too monotonous in its dark tissue of calamity, to leave much room for question or for distinction. The same chapter, with very slight varieties, occurs about the same era in the annals of almost every European province. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same tale of a helpless and ineffective resistance to successive hosts of barbarous invaders, saddens the page of history for the whole of Western Europe. The Gaul crouched before the Frank, the Briton before the Saxon and the Angle, the aboriginal Spaniard before the Visigoth and the Vandal. Each, in his turn, was abandoned by his Roman master; each was resigned to his native powers of self-defence; and each sank miserably in the contest which followed. Roman culture had availed for little else than to prepare them for a foreign conquest, by weaning them from those martial habits which had once proved so potent a bulwark against the sword of Rome herself under her first Cæsars, and her then all-conquering legions. All fell; and fell perhaps chiefly by the emasculation consequent upon their Roman connexion. Finally, even the Roman himself, after many a separate prostration under many a different conqueror, was finally, and for ever, absorbed into the dominion of the Goth and the Lombard.

During the progress of these great revolutions, which upon the whole were the greatest that our western world has undergone, it is probable that a more awful amount of human misery was suffered, a more baleful eclipse and a shadow of deeper providential wrath was passed through, than in any other equal section of time. The great convulsions which attended the dying pangs of the Western Empire, if we include the separate fates of the mother state, and her several provinces, lasted through



nearly two centuries; for it was not until the sixth century that the absolute extinction of the Roman name in the west was accomplished. And as though war pursued in the spirit of extermination were not sufficient, it has been noticed that famine and pestilence prevailed during the same period with a fury not paralleled by any other examples before or since. Indeed, so marvellous is the spectacle of desolation which the Europe of those days presents, so uninterrupted is the tragedy, and precisely in those regions which have since become the most flourishing on this planet, that the eyes of many writers, from the Christian fathers downwards to the most eminent of modern historians, have been arrested by the mere fascination of the miserable spectacle, and, without concert, have separately come to the very same conclusion—that, in this period, the condition of our forefathers had reached the very lowest point of depression. "If," says a celebrated reviewer of history, "a man were called to fix upon the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most calamitous and afflicted, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed, from the death of Theodosius the Great, to the establishment of the Lombards in Italy," that is, from the year of our Lord 395 to 571. "The contemporary authors," he goes on, "who beheld the scene of desolation, labour and are at a loss to describe the horror of it."

Readily it may be imagined, that such a condition of suffering was no fit matrix for the reception or development of arts and polished institutions. So far from it, we have the best reasons for knowing that every thing of that nature went to wreck very early in the struggle. Even in this island, it is certain that the Roman arts and the habits of polished life, luxury, and the many indirect results or props of luxury, had struck root pretty deeply by the third century. And as to Gaul, it is evident enough from the Commentaries of Cæsar, that already in his day civilisation was little in arrear of that which prevailed in Italy. Towns of regular architecture, and a pretty elab-

orate organization for purposes of war and civil police, evidently were multiplied in no inconsiderable extent through the more refined regions of Gaul, and marked an advanced stage of civilisation. The leafy and silvan encampments of the Britons, in the very neighbourhood of the Thames, and what were probably the most civilized (because the most fertile) parts of the island, shew a state of things so little beyond mere savage life—that it is difficult to reconcile with this great and conspicuous inferiority to Gaul, the well known facts of a mercantile intercourse, recorded by Cæsar himself, between Britain and the continent, and still more of a supreme college of the Druids seated in this island. However, let the differences have been what they might in the early period of the first Cæsar, (differences which we notice only as matter of curiosity)—it is pretty certain that in the two succeeding centuries they were completely cancelled, both Gaul and Britain having by that time very probably advanced to the level of Italy. Equally certain it is, and evidenced in our own case by the Anglo-Saxon literature, by the writings of Bede, and other documents, that the hurricane of misery which swept over the land during the Saxon invasions, utterly abolished all traces of whatever had been won in these centuries of intercourse with Roman masters. There is no doubt that at the end of that conflict which issued in the establishment of the Saxon Polyarchy, Britain was to all intents and purposes a *rasa tabula* as regarded the effects or memorials of its Roman connexion. The sole monuments which then survived of the Roman power, were those imperishable military causeways which traversed the marshes and forests, and here and there a tessellated pavement of some Prætorian tent. Granite, marble, and cement, remained, as to this day in some proportions they still do remain. But for moral or political influence, influence of any kind which acts through the mind, the condition of Britain, within perhaps two generations after the earliest appearance of the Anglo-Saxons, was precisely what it would have been, had a Roman foot never trod upon our soil.

The same conclusions, and for the same causes, apply to the whole empire of Rome in the west. Apart from those military works by which they cleared and maintained a path for their triumphs, and which in durability are pretty nearly coeval with the works of nature,—the whole mighty fabric of their political system fell so utterly before the new tribes of conquerors, these conquerors were so purely barbarous, and the conquered so irretrievably subdued, that no memory even of any Roman policy, whether martial or civil, survived in any place on this side of the Alps by the middle of the seventh century.

What then becomes of that rent in the iron and the clay, on which Mr Douglas relies for his solution of this imminent crisis? *Iron*, that is, Roman metal, there was none at all remaining in the institutions of Europe which succeeded to the general migration of the Gothic tribes, and the foundation of the great kingdoms of the west. Already in the day of Charlemagne, who would have been glad to benefit by the relics of Roman wisdom, none were to be found. In the following century,\* our own Alfred had the same enlightened wishes; and found the same disappointment in looking backwards for any fragments of ancestral prudence towards the founding of his own institutions. Now, if, in the year 800, all traces of the great Roman edifice had already vanished, much less could it be possible that any should still lurk in obscure nooks of our Western Europe, considering that the entire century which followed was filled with fresh devastations of the Vikings or sea-kings of the Baltic, whose power and ferocity filled the latter years of Charlemagne with mortification, and occupied the whole life of Alfred with continual alarms and anxiety.

Here, then, we have reached a point at which Rome had indeed become a more phantom of a mighty name. And, through the thousand years which have followed, we are sure that no legitimate deduction can be

made of any evil which menaces our days from Roman influence. Composite structures may have arisen upon the ruins of the Roman polity, but assuredly in no part of their elements could they have been Roman.

However, as our purpose is not to quarrel with Mr Douglas, but gravely to review the past history of Europe, upon which we differ, with a view to our present prospects, upon which, in a general sense, we agree,—let us proceed with a sketch of the most material epochs in the history of Christendom, that, tracing as in a clear retrospect the whole road we have passed, we may have more reasonable grounds of conjecture from analogy as to that which is in reversion.

The first and by far the most influential (we may add the most widely diffused) incident in the progress of European policy, was the establishment of the Feudal System. On the one hand it has been made a matter of marvel that so many different nations, by a sort of blind and overmastering sympathy, without any direct communication, should have fallen at the same time upon the same system. On the other hand, it has been replied that the mere identity of circumstances drove them of necessity upon a policy as nearly identical as possible. Similar dangers prescribed similar remedies. And if we examine the essential conditions and paramount purposes of what it is that we mean by Feudalism, it will appear that it was a system admirably adapted to meet a situation of extraordinary peril. Such peril could not be separated from the circumstances of that military colonization which was pursued upon so vast a scale by the hordes of semi-barbarous people, at that time driven westwards, under impulses and constraint which they could as little resist as they could themselves be resisted. Whether Germans or Scandinavians, whether *Cis-Baltic* or *Trans-Baltic*, they found themselves under the same dire necessity of advancing upon armed and ferocious nations, already in possession of the soil from

\* Charlemagne was saluted Emperor A. D. 800; but at this time he had already reigned as King thirty-three years. Alfred died A. D. 900. So that the first may be considered as the child of the 8th century, the other of the 9th.

which it was their purpose—their mission—their necessity, to eject them. Pressed from behind, in many cases, by other nations not less formidable than themselves, in many cases pressed by the yet sterner compulsion of domestic famine in seats too narrow for their increasing numbers, they were in a dilemma which allowed them no choice; to launch themselves in successive swarms upon the nations to the west, was their one sole resource; to perish was their alternative. These nations were universally found in a condition more enfeebled by luxury, and, as to every habit of martial preparation, far less considerable than their martial invaders. Still they were in possession, of itself a great advantage, even in lands without fortresses; and their numbers were too great for extermination. These two great obstacles in the way of a perfect conquest, and of absolute security, furnished the motives to the feudal policy, and prescribed its form. The feudal Chief, and his far-stretching dependency of vassals, exhibited the image of a *castra stativa*, or a permanent *gens-d'armes*, keeping watch and ward at all times upon the motions of the surrounding population, holding their foot as it were always in the stirrup, and each looking to his immediate superior as the guide of his own conduct, and his best reliance for keeping up the chain of communication with his supreme head. Each in his turn was laid under obligations of gratitude to an immediate superior, which he had no means of testifying but by military service. The duties and the enjoyments of life were thus reconciled with the maintenance of a standing army; and, by one simple but comprehensive arrangement, this army was, once for all, paid, officered, fixed in its allegiance, and made perpetual through all generations, without needing any renewed establishment.

The nearest approach to this feudal organization, that we any where meet with in history, was perhaps the solemn *deduction* (to use the technical term) of a legitimate Roman colony. In this, when not (as sometimes happened) sent out upon a private authority, or by the influence of a faction, or upon a movement of sedition, but conduct-

ed on the principles sanctioned by law and ancient usages, there was maintained the perfect image of an army; for they went with the purpose of an army, to dispossess the ancient possessors of the soil; and they needed the same entire dependence upon each other, the same strict discipline for immediate success, and the same cultivation of social affections amongst each other, for their ultimate prosperity, which were essential in the most perilous and remote expeditions. Whenever these conditions of a perfect colony were wanting, a true Roman critic would not allow it any better name than that of a mob. The historian Tacitus, for example, speaking of such a tumultuary and ill-organized attempt at colonization, describes it in these terms:—"Ignoti inter se, diversis manipulis, sine rectore, sine affectibus mutuis, quasi ex alio genere mortalium, repente in unum collecti, numerus magis quam colonia." So necessary, indeed, was this solemn organization, so indispensable were all the ceremonies and ritual of a legal *deduction*, that where these were wanting, the colonist became in law no more than an *incola* of the new colony, and not a *civis*; and the grievous penalty of that was—that, whilst he assumed new duties, he was exonerated from none of his old ones; but remained ever after liable to all the burdens of a citizen in the old city which he quitted, no less than in the new one which he adopted. "Nam, ut in bello," says Goesius, "ita et in hac protectione omnia ordine fiebant; et non tantum dux sed et vexillum æque ut in bello aderat." So close, indeed, was the original resemblance between a Roman colony in its full ceremonial and a feudal establishment, that, but for one difference, this latter would have been accounted a Gothic propagation of a Roman original: this difference lay in the small range of operation and influence which belonged to the colony, contrasted with the feudal system, applied (as it generally was) to extensive kingdoms. That single difference, by speedily dispersing the small body of hostility which faced its first introduction, in no long period took away from the Roman colony all necessity for keep-

ing up the military forms of subordination, or the precautions for defence; whereas, in the other case, as the dangers which it provided against were not local, but in the widest sense national, and as they continued to exist for many generations—the original necessity which had dictated the feudal institutions, maintained them in their integrity through a long succession of ages. The enemies of the Roman colonist were a few weak rural proprietors, without arms, numbers, or union, and with nothing to strengthen their resistance. but the sense of that injustice which they had suffered; and of necessity they soon vanished to seek their livelihood elsewhere. But the enemies, whom the feudal organization was designed to meet, were round about the conqueror and in all his paths, by night and by day—cherishing their enmities, and transmitting them to their children's children. And hence it was, that, whilst the Roman colony was but a system of transitory regulations, for purposes of convenience and police, and to meet the necessities of a moment, the feudal institutions were built for a duration which they did in fact attain: had it been otherwise, we repeat that, from the close resemblance in their elementary features, the one system would have been imagined to have descended by direct imitation from the other.

The feudal system once matured, next followed throughout Europe the long contests between two of its great component members—the great aristocratic barons on the one hand, the sovereign on the other. At first the balance inclined to the former; and the barons were generally encroaching dangerously upon the crown. But at length came the *Crusades*, which threw the final victory every where into the hands of the supreme chieftain. The *Crusades* were in many ways beneficial to Europe; but more by indirect means, than by any which are immediately and palpably traced to their influence. By drawing off the most turbulent and martial of the great feudal vassals to distant and dangerous lands, by compelling them to raise money in sudden ways, and on very injurious terms, not seldom by leading eventually to the extinc-

tion of great fiefs, which had formerly been continual thorns in the side of the sovereign, but still more by the very many advantages which accrued to him from the long absences of his most potent enemies—in every case, the regal power was extended and strengthened at the expense of the aristocracy.

In the course of this long struggle, began silently to emerge the third estate of the Commons. Under shelter of either party, as either happened to gain on the other, and availing themselves of those necessities for commercial intercourse and for manufactures, which *will* force a way for themselves even amongst the rudest and most martial people, they erected the new functions of commercial wealth, and strengthened themselves by the civil privileges which all princes are so ready to grant, in the infancy of finance, to those who have it in their power to confer the aid of money and of *movable* supplies, so much envied by the fixed and sedentary power of mere territorial wealth.

At length, and pretty nearly about the same period throughout Europe, these tendencies had so far matured themselves, that all princes found themselves in a situation to enact laws in harmony with that state of things; laws which we ought rather to view as declaratory of a situation which had long virtually existed, than as operating to create it. What happened in our own country, at the latter end of the 15th century, will illustrate—if not a general case, at least a general tendency. At this era, Henry VII. mounted the throne, and by that event, followed by his marriage with the daughter of Edward IV., put a period for ever to the wars and jealousy of the two Roses. Those wars had so conspired with the general setting-in and tide of political tendencies, that the great aristocracy were already in a measure broken, and in a condition to endure laws which formerly they would have spurned. They were then first limited as to the number of their followers and feudal retainers; and they even accepted as a boon that power to alienate their landed estates, which in effect completed the ruin of their political importance.

From these two causes, in con-

junction with the dissolution of the great church aristocracy, as accomplished in the following reign, immense effects followed in the constitution of society. And, in particular, one effect, which has embarrassed many political economists—viz. the vast swarms of vagrants and beggars, which now began to infest all countries, and which in England, after no long interval, led to the system of poor-laws. Many writers have charged this prodigious expansion of pauperism upon the sudden extinction of the charity exercised by the religious houses. But that cause alone is too narrow for the effect. In reality, the first foundation of this pauperism was laid by the sudden suppression of the feudal retainers. The next cause was a direct consequence of this first, and pretty exactly rehearsed the course of events, which, under the very same circumstances, followed in the Highlands of Scotland after the struggle of 1745. For when estates were no longer allowed to bear a martial tenantry, when extent of territory no longer expressed its importance in the numbers of followers which it could support, naturally enough all possessors of such properties sought to reap their advantages in the only way now left open to them by the laws. And this result was aided and quickened by the new regulations which governed the alienation of estates. For if, in any case, an old feudal lord were still indisposed (as happened also in Scotland through one or two generations) to part with his old martial retainers, though now become a burden on his property—these feelings had no sort of weight with the commercial man, whom ambition prompted, and whom the new law of Henry VII. permitted, to become the purchasers of such estates. Their purpose was to turn the property to as much account as possible; and this was best done by substituting cattle or sheep for man. Hence the general complaint\* in Edward VI.'s reign, by which time the effects had become extensive and palpable, of depopulation of estates—of throwing

small farms into large ones—of sacrificing Christian fellow-creatures to brutes, &c. Hence also the universal clamour against beggars as infesting the high roads; and hence the prodigious multitude of executions in that age, for acts of robbery or other violence.

That these results were not confined to England, and that they arose elsewhere out of the same final passing away of the feudal system, and the consequent abolition of all benefit from those services which were performed by a body of martial vassals, is evident from the contemporary documents of the continent. For example, a very ample law on the subject of pauperism, issued by the Emperor Charles V., and dated October 9, 1531, states in one part of its preamble, "That whereas the poor of our provinces are now much more in number than formerly they used to be; and whereas it is found by experience that many abuses have arisen from suffering them to beg and ask alms," &c. Holland and the Low Countries generally, with many great tracts of Germany, were beginning to suffer from this evil precisely at the same time as England; and as, in all these countries, its first great pressure began to be observed about the dawning of the Reformation, it need not surprise us that it was pretty generally and exclusively ascribed to that great event.

At this crisis, indeed, the condition of the poor, of those who had nothing to offer but their labour, was at the very lowest point of depression which history records. They were in the state of transition from a martial to a civic organization: in the one direction their services were cancelled; and in the other, as yet there were no modes of industry created which could absorb their numbers. However, the new political order of Commons was rapidly rising into importance. By the door recently opened for their admission into territorial possessions, they soon became equally connected with the landed and commercial wealth—with rural industry and the industry of towns. A class of gentry rapidly

\* See the chronicles and the sermons of that day, especially those of Bishop Latimer.

arose; and under their intelligent spirit of enterprise, far greater numbers were called for than those who, in the first stage of the transition, had been found to be wholly superfluous.

These Commons, headed by this gentry, and standing upon the ruins of the feudal aristocracy, soon became the most important body in the state. Their property and their indirect influence were already at a prodigious height at the accession of the Stewarts. But the direct influence secured to them by the laws, was in no proportion to the indirect and virtual power which they already exercised. They had grown up silently under a state of laws contemplating a very different organization of society, and originally fitted, in fact, to a condition of things which had become obsolete with the decay of feudalism. The letter of the law said one thing, and the virtual necessities of society under its new arrangement said something totally different. And it was simply because Charles I. looked to the old superannuated forms, and estimated a House of Commons by its ancient standard, when either the blind tools of a fierce aristocracy, or at best in a pupilar and elementary state of transition, simply to this original mistake it was that he owed the series of his obstinate errors, his misfortunes, and his fate.

Other princes have every where made the same blunder, and have put down to the turbulence or malignity of individual bad men, or to the general delusions of an age, what in reality were the inevitable promptings of liberty and power shifting to new classes of men, and seeking to obtain the sanction of law to the changes in the composition of society. With or without the opposition of princes, however, such changes for Europe are now wellnigh matured. Harrington has taught us—that power passes with the balance of landed property; wherever the balance in that respect is placed, there lies the balance of political power. Now at this moment the true balance of that nature has passed so immeasurably, so beyond all powers of calculation, into the hands of the *tiers état*, or what is virtually such, that we cannot doubt for a

moment in what quarter it is that the true and proper forces now rest, by which the great quarrel which is at hand will and must be waged.

Here let us pause. Looking to that question which we have before us, history presents but one great incident slowly unweaving itself from the Crusades downwards—and that is the evolution of the Commons or third estate. With England for their model, with Commerce for their instrument, and the press for their common agitator, all parts of Europe have now reared up a body corresponding in its views and functions to the English Commons. That they do not generally resemble their prototype in temper, in wisdom, or intelligence, does indeed shed gloom upon our prospects throughout that contest which we see approaching, but cannot avert or retard it. Every where to the west of Russia, the popular forces are organized in a secret understanding against the aristocracy, very frequently against the crown, as now become the natural ally of that body, and against the ancient systems of law, as codes having their origin in an age when the crown and the nobility were separately or jointly, with or against each other, the sole depositaries of political power.

Hence, from this source, and of this nature, is the contest, that mighty European contest, which we in common with Mr Douglas apprehend. Privilege, and the children of privilege, are arrayed against the mighty unprivileged masses, now at length too fatally made conscious of their own tremendous power. Of this contest, what will be the course? what the issue?

Mr Douglas looks for part of his answer (and naturally he looks with alarm) to Russia. Too surely that formidable name cannot be overlooked by any speculator in these questions. Russia, gigantic Russia, broods over Europe with an incubation friendly to no aspects of civilisation, and promising no catastrophe to the great drama, but such as will bring infinite carnage and infinite confusion in its train. And further, it is too notorious at this time, that in the general pacification of Europe, which followed the downfall of Napoleon, the last opportunity was lost that

will ever offer for setting bounds to the aggressions of this empire, and forming barriers in central Europe to that inordinate ambition which cannot else be bridled. The fatal distinction of Russian ambition is—that it is not personal. It does not, nor can it, expire with an individual. Individually, the late and the present Czar have been amongst the most amiable of men. But Russia is self-tempted. In her boundless territory lies her summons to the extension of territory: in the voices of 300 distinct tribes or nations who salute the Czar as their liege lord, lies the secret war-cry which propels her upon others. More she must have, because she has so much. And if the ambitious spirits of that nation be thus under the obligations of headlong impulse to pursue a career of foreign conquest, the imperial family bends to an equal necessity of prudence in the very same direction. The Russian princes tremble before a haughty nobility, and often have no refuge from conspiracies of the palace, except in the centre of their armies.

This was known in 1815: this was familiar to those who then had the dictation of European treaties, and who moved with power in the several congresses which succeeded in the following year. Yet what changes since then—all favourable to Russia! Erivan, the capital of Persian Armenia, and the very citadel of Persian security, captured in that quarter; and Persia, both by arms and by treaties, prostrated at her feet—gagged and bound, and if not yet an avowed dependency of the Russian crown, shorn both of strength and hope for all future resistance. Southwards again, on another quarter, the Balkan surmounted, and the Crescent chased and dishonoured to the gates of that once mighty Sultan, whose name was a perpetual panic to the Cæsars of the Rhine and Danube. Poland again, by her own senseless insurrection, instead of the barrier that under other management she might have become against Russia, now made her foremost military post, which opens the gates of the west to her armies—and by fixing her magazines on the very frontier line of Prussia, at one blow, in diminishing the cost,

diminishes the one sole difficulty which has hitherto crippled the beligerent propensities of Russia. Then again in all parts of the west itself, those which Russia most pants after, and of which, from past experience, she retains the most luxurious remembrances,—what changes to facilitate her progress since the day when Suwarrow led her armies! Across the Alps roads for the passage of artillery in every direction; over the Splügen, over Mount Cenis, over St Bernard, St Gothard, the Simplon! In Italy itself, again, what provision made for rapid movements upon every one of the great cities; and along the whole line of the Apennines, from Nice to the Gulf of Spezzia, a corridor carried, upon which armies may advance in parade order; obstacles of nature every where levelled, aids of art almost superfluously accumulated!

Doubtless it is not to be denied that a dreadful cloud lowers over the west from this quarter, and the more so because no armed confederacy of the west can be hoped for on a scale commensurate to such a danger. In our days that must not be looked for; because, if the thrones were awake to their dangers and their duties, the popular dictation is every where powerful enough to prevent any effectual concert or league amongst kings, whether for good purposes or bad. That danger, which at one time was supposed to have been realized in the Holy Alliance, is now already superannuated by another in a contradictory form. That spectre has been exorcised by another more formidable, and more absolute in its supremacy for evil ends.

Yet in this very complexity of menacing appearances, there is as usual some hope, because in any number of dangers there are generally some which will not harmonize. If the fervour of democracy in these days speaks with too pre-emptory a voice to allow of such a combination amongst crowned heads as was easily effected in 1792,—on the other hand, by thus facilitating the aggressions of Russia, in that degree will the popular and anti-regal forces have courted and facilitated a collision with a foe that will eventually destroy *them*, unless itself be previously destroyed.

The Russian armies are held in leash to let slip upon the fairest provinces of our Western Europe; and, in the eyes of very many, they hold the same place as the Goths and Vandals, the Huns, Heruli, or Lombards, of early Christendom. Are they—we again bring the main question to this issue—are they such? Do they stand in the true situation of those conquerors? Do we occupy that of their unhappy victims?

For many most essential differences, thanks be to God! we are entitled to answer both questions emphatically in the negative. The Russians have not the necessities, and therefore they have not the fell passions for destroying, of the ruthless migrators in ancient days; still less are we, nations so warlike and accomplished, in any parallel condition to that of the Gauls or Britons. Yet, were this all the difference between the two cases, the practical result would be little in our favour; for it would promise only a fiercer or more protracted warfare.

Starting, however, from what is identical in the two situations of Europe at epochs so remote, let us endeavour to compute in what diversity of result the acknowledged differences of the cases would be likely to emerge,—still keeping our eye upon the actual records of history, as we have rehearsed them in their prominent points, for that one of the two cases which is past. It cannot be denied, that a lapse of 14 centuries has replaced Europe in a position in many points strictly analogous (if in some it be admitted to be contradictory) to that which she occupied at the opening of this period. She then looked northwards with rueful anxiety to a thick cloud, which was soon to discharge the wrath of Providence upon her; she now looks northwards again with anticipations of the same complexion. And it may be urged by those who are disposed to magnify the terrors of this crisis, that, if the Europe which now trembles is no longer the same helpless region which reasonably trembled at the former era, neither, on the other hand, was that Europe which then inflicted the terror, upon a level with her present representative. Things have changed upon both sides. As the resistance would be far more ob-

stinate and scientific, so would the assault. If the great victories on the part of Russia would not be more frequent, they would, however, by means of the press, diffuse a far more extensive panic; and oftentimes it is seen, that the panic of one battle does the work of three. Undoubtedly it cannot be denied, and it is indeed the remark of a British minister of state about four years ago, that, amongst other scandalous oversights in the pacific settlements of the several congresses which met in 1814, 1818, and 1821, Prussia, Saxony, and, generally speaking, all those countries upon which the first wrath of the tempest must be expected to descend, were left with frontier lines either undefended, or (from the nature of the changes then made) absolutely indefensible. When we add, that by the very same treaties Russia was complimented with the solemn cession (so utterly uncalled for) of Swedish Finland, we might almost be tempted to think that the western potentates of Europe had been in a conspiracy against themselves.—“Prussia,” said the same intelligent minister, “has the largest possible extent of frontier, without any barrier, natural or moral, to defend it; and, as she now is, she cannot long continue. She must become either more or less formidable. At present, she bounds Russia on the east, and France on the west. She will be driven to some desperate step for her own protection.” The same minister adds, “That to permit, under any circumstances, the further aggrandizement of Russia, was an error of a graver character; and when, in 1815, Alexander backed his demands of Poland, by cantoning a hundred thousand troops within the country whose fate was under discussion, he furnished the best possible evidence that his demands ought not to have been conceded.”

But allowing that every thing has been done which indiscretion could suggest to facilitate the first aggressions of the Russians, of what nature will be their ultimate success? Will it be confined to a few colonial settlements in those sunny spots of Europe which are most tempting and least defensible; or can we be entitled to anticipate an issue to this warfare in any respect corresponding to the case of



the Goths and Vandals? Is the renewal of such a case, in the circumstances of modern civilisation, a possible event?

For us of Western Europe, it will be a sufficient calamity, if by the aggressors it shall be thought so; for their plans may be governed by such expectations. But we shall assign a few weighty arguments, which weigh much with us in questioning the possibility of such a catastrophe. Western Europe, throughout the decline of the Roman empire of the west, was probably much underpeopled. Or at least, allowing for the depopulation made by continual and bloody combats (a depopulation which, under the circumstances of the case, could not be made good by any reaction in the principle of population—such as redeems the losses of a modern campaign), there was ample room for an army with their wives and children; and the invading nation was generally no more than an army. Wheresoever the sword, that most rapid of pruning-knives, had not availed to create a solitude, and, by consequence, a settlement for the new-comers, there can be no doubt, that a very slight extension of agriculture would meet the emergency. Much fertile land, it is evident, was every where left untouched; and the victorious invaders, coming in as they did by gradual detachments, continued throughout a long tract of years, would scarcely need to impose more than a little extra labour upon the rural industry of the land. It is doubtful, indeed, considering the slender indigeneous population which must have occupied the countries of Britain and Gaul in those days, whether the conquering barbarians did much more than fill the places of those natives whom they had exterminated. And thus, at all events, there were no great physical obstacles to their final settlement amongst those whom they had conquered.

But in our days, how differently is all this arranged! Every where, the very densest population that can possibly be carried by resources multiplied and unfolded to their very utmost capacity by science the most enlarged, must be pierced as by a wedge by any military force that should seek a settlement amongst them. Unless the spirit and maxims

of modern warfare should be entirely revolutionized, the immediate carnage of battle could never be sufficient to create a fund of sufficient colonization amongst nations who are themselves obliged annually to throw off large swarms in search of Antarctic homes. Colonies there could be none, of any permanence or extent, for armies entering under such circumstances.

Again, when we look back to the Gothic conquests, we see that they were maintained only by military colonizations, in the composition of which the whole victorious nation participated; and we see also, that this system of colonization in the bosom of deadly enemies, could have been accomplished only by means of the feudal institutions—practised, no doubt, in their first rudiments from the earliest date of the German migrations.

But if circumstances could otherwise allow of this superfecundation of population, we must be sure, that, without the protection of a feudal system, safety there could be none for those new colonists planted amongst a potent host of vindictive enemies.

On such a question besides, it is certain that another element of European warfare,—that is to say, the maritime preponderance, in whatsoever hands reposed, could not but have a final influence of the most decisive character. There is an old maxim of Cicero's, *Necesse est qui mare teneat, eum rerum potiri*. Now, though this rule was never meant by its author for an unconditional maxim, but was cautiously restrained to one particular conjuncture of affairs, yet, more than any partial aphorism whatever, it is continually revolving into a new aspect of truth; the similarity of political situations having the effect of recalling it to its original applicability. And precisely such a case of similarity it is which will revolve upon us, under the circumstances of a Russian descent upon the west. Maritime Christendom, in which we comprehend the American United States, possibly other republics of that great continent, will confederate in an iron league against this common danger; and, balancing against each other all contingencies, the positions of the several parties, their interests and their powers, it is not too much to

say, that, excepting in Germany, and on the German side the Alps, Russia would not find it possible to maintain any great conquests that she might succeed in making.

Meantime a power, which should find itself thwarted and controlled in its foremost purpose, might for that reason have all the weightier motives for conducting its warfare in the spirit of marauders and destroyers. And if this were otherwise, supposing even that the ancient maxims of honourable war should continue to govern the policy of Russia, still from the very nature and scale of this particular war—the north and the east of Europe projecting itself in masses upon the south and the west, and in pursuit of objects which could not fail to give a barbarizing character to the whole course of hostilities—no possible foresight or vigilance on the part of the leaders could disarm their rude followers of ferocious and Vandalizing habits. The misery and desolation must necessarily be infinite wherever the banner of the Czar floats for the time—whether finally triumphant or not. But, after all, the ultimate course of this anomalous inundation—whether it shall retire after infinite mischief done, and suffering indicted within its native boundaries, or shall be permitted by Providence to convert many amongst the most flourishing seats of human industry into swamps and deserts—will be determined chiefly by considerations proper and internal to each particular country. Let us turn to our own.

If Great Britain were at this moment to perish, some are of opinion that she has already done the work to which she was primarily appointed by Providence. She has founded colonies that are grown, or are growing, into mighty nations: she has built up a most magnificent and original literature; this, with her noble language, she has dispersed over the globe; and finally, which is the true ground of all the angry and malicious judgments current against her, for more than a century she has stood forth, amongst the waves which surround her, a Pharos of light and hope and consolation to all the nations of old and new Christendom; imitated by all of them, looked to as

the sole great archetype of excellence in her political institutions: and in proportion as she was known or candidly appreciated, admitted to be almost beyond imitation in whatsoever regards the purity of her public morals.

Has this sceptre of moral influence departed from her? Is she no longer “that great leading” spirit amongst the intellectual tribes of this planet, which, for beneficent and Christian ends, exercised that supremacy once wielded by the Roman, and applied by him to no ends but those of irresponsible power?

We will reply; but (as becomes the question) thoughtfully, and consulting the signs which are abroad. Events are crowding thick upon us, which will soon hurry us onward to a station from which we shall obtain “large prospect” of the course which is before us. Every great crisis, which is such for a mighty and important section of the human race, comes heralded by many signs: these are large, vague, and ambiguous at a distance; and they first assume a general legibility when the dangers which they announce are close upon us: the signs cease to be disputed, when the things signified cease to be within control.

We will draw our horoscope of the destiny which at this moment hangs over Great Britain from those circumstances in her situation which engage the conversation of all Europe—her plethoric population—her system of poor laws—her colonies—her debt, and her Reform Bill—which last, whilst it is hailed by myriads as the cure for the rest, is, in the estimate of others, that one which will invest the others with a destroying force. These are the *macule* in the disk of this resplendent star. Let us pass them in review.

“Physician, heal thyself!”—How full of projects is England, from the senate to the humblest of her village assemblages, how redundantly philanthropic in schemes for amending the condition of distant nations—how negligent of her own children! To be the denizen of remote latitudes—to be coloured by other climates, seems the one sole postulate which she insists upon as an argument for her benevolence. Meantime her own population is in a state

which makes vain and desperate all human aid, for purposes which are more than palliating. The time is past in which self-delusions, such as have governed our policy thus far, can be any longer supported. Odious truth is rapidly forcing its way into all understandings open to conviction; truth—odious, but not to be put by or gainsaid—that our long ascendancy in the arts of industry, has succeeded in forcing a population already much ahead of our resources, but still more so by the rate of their annual increase. Mechanical discoveries, by which the call for human labour is continually abridged, have proved at length a fatal snare to England. We read in romantic legends of meddlers with forbidden arts of demonology, who have gradually become alarmed by their own unlawful powers, who have revolted in horror from the meshes which their own spiritual ascendancy was multiplying around their paths, and who have prayed, with rueful anguish, that it might be possible for them to exchange their criminal power and knowledge for the most pitiable imbecility unembittered by guilt. That is the condition of England. Means have concurred with opportunity to tempt her forward on a road, where at length there is no retreat and no advance, neither regress nor progress, and where every step brings up the bitter penalties of that system which has been made the paramount spring of her policy. In earlier stages of her commercial developement, it happened naturally enough that any sudden excess of population, created by great mechanical discoveries, was as suddenly re-absorbed; for the prodigious fall of prices, consequent upon the prodigious economy of labour, expanded the circle of buyers so rapidly, as to call back into this extended scale of production those very labourers who had been found too many on the old scale. Ten times less labour, we will suppose, was required upon each given portion of production; *that* was the first consequence of the discovery: but the next was perhaps that fifty times more production was called for; and thus the old labourers, abstracted for the moment, were summoned back in a five-fold proportion.

This process was oftentimes repeated through the course of the 18th century; so often, and to many it is so familiar as an effect which *has* followed, that they allow themselves to think of it as an unconditional or absolute effect, which *must* follow, as a matter of political necessity, whenever time is allowed. But it is *not* an unconditional effect: it is one which depends on various conditions; foremost among which is the state of demand for our national products both at home and from abroad. Seventy years ago this was susceptible of enormous expansions—such that in a practical sense they might then be counted on as an *infinite* resource. But time and the miracles of human energy exhaust every thing; and in this world of limit and circumscription, *infinities* there are none amongst the counters with which human ability is destined to play: in that strife all is finite. At home the demand increased on a double scale—one which steadily followed the yearly increase of our numbers, and another which more unequally obeyed the changes in our system of manners. At the accession of George III. it is well known that dress was amongst the conventional distinctions of rank; and certain manufactures were as effectually confined to the upper orders of society by the silent authority of custom and manners, as if their use had been peremptorily limited by penal laws. All this has bent to the sweeping revolutions which have been wrought in the spirit of the age. The silks and the veils, &c., which some years ago were as exclusively *tabooed*, and set apart to the use of the mistress as pearls or rubies, are now familiarly worn by the servant. Here is a change in a single instance, and so trivial a change, as scarcely to have been noticed by men in general, which has had the effect of throwing a vast nation (the nation of servants), previously unknown as customers, into the English silk market. Corresponding changes in other nations, as they happened to come nearest to us in wealth and refinement, have continually fallen in to swell the great current of our commercial prosperity; and in all European nations we repeat that these changes

have followed a twofold impulse, one in the ratio of the annual increase of numbers, and a second (sometimes a much greater one) in the spirit of manners. For all changes in that respect since the French Revolution have tended to elevate the lower classes, and of necessity therefore (as a primary effect) to express themselves externally in such distinctions of dress as had previously been associated in the public feeling with a superior condition of rank.

Here, then, is a confluent body of extraordinary aids, some of them such as to be incapable of any repetition, all setting in with absolute uniformity of effect to sustain the British commerce; and to sustain, through a number of years, sufficient for the purpose of a general illusion, its indefinite extension. But that illusion is rapidly melting away. Events too, marked and memorable, have given it a shock from which it will never rally; and that panic, which by separate intervals has so often convulsed the British nation, may now at length be pronounced the chronic affection of the public mind.

Yes! Panic has struck root amongst the thoughtful—never more to be extirpated. Let us image to ourselves the condition of public feeling in Rome during those years of decay and dishonour, when the northern barbarians might be pictured as virtually enthroned upon the Alps, and looking down from that station upon the fatal beauty of Italy. A little farther delay, a little fleeting reprieve—this was all that the sagacious could anticipate from such transitory gleams of sunshine as might happen to fall upon the Roman banners in the brief pauses of the storm. Even the less dubious splendour which attended that last great general who protected the throne of Honorius, could not revive any truly Roman hopes in those who understood the real condition of

Rome, and the hollowness of the very ground on which all her defences were built. Such, and little differing even in degree, is the prophetic sadness which broods over the contemplations of British statesmen in 1832; of those who look steadily upon the phenomena already within their field of vision, who calculate without self-flattery their yet invisible tendencies, and to whom—as one result from their faithful study, and appreciation of the past—

“The aspiring heads of future things appear.”

It is not to many, nor is it even to the chosen few, more than seldom, that the future does truly reveal itself in any distinctness of lineaments, or truth of proportions. Yet there are times, according to the sublime sentiment which Schiller ascribes to Wallenstein, when man stands nearer than usual to the mysterious fountains of his destiny: such a time is ours. And to us, it seems that the handwriting on the wall, the hieroglyphics of our English destiny, can scarcely need an interpreter to any reader of thoughtful habits.

We have already said that our population stands in this remarkable (in some respects, unexampled) condition: it is increasing rapidly, when our circumstances require that it should be stationary; and the rate of this increase obeys an impulse, not derived (as in all reason it should be) from the present, but from a state of things now utterly extinct. That, indeed, is the melancholy condition entailed upon all prodigious expansions of national prosperity consequent upon great discoveries. Such discoveries arise in a moment, are adopted in a week, and come into steady operation as a stimulus to the population in that very year which witnesses their own birth. Inevitably such a stimulus transcends the occasion, and evokes a new population\* disproportionate to the occasion. Inevitably also the

\* There is, however, one shape in which this national evil manifests itself—which, as a very great aggravation of that evil, calls for legal correction. In the great manufacturing districts, it will often happen that a stagnation, either in trade generally, or in some one branch of it, throws out of employ some tens of thousands. Suppose, now, that this stagnation is of long duration, and the want of work absolute and

impulse and excitement continue to act long after the original causes have expired or have decayed. On this, as on other large questions of a mixed nature, there may be conflicting theories abroad: but in none, and in no quarter of much influence, is the fact gainsaid—that the land is sick to repletion, and overgorged with excess of men. Men is now too truly a weed amongst us. And wherever that happens, we know what follows: law becomes unavailing for the protection of rights and property; insecurity prevails, except within the immediate range of the sword; and even for that wild distribution of justice, we are now instructed by the very weightiest of our state counsellors in all matters of police—to rely upon no public or authorized aids, [it is a late Minister of Police who thus counsels us, and himself an organizer of a most effectual police,] but each man upon his domestic resources and his own right hand. Melancholy times in which such counsel can be given (and wisely given) by a man like Sir Robert Peel!

Now it is upon this feature of the times, which we hold to be characteristic and peculiar, that we build our worst auguries. Whosoever uses history for any valuable purpose of life and practical admonition, will find, on turning over our English records, that in no reign, under no oppressions, under no political excitements, have there ever been simultaneous risings of the labouring classes, in remote counties, and covering a very large surface of the

country, excepting only in our own days of equal law and righteous government. What perhaps came nearest to it in the point of extent, was the transient confederacy of the club-men, who rose in many counties at the same time about the year 1643 or 1644. Their purpose, however, though chimerical enough, was substantially pacific. Peace was what they sought—peace through the means of war; for their design was to overpower the two hostile armies then in the field, and to save their country from the desolation which they began to anticipate. But what has been the purpose and the spirit of all who have risen in our days? Let that question be answered truly, and our situation will be understood.

We will answer it ourselves. Some have said that the people were starving. That is not true. Wages, such as met the necessities of animal life, were still generally obtained by the incendiary peasants of 1830.\* But it is certain that comfortable and respectable subsistence could be had no longer; still less could it be hoped for in times to come. Had the case at that time been argued on behalf of the peasantry of England by an able advocate, it was there—in the absolute extinction of hope—that he would have laid the *gravamen* of his apology. The instincts of men are sure in what regards their primary interests; and one sad uniformity of downward-looking experience, since the general pacification of Europe,† justified the rural population of England in a fixed despond-

total for those whom it affects, in that case they are often thrown back upon their parishes in Wales, Cumberland, &c., or shipped back to Ireland. Possibly in twelve or in twenty months the trade revives, and a re-absorption takes place of an equivalent population. *Equivalent*, it is true, but not numerically the same. They are young and fresh labourers from Ireland, Wales, &c., stimulated by the rumour of high wages in Manchester or its environs. And thus for want of some measure of registration or other legal provision, the very same manufacturer in the course of his life creates several successive sets of paupers; and unintentionally stimulates the increase of population by perhaps ten times more encouragement to it than he really needs.

\* Perhaps 8s. 6d. and 9s. a-week might be taken as the average wages of agricultural labour throughout Southern England at the period in question.

† In a few years after the peace of 1815, the depression which affected every mode of industry, whether rural or urban, whether in raw products or in manufactures, became so excessive, that a question arose universally about its cause; and the popular paralogism of “*Cum post hoc, ergo propter hoc*,” was never more abundantly

ency as regarded the future. For them, at least, it seemed that no change was to be expected, except that in every advancement of steam-navigation, more and more of Irish competitors might be looked for to participate in a miserable strife for a miserable pittance. This was the calamity under which the industry of the land suffered, and was conscious that it suffered; and not so much the immediate pressure, as the fixed belief that for *them* time had no hopes in reversion, and patience no remedy.

And let us ask of those self-deluders who still cling to the belief that the case is one of "med'cinable grief"—what is *their* remedy? We hear of two: "Instruct the people; diffuse knowledge and education"—say one class of speculators. "Reform your Parliament, and extend the basis of your representation"—is the cry of another. The children of the soil ask for bread, and these counsellors would give them a stone. Such counsels are a mockery, and will be resented as an insult by those who are most concerned. Of knowledge, so far as it consists in the mechanic aids of knowledge—the arts of reading and writing, we have already more than a sufficient diffusion to augment our danger incalculably, unless it had been better followed up by systems of religious instruction than can be generally affirmed of England. We are no patrons of darkness; and we readily admit that all coercion, which depends for its effect and its permanence upon the blindness of the governed, is maintained by a tenure as brittle and as liable to fatal shocks, as it is unworthy in its principle. The noble in

heart, those who love noble ends, must by choice deal with noble means and instruments; and it would be the merest contradiction to suppose that a government and a senate, radiant centres as those of this great empire have long been of enlightened sentiments and righteous purposes, could wish for, aid, or countenance any plans which presumed upon the ignorance of those for whose welfare in a political sense they are responsible. We are bound to suppose it their wish, as we know it to be their duty, to spread light through the nation. Much indeed has been done in that direction. But to evils such as those which were the true moving forces in the late insurrection of the peasantry, what redress could be applied by increase of knowledge? Men cannot suffer without hope, nor sit in darkness contentedly, by virtue of any spells that belong simply to education, or any knowledge which it imparts. Merely intellectual powers are here invoked in vain. Moral evils must be met, if at all, by moral remedies. And those are in the sole keeping of religion; which we heartily agree with the author before us in regarding as the one sole panacea for every variety of evil in every order of men.

Meantime for the other remedy suggested by the fashion of the hour—Reform in Parliament—we are grieved to find that it obtains any the most oblique sanction from a writer so enlightened as Mr. Douglas. Having on other occasions abundantly opened ourselves on that theme—we shall here confine ourselves to one suggestion on that *questio vexatissima*, offered exclusively to conscien-

employed. As the depression came *after* the peace, what could be clearer than that it was amongst the *consequences* of peace?—Meantime, those who escaped this fallacy fell into another, which equally served to hide the true solution. The taxes, said they, being so enormously diminished, of necessity the expenditure on the part of the state was diminished to that amount; and in the same degree the stimulus was suddenly withdrawn which had previously been applied to every mode of production. But to this it was justly replied—If that were all, no such effects could have followed; since the taxes now remitted to the people were as certainly applied to consumption directly, and therefore indirectly to production, as though they had passed into the treasury. The true solution was this: The vast *loans* of the war season were now withdrawn from the expenditure; these, like the taxes, ceased to be spent by the government; but were not, like the taxes, spent vicariously by others. Every loan increases the annual expenditure, and therefore forces production exactly to that amount.

tious men like Mr Douglas, who would be shocked at suspecting themselves to be accomplices in precipitating a national convulsion. Many men of the purest patriotism looked with favour and with hope upon the deliberations of the States-General in France, and afterwards upon the early labours of that reformed assembly into which they soon resolved themselves. We need not say in what labyrinths of guilt and bloodshed and political fanaticism they afterwards entangled themselves, so that in their latter stages they came to be regarded as a mere judgment from Heaven upon France, and a reproach to human nature. Now, the question which we would raise upon these historical facts, with a view to our own domestic problem of Reform, is simply this:—by what process, or by whose agency was it, that a deliberative body, opening its labours under such happy auspices, fell at length into this abyss of infamy, and what we may call political reprobation? It was thus:—each several form of this representative body, when remodelling the shape in which its next successor should appear, created for it new powers, and clothed it with new and ample jurisdictions, that had been wisely denied to itself in the original constitution by which its functions were defined. In some instances the new body was thus invested with clashing and contradictory powers: in many it invaded the powers which belonged to other organs of the state; and in many more it found itself able to defeat in practice all the apparent or hypothetic checks upon its own exorbitances. By such a process of successive legislation, for the remodelling of legislative assemblies, it is evident that what no one of these bodies can do for itself, any may do for its successor. Each for itself is bound and controlled by its own constitution; but wherever that is found in practice to lay a restraint upon its motions, care is taken in shaping the new model to adjust it to the new and wildest notions of its own rights. And of these rights, it is to be observed, each successive body necessarily judges upon that advanced station from which it views them through the liberality of its predecessor. Thus it is, and by this graduated

development of powers, that a supremacy in the state is built up for a deliberative body, such as the most encroaching of its original members under its first constitution could never have proposed. In fact, it may be laid down as an immutable maxim, that no political body is capable of remodelling itself, or ought to be trusted with the framing of its own constitution.

This rule was violated in France; and there lies the answer to the question which we have raised on the causes of the revolutionary excesses. Political bodies, allowed to tamper with their own constitution, did that for themselves which others would not have done. *A fortiori*, they could do that for themselves, under the delusive name of successors, which they could not have done for themselves directly. New jurisdictions and powers, unchecked and unbalanced, were thus created gradually, which would have been denounced by public opinion as capital abuses, had they been usurped at one blow. And lastly, men yielded to a force of temptation acting upon them thus insidiously and by separate stages, which would in many instances have been resisted, had the same men been exposed to the same trials—with principles as yet undebauched by power, and virtuous dispositions as yet unswayed by this graduated scale of encroachments.

In England what is it that will save us from treading the same unhappy circle? A Parliament, which exercises the power of remodelling its own ancient constitution, and in effect of placing itself on a new basis of popular influence and popular alliance—what else does it do than create a new power in the state—which new power, with the same evident right to extend its authority as could be claimed by its predecessor, will come to that task with much ampler means for effecting it? Once admit a right in Parliament to revolutionize itself, then as that body, upon each renewal of itself, whether septennial or otherwise, will accede, by mere necessity, to the old inheritance of rights, and, by favour of its predecessor, to a new legacy of power,—it cannot be doubted that this vast expansion in the Commons, already surmounting the fellow members of

our mixed legislature, will soon swallow them up entirely. A body, which is itself the child of revolution, must be the parent of further revolution, unless it is fancied that the force of recent precedent—of equal right—and of greater power—with the concurrence of continual temptation—are all suddenly to be arrested, neutralized, annulled, and by no adequate motive or assignable counter-agency.

Hence Mr Douglas will understand—that, without at all entering upon the details or *present* quality of this pending revolution in the constitution of Parliament, we find in the mere fact of any large change (no matter what its nature) affecting the popular branch of the legislature, originating in that branch, and carried through purely by popular influence,—merely in that fact we find a sufficient argument for anticipating a whole series and dependency of revolutions. Even if it could be supposed possible that future Houses of Commons, armed with greater powers, should yet be willing to leave them in abeyance, and should suffer a precedent to lie disused, to which their own existence (*qua talis*) was due; presuming even on all this,—still, where a balance has once been destroyed, blind necessity will continually prompt efforts in other quarters to restore it, or to effect some *compensatory* change. The English Revolution was followed by no counter-revolutions. Why? Because it did not destroy, but create, a balance of forces. The French Revolution gathered all power into one arm; the checks and balancing powers were merely verbal; and what followed? A host of counter-revolutions, until an army put an end to all struggle amongst the constitutional forces.

But a greater peril awaits us from a reformed Parliament even than the abuse of their new power. Left to itself, such a House of Commons will be dangerous enough; but it will *not* be left to itself. For let it be kept in mind that, under its new constitution, the House of Commons, though too strong as respects its fellow-members in the legislature, will be much weaker than formerly as respects its constituents. It will not resist its own temptations; but, if

that were possible, how shall it resist the mandates of its popular masters? The electors will now be of a class, who can possibly value only one kind of merit in a representative—the merit of obeying or anticipating the popular wishes. But this is a topic to which we must be content to have alluded. Let it suffice to say, that all the excess of power in the new legislature will not be so formidable to our liberties by a thousand degrees, as their new tenure of dependence upon the electoral body, and the new composition of that body.

Meantime, reverting to the fearful state of our population, for which some would hold out Reform as the remedy—this much we concede to them, that in a certain sense, and to the slight extent of procuring us a winter's truce to one form of the evil, the prospect of Reform has already proved itself a remedy. But how? Under a delusion so gross as to the import and amount of the promises held out under that term, that, beyond all doubt, a fierce reaction of disappointment may be looked for as soon as this delusion shall pass away. In what way that crisis may happen to be brought about, whether by the concession or the momentary denial of Reform, is likely to make little final difference. Certain it is, that all the causes which produced the outrageous attacks on property in 1830, are still in the same force as ever; equally certain we believe it—that the vindictive temper, which those causes generated, has been sternly forced into a temporary suspension, not by the terrors of the law as then exhibited, but by an effort of prudential self-control submitted to under this belief—that Reform, if carried eventually, would bring in its train a comprehensive cure for the whole variety of evils which afflict the condition of labouring life in England. It is as certain that these monstrous hopes have been generally cherished, and have exercised a most potent influence in diffusing tranquillity through the land, as it is that chimeras so windy must soon be exposed and confounded. And it is our firm conviction—that, under the maddening rebound of the truth, the excitement will be greater than ever, and will give way (if ever it should



give way) only to the skilfulness with which government distributes the small military force at its disposal.

We are in great danger. Simply from abroad no danger ever *can* menace us, to which we are not equal. But foreign danger, concurring with domestic,—Irish with both,—these are the frightful conjunctures, under which, to acknowledge no alarm is not to abound in courage, but to be miserably wanting in discretion or in sensibility. Let us not disguise the truth: in England there are many Bristols—towns equally inflamed—stung with the same frenzy of jacobinical malice, conscious of deeper sufferings, and equally blind in their expectations. Nothing is more striking at this moment than the absolute harmony in this respect amongst the poor in districts of the land the most remote from each other—the perfect identity of their political delusions and of their political passions. One voice is heard, too often not loud and clamorous, but deep and muttering, and pretty nearly the same emphatic words may be caught up by the attentive ear in every street and alley of our crowded towns—in every field and farm-yard of our unhappy land. Not the poor benighted slaves in the West Indies are under wilder delusions, who have a fixed persuasion that domestic oppressors step in to intercept the bounties of the British King and Parliament, nor do they nourish a deeper or a more misdirected vengeance. Neither is there, as once there was, any body of *non-conducting* population (so to speak) interposed amongst these brooding malecontents—to break their fury, or to intercept its contagion. Such a body there once was in the agricultural class: but the entire labourers in that class are now foremost in disaffection to the State, and in rebellious dispositions. In reality, the doctrines current amongst them are not so much insurrectionary, or directed against the particular government, as anti-social and hostile to all governments alike, and to the very elements of civilisation.

In this crisis, and when Mr Douglas assures us that “Europe will soon be in flames,” can we look for comfort to our colonial provinces? The heart of our great empire being so ill at ease, are we at liberty to feel our-

selves secure in our extremities? Naturally, for a question so comprehensive, we should look for an answer of proportionate variety. *The sun sets not on our possessions*—once the Spanish boast—may at this day, with the simplicity of truth, be affirmed of herself by Great Britain. This being so, we might reasonably expect chequered reports from our provinces: if one wind brought us tidings of fear, another should be the messenger of hope. Yet, strange enough it is, that the coming eclipse of the mother country seems in one way or other prematurely to have gathered within its shadow, exactly those regions which depend upon the British sceptre. Either they are cursed with internal wretchedness, as the West Indies; or with external enmities multiplying in every quarter, as Hindostan; or if prosperous, like Canada, are rising gradually into that attitude of defiance which is manifestly destined to turn our own bounties against ourselves: or, if prosperous and dutiful, are too remote (like New Holland, &c.) to assist us efficiently even in our schemes of emigration. Of these the first may be considered as already lost. Between the two forces of example from their brothers in Haiti, and precept from their political lords in the British Parliament, the black population of the West Indies will never again be reconciled to a cheerful discharge of their duties. With a reformed Parliament, however, the present stumbling-block of compensation will prove none at all—in the second or third session of such a body, emancipation will be proclaimed; and we may then expect such scenes of bloodshed and havoc as followed a similar decree of the French Convention. For Canada, we heartily agree with Mr Douglas—that “after wasting millions of money in giving it that defensive strength against the United States, which will inspire it with the spirit of freedom,” we shall find ourselves in this dilemma—war *with* Canada, or war *for* Canada; and in either case alike, we would add, (though Mr Douglas needlessly has limited that event to the latter case,) war against the United States. We are all familiar with the common English sneer of a “Folly,” as applied to a useless building. Now, if

ever there was in this sense a national *folly*, it is exhibited, on a Roman scale of magnitude, in the vast line of defences constructed on the frontier of Canada. Fine works! would be the exclamation of a *persifleur*; but what if the garrison should happen to be on the wrong side the question? And assuredly, if any part of this line be confided (as it must) to a Canadian militia, it is scarcely possible that the question should be so shaped as *not* to place them on the wrong side. Human nature being what it is,—occasional war is essential to its dignity; eternal peace would stifle the germs of many great qualities in national character. And therefore could it be supposed likely that war would be of rare occurrence in Europe, it might be well, at an enormous cost, (say half of that actually spent in Canada,) to buy an arena for constant exercise on that vast frontier line; and the more so, as it presents a school of practice in *every* mode of warfare—whether maritime, or by land; and under every application of the art of engineering. But, as the hypothesis is hardly in the way of being realized on this side the Millennium, which supposes any dearth of Cis-Atlantic war, we may venture to adopt the words of Mr Douglas—that this, like other American colonies, will be “weaned by sucking blood;” and that, in a pecuniary sense, our own ruin will be consummated by such another struggle with the United States, on account of this one costly province and its appendages, as we had with her on her own account.

India is a graver theme:—Mighty continent! (for so we may truly hail her)—great wilderness of nations! When we think of what she might have been—of what she is—and what she will needs become under the decrees of a British Parliament, servile to the sovereign mob,—we are oppressed with the burden of contrast in the juxtaposition of infinite extremes—of what is least and what is greatest in human things. That mischief *ab intra*, that canker-worm in her vitals, legions of revolutionary hircarrahs, carrying irritation and frenzy among nations often so benighted in morals—in one region mad with oppression, in another mad with the havoc and devastations of

continual invasions—every where so impotent to disarm bad counsels of their sting by any remembrances of a purer faith, such as in Europe—amidst the most awful chaos of bad passions, everlastingly make their way to men’s consciences both in senates and in camps,—these scourges will make of India one vast aceldama; and, by comparison with the other effects which will follow, it is almost a petty thing to add, that assuredly they must abolish the sovereignty of England. *That* indeed is an event with which they will almost begin:—what it is in which they will terminate, no eye can venture to fathom. But, considering the central position of India with regard to all Southern Asia, we may presume that ultimately, after a generation of darkness and blood, some aurora will arise in that quarter of a light for the human race, never again to be extinguished. According to this march of events, the external enemies of our Indian empire are the less to be regarded; else, we should rate them at a higher value in the scale of probable destroyers than we find Mr Douglas willing to do. The native princes on the frontiers, in a general concert with the Burman empire, are not so contemptible as to be altogether unworthy of notice; it is true, that they are not indeed likely to become formidable, unless (but then *that* is likely though) in league with the advantages of European science—discipline—tactics—and engineering,—combined with the yet greater advantage of a mutiny or revolt amongst our own sepoys. Russia, however, whose farther horn menaces our Indian system from a remote station, Mr Douglas takes the trouble to appraise; but, under a skilful and more active management of our Persian alliance, he throws her hostilities to a distance in point of time, which makes them interesting only to our posterity. In this again he underrates the means of annoyance open to Russia, who has many facilities for co-operating with the internal troubles of India, by means of intrigues amongst our frontier neighbours, long before the time when her policy may dictate more direct hostilities. Even for those, however, it must not be forgotten, that she will find some aids in one

or two of her Armenian conquests, which were not reckoned on a few years ago by the geographical speculators on the difficulties which beset all possible routes to India for the armies of the Czar. Since then the sword has done something to smooth the path.

Inferior colonies need no separate notices. For the great ones, which are in fact colonial empires, one word will express the sum of affairs. Over each severally its own peculiar danger is lowering—which, separately, threatens to extinguish its connexion with ourselves. There are, also, as a danger common to all, which throws all other dangers into shade, the internal struggles of the mother country—rapidly approaching, and tending ultimately to the same result. In any case, from the very strongest of them, we can draw no aid, whilst all make us vulnerable in purse and in reputation—and all operate as a drain upon our military strength.

These, however, dismissed from the picture, or retained, as the reader may please—what is the general conclusion to which we are hurried by the sum of those indications which we have travelled over? Is there hope for England, as Mr Douglas is willing to believe? Or, has indeed the sceptre departed from Judah? And is the banner of Great Britain no more to preside over the great moral confederacies of Christendom, bringing hope to the forlorn, and comfort to the desolate, like the consecrated *Labarum* of the early Christians, when marshalled against Pagan hosts?

Hope is so eminent a duty for a patriot, hope, even against hope,—and despondency, in any case, so absolutely forbidden to the champions of great moral interests, that even the accomplishment for the time, of the very worst evils which lie in our path, would not justify the surrender of our fortitude, or the slackening of our efforts. The anchors by which our vessel rides, a vessel freighted with such immortal hopes, must reasonably be of proportionable strength—and may yet pull us up against a strain, heavy even as that which is now trying their temper to the uttermost. And sometimes it is found that the very enormity of evil is able

to provide its own remedy, by provoking a more obstinate recoil of good principles.

In the civil contests and local insurrections which we have been predicting, there is this ground of consolation, that they cannot assume the shape of a civil war. For, in a country with such an organization of society as ours, civil war could not by possibility arise without the union of the middle and lower classes. The latter, we fear, will be found more strongly united than is generally believed: not the mob merely, but many a family at present reputed quiet and orderly, will be found in the ranks of rebellion. Few indeed will have power to resist the tempting delusions which now govern their hopes. But on the other hand, when the struggle has once manifestly declared its character, and when the war upon property, as such, shall be too openly proclaimed by acts to be gainsaid by proclamations, the entire middle and upper ranks will enter into a common league of strenuous opposition. And in this point the mob would find themselves grossly deceived,—that the loudest of the Reformers will be in the very front rank of their opponents. Multitudes have clamoured for Reform, under the hope that, by altering the basis on which political power or honours are placed at present, easier access to distinction might be opened to themselves: this prospect would now be more remote than ever; and were it otherwise, the open scramble for property would at once unite in its defence all men, whether previously Reformers or not, who have any in possession to lose, or in reversion to expect.

Such a schism in the body of society, placing the two most numerous classes in bloody collision with each other, will be misery enough for one generation. But it will be far short of that which would travel in company with civil war; and for this reason, if for no other,—that it will terminate more speedily. An open war of the lower orders against the upper, would in some countries issue in an endless anarchy, but not in England. So numerous with us are the class interested in the defence of property, and so incomparably superior in all the means of combina-

tion and concert, that in any general secession of the mere mob and pauperism of the land against its property and intelligence, we are satisfied that with much local bloodshed and havoc, the open war will terminate speedily in the victory of the superior classes. That local causes of peculiar irritation will often revive it in over-populous districts, and that life in England will be inseparable, through the next generation, from continued alarms and anxiety—this we acknowledge; and for this we prepare ourselves as for the sting of our situation, and the sad memento of our past prosperity. But we must still cherish it with gratitude as an article of our political faith, that a jacobinical war—a war which should divide society on the principle we have stated—could not long be maintained as an open war in the field; the victory must soon rest with the middle orders; and that it would do so, is one of the blessings which we owe to that constitution which we are now going to proscribe. Under no less fortunate balance of civil privileges and civil security, could the middle classes have attained so prodigious an expansion.

Whatever is cheerful, however,—whatever, at least, there is of mitigated gloom, in these prospects, will depend on much forbearance within, and some good fortune without. Were it possible that a general Irish insurrection, and that a large military interference of Russia in western politics, should occur about the same period, our embarrassments being so grievously multiplied, their issue would be more dubious. With these adverse events were another to coincide—the obliteration, in the whole or in part, by a reformed Parliament, of the debts charged upon the public faith—a sort of ruin must succeed, which would go far to break down the preponderance of that very middle order to whom, under Providence, we look for the possibility of a favourable issue to our civil struggles. Yet we know that each of these events is but too probable. And for the last, in particular, it rests entirely with the new electoral body, and the complexion of its political feelings. Nor in this point have we even the security founded in general upon the bias of interest; for to men of small

property there is a conflict possible of real interest which may be indirect, with an interest more immediate and apparent in the diminution of taxes.

“To sum up all,” says Mr Douglas, “if God be against us, the causes of our ruin are many, and are already in operation; but, if God be for us, there is yet a way for escape.”

In that conclusion we also heartily concur—but not in any spirit which would justify inertness on our own part. Energy the greatest that human means can supply, may be all too little for the part we are called to perform. Great changes are in progress every where; a hurricane is sweeping onwards of political revolution; we must all suffer—and we must all act. And our first duty is, to ascertain what sort of action is required of us,—what is the part assigned to ourselves by Providence in this great drama, that at least we may act with consistency. Russia, says Mr Douglas, is evidently the “hammer” employed by the Supreme Ruler for crushing the Mohammedan faith; she is perhaps a blind instrument, but in this instance she fulfils her mission with fidelity. To England, on the other hand, as the head of the Protestant league, is confided the task of uprooting Popery—“that ruin,” as Mr Douglas himself admits, “of all who support it.” With what consistency we have upheld this duty in our Irish policy, let those consider who are to answer for it.—But the time is at hand when our public duties will be no longer matters for dispute. It is one advantage of a great and alarming crisis, that it opens broad and determined paths of action, over which hangs no cloud of doubt as in more quiet times. The principles upon which men divide in such times, are adverse as light and outer darkness. There will soon be for all in England, who own any obligations of conscience, but one duty—one faith—one interest—one great fight—and one final fortune. The struggle will be for the very “sum” of things; and upon the ultimate catastrophe of that struggle will depend—as we agree with Mr Douglas—whether this great empire, already weighed in the balance, be not found wanting, and her glorious memory be all that shall remain as a possession to posterity.

## SATAN REFORMER.

BY MONTGOMERY THE THIRD.

## PART I.

SATAN laugh'd loud, when he heard that peace  
 Was sign'd by the Ruling Powers :  
 He was sipping his coffee with Talleyrand,  
 And he put down his cup, and he slapp'd his hand,  
 And cried, Now then the field is ours !

He pack'd his portmanteau—for England, ho !—  
 Reach'd Calais—and sailing over  
 Look'd back upon France ; for he sympathized  
 With a nation so thoroughly Satanized—  
 Till he landed him safe at Dover.

He had sported his tail and his horns in a land  
 Of blasphemy, vice, and treason,  
 The vast admiration of Monsieur Frog ;  
 But in England, quoth he, I must travel incog.  
 At least till the “ Age of Reason.”

So his tail he tuck'd into his pantaloons,  
 With a Brutus, all stivering and hairy,  
 He hid his pared horns, or rather the roots ;  
 And he look'd, with his hoofs in Wellington boots,  
 Like a Minister's Secretary.

As he travell'd to London, he stared about,  
 And it caused him some vexation  
 To see matters looking so very well,  
 But he went the first night to a noted Hell,  
 And it gave him consolation.

The Whigs left their cards as a matter of course,  
 For he'd letters of introduction ;  
 And a very learn'd Gentleman Devil was he,  
 In Political Whig-Economy,  
 And gave them the best instruction.

They feasted him often at Holland House ;  
 But he found so little to teach 'em,  
 They were such adepts in the art of misrule,  
 That he left them to lecture the Radical School,  
 Lest the Whigs should overreach 'em.

For that, quoth Satan, yet must not be,  
 And I hold it my chiefest glory,  
 If I make Whig and Radical coalesce—  
 And thus bring affairs to a damnable mess—  
 Then adieu to the reign of Tory.

## PART II.

So Satan he labour'd night and day  
To unite their political rancour,  
Shook hands with Carlisle, made Cobbett his pet,  
Stoop'd down to the people, and flatter'd Burdett,  
And gave toasts at the Crown and Anchor.

Pamphlets he wrote, and he bribed the Press,  
And it work'd to his special wonder,  
And soon as he saw the dark sky to lower,  
He bribed the Whigs with the hopes of power,  
The rabble with hopes of plunder.

Thus Satan went on at a slapping pace,  
A Radical rollocking fellow—  
Wrote in the Chronicle, slaver'd o'er crimes,  
And became the principal scribe in *The Times*,  
And a dab in the "Blue and Yellow."

He prated of Parsons, Bishops, and Tithes,  
Economy, Representation,  
The Tories, the Debt, March of Intellect, Steam,  
Of Aristocrats—and thus laid the deep scheme  
Of perpetual agitation.

Republican plans, with a plausible air,  
Put forth, growing bolder and bolder;  
An acquaintance pick'd with the Treasury clerks,  
And mended their pens, and alter'd their marks,  
And look'd over the Premier's shoulder.

But his cunningest scheme was to urge the Whigs,  
To urge the mobs to combine, sir,  
To force on a Tory Government  
Most devilish plans of mismanagement,  
That the state he might undermine, sir.

To work they went, and the first on the list  
Was the Currency alteration,  
That increased debt and taxes fifty per cent,  
By reduction of credit and profit and rent,  
And beggar'd one half the nation.

Then the mortgagee seized houses and land,  
And the widow and orphan daughter  
Were thrust from their homes to the parish poor,  
And the wolf was no longer kept from the door,  
But the lamb given up to slaughter.

Then he broach'd Free Trade, and at once it set  
The Satanic philosophers plotting,  
It whipp'd off our wealth to foreigners' hands,  
And forced back the poor on the burden'd lands  
And it laid up our ships for rotting.

On our Colonies casting an evil eye,  
Then Satan adopted a lingo  
Conventicle-bred—and his Proselytes  
Went stirring the blacks to murder the whites,  
Like the devils at St Domingo.

Then Satan he quoted Holy Writ,  
 And uprose the fanatical fry, sir,  
 And doom'd the poor planters to instant death,  
 And they raved, till e'en Satan drew in his breath ;  
 They did so monstously lie, sir.

## PART III.

Now the country up, the country down,  
 And around in his vocation,  
 He travell'd by day and he travell'd by night,  
 And was very well pleased to see—all right—  
 And ripe for his AGITATION.

He had thoughts of sailing for Ireland,  
 To proclaim himself King in Munster ;  
 But the devils are there so thick, quoth he,  
 And so stirring, they cannot have need of me,  
 And there's Moore—he will "Make the Fun stir."

If the King had his Viceroy—so had he—  
 And a Saintship of Holy Murther ;  
 But to play off his game according to Hoyle,  
 He wrote a few orders to Doctor Doyle,  
 And then troubled his head no further.

Now the Whigs uprose in the Parliament House,  
 It was done at Satan's suggestion ;  
 And the Tories gave way in an evil hour  
 To storm, and to threat, and Papistical power,  
 And ceded the Catholic Question.

But the pardon-cramm'd Papists the bolder grew,  
 All was murder, rape, and arson ;  
 The land should be theirs—and no tithe they swore,  
 And the savages shouted—while dripping with gore—  
 Oh ! 'tis only a Protestant Parson !

Satan leap'd for joy—he clear'd at a bound,  
 And they still shew the prints in proof, sir,  
 The whole London University,  
 And as he descended precipitously,  
 A professor he kill'd with his hoof, sir.

Then he travell'd afresh the country round,  
 Proclaim'd Ireland liberty's sample—  
 If he could but bring things to the very same pass  
 In England, including both murder and mass,  
 His success would be more than ample.

So he travell'd and travell'd, distributing Tracts  
 Through city, through town, through village ;  
 Swore that governments were but public drains,  
 That the people should knock out the Parsons' brains,  
 And wages give place to pillage.

## PART IV.

Now Satan set up for a parliament-man,  
 And scatter'd his bribe and bounty,  
 But the boroughs were close, and he could not get in,  
 Though he swore and he lied through thick and thin—  
 So he tried his luck at a county.

But foil'd a while, in his wrath he raved  
 Against Parliament, Peers, and Crown, sir,  
 And swore he'd ride in on the people's necks,  
 (He'd return'd his own Member for Middlesex,)  
 And would turn the House upside down, sir.

He scratch'd his head, and he bit his nails,  
 And his Council of Whigs assembled;  
 'Twas a capital hit—he utter'd Reform—  
 And the Devil himself never knew such a storm,  
 And the ground beneath them trembled.

Away went the sound through the troubled land,  
 And Satan blew loud the trumpet;  
 'Twas up with the Blackguard—the Gentleman down,  
 Peer, Parson, and Squire—up Ruffian and Clown,  
 Up brawler and brazen strumpet.

They call'd for the Whigs; and the Whigs for them,  
 In the name of the Sovereign People;  
 And they bow'd and they cringed to the beastliest mob,  
 All roaring to burn and to plunder and rob,  
 With the tri-colour over the steeple.

The Whigs came in and show'd Wellington out;  
 Then Satan, in all his glory,  
 Let loose the whole Press, with their blood-hound pack,  
 And he mounted Swing on a Treasury hack,  
 And hark in—to the death of a Tory.

Then Satan walk'd forth in the name of Reform,  
 To demand an illumination,  
 To honour the Whigs—and throughout the land  
 Incendiaries ran with the blazing brand,  
 For a general conflagration.

## PART V.

Now Satan he met his friend Talleyrand,  
 And, quoth he, Old boy, you're welcome;  
 Let us now put our heads together a bit—  
 Now, wasn't Reform a most capital hit?  
 Quoth the Frenchman, 'Tis very Hell come!

Quoth Satan one day to Talleyrand,  
 As their coffee they were quaffing,  
 'Twas a master-stroke, my good Talley, to get  
 For a Ministry such a contemptible set—  
 That to think on I can't help laughing.



I'd have given, quoth Talley, a thousand-pound  
 To have father'd the scheme—nor grudge it.  
 Then Satan he shook both his sides with glee,  
 And chuckling—The Impotent cripples, quoth he ;  
 And oh ! what a damnable Budget !

What breaking of treaties, of contracts, of laws,  
 What maniac legislation !  
 Pick'd out of the idiot-Philosophers' schools ;  
 And a New Rule of Figures I furnish'd the Fools,  
 And they call'd it Fructification.

The People are lost—they are all gone mad,  
 Our schemes we are sure to carry ;  
 And besides, quoth Satan, and twitch'd his nose,  
 I've a friend at Court—but 'tis under the rose,  
 For the Chancellor's—THE LORD HARRY.

#### PART VI.

Then the Ministry clear'd the Parliament House,  
 Though none knew why or wherefore,  
 Except that the People might rage in the storm,  
 And send up their Delegates mad for Reform—  
 And that not a thing else would care for.

Then Satan he posted placards about,  
 To keep up Satanic delusion—  
 There was brickbat and bludgeon, for freedom and law,  
 You'd have thought that grim Satan had stirr'd with his claw  
 The caldron of all confusion.

Then he wrote in the Times with more ardent rage—  
 His horns they stuck out of his forehead ;  
 He hid not his hoofs—he untwisted his tail—  
 And it bang'd the poor Tories about like a flail,  
 And the blast of his breath was horrid.

Now the smithies of Brummagem bellow'd and roar'd,  
 Red-hot was the forge of Sedition ;  
 And the bolts from the Unions were daringly thrown  
 At the Peerage of England, the Altar, and Throne ;  
 —And the scoundrels pretended Petition.

Then Satan he organized Union mobs,  
 Marching under the tricolour banners,  
 To insult and to bully their Citizen King,  
 And offend him, as hypocrite homage they bring,  
 Still more by their beastly manners.

#### PART VII.

The Delegates met for the bargain'd work,  
 And like " Mutes" they sat to strangle  
 The Constitution in Parliament ;  
 And without was a raving rabblement—  
 All ready to cut and mangle.

The Bill of Reform, it pass'd *one House*,  
 But was knock'd on the head in the other,  
 For the Premier had dared to threaten the Peers,  
 And insult the Bishops with jibes and with jeers—  
 For his rage he could not smother.

Then Satan he chuckled, the game went well ;  
 But to humble so proud a railer,  
 He sent him a posse at dead of night,  
 And made him stoop down from his lordly height,  
 And cringe to a beggarly tailor.

Oh ! now was the time for Satan's own reign,  
 With a Ministry all distraction—  
 So he set up a Brummagem Parliament—  
 And the edict went forth that the Peers' dissent  
 Was "The Whisper of a Faction."

Oh ! how Satan rejoiced at the work assign'd !  
 As he enter'd the holy border—  
 The Bishops—the Bishops—ah, give them new light !—  
 So a Palace he burn'd on the Sabbath night,  
 Ere the Bishop could "*put it in order.*"

Oh ! then it was Fire and Fury and Flame  
 Lighting up the Reformers' revels ;  
 A city was burning, and reeking with blood,  
 And the Burners dropp'd into the flaming flood,  
 Like blacken'd and tortured Devils.

Satan stood high upon Brandon \* Hill,  
 With his fiery eyeballs glowing ;  
 He bang'd the ground with his swinging tail,  
 And the Demons came round him, and cried, All hail !  
 See, see, how Reform is going !

Satan he stood in the blazing square,†  
 In the midst of conflagration ;  
 And shouted, Reform !—the day's my own,  
 I've won me on earth another throne—  
 And this is my Coronation.

Satan he stood by the gallows-tree,  
 When the noose was tied to sever  
 The living and dead, 'mid the orphans' groans,  
 He bent down his head to the widows' moans,  
 And shouted, REFORM FOR EVER !

\* The hill commanding the city of Bristol.

† Queen Square, in which the Custom-house, Excise, and upwards of forty houses were destroyed.

## THE BRITISH FINANCES.

*Abandonment of the Sinking Fund—Repeal of Taxes on Consumption—The Reform Deficit.*

THE subject of taxation is one which now must soon force itself on the consideration of the most thoughtless in the country. The time is gone by when the difficulty could be contemplated only at a distance, and men could console themselves with the idea that they would leave to their posterity the burden of providing for the liquidation of the public debt. The growing deficiency of the revenue, for many years past, joined to the improvident haste with which taxes which oppressed no one have been repealed, have at length brought matters to a crisis; the Sinking Fund is now abandoned; the revenue is £698,000 less than the expenditure; and the nation must be content to sit down under the burden of an annual charge of £28,000,000, which there is no prospect, under the present system, of either diminishing or avoiding.

It cannot be either an useless or an unprofitable task to examine the causes of this alarming state of the finances, with a view to determine whether it is an unavoidable evil which must be submitted to with patience and resignation, or a transient storm, which, by firmness and judgment, may be weathered. We confidently expect to prove that it is the latter; but we as confidently believe that the condition of the nation is wholly desperate, and a national bankruptcy unavoidable, unless a very different system from the temporizing and vacillating finance policy of the last fifteen years is pursued by succeeding governments.

"If I wished," said Frederick the Great, "to reduce a flourishing province from the highest state of prosperity to the lowest stage of misery, I would desire no more effectual course than to put it for ten years under the government of philosophers."—"If an empire," said Napoleon, "were made of adamant, it would be soon ground to powder by the political economists." In

the observations of these great men, is to be found the remote cause of the present disastrous state of our finances. We shall shortly examine in detail the causes which have in so powerful a manner ground down the prosperity of the British empire; but, in the outset, the desperate improvidence, the incredible recklessness, the unparalleled ignorance of the first principles of finance, by our present rulers, forces itself on the mind. The result of their measures is highly instructive as to the general system which has been pursued for a course of years; it affords a *reductio ad absurdum*, from which the erroneous principles on which they proceeded, may with certainty be inferred.

Ministers, in February, 1831, brought forward the celebrated Whig Budget, which, *fortunately for them*, the exertions of their opponents brought so rapidly to an end. We say, *fortunately for them*, for if the proposed reductions had taken place simultaneously with the Reform Bill, the nation would now have been landed in a state of desperate and hopeless insolvency.

When the Duke of Wellington quitted the helm, it appears from the Finance Reports, recently published under the authority of Mr Spring Rice, that he had by great economy brought the finances into a comparatively flourishing condition. He left his successors a clear sinking fund of £2,900,000, and an income exceeding the expenditure by £1,800,000. In the preceding year of his administration, the clear excess of the income above the expenditure, was £1,000,000. This is admitted by *all parties*, however much they may have been at variance as to the existence of any surplus at all, during the preceding years of Lord Liverpool's and Mr Canning's administration.

The present Ministers, shortly after their accession to office, in Fe-

bruary, 1831, brought forward their celebrated budget, in which they proposed to repeal

The tobacco tax, . . .	L.2,400,000
Candles, . . . . .	700,000
Coals, . . . . .	400,000
Calico prints, . . . .	500,000

whose joint produce the Chancellor of the Exchequer estimated at L.4,000,000 a-year; and in lieu of part of them, to lay on duties on

Transfers of funded prop-	
erty, . . . . .	L.1,200,000
Transfers of land, . . .	1,200,000
Canadian timber, )	
Raw cotton, . . . . .	1,400,000
Cape wine, . . . . .	
Steam boats, . . . . .	
	<hr/>
	L.3,800,000

The new taxes were so extremely unpopular and injudicious, and the outcry against them so universal, that they were one and all abandoned by the Government, who also gave up the proposed repeal of the tobacco tax, and adhered only to the reduction of the taxes on coals, candles, and calicoes, estimated as producing altogether L.1,600,000. They held out hopes, that by adhering to a rigid economy, they would be able to relinquish these taxes, and still maintain the Sinking Fund at its wonted amount.

But what did Ministers do next? Having thus abandoned taxes to the amount of L.1,600,000 a-year, and given up all idea of imposing other taxes in their stead, they brought in the Reform Bill, the necessary effect of which, whether it succeeded or not, every man of sense foresaw, must be to lower the revenue *several millions more*. And, accordingly, what has been the result? Why, they have occasioned a deficit of *four millions* on the income of 1831, as com-

pared with 1830, converted the Duke of Wellington's clear surplus of L.1,800,000 into a deficit of L.698,000, and totally annihilated the sinking fund! \*

We doubt if there is to be found in the whole annals of legislation any thing comparable to this. So utterly ignorant were our rulers of the elements of political science; so thoroughly were they infatuated by the absurd principles of Political Economy which have perverted that noble science since the time of Adam Smith; so completely were they borne away by the fatal torrent of innovation, that they actually carried into effect a reduction of taxation to the amount of a million and a half, when on the eve of an agitating measure which was to reduce it four millions. This indicates not an ignorance of the details of office, or an over-sanguineness of disposition for which we make every allowance, but a total ignorance of the first principles of government, for which we can find no apology; and which is as unpardonable for a Minister of a financial country, as it would be for its Monarch to be ignorant of reading or writing.

Is it not a principle familiar not only to every student, but to every school-boy; not to every one merely who has studied the *Wealth of Nations*, but every one who has read *Sallust* or *Livy*, that the produce of taxation depends in every country, but especially a commercial one, upon industry, and that industry hangs for its existence on public security? Is it not universally known by history, has it not been demonstrated again and again, both from principle and experience, that any thing which shakes public credit, suspends private expenditure, or curtails individual enjoyment, must necessarily and immediately affect the revenue of the state? Do our rulers imagine that the public revenue is to rise while every man's private revenue is falling? That the

\* The total gross revenue of 1830 was,  
That of 1831, . . . . .

L.54,840,000  
46,420,000

L.8,420,000,

so that, after deducting the beer tax, and the taxes reduced by Ministers, the deficit solely owing to reform is nearly L.4,000,000.

customs are to increase when suspended credit has shaken the springs of industry; or the excise augment, when diminished wages have contracted the comforts of the poor? Do they suppose that public income is like pearls, to be thrown up by the storms of the political ocean? And were they ever so completely deluded as to imagine that a new constitution could be given to the State, and no shock experienced in its hundreds of thousands of channels of industry; or the expenditure of all the rich be lessened from the

dread of an approaching revolution, and no suffering be experienced by the poor, or no decline become apparent in the public revenue?

The extraordinary deficit which has taken place in *every branch* of the public revenue since the fatal Reform Bill was agitated in the country, is so singularly instructive as to the unavoidable effect of the insane conduct pursued by Ministers, that though we transcribed it in January last, we make no apology for again laying it before our readers.

#### WELLINGTON Administration.

	Decrease.
Year ending April 5, 1830,	L.864,000
July 5,	690,000
Oct. 10,	948,000
Jan. 5, 1831,	640,000

#### GREY Administration.

	Decrease.
Year ending April 5, 1831,	L.1,134,000
July 5,	1,656,000
Oct. 10,	3,072,000
Jan. 5, 1832,	3,984,000

Now this table demonstrates three things. 1. That the revenue from the reduction of the beer-duty of L.3,000,000, and other causes which shall immediately be noticed, was in a state of progressive decline when the Whigs came into office; and, 2. That this decline was augmented from L.640,000, being the falling off in the last year of the Duke's administration, to L.3,984,000, being the deficit at the end of the first year of the Grey administration. 3. That

this deficit of four millions took place on a reduction of taxation by the Whigs of L.1,600,000 only; whereas the Duke's deficit of L.640,000 arose from repealing the beer-tax of L.3,000,000. It is evident, therefore, that the last immense deficiency is owing to the Reform agitation, and the Reform agitation alone.

This is still more evident if the items of which this enormous deficiency is composed are considered. The following are the details:

WELLINGTON Administration.		GREY Administration.	
	1830.	1831.	
Customs,	16,343,000	15,336,000	Increase.
Excise,	16,895,000	14,330,000	
Stamps,	6,605,000	6,500,000	
Post-Office,	1,358,000	1,391,000	32,000
Taxes,	5,013,000	4,864,000	
Miscellanies,	601,000	409,000	
	<u>L.46,815,000</u>	<u>L.42,830,000</u>	
			Decrease.
			1,007,000
			2,564,000
			104,000
			149,000
			191,000
			<u>L.4,015,000</u>

Thus, it appears, that with the exception of the Post-Office, where the suspension of franking, and the bustle consequent on a general election, gave them a small excess, every branch of the revenue has declined. The Excise, that sure test of national expenditure and comfort, has fallen off L.2,564,000; a greater falling off we believe than any on record in the British annals.

It is impossible it can be otherwise. Enter any shop or manufactory from the Land's End to Caithness, and they will tell you that they are doing nothing; that their receipts are hardly a quarter of what they formerly were, and that, if business does not improve, they will in a few years be in the Gazette. In the retail trade this falling-off is particularly conspicuous; and in those branches of that

trade which are devoted to the furnishing of luxuries, as books, haberdashery, wine, furniture, silks, gloves, &c. it is quite appalling. The silk trade, which, in 1825, brought to the Spitalfields weavers 16s. a-week, now barely yields them 2s. 9d.; and the glove-makers in Coventry are literally starving. Such are the blessings of reform, agitation, and free trade. With truth did Napoleon say, that if an empire were formed of adamant, it would be ground to powder by the political economists.

The partisans of Ministers allege, that these disastrous consequences have followed, not from reform, but the obstinate resistance it has experienced; and that, if it had not been for the desperate phalanx of the Conservative party, the nation would have been now advancing prosperously before the gales of democratic applause, with a popular government and an overflowing treasury. This fallacy has been repeatedly refuted, but we will give its refutation again. If a proposition is completely true, and has been clearly demonstrated, it is not till it has been repeated at least an hundred times that it begins to make any impression on those of an opposite political persuasion.

What is it that now has so deeply affected the revenue? It is clearly a diminution in the springs of industry, a decreased demand for the produce of labour, and a decline in the wages which constitute its payment. What has occasioned this decline? Nothing but the diminished expenditure of the opulent classes, and the shock to the credit which sustains manufacturing and commercial industry. What has given this shock, and occasioned this marked contraction of expenditure? Evidently the terror so generally inspired among the holders of property, by the revolutionary measures which are either in progress or apprehended. Now, is this terror likely to be diminished, this shock lessened, or this contracted expenditure increased, by the success of the very measures which are so much the subject of alarm? It is utterly extravagant; it is contrary to every principle of reason, to every lesson of experi-

ence, to suppose that any of these effects are to take place. When the revolutionary surge, after having broken down the barrier of political power which at present sustains the whole weight of the tempest, and preserves in calm waters the varied fabrics of national industry, begins to beat against the bulwarks of property; when interest after interest are successively sacrificed at the shrine of popular extravagance, and the suffering they have brought on themselves is made a reason, as in all democratic convulsions, for fresh demands and more extravagant revolutionary proposals by the people, is it to be expected that credit or industry are to flourish? It is as clear as any proposition of geometry, that the reverse must be the case; that credit must be suspended, industry blighted, and expenditure diminished, and the national income progressively decline with every victory gained by democratic violence, and every consequent addition made to popular suffering.

Here again the conclusions of common sense, and the experience of our own times, are perfectly in unison with the lessons of history. In many other countries besides Great Britain, the system of agitation and popular concussion has been tried, but in none was it ever found to produce any other effect than a vast and progressive decline of the revenue; and the more unchecked the march of innovation, the greater has been the defalcation of the revenue. In France, for example, we have the authority of the able republican historian Mignet\* for saying, that the revenue, which at the opening of the States-General was L.24,000,000 sterling, fell down, the very next year, to L.16,000,000, and continued so to decline during the years 1790 and 1791; that Government were driven, by overbearing necessity, to confiscate the property of the church, and issue the assignats, bearing a forced circulation, which soon fell to a tenth part of the value at which they were forced on the public. Yet that revolution was all accomplished by the mere force of legislative enactments: no courageous Peers stemmed the

\* Mignet, i. 39.

torrent of innovation; no blood was shed on the scaffold,\* no resistance was made to the States-General; but still, amidst that chaos of unanimity in favour of reform, the revenue steadily and rapidly went down, and revolutionary measures of spoliation became unavoidable, to uphold the sinking fortunes of the State.

In like manner, during the three glorious days of July, the second revolution was effected in France, without the least resistance from the

Peers, or any thing more than a transient struggle in the capital. What effect has this change had on the revenue and mercantile speculation of France? Have they risen and improved with the triumph of democratic principles, and the immediate overthrow of all resistance to reform? The reverse has been the case; the reverse is notoriously and avowedly the case, and it is singularly illustrated in the following tables:—

*Successful Reform in France.*

1829.	1830.	1831.
Last Year of Charles X. Revenue.	Last Half Louis Philip.	Wholly Louis Philip.
591,000,000 francs.	572,243,000	527,033,000
Decrease from 1829 to 1830,	45,220,000 francs.	
to 1831,	63,987,000 francs.	

Thus the revenue has progressively *declined* since Reform triumphed by the erection of the throne of the barricades; and in a year and a half successful democracy has lowered the revenue six-

ty-four millions of francs, or more than a *tenth* of its whole amount!

The returns of the budgets in France are equally instructive as to the financial effect of the march of revolution:

1831.	1832.
Francs.	Francs.
Budget of expenses, . . . . .	1,443,000,000
of receipts, . . . . .	1,212,000,000
Divers extraordinary receipts by loans, sale of Crown forests, &c. . . . .	947,000,000 (Estimated.)
	211,000,000
Difference, . . . . .	285,000,000
Add, . . . . .	265,000,000
Deficit in two years, . . . . .	550,000,000 francs, Or about L.24,000,000 Sterling.

Thus, after all that has been done for the liquidation of the debt of the state, by the contraction of loans, &c., to the enormous amount of two hundred millions of francs, or nearly nine millions sterling, in the first year of the throne of the barricades, there remains in the two first years' accounts a deficit of five hundred and fifty millions, or *twenty-four millions sterling*. At this rate, France will not be long of re-

quiring a *third* revolution to extricate her from the financial embarrassment which produced the first, and has been *produced by* the second.

The returns of the bills discounted by the bank of France afford the true clue to this immense deficiency, by shewing the stagnation which the Revolution has occasioned in every species of commercial enterprise.

\* The bloodshed began on August 10, 1792, a year after the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, and when the Revolution was completed by their legislative labours.

1830.		1831.	
Bills discounted.	Value.	Bills discounted.	Value.
274,570	617,498,000	117,485	222,523,000
Received by bank for discounting these bills,	4,021,000 -		1,845,000

Thus it appears that the bills discounted at the bank of France, fell, in the first year of successful reform, to *one-third* of their former amount, and the profit on the discounts was diminished in one year by no less than 2,175,000 francs, being more than a half of its former amount. If this has been the case at Paris, the seat of government, and the focus of all the revolutionary expenditure, it may be conceived what the stagnation of business, and consequent distress, must have been over all France. The revolt at Lyons is easily explained.

An increasing expenditure and a diminishing revenue is the invariable attendant of democratic convul-

sions in all ages and countries, for this simple reason, that the same suffering and distress which dries up the sources of revenue, renders necessary an increased military establishment to preserve the public tranquillity. Thus the expenditure rises as the income falls; and hence the necessity uniformly experienced of having recourse to arbitrary confiscations to supply the deficiency.

The revenue of Charles I. at the commencement of the civil wars is stated by Hume at £800,000 a-year; Cromwell raised it to two millions.\* A similar progress may be observed in this country, as appears from the following returns :

## WELLINGTON Administration,

1830.	
Army,	£.6,990,000
Navy,	5,209,000
Miscellaneous,	1,950,000
Total,	£.14,149,000

## GREY Administration,

1831.	
	£.7,220,000
	5,680,000
	2,850,000
	£.15,750,000
Deduct,	14,149,000

Excess of expenditure by Reforming }  
over Conservative Government, } £.1,601,000

Thus, after all the outcry which the Whigs made about economy, their first measures have been to *increase* the expenditure above a million and a half, and reduce the income four millions !

This is not surprising; and we bring forward these facts more in sorrow than in anger, and rather with a view to illustrate the false and unstatesman-like principles on which the present Ministry are governing the country, than with any feeling of animosity towards the individual men. We do not blame them for increasing the expenditure; on the contrary, we suspect preceding governments had reduced it too low,—lower than was consistent

either with the national safety or the national prosperity. What we charge them with, and we invite a reply to our argument, is the enormous error of *reducing taxation by a great amount at the very time when they were bringing forward measures of innovation which necessarily rendered an increase of expenditure and a diminution of income a matter of certainty.*

This unparalleled proceeding must have been founded on one of two grounds : Either the Government knew that the revenue must fall, and the expenditure increase, from the Reform agitation, or they did not. If they knew it, they were guilty of the most culpable reckless-



ness, and acted on the most ruinous system, when, for the sake of a momentary popularity, they incurred so fearful an ultimate responsibility. If they did not, they were ignorant of the first elements of political science, or they were so warped by prejudice as to be incapable of perceiving what was familiar to every tyro in history. We willingly believe that the last was the case: we plead for them utter ignorance of the first effects of their own measures, to save them from the far more grievous charge of wilfully deluding the public as to their necessary consequences.

This evil of an increasing expenditure and a diminishing income, is what must be seriously looked for, and steadily encountered, if the present Reform measure receive the sanction of the legislature. We earnestly wish to press this consideration on all who have the slightest regard for their country, or the least wish either to uphold its credit, or retrieve its fortunes. It is as certain as that a stone will fall to the ground, that democratic measures will at once dry up the sources of our income, and compel Government to augment our military and naval establishment. This double effect has universally prevailed in every past age of the world from revolutionary changes, and will continue to do so to the end of time. Already the empire has taken fire in three different places from the effects of the Reform agitation; the finest parts of Bristol have been reduced to ashes, Ireland has been shaken to its centre, and payment not only of tithes, but rent, is suspended, while in Jamaica the delusive hopes held out by fanaticism to the Negroes, coupled with the injunctions of Administration, not to publish the King's proclamation till a case of extremity arose, have given that island over to the flames, destroyed one hundred plantations, and lighted a conflagration which will break out at intervals till it destroys our whole West India islands, and with them the market for L.15,000,000 yearly of our manufactures.

In this distracted state of the empire, it is chimerical, it is vain, to talk of a reduction of expenditure.

The standing army must be increased; measures of severity must be resorted to; blood must be shed to extinguish the flames which have burst forth during the transports of Reform. When Government are doing every thing most calculated, however intended, to promote agitation; when they are promoting, flattering, and rewarding convicted demagogues; proclaiming their inability to collect tithes in future, and pointing out to every class who have a debt to discharge in the country, the mode in which they may shake themselves loose of it, by combining to resist payment; it is utterly in vain to expect that either the revenue is to cease to decline, or the necessary expenditure to cease to augment.

The increased expenditure of Government consequent upon agitation, misery, and rebellion, is very different from the increased expenditure consequent on foreign war, during which an extraordinary impulse is frequently given to every branch of industry. It is one thing for Government to increase taxation and expenditure when industry, capital, and expenditure are secure by the firm protection of a firm and prudent executive; it is another and a very different thing to increase it when terror, distrust, and apprehension have got possession of every heart; when wealth has ceased to expend its riches, and credit to extend its arms, and industry to augment its productions. The one encourages industry, and draws an increased revenue for Government from the augmented wealth and growing prosperity of the country; the other feeds upon the public suffering, and on the agitation consequent on universal distress, founds the necessity of an augmented and interminable expenditure. The increased expenditure of England during the war, led to the most prosperous period of the British annals; the enormous expenditure of revolutionary France eat into the vitals of the State, overturned property of almost every description, and led unavoidably to the terrible measures of confiscating the church property, extinguishing the national debt, and deluging the country with government paper, bearing a forced circulation.

It is to these dreadful revolutionary steps that Government must have recourse, if by passing the Reform Bill we once plunge irrecoverably into the stream of revolution. We earnestly entreat attention to this consideration; to the measures of finance which *must* follow a constantly increasing expenditure, and a constantly diminishing income. The people of England cannot pretend that they have not been fully warned of the consequences; and when the time comes that enormous burdens are wrung out of an impoverished and wasted land, and every species of property subjected to revolutionary confiscations, they will perhaps remember the warning voice, which, when it was yet time, portrayed the fatal consequences of their actions, and foretold the devouring progress of the flame which they had kindled by their own passions.

The history of the British finances is one of the most important subjects that can be brought under consideration. It has not been sufficiently enlarged upon in this miscellany. We shall first examine the state of the finances, and the changes which they have undergone during the last forty years, and then point out the system which can alone save us from the alternative of public bankruptcy, or permanent difficulties.

The whole public debt which now exists, may be stated as having been contracted since the revolutionary war broke out; in other words, the sinking fund, before it was extinguished, had paid off as much as the debt existing at the period of its commencement. The debt in 1792 was £233,000,000, and in 1813, the sinking fund had paid off £236,000,000. Such was the burden entailed upon this country by the French Revolution.

Great as this burden is, and hopeless, without a total change of measures, as is the prospect of ever getting quit of it, there can be nothing so erroneous as to imagine that the war should not have been undertaken, and vigorously persevered in till brought to a successful issue. The object of that war was not, as is generally imagined, to force an obnoxious dynasty upon France, or extinguish freedom in that country. Its object

was simply and exclusively *to save ourselves from being revolutionized, and conquered by France* amidst the fumes of democracy: a peril which was then imminent, and which we are better able now to appreciate, from being placed in circumstances extremely similar, with a different system pursued by Government. The extreme danger of this country being overthrown by the contagion of the first French Revolution, would never have been appreciated by future ages, had the second revolution not broken out; the wisdom of Mr Pitt's administration would now have been little understood, had Lord Grey not succeeded to the helm.

The real reproach against Mr Pitt's administration, and the one which the voice of history will pronounce against it, is not that he carried on the war too vigorously, but that he did not carry it on vigorously enough: that he did not put forth the resources of the state early in the contest, when they might have been readily commanded: and suffered the serpent to become a dragon, by failing to strangle it in its cradle. There can now be no doubt that if this country had exerted half its strength, in conjunction with its allies, in 1793, the revolution might have been put down, the passion of fear made to supplant that of democracy, and the entailing a burden of £700,000,000 on the nation prevented. But leaving this extraneous topic, the point at present for consideration is, the progressive increase of the debt since 1792, the system which Mr Pitt adopted for its liquidation, and the causes which have unhappily frustrated its effects.

Mr Pitt's system, as all the world knows, was to add but little to the yearly burdens of the nation, in order to provide for the expenses of the war, but to contract large loans, for the current *interest* of which alone provision was made in the yearly supplies. That this system was carried to too great a length, and that, in one essential particular to be immediately noticed, it was erroneous, is now generally admitted. But that the system of borrowing was unavoidable must be obvious, if the temper of men's minds on the imposition of taxes, and the popular com-

position of the House of Commons, is taken into consideration. Sufficient complaint was made at the time on account of the imposition of taxes to pay the interest of the debt; had there been taxes laid on to cover the principal, the clamour would have been irresistible. It is by slow degrees, and insensible gradations, that a nation is brought to bear a heavy load of taxation; however great the advantage may ultimately be of making the supplies of the year equal its expenses, this can seldom be attained in the outset of a contest. Had Mr Pitt proposed in 1793 or 1794, that instead of a loan of L.18,000,000, taxes to the amount of L.18,000,000 should be imposed, he would at once have been defeated. The clear and bitter sense which we now entertain of the ruinous effects which loans ultimately produce, is no proof that that great statesman was to blame in the revolutionary war in contracting them: but only that in a Government so much subjected as this is to the popular voice, what is wrong must often be done, not because its consequences are not perceived, but because the people will not bear the present inconvenience of doing right. Let us take care that we are not now falling into the same mistake, and, in obedience to the popular cry, engaging in measures far more fatal to the nation than all the debt contracted during the revolutionary war.

The real financial error of Mr Pitt consisted in his borrowing so large a portion of the loans in the three per cents, when, by giving a somewhat higher rate of interest, he might have got the same sums in the five per cents. To understand the serious consequences of this short-sighted policy, it is only necessary to recollect, that, when loans were contracted in the three per cents, the nation gave a bond for L.100 for every L.60 received; whereas when they were contracted in the five per cents they only gave a bond for L.100 for each L.100 truly paid into Exchequer. Now there has been borrowed L.600,000,000 of stock in the three per cents, and of course in every L.100 of this large sum there is L.40 which the nation must pay by the terms of the loan, though it never received it. In other words, L.240,000,000 of the debt must be

paid, more than the nation has received from the public creditors.

It is evident that this was a capital error in finance; and it is one for which the same excuse cannot be urged as for the loan system in general, because, by a small addition to the annual interest, this ruinous addition to the amount of the debt which ultimately required to be paid might have been avoided. No less than L.156,000,000 was at different periods during the war borrowed in the five per cents; in other words, by giving a bond only for the sum really paid into the Treasury: and though the difference of interest was sometimes as much as one-half or two-thirds per cent, yet it is evident that this addition to the annual burden was nothing compared to the advantage of avoiding the saddling the nation with a large sum in name of principal, which it never received. This must appear perfectly obvious when it is recollected, that on the return of peace the state always, and as a matter of course, acquires the power of lowering the interest on its debts to the current rate, by threatening to pay off the principal: an operation which has been so successfully applied by recent administrations to the five and four per cents. But it must always be impossible to lower the interest on the three per cents, because by the conception of the bond they cannot be paid off but at L.100 for each L.60 paid; and therefore, till they rise above L.100—in other words, till money is permanently below L.3 per cent, it never can be for the interest of Government to pay them off; accordingly, while the five and the four per cents have been successively subjected to this operation of lowering the interest, nothing of the kind has been attempted with the large sum in the three per cents. By lowering the interest on the five per cents in 1824 to four, and in 1829 to three and a half per cent, no less than L.2,400,000 a-year has been saved to the nation upon that stock alone, though it consists only of L.157,000,000: had the L.360,000,000 which was *actually paid* by the public creditors for the six hundred million stock in the three per cents been subjected to the same operation, which it might have been, if it had

been borrowed in the same form, the saving effected to the nation from this expedient alone, without the slightest injustice to the public creditor, would have been £5,500,000 a-year.

But while the impolicy of Mr Pitt's financial policy in this particular is fully admitted, the fault was redeemed by two great excellencies which distinguish his from other measures of taxation, and demonstrate the profound reflection and extensive foresight of his great mind, viz. the system of *indirect taxes* and the *sinking fund*.

All Mr Pitt's taxes, down to a very late period, were laid on commodities chiefly articles of luxury; and but a small portion, viz. the assessed taxes, on individuals directly. Shortly before his death in 1805, an income-tax of six per cent was imposed, which Earl Grey's administration raised in 1807 to ten per cent; but this was a last resource, foreign to the policy of his general administration, and rested by him on the ground only of overbearing necessity. Nothing, it is true, can be more impolitic in *theory* than taxes on consumption, because the expense of collection is greater in that form than when it is extracted directly from the people's pockets. But all this notwithstanding, experience has now abundantly proved, that indirect taxes are incomparably the best. The reason is, that they are not *felt* as burdensome, and being laid on articles of luxury, they are not paid, except by those who, by buying the article, have afforded evidence that they are above the pangs of actual want. These considerations are decisive on the subject. Mankind are not a mere machine, upon whom, as on lifeless matter, experiments in taxation are to be tried; they are, on the contrary, sensitive beings, who feel most acutely taxes of a certain description, and are almost totally indifferent to those of another. Every body must be sensible of this from their own observation or experience. What are the taxes which are now felt as burdensome, and against which the public clamour is always the most general? Is it the tax on sugar, or tea, or spirits, or malt? No, it is the assessed taxes, the poor-rates, and the tithe, which form the

subject of universal complaint, because these are the burdens which are directly drawn from the pockets of the people by the tax-gatherer, the church-wardens, and the clergy. When the war was over, England rose like one man against the income-tax; but the excise and customs, though producing twice as much, excited hardly any attention. So true it is, that it is not the absolute amount of what is levied from a nation, but the *mode* in which the collection takes place, which constitutes the real grievance; and that one million drawn directly from the pockets of the people, is frequently felt as a greater grievance than ten obtained by a more circuitous and less oppressive method.

When a tax is laid on articles of consumption, the price of the taxed articles certainly rises, but the extent to which the rise affects any individual or family in the country, is so extremely small as not to constitute any serious grievance; or if it is more considerable, it can be met, and compensated by increased economy. For example, if by the imposition of a tax the price of tea is raised from 5s. to 7s. 6d. a-pound, there is some grumbling at first about the rise of prices; but it does not make the difference of above ten or fifteen shillings in the expenditure of any individual in the kingdom in a year; and even this rise can be compensated by husbanding the article, or substituting something else in its room. After a year or two the tax is forgotten in the price of the article, and a great revenue flows in to Government, without those from whom it is drawn being conscious that they are paying a tax when they purchase the article. But it is otherwise with a direct tax, like that on income, windows, or houses, which is not voluntarily incurred, which is not disguised under any other form, but recurs annually in the painful and vexatious form of a large demand from the collector. Nobody is distrained for the tax on wine, sugar, or tea; but they are quietly levied by wholesale at the harbours, and drawn by little and little from the consumers when they use the articles; but every day exhibits instances of families ruined, their furniture sold, and their children turned

into the streets, under Exchequer warrants, for the house-tax. In paying the tax on articles of consumption, you have at least the satisfaction of getting something for your money, and the burden is forgotten in the comfort or enjoyment of the article burdened; in paying a direct tax, you get nothing but a miserable receipt, which is never looked at, without recalling the recollection of the vexation which the payment it vouches had occasioned. So strongly do these principles operate in practice, that it may safely be affirmed, that the indirect taxes never have been felt as burdensome by the nation at all; and when the weight of taxation is complained of, what suggests the idea is the assessed or income-tax, or some of the other impositions which go directly from the subjects into the hands of the tax-gatherer.

The second great merit of Mr Pitt's system of finance was the establishment and steady adherence to the *sinking fund*; an institution of the most admirable wisdom; whose importance has been lost sight of during the financial theories of later times; and to the unnecessary and impolitic abandonment of which, almost all our present embarrassments are to be ascribed.

Mr Pitt had not the merit of inventing the sinking fund, but he had the great merit of engrafting it as an integral part on our finance system, and steadily adhering to it through difficulties which would have shaken a man of less foresight and resolution. It has been usual of late years to talk of this admirable system as a mere juggle; a sort of pious fraud practised on the understandings of men during a moment of peril, but which cannot bear the light of reason, or the increasing intelligence of the age. A few observations on the nature of this system of redemption, and the objections urged against it, will at once demonstrate the erroneous nature of all these objections.

The principle of the sinking fund was this—that whenever a loan was contracted, taxes should be laid on to a somewhat greater amount than was required to cover its interest, or such a surplus should be provided from some other source, and the yearly produce of this fund applied to the purchase of stock, the interest

of which was to be drawn by the commissioners, and laid out in purchasing more stock, the interest of which was in like manner to be applied in making still greater incroachments upon the principal sum. It is easy to see that this forms a fund, constantly accumulating for the reduction of the principal of the debt, and that within a given period the largest national debt *must* be extinguished by a small annual payment steadily and religiously applied to that object. To understand this, suppose L.20,000,000 borrowed, the interest of which is L.1,000,000 yearly; and that, instead of providing for this annual payment only, provision is made for L.1,200,000 yearly, leaving a surplus of L.200,000 to form a sinking fund for the reduction of the capital sum. The first year, the commissioners for the management of this fund buy up L.200,000 worth of stock, and so get the command of L.10,000 a-year of the dividends paid on it. Next year they buy up, not L.200,000 a-year, but L.210,000, applying the L.10,000 drawn on the stock already purchased in this way. The third year they buy L.220,500, the additional L.500 being gained on the L.10,000 bought with the interest of the first year's purchased stock. Thus the increase goes on in a well-known progression, which doubles the sum annually extinguished at the end of fourteen, and quadruples it at the end of twenty-eight years; in other words, it is a fund accumulating at compound interest of five per cent, and eating into the heart of the original debt. To exemplify this, take the results of this system with the debt supposed for a few years:

First year's surplus,	L.200,000
Second,	210,000
Third, . . .	220,500
Fourth, . . .	231,250
Fifth, . . .	242,562
Sixth, . . .	253,078
Seventh, . . .	263,654
Eighth, . . .	278,286
Ninth, . . .	292,114
Tenth, . . .	306,661

Total in 10 years, L.2,499,105

The immense rate at which this fund accumulates must be obvious to every observer; and it is to be

observed that it accumulates without imposing *one farthing additional burden* on the country, by the mere force of an annual fund steadily applied, with all its fruits, year after year, to the reduction of the principal debt.

\* All the loans contracted during the war had a certain portion of the taxes destined to meet their interest, set apart for a sinking fund for the extinction of the principal sum; and this fund, with its immense and growing accumulations, was religiously devoted to the absorption of debt until the year 1813. At that period the sinking fund amounted in round numbers to about L.15,000,000 a-year;\* and if it had been *preserved untouched*, the reduction of debt in the next eighteen years it would have effected would have been as follows:

1813,	. L.15,000,000
1814,	. 15,750,000
1815,	. 16,537,500
1816,	. 17,363,870
1817,	. 18,231,973
1818,	. 19,143,566
1819,	. 20,100,774
1820,	. 21,005,033
1821,	. 22,055,284
1822,	. 23,157,048
1823,	. 24,315,572
1824,	. 25,530,240
1825,	. 26,839,360
1826,	. 28,181,423
1827,	. 29,590,464
1828,	. 31,579,590
1829,	. 33,158,577
1830,	. 34,816,505

Total in 18 years, L.422,356,779

It thus appears, that if the sinking fund had been *let alone*, it would, since the year 1813, have paid off above *four hundred millions*; and even after deducting the immense loans of 1814 and 1815, the national debt would have been upwards of *three hundred millions less than it is now*. In the year 1847, supposing no new debt contracted, it would have been entirely extinguished.

It is evident, therefore, that the sinking fund was formed on the most profound and just calculations, and that there was no more of a fallacy in it, than there is in the duplication

of a sum of money in fourteen years at compound interest. In truth, the sinking fund is founded upon the simple principle of turning the accumulation of compound interest *inward* upon the capital of the debt, instead of its being turned *outward*, as is usually the case upon the estate of the debtor. In the one case, and upon the same principle, it occasions as rapid a *diminution*, as in the other it does an *augmentation* to the amount of the debt.

It happened, however, unfortunately, that during the pressure of the revolutionary war, the contraction of loans to the enormous amount of L.30,000,000 and L.40,000,000 annually was indispensable for the public service, and this gave occasion to much misrepresentation and error in regard to the sinking fund. Dr Hamilton published his celebrated work, in which he urged, with perfect justice, that there was no mode in which a nation could become richer, any more than an individual, but by bringing its expenditure within its income, and that it was mere delusion to imagine, that when we were borrowing L.30,000,000 a-year, we were in a prosperous way, because we had a sinking fund, which was paying off L.15,000,000. The observation, as he made it, was perfectly just; but unfortunately the Whig party and the country took it up as if it meant that there was a juggle in the sinking fund itself, independent of the extraneous and simultaneous contraction of debt; and that that provident system of accumulation might be abandoned without any injury to the public service. This idea rapidly gained ground: the delusion of the sinking fund—the juggle of the sinking fund, was in every mouth; as if Lord Chatham and Mr Pitt could ever have supposed that a nation which borrowed annually thirty millions was in a prosperous way, because it paid off fifteen.

What these great men contemplated, and what they contemplated with perfect justice, was this: that while the war lasted, and loans were annually contracted, what was paid off by the sinking fund, was a *deduction* from the annual *increase* of the debt,

and that when peace came, and loans ceased, the whole amount of what it annually paid off was a *positive diminution of it*. That these two propositions are strictly true, is as certain as that two and two make four. We have now contracted no loans of any moment since 1816; and had the sinking fund been left untouched, it would have reduced the debt above 300 millions since that time, and would have been now diminishing the debt at the rate of L.35,000,000 a-year. In ten years this fund would have paid off above 400 millions more; so that in 1842, we should have had hardly 100 millions left. What an enormous benefit this would have been both to the industry and the power of England, is too obvious to require elucidation. As a decisive proof of the practical working of the sinking fund, it is sufficient to notice the fact, that when it was broken in upon in 1813, the sinking fund had paid off L.236,801,000, being the *whole debt* existing in 1792; and L.3,000,000 of that contracted during the revolutionary war.\*

It appears, therefore, that there was nothing chimerical or illusory in the principle of the sinking fund; but that it was merely an application to the *extinction* of debt of the principle of accumulation, so well known by debtors in the growth of their creditors' claims. The illusion consisted merely in not attending to the simultaneous contraction of other loans, which of course, while that system went on, extinguished or neutralized the operation of the redeeming establishment. But the moment the contraction of loans ceased, the beneficial effect of the sinking fund appeared in clear and prominent colours; and if the system had been allowed to go on, it would by this time have put our finances in a comparatively flourishing condition.

The first blow struck at the admirable system of the sinking fund, was towards the end of the war, when, tempted by the magnitude of the sum which then lay, as it were, within their grasp, and pressed by the difficulty of providing for the interest of the enormous loans of L.64,000,000, which were annually contracted for

in its last years, Mr Vansittart brought a series of expedients, which, under the specious guise of equalizing burdens, and imposing no new taxes for four years, in effect soon reduced the sinking fund from 15 millions and a half to nine millions, and at last three millions. Subsequently, different administrations have still farther diminished it. In 1820, Parliament solemnly adopted the resolution, that the sinking fund should be maintained at least at L.5,000,000; but notwithstanding this, it was gradually curtailed, till at length, when the Duke of Wellington resigned, it amounted to a clear sum of L.2,900,000. The present administration have so reduced the income by imprudent remission of taxes and Reform agitation, that there is not only no surplus available to the reduction of the debt, but a deficiency of L.698,000; and for the first time since the time of William III., a notification has appeared from the Commissioners for reduction of the debt, that they have no fund to make any farther purchases.

The sinking fund, therefore, is now extinguished; the means of paying off the debt are gone, and the nation is content to sit down with an annual charge of L.28,000,000 for its interest.

Such a system is as shortsighted as it is disgraceful to the national character. Had the sinking fund been kept up, the debt would have been all extinguished in 1850; as matters now stand, we must pay the whole principal of the debt every 20 years, in the form of interest to the public creditor. In other words, by merely sustaining taxation by no means burdensome, as we shall immediately shew, from 1813 to 1850, we would have left the nation entirely free! Whereas, by not doing this, we compel our posterity either to break faith with the public creditor, or to pay off the whole debt *five times over every century for ever!*

Having got a sinking fund of L.15,500,000 in 1813, all that was required was to *keep that sum inviolate*, and contract no new loans, except under the pressure of overbearing necessity. In that case, the ex-

tion of the debt in 1850 would have been certain. Now, without taking into account the income tax, which it was impossible to keep on from its excessive and unequal seve-

riety, let us attend to the taxes which have been taken off since the war on *objects of consumption*, and from the removal of which the nation has derived little or no benefit.

The following is the statement of the taxes which have been repealed since the peace, with the years of their being taken off.\*

1816. Property Tax, War Malt, War Customs,	L.18,288,000
1817. English Assessed Taxes,	280,000
1818. Irish Assessed Taxes,	236,000
1821. Agricultural Horse,	480,000
1822. Annual Malt, Hides, Tonnage,	3,355,000
1823. Assessed Taxes (half), Spirits, Customs,	3,200,000
1824. Rum, Coals, Stamps, Wool, Silk,	1,727,000
1825. Salt, Hemp, Coffee, Wine, British Spirits,	3,146,000
1829. Beer, &c.	3,500,000
1831. Coals, Calicoes, Candles,	1,600,000
<b>Total repealed since the peace,</b>	<b>L.35,812,000</b>
<b>Of these were direct taxes,</b>	<b>18,177,000</b>
<b>Repealed of indirect taxes,</b>	<b>17,635,000</b>

It thus appears that even after deducting the whole direct taxes repealed, which, as a proper and necessary boon to the nation, may be admitted to have been rightly relinquished, there has been, since the battle of Waterloo, *seventeen millions and a half of indirect taxes repealed*. It is true, no doubt, that the addition that would have been made to the sum total of the revenue, if these taxes had been kept on, is not to be measured by the mere amount taken off, because by the repeals of many of these taxes, the produce of other branches of the revenue was increased,† but still there can be no doubt that enough would have remained of the taxes already kept on to have

kept up the sinking fund at its proper amount of L.15,000,000. To have done this, it would not, it must be recollected, have been necessary to have set aside L.15,000,000 annually of the taxes to the discharge of the debt, but only *not to have interfered* with the sinking fund of that amount which the wisdom of preceding administrations had in 1818 provided for its liquidation.

Had these taxes, so improvidently and needlessly repealed, really pressed in any serious degree on the poor, it may be admitted that the removal of some of them was unavoidable. But this really was not the case. It may be doubted whether the poor have gained any thing by their remis-

\* Chancellor of Exchequer's Speech, 13th March, 1826.

† A striking instance of this occurred upon the repeal of the duties on British spirits in 1825. The produce of the tax was as great after the reduction as before it, though that reduction was not less than from 6s. 6d. to 2s. the gallon. So prodigious was the increase of the consumption of that poisonous article, that the average of the three years preceding and following the repeal stood thus.\*

1820. }	
1821. }	average.....11,974,000 gallons.
1822. }	
1825. }	
1826. }	average.....23,540,000 gallons.
1827. }	
Year 1828.....	24,346,000 gallons.

It is not surprising after this that crime has so immensely increased during the same period in every part of the empire.



sion. What they have gained in the cheapness of some of the comforts of life, has been more than compensated by the simultaneous decline in the wages of labour. General misery has been experienced by the labouring classes during the time that these taxes have been taken off, while universal prosperity signalized the period when they were kept on. There is a connexion between these two things; they do not merely stand in juxtaposition. The repeal of taxes compels Government to contract its expenditure; and when the great paymaster of the nation draws in its encouragement to industry, the poor are necessarily the first and greatest sufferers. Expenditure may be carried greatly too far, as it was during the war; but it may also be contracted a great deal too much, as it has been since the peace.

But supposing the people have gained something by the repeal of so many taxes on consumption since the peace, is that transient advantage to be at all compared to the enormous evil of having thereby *lost the sinking fund*; in other words, incurred the burden of paying the whole debt *once every twenty years, in the form of interest, for ever*? This, it is to be recollected, is the other alternative; this evil we have fixed on ourselves and our children *for ever*, in order to experience the doubtful and inconsiderable relief of these indirect taxes during the last sixteen years.

The present disastrous state of the finances is directly to be ascribed to the great and increasing influence of the popular voice on the legislature, and the necessity under which every succeeding administration has been laid of making the sacrifice of some tax at the shrine of popularity. It may be doubted whether any Ministry which went on the principle of keeping up the burdens on consumption to maintain the sinking fund, could have maintained their places for six months. So improvident and inconsiderate are great bodies of men! Still, Government have been much to blame for not stating the thing in this clear and lucid manner to the nation, and putting it fairly to the people, whether they would forego the immense advantage of having the debt extinguished in 1845, and the funds kept up nearly at par in

the intervening period, merely for the elusory boon of reducing taxes, which in the end had little other effect than that of consigning the whole amount repealed into the pockets of manufacturers and retail dealers? If it be said that the people would have insisted, as we much fear they would, on the repeal of the taxes, come of the debt what may, then we have only to reply, that England has been sacrificed by the popular part of its constitution; and driven down the gulf of perdition, not because it did not possess the means of salvation, but because its inhabitants were too improvident, and too much governed by the elusory advantages of the moment, to possess the firmness to maintain them.

Farther, these indirect taxes were far from burdensome, and their remission has proved hardly any relief to the nation. They were so blended with the price of commodities; their weight was so much counteracted by the effect of machinery, and the fall in prices, in consequence of the cessation of the war expenditure, that if they had been kept on, the burden would hardly have been perceptible. The only consequence of their removal has been to extend to a slight degree the consumption of the articles relieved; an increase which would probably have taken place to an equal extent by an indirect but most powerful effect of the sinking fund, had it been retained in operation.

For the steady application of so large a sum as fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five millions a-year, to the purchase of stock, would have had a most powerful effect in keeping up the price of the public funds. If it be only recollected that the sinking fund from 1813 to 1831 would have purchased up above *four hundred millions of stock*, and diminished the debt above three, notwithstanding the great loans of 1814 and 1815, it is evident that the effect of this great withdrawal of stock from the market by the government commissioners every year, must have been to enhance to a very great degree indeed the price of what remained. We do not think we exaggerate the matter when we say, that from 1818 downwards, the three per cents under such a system would have been al-

most constantly at par. Now, when it is recollected what a powerful influence the state of the funds has on the general industry and prosperity of the country, and how immensely every branch of occupation is invigorated and encouraged by such a state of the money market, as induces a large portion of the savings of the nation to turn aside from the public funds into channels more immediately affecting the demand for labour, there seems little doubt that the relief to the country from this cause would have been much greater than that which attended a reduction on the duties on articles of consumption. What has uniformly been complained of for the last ten years, has been, not that prices were dear, but that they were ruinously cheap, and that employment could not be found for the poor: a striking proof how little the remission of taxation which affects the price of articles only is really beneficial, and what important consequences might have been anticipated from those measures of finance which, by sustaining the national credit, and elevating the price of the funds, must necessarily have affected the great market of labour, by increasing the portion of the national wealth destined for its employment.

Farther, the great remission in indirect taxes which has taken place since 1816, has injured the industry of the country not only indirectly by depressing the funds, but directly, by diminishing to a very great degree the expenditure of Government, and through it of all the individuals depending on that expenditure for their subsistence. This has been a most serious consideration, and which has of itself, to all appearance, more than counterbalanced all the relief derived from diminished taxation. Every body recollects the vivifying influence of the great war expenditure, and how little the burden of taxation was felt when sixty or seventy millions were spent by Government every year in carrying it on. There can be no doubt that the direction of so large a portion of the national wealth to employments which for the most part were unproductive, that is, did not reproduce themselves, was extremely prejudi-

cial in its ultimate, however encouraging in its primary effects. But it is equally clear, that the sudden cessation of more than half of the national expenditure was a most severe trial upon the national prosperity, and that the immediate effect of such a contraction, aggravated to a great degree the distress necessarily resulting from the transition from a warlike to a pacific expenditure. There can be no doubt that ten millions a-year, spent by Government, in addition to the expenditure which they actually carried on, would have gone far to alleviate the existing distress which so many causes conspired to produce. It is a grievous mistake, therefore, to imagine, that every million taken from taxation is so much relief given to the nation; for if it diminishes the price of commodities, it diminishes as much the funds destined for the employment of labour, and deludes the nation with a shew of advantage, without taking into view the corresponding and unavoidable contraction of the national industry.

Whether the fifteen millions annually levied through the indirect taxes, therefore, had been employed in maintaining the sinking fund, or in direct expenditure by Government, the effects must have been beneficial to the nation. This money devoted to the sinking fund, would have been as beneficially employed for the national industry as that directly spent by Government; because, by being directed to the purchase of stock, it must have turned loose upon the national industry all the money received for the purchase; in other words, as large a sum as the stock redeemed. By curtailing the national expenditure, therefore, in other particulars, and rigorously protecting the accumulation of the sinking fund, Government would have accomplished at once the *double object* of relieving the national industry and diminishing the national debt; the first, by the price of the stock thrown loose upon the country, and necessarily turned into the channels of productive industry, the second, by the redemption of that stock itself.

The complaint that the nation has derived no benefit from the repeal

of the indirect taxes, is, in every mouth. Above six millions has been taken off malt and beer, since the peace of 1815, and yet the price of *small* beer is not sensibly diminished. Eighteenpence a gallon for common small beer, and two shillings a gallon for table-beer, has been the price for the last thirty years. The brewers admit this; but they assert that the remission of the tax made no sensible variation on the price at which they can produce that part of their produce, because the quantity of malt it requires is so small. If this be true, what can be so happy a subject of taxation as an article of general consumption, on the cost of the production of which a tax of L.6,000,000 makes no sensible variation?—The price of ale or strong beer, indeed, has fallen, as well as that of spirits, to the full amount of the duty remitted; but surely no one can consider a change of prices in these articles, which has so immensely added to the depravity and crime of the lower orders, as any thing else but a public calamity.

Lord Castlereagh was fully aware of the impolicy of letting down the national taxation too suddenly; and, in his manly and vigorous speech on the repeal of the income-tax, in Feb. 1816, fully pointed them out. His great error consisted in striving to uphold the income-tax: an impost so grievous and unequal in its operation, that it was impossible to expect that the nation would continue to bear it, after the danger of the war was over. For the income-tax, in appearance the most fair, is, in reality, the most unequal of all taxes; because it assesses at an equal annual sum persons whose real wealth is essentially different. The landed proprietor, who has a clear income of L.1000 a-year, and consequently is worth L.30,000; the fundholder, who has the same income from the public securities, and is only worth L.20,000; the annuitant of 25, whose life is good, and whose annuity of that value is worth L.15,000; the one of 75, whose tenure of the same income is not worth L.2000; the professional man, whose income of L.1000 is not worth five years' purchase; the merchant, who makes

L.1000 a-year, but may lose it all next year—are all taxed at the same annual sum. The extreme injustice of this must be obvious to every impartial observer; and this is the reason, joined to the inquisitorial nature of the tax, and its being directly drawn from the people, which has always rendered it so unpopular, and produced the unanimous effort which led to its repeal in 1816. Had Government at that time, instead of struggling to uphold a tax, productive indeed but odious, endeavoured to maintain the indirect taxes which were injuring no one in any considerable degree, the sinking fund might have been maintained, and the debt of the country by this time reduced to half its amount.

The constant repeal of indirect taxes, with an enormous loss to the revenue, and no sensible benefit to the country, which has gone on for the last fifteen years, is the result partly of the absurd and theoretical doctrines on taxation, which the Whigs have so incessantly promulgated, and partly of the fatal democratic influence, which during that time has been constantly increasing in the country. Every successive administration discovered that the only way to gain popularity was to make a shew of alleviating the national burdens, without any regard to the ruin which they occasioned to the sinking fund, and the impossibility which thence necessarily arose, of ever extinguishing the national debt. If any Minister had come forward and boldly stated the necessity of maintaining all the indirect taxes, in order to preserve inviolate the sinking fund, he would have been assailed with such a tempest of abuse, as would have rendered it extremely doubtful whether he could have maintained his place. These successive repeals were so many instances of homage paid to the majesty of the people, who, as usual, were incapable of perceiving the ruinous ultimate consequences of the very measures for which at the time they raised the most violent outcry. The Radicals say, that the whole burdens of the country are owing to the boroughmongers, and the taxes they contracted during the war. In truth, however, they are all owing to

the vehemence of the democratic spirit, which first rendered the war unavoidable to preserve our national existence, and then insisted upon the repeal of such a number of taxes, noways burdensome in themselves, as renders its liquidation hopeless.

We are by no means insensible to the necessity which existed of doing something to relieve the country after the dangers of foreign war were over. But the relief which we conceive should have been afforded, consisted not in repealing the indirect, but taking off what remained of the direct burdens; in other words, in repealing the *assessed taxes*.

The great benefit of this measure would have been, that it would have relieved *all classes equally*, instead of, like the repeal of most indirect taxes, immensely benefiting *one class*, without any advantage whatever to the community at large. The payment, the odious payment, of money directly to the tax-gatherer would at once have ceased, and the national burdens been to a great degree forgotten, in the cessation of the annual payments which brought them home to every individual. This is a most important consideration, which has never received the attention it deserves from any administration. We are convinced that the repeal of the house and window duty, would have given more general satisfaction than any measure which has been adopted by Government since the extinction of the income tax. It would have affected equally the whole community; put an end to the most vexatious and harassing of all imposts, that on lodging and light, and got quit of the most odious of all domiciliary visits, those of the surveyor and the collector.

We are aware of the sacrifice to the revenue, which the repeal of the house and window duty would have occasioned. But considering that seventeen millions and a half of indirect taxes have been abandoned since the peace, there is surely no pretence for the assertion, that the repeal of the house and window tax, which do not produce in all four millions, was impossible.

There is no doubt, that much fallacious hope has existed, in many instances, as to the repeal of taxes being compensated by the rise of the

revenue in other quarters. The reason is, that in general the price of the article has not been sensibly changed by the remission of the tax, and, of course, no increased consumption could be looked for where no diminution in the price had taken place. But as every farthing saved by the removal of the assessed taxes would have remained in the pockets of the principal dispensers of the national income, we think it is not going too far to assert, that great part, perhaps half of the sum thus annually lost to the revenue, would have been made up from other quarters. If a gentleman was saved L.30 a-year by the removal of the assessed taxes, he would, in almost every case, have augmented his expenditure by that amount; and as every luxury of life is taxed, such an increase in consumption must have materially affected the revenue in other departments. It is otherwise with the repeal of an indirect tax, such as that on malt, leather, or tobacco; which, in general, produces no change on the retail price of the article, but merely enables the great dealers in those commodities to make enormous fortunes at the national expense.

The removal of the assessed taxes would have been attended with this other most important advantage, that, by enabling the opulent and middling classes to augment their expenditure, it would have given a great and equal encouragement over the whole country to the industry of the poor. Nothing is so fallacious as the idea, that the only way to relieve the poor, is to diminish taxation on the articles which they individually consume. The true way to relieve them, is to augment the demand for labour, by enabling the rich to increase their expenditure. By far the greater part of the money remitted in taxation to the rich, finds its way immediately to the pockets of the poor, by the increased demand for luxuries and conveniences which it occasions. What has uniformly been complained of since the peace, has been, not that prices were high, but that labour was cheap. The repeal of the assessed taxes was eminently calculated to have alleviated this great and general cause of suffering; and, by diffusing an increased

demand for labour over all the industrious classes, to have spread the benefit more equally than could possibly have been effected by the remission of the duty levied on any particular article of consumption.

It is a most exasperating circumstance, when, as is too often the case, the remission of a tax makes no perceptible difference on the price of the article burdened, thereby affording evidence that the whole duty is *fructifying* in the pockets of one class of the community. The repeal of the assessed taxes would have been unquestionably free from this enormous evil, because every farthing lost to the nation would have been gained to the individuals composing it; first, in the remission of taxation to the individuals burdened, and next, in the increased demand for labour to the industrious classes of the community.

It is a curious question, how it has happened that taxes so universally burdensome as the house and window duty, and whose remission is so clearly recommended by every principle of justice and policy, should still remain, while so many others have been taken away, to the great loss of the revenue, and the merely illusory benefit of the people. The solution of this extraordinary phenomenon is to be found in the very circumstance which to an equitable government should most recommend the abolition, *viz.* that it *presses* on all classes of the community, and no one has the prospect of *making their fortune by effecting the abolition*. This is the decisive circumstance. The real cause of the repeal of many of the indirect taxes, is to be found, not in any general views of policy, but the prodigious clamour raised by the interested manufacturers and dealers, who, caught by the glittering idea of getting the whole tax into their own pockets, spared neither trouble, lungs, pens, nor expense, in effecting the abolition. The assessed taxes, though far more generally burdensome, did not in an especial manner affect any one class of the community; and no body of men could hope to make their fortune by their removal. Thus, though the most vexatious of all, they remain on, because no particular class was peculiarly interested in their abolition,

and because, in a country so essentially democratic as this has been for the last fifteen years, it is not the most important interests, but the most importunate and clamorous, which command attention.

Having arrived now at the era of history, with reference to the events immediately after the war, we can appreciate the blindness of many of the popular outcries which have been most violent in our recollection. We all remember the clamour which was excited against Lord Castlereagh for the celebrated expression, that the "People manifested an ignorant impatience of taxation." That the expression was imprudent in the Minister of a free country, may safely be admitted; but that it was *perfectly true*, is now demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt. Supposing that, as a concession to what must be deemed the reasonable wishes of the people, the income-tax, and the half of the window-tax, had been repealed, still had the people possessed either firmness or foresight enough to bear the indirect taxes without repining, the national debt by this time would have been nearly half extinguished, and in a train of rapid liquidation. Compare the ephemeral, doubtful, trifling benefit which has arisen from their repeal, with the enormous good which would have resulted from this state of the finances, both to the nation and individuals, and there can be no doubt as to the "Ignorance of the impatience" which imposed such a course of policy upon Government.

This vacillation and weakness, this perpetual recurrence to temporary expedients, this living on shifts and devices, without any steady system or permanent policy, is the well-known characteristic of democratic rule; and in every age has distinguished those periods in mixed or republican governments, when the people have acquired the ascendancy, and the fickleness and impatience of their councils swayed the national determinations. With grief and trembling the faithful annalist of England must recognise in almost all the measures of our internal policy since the peace, these melancholy marks of popular influence; and in the inability of the strongest intel-

lect and the firmest hand to steady the bark, the growing impetuosity of the current by which we are swept along. What then may we expect, now that an administration have succeeded who have avowedly abandoned the helm, and suffer the vessel to be driven by the current headlong down the cataract?

The causes hitherto considered as having brought on the present disastrous state of our finances, have arisen from causes over which Government had little control, because they were imposed upon them by the clamours of the people. But in addition to this, there is another cause which has been hardly less powerful in producing the embarrassment of our finances than them all put together: this is the prodigious diminution in the supply of the precious metals, from the distracted state of South America, since the rise of republics in that unhappy continent, and the simultaneous contraction of our currency by the extinction of small notes.

Prior to 1808, the annual supply of the precious metals from the mines over the world was about 52,000,000 dollars. Such has been the effect of the long and desolating wars in South America, that this annual supply has now fallen to 28,000,000; being little more than *one-half*. This great diminution was simultaneous with a great increase in the consumption of the precious metals in the form of plate and articles of luxury, in consequence of the long continuance of peace, and a very considerable demand for an increasing currency, in consequence of the extending commerce of all the civilized world under its healing influence.

The effect of this change, of course, was to lower the price of every article of life, in consequence of the diminution of the supply of the precious metals to be exchanged for them. The discovery of the mines of Potosi, by increasing the supply of the precious metals through the world, raised the money price of every article of commerce; the desolating wars in South America, by in a manner closing those great fountains of gold and silver, produced just a con-

trary effect. Such has been the result of the contest upon the mining population, that the inhabitants of Potosi, who before the war were 150,000, are now reduced to 12,000.\*

The effect of this change upon a state, burdened with public and private debt, was necessarily disastrous; because, while the money debts, both of the nation and individuals, remained unchanged, the funds of the debtors in both, necessarily dependant upon the wages of labour and the price of commodities, were constantly declining. It would have been the part, therefore, of a wise government in such an emergency, to have compensated by an *additional supply* of paper currency, based on a sound foundation, such as that which had stood the test of experience in Scotland, this great reduction in the precious metals, and thereby prevented the industry of the country from receiving that shock which a constant decline in the value of its produce must necessarily have occasioned, and the debts, both public and private, from acquiring that magnitude which was likely to render them insupportable.

But what did the Government do? Driven on by the Whigs and the clamour of the Radical faction in the country; misled by the speculations of the Political Economists, and the supposed necessity of a metallic currency, they took that opportunity to *contract* to less than half its amount the paper circulation of England. By Mr Peel's celebrated act in 1819, the bank was compelled to pay *in specie*, and by the far more ruinous measure in 1826, passed during the panic arising from the commercial crisis of December 1825, the circulation of small notes was totally prohibited in England within two years after the passing of the act. The result of these measures has been the following prodigious reduction in the circulating medium of the country.

	1819.	1830.
Bank of England notes in circulation,	30,000,000	19,900,000
Country banks.	30,000,000	9,000,000
	60,000,000	28,900,000

And this was done at the very time that the supply of the metallic circulation in the whole world had sunk from 52,000,000 dollars to 28,000,000, and that the consumption of gold and silver from many causes had so much increased; and in a country weighed down with public and private debt, almost entirely dependant upon the price of the articles of industry, and where millions were the holders of commodities upon which a fall in price was necessarily ruinous! It may be doubted whether speculation, miscalled philosophy, ever yet conferred so disastrous a gift upon mankind.

The necessary effect of this prodigious diminution in the circulating medium, was a great fall in the money price of all articles of commerce, a great enhancement in the weight of all money debts, and a great contraction in the efforts of commercial enterprise. Grain, and with it almost all the articles of commerce, fell to nearly half their value; wages declined, consumption decreased; the holders of commodities found them constantly getting cheaper on their hands. Speculation, instead of being profitable, turned out ruinous, and all dealers with slender capital speedily found themselves in the Gazette. Industry was blighted by the constant fall in the price of its produce; and enterprise cramped by the experienced impossibility of finding the accommodation requisite to sustain its exertions. Thus distrust, gloom, and despondency became universal; credit, that most sensitive of created things, was suspended, and successful enterprise, confined to the class who could command considerable capital, was limited to a comparatively few hands, and that among the most wealthy, among the promoters of commercial undertaking.

The effect of the change upon public and private debts, was, if possible, still more disastrous. By reducing the price of every article of life, and consequently the income of every person dependant on productive industry, at least a third, it added by that amount both to the national and every private debt. The debt of L.800,000,000 has become as burdensome as twelve hundred mil-

lions; and every bond for L.1000 through the kingdom, has become as heavy as one of L.1500 would have been during the war. The universality of this increase to burdens from the change in the value of money, is the great cause of the desperate and almost hopeless state of insolvency into which debtors have every where fallen of late years; of the immense increase of bankruptcies in trade; the growing embarrassments of the landed proprietors, and the unprecedented extent to which landed property has changed hands.

The contraction of credit which has arisen from this enormous diminution of the paper circulation of the country, is one great cause of the extreme distress which has prevailed in England of late years. Loans and accommodation of every sort, it is to be recollected, are plentiful or scanty just in proportion as paper is plentifully or scantily issued from the great fountains of credit. The moment the Bank of England contract their issues, every bank in England does the same; credit is suspended; every man finds his whole creditors on his back at once, while he experiences proportional difficulty in getting payment of his own accounts. In such a state of things, industry is necessarily palsied, and expenditure diminishes from the contraction of the supplies on which it is dependant. Every man practically acquainted with business knows that this is precisely the state in which industry has been in England ever since the suppression of the small notes fully took effect.

From these considerations we may perceive the practical wisdom of the vigorous stand which the Scotch made against the destruction of their paper currency in 1826, and the fatal rashness with which political speculation then threatened to dry up all the sources of our national prosperity. By rising like one man against the ruinous innovation with which English theory threatened to visit this land, the blow was averted, and what has been the consequence? Scotland has eminently prospered during the period when England has so grievously suffered, and till the Reform agitation commenced, no

distress was here perceptible : while the English revenue has been constantly declining, that of Scotland has been constantly increasing, and is now £5,118,000; being £700,000 more than that derived from Ireland, though it has at least four times the extent of arable land, and more than three times the number of inhabitants. The revenue is indeed now declining, and distress is universal; but that is from the agitation of Reform, which, like a destroying angel, is wasting all the energies of this once prosperous land.

We never can be sufficiently proud of that great national stand which the Scotch made against the suppression of their small notes in Spring 1826, and the defeat of that stretch of theoretical tyranny which prompted the English Political Economists, and so large a portion of the Government, to declare *Bellum ad Internecionem* against the system of Scotch Banking. Had their efforts proved successful: had they not been met and defeated by a national feeling as strong, and a national union as complete in this country as that which defeated Edward II. at Bannockburn, the admirable system of Scottish Banking, tried by a century's experience, which had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting, would have been sacrificed at the altar of English innovation. Because the English country bank-notes were on a bad footing, therefore they were clear to demolish the Scotch bank-notes which were on a good footing; and because bankruptcies to an alarming extent had followed the rotten English paper, therefore sweeping destruction was to visit the sound Scottish circulation. It may be doubted whether reckless innovation, blind theory, ever yet proposed so unnecessary and perilous a change in any country. And we tell the innovators of England how it was defeated; not by reason, not by eloquence, not by facts, for they were brought in as great profusion against it, as they have lately been against the Reform bill; but by national exertion and steadfast resolution. Slowly and reluctantly the English Government were brought to allow Scotland to retain the system which had covered its valleys with harvests, and dotted its

mountains with flocks; which had multiplied its cities, and quadrupled its riches; which had studded the Atlantic with its ships, and covered the world with its fabrics.

Experience has now abundantly proved the admirable wisdom of the Scotch system of banking. It has stood the terrible trial of December 1825, which produced such wide-spread misery in the southern part of the island, as well as of an hundred years before that time. It has sustained the fortune of this part of the empire amidst much subsequent suffering, arising from extraneous causes; and while the revenue of England and Ireland have been constantly declining under the contraction of industry, consequent on the destruction of so large a part of their currency and credit, that of Scotland has been constantly increasing, under the fostering influence of the banking establishments;—a memorable example of what can be effected against the combined force of philosophers, innovators, and government, even by a small portion of the empire when cordially and firmly united; and a lesson to present statesmen in a still greater cause, and in defence of yet more important interests, never to despair that the voice of truth will at last prevail, if sent forth by united bands, and supported by courageous resolution.

This cause, indeed, is of such universal and powerful operation, that it must have produced effects of still more wide-spread misery than have actually occurred, if it had not been counteracted by other circumstances of an opposite tendency, which helped to support the drooping energies of the nation under so rude a shock.

The first of these was the vast and rapid increase of the population, amounting to no less than 16 per cent on the last ten years, which has extended the domestic consumption of manufactures to a very considerable degree, and compensated to many branches of industry the failure of the national income. These additional mouths behaved to find subsistence: they set themselves accordingly vigorously to discover channels of employment; and thus under the pressure of necessity have contrived to bear up the national



fortunes, even under the most adverse circumstances.

The second was the great addition which this change in the value of money made to the wealth of all those who were possessed of fixed money incomes. This has been a most important consequence, and furnishes the true solution to the singular appearances which society has exhibited in the British empire for the last ten years. The industrious classes, that is those who live by their labour, or the sale of its produce, have generally laboured under difficulties, and experienced at intervals great suffering. The owners of money, on the other hand, the fundholders, the holders of bonds, annuities, and all fixed annual payments, have found themselves fully a third richer by this change, and have in the same proportion augmented their luxuries, their expenditure, and their enjoyments. The repeal of the income-tax, and the change in the value of money, have totally changed the comparative situation of this numerous body. This must have forced itself on the observation of the most inconsiderate. Universally we see that the middling ranks in towns, who are, generally speaking, the holders of stock, bonds, and debts of every description, have increased their comforts and enjoyments to an unprecedented extent of late years; and that the vast increase in the inhabitants of towns is mainly to be ascribed to their increasing opulence. It has existed, in strange and painful contrast to the extreme suffering of the industrious classes, and of debtors of every description during the same period; but there can be no question that great as the suffering of these classes has been during this period, it would have been incomparably greater but for the great addition made to the means of a considerable portion of the community by the operation of the same causes.

This reduction of the circulating medium, however, has told most seriously on the public revenue. The following table puts this beyond a doubt.

*Table of the British Revenue from 1818 downwards.*

1818	.	.	.	54,100,000
1819	.	.	.	53,440,000

1820	.	.	.	55,840,000
1821	.	.	.	57,000,000
1822	.	.	.	53,650,000
1823	.	.	.	51,600,000
1824	(Joint-stock mania)			56,000,000
1825	.	.	.	57,662,000
1826	.	.	.	54,895,000
1827	.	.	.	53,285,000
1828	(Small note act begun)			57,485,000
1829	.	.	.	55,824,000
1830	(Beer tax taken off)			54,840,000
1831	(Reform)			46,420,000

Thus it appears that the revenue has declined fully eleven millions since 1821. Much of this decline is no doubt to be ascribed to the progressive reduction of taxes during that period; but much is also to be attributed to the change of prices which has taken place, and the universal fall in the value of every species of industrious property since the demolition of the bank paper in 1824, by the operation of the small-note act passed in 1826.

The question, it is always to be recollected, is, not whether the country banks in England were on a good footing prior to the catastrophe of December 1825, or whether some great change would have been expedient in the constitution of these establishments. This may all be, and to all appearance is, perfectly true. The real question is, whether it was either expedient or necessary, instead of putting the banks on a solid foundation, to *annihilate the small notes altogether*, and reduce the national paper circulation from L.60,000,000 to L.29,000,000? When we consider the enormous amount of that reduction, and the simultaneous contraction of the supply of the precious metals, from the distracted state of the South American colonies, and the great amount of indirect taxes which have at the same time been remitted, the only thing that appears astonishing is, that the revenue down to 1830 maintained its amount so well as it did. The immense reduction in the last year, is clearly owing to a totally different cause, and is to be ascribed to the Reform agitation drying up the springs of industry in the country.

It need hardly be observed that no argument can be drawn from this consideration in favour of that most disastrous and infernal of all the projects of the Radical Reformers, an equitable adjustment, as it is called,

in other words, a direct robbery, of the national debt. The contract with the fundholder contemplated no change on the recurrence to cash payments; the bond of the nation contains no clause dispensing with full payment in the current coin of the realm. The fundholders have been better situated than the industrious classes for the last ten years; but have they forgot how matters stood during the war? Have they forgot the twenty long years during which the price of commodities was constantly rising, and the prosperous state they were in during that period, while the fundholders and the annuitants were languishing in want and privation? A similar change would take place to a great degree on the recurrence of any considerable war; and is the nation, on the recurrence of a long peace, to break faith with those who supported them during a period of difficulty and danger? The first moment that any invasion of the funded property takes place, is the last not only of the faith and honour, but the prosperity and the independence of England.

It would appear that Ministers are unable, even on the plainest subject connected with finance, to avoid the ruinous tendency of their political speculations. They proposed to take off the *Tobacco Tax* last session, which burdened no one and injured no one; and now they resist the reduction of *one-fifth* on the sugar duties. They cannot afford, they say, to lose £900,000 a-year to save colonies on the brink of ruin from destruction; but they did not hesitate last year to propose to relinquish double that sum to secure the applause of the tobacco-chewers of England. The refusal of relief to the West Indies is monstrous. If a new tax were necessary in Britain to supply the deficiency, it should be imposed rather than run the risk of losing colonies which take off *more than a third* of the whole British exports. Their case is the more crying, because they are suffering entirely under the consequence of British government; weighed down with a load of taxation of 100 *per cent.* on all their produce, and burning from the conflagration lighted by the flame of Reform in this country. Two months ago we predicted that the delusion of Reform and fanaticism in the cen-

tre of the Empire would speedily set the West Indies on fire, as the fumes of democracy consumed St Domingo in 1792. How soon, alas! our predictions have been verified! Jamaica has been sacrificed to the demon of political innovation; the anguish of her slaves, the flames of her plantations, the starvation of her people, have all been owing to the headlong march of religious and political fanaticism. The Ministry of England, the Reformers of England, were in an especial manner bound to have done something to heal the wounds of that great and once flourishing, but now smoking and ruined colony, because it was the victim of their own political madness; and yet they refuse! But that is what we have all along maintained; the colonies are not represented in these democratic days; the mobs in the centre of political influence prevail over the greatest interest at its extremities, because they are the depositaries of power, and the dismemberment of the Empire must be the consequence.

This puts the enormous folly of our present rulers in their finance measures in the clearest light. Seeing, as they did, as they ought to have done, that the national income had been declining at the rate of above a million a-year, since the small-note act came into operation in 1828, they should clearly have made some provision for that deficiency; and seeing that their Reform measure was evidently calculated to shake the resources of the country to their foundation, they should have provided a surplus to meet that contingency also. Instead of this, they actually proposed a reduction of taxation in the face of that state of the finances, to the amount of £4,000,000 a-year, and were only prevented by their opponents from carrying that great reduction into effect; and they are now astonished that the revenue has fallen off four millions during their administration! And it is after this experience of their enormous error in the *first effect of their own reform measures*, that they still persist in the project of giving a new constitution to the empire; and peril the fate of England upon the ultimate effect of measures which have already produced consequences diametrically the reverse of those they anticipated from their adoption.

## A POET'S DYING HYMN.

Be mute who will, who can,  
 Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice!  
 Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine  
 In such a temple as we now behold,  
 Rear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound  
 To worship, here and every where.

WORDSWORTH.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift mine eye,  
 And bless Thee, O my God! that I have met  
 And own'd thine image in the majesty  
 Of their calm temple still!—that never yet  
 There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight  
 By noontide-blaze, or sweeping storm of night:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,  
 I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,  
 Touching Death's features with a lovely glance  
 Of light, serenely, solemnly divine,  
 And lending to each holy star a ray  
 As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,  
 In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains old,  
 And the low thrillings of the forest-shade,  
 And the wild sounds of waters uncontrol'd,  
 And upon many a desert plain and shore,  
 —No solitude—for there I felt Thee more:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

And if thy Spirit on thy child hath shed  
 The gift, the vision of the unscal'd eye,  
 To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings spread,  
 To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie  
 Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free  
 And pure—a consecration unto Thee:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

If my soul's utterance hath by Thee been fraught  
 With an awakening power—if Thou hast made  
 Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought,  
 And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd  
 To lands of other lays, and there become  
 Native as early melodies of home:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,  
 Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,  
 But that perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,  
 A still small whisper in my song hath led  
 One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,  
 Or but one hope, one prayer:—for this alone  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have loved—that I have known the love  
 Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,  
 Yet, with a colouring halo from above,  
 Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,  
 Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,  
 Still weaving links for intercourse with Thee:  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That by the passion of its deep distress,  
 And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,  
 And by the yearning of its tenderness,  
 Too full for words upon their stream to bear,  
 I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,  
 Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine :  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,  
 High hope, which even from mystery, doubt, or dread,  
 Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken,  
 Whereby its torchlight for the race was fed ;  
 That passing storms have only fann'd the fire,  
 Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire,  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

Now art Thou calling me in every gale,  
 Each sound and token of the dying day !  
 Thou leav'st me not, though earthly life grows pale,  
 I am not darkly sinking to decay ;  
 But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud  
 Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,  
 And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,  
 And mountain-sanctuaries for poet's dreams,  
 Be lovely still in my departing eyes ;  
 'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,  
 But that thy foot-prints on its dust appear :  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

And that the tender shadowing I behold,  
 The tracery veining every leaf and flower,  
 Of glories cast in more consummate mould,  
 No longer vassals to the changeful hour ;  
 That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring  
 Rich visions of imperishable spring :  
 I bless Thee, O my God !

Yes! the young vernal voices in the skies  
 Woo me not back, but, wandering past mine ear,  
 Seem heralds of th' eternal melodies,  
 The spirit-music, unperturb'd and clear ;  
 The full of soul, yet passionate no more—  
 —Let me too, joining those pure strains, adore !  
 I bless Thee, O my God !

Now aid, sustain me still!—to Thee I come,  
 Make Thou my dwelling where thy children are !  
 And for the hope of that immortal home,  
 And for thy Son, the bright and morning star,  
 The Sufferer and the Victor-king of Death,  
 I bless Thee with my glad song's dying breath !  
 I bless Thee, O my God!

## THE WET WOOLING.

## A NARRATIVE OF NINETY-EIGHT.

It was in the autumn of 1798, when the North of Ireland had settled down into comparative tranquillity, that I took up my quarters at Knowehead, the grazing farm of a substantial relative, in the remote pastoral valley of Glen—in Antrim.

The second morning of my stay, I had fished a considerable distance up the river; but having broken my top in an unlucky leap, was sitting in impatient bustle, lapping the fracture, and lamenting my ill fortune, as ever and anon I would raise my eyes and see the fresh curl running past my feet; when I perceived by the sudden blackening of the water, and by an ominous but indescribable sensation of the air, that something unusual was brewing overhead. I looked up: there it was, a cloud, low-hung and lurid, and stretching across the whole northern side of the horizon. I had scarce time to gather my clews and hobbins into a hurried wisp, and take shelter under an overhanging bank hard by, when down it came, heavy, hissing, and pelting the whole surface of the river into spray. I drew myself close to the back of the hollow, where I lay in a congratulatory sort of reverie, watching the veins of muddy red, as they slowly at first, and then impetuously flowed through, and finally displaced the dark spring water—the efforts of the beaten rushes and waterflags, as they quivered and flapped about under the shower's battery—the gradual increase of swell and turbulence in the river opposite; and lower down, the war which was already tossing and raging at the conflux, where

“Tumbling brown, the burn came down,  
And roar'd frae bank to brae.”

But why do I dilate upon an aspect thus wild and desolate, when I could so much more pleasantly employ my reader's and my own mind's eye with that which next presented itself? I confess, so pleasant was the contrast then, that I still, in recalling

that scene to memory, prepare myself, by the renewed vision of its dreariness and desolation, for the more grateful reception of an image than which earth contains none lovelier—it was a lovely girl. She fled thither for shelter: I did not see her until she was close by me; but never surely did man's eyes rest on a fairer apparition. I have, at this instant, every lineament of the startled beauty, as, drawing back with a suppressed cry and gesture of alarm, she shrank from the unexpected companion who stood by her side; for I had started from my reverie, and now presented myself, baring my head in the rain with involuntary respectfulness of gallantry, and half unconsciously leading her by the hand into my retreat. She yielded, blushing and confused, while I, apologizing, imploring, and gazing with new admiration at every look, unstrapped my basket, placed it in the least exposed corner, spread over it my outside coat, and having thus arranged a seat, (which, however, she did not yet accept,) retired to the opposite side, and reluctantly ceasing to gaze, gave up my whole faculties to wonder—who could she be? Her rich dress,—velvet habit, hat and feathers,—her patrician elegance of beauty and manner, at once proclaimed her rank; but who could there be in Glen—above the homely class to which my host belonged? And his daughter, Miss Janet, was certainly a brilliant of a very different water. But, heavens! how the water is running down from my companion's rich hair, and glistening upon her neck with what a breathing lustre!—“Oh, madam, let me entreat you, as you value your safety, use my handkerchief (and I pulled a muffler from my neck) to bind up and dry your hair. Wrap, I beseech you, your feet in my great-coat; and withdraw farther from the wind and rain.”

One by one, notwithstanding her gracious refusals, I carefully fulfilled my prescriptions; and now knelt

before her, lapping the skirts and sleeves of my envied coat about the little feet and delicate ankles. Yet it seemed to me that she received my services rather with a grateful condescension; than, as I desired, with frank enjoyment of them. So, pausing a moment to account for such a manner, I recollected, and the recollection covered me with confusion, that I must have been, to say the least, as rough a comrade as any one need wish to meet with under a hedge; for, purposing to leave Ireland in another month for Germany, I had, during the last week, allowed my beard to grow all round; putting off from day to day the forming of the moustache, to which I meant to reduce it, and so had my face, at no time very smooth, now covered from ear to ear with a stubble, long, strong, and black as a shoe-brush. My broad-brimmed hat was battered and dented into strangely uncouth cavities, and the leaf hung flapping over my brows like a broken umbrella; my jacket was tinselled indeed, but it was with the ancient scales of trout; my leathern overalls were black-glazed and greasy; and my whole equipment bore, I must confess, the evident signs of an unexceptionable rascal.

Indignant at my unworthy appearance, I put myself upon my mettle; and after drawing my fair companion from her intrenchments of shyness and hauteur, succeeded in engaging her in the fair field of a conversation the most animated and interesting, in which it was ever my good fortune and credit to bear a part. She had at first, indeed, when I began by running a parallel between our positions, explained the circumstances of her being driven thither alone, in a manner so general, and with such evident painfulness of hesitation, that I had hardly expected a few slow commonplaces at the most. Such wit, then, and vivacity, tempered with such dignified discretion, as she evinced, when I turned the conversation from what I perceived to be perplexing, were by their unexpectedness doubly delightful.

Time and the tempest swept on equally unheeded; topic induced topic, smile challenged smile, and when at last, in obedience to her

wishes, I looked towards the north to see whether the sky were clearing, I only prayed that it might rain on till sunset, when I might accompany her to her home, which, to my surprise, I learned was within a few miles, although I did not ascertain exactly where. My prayers were likely enough to be fulfilled; the sky was still one rush of rain—but, heaven and earth! the river had overflowed its banks above: a broad sheet of water was sailing down the hollow behind; and there we were, no human habitation within sight, in the midst of a tempest, between two rapid rivers, with no better shelter, during the continuance of a Lammas flood, than the hollow of a bank which might be ten feet under water in an hour.

I ran down the back of the hill to the edge of the interposing flood; a stunted tree was in the middle, the fork of which I knew was as high as my shoulder; a mass of weeds and briars was already gathered against it; the water had raised them within a foot of the first branch; then I might still ford a passage; no moment was to be lost; I ran back for the lady, but met her half-way in wild alarm, her head bare, her beautiful hair shaken out into the blast, her hands clasped, and her figure just sinking. I caught her in my arms, and bore her forward with all my speed; but before I again reached the sweeping foundation, insensibility had released her from the terrors of our passage.

I dashed in, holding her across my body, with her head resting on my shoulder; the first step took me to the knee. I raised my burden and plunged forward; the water rose to my haunches. I lifted her again across my breast, rushed on, and sank to the waist. I felt that I could not long support a dead weight in that position; so lowering her limbs into the water, I profited by that relief, and reached the tree.

The flood had now covered me to the breast, and the lady's neck and bosom were all that remained unimmersed. I leaned against the old trunk, and breathed myself. I raised her drooping head on my shoulder, and pressed my cheek to her forehead; but neither lip nor eyelid moved. I could not but gaze

upon her face; it lay among the long floating tresses and turbulent eddies, fair as the water's own lily, and as unconscious. My heart warmed to the lovely being, and I bent over her, kissing her lips, and pressing her bosom to mine, with an affection so strangely strong, that I might have stood thus till escape had been impossible, but that the rustling of the rubbish, as it crept up the rugged stump with the rise of the waters, caught my ear—a thunderbolt smouldering at my feet could not have sounded so horrible—all my fresh affections rushed back to my heart in multiplied alarm for the safety of their new-found treasure—I started from my resting-place, and swinging back the long hair from my eyes, once more breasted the stream with clenched teeth and dripping brows. But still as farther I advanced, the water grew deeper and deeper, and the current split upon my shoulder, and twisted through my legs, still stronger and stronger. Lumps of black moss, dried peats, and heavy sods, now struck me, and tumbled on; while wisps of yellow grass and long straws doubled across my body and entangled me. My limbs wavered at every step, as I strained and writhed them through the current. I gave way—I was half lifted—the river and the burn met not a hundred yards below—had I had the strength of ten men, I could not have supported her through that tumult—every step swerved towards the conclusion of at least her existence; yet with love tenfold did I now press her to my heart, and with tenfold energy struggle to make good her rescue—her eyes opened—I murmured prayers, comforts, and endearments—she saw the red torrent around, the tawny breakers before, the black storm overhead; but she saw love in my eye, she heard it in my words; and there, within her probable death-bed, and in the embrace of her probable companion in death, she was wooed among the waters, and was won. Another effort—but the eddy swung me round, and I had given up all as lost, save my interest in that perishing girl; when suddenly I heard, through the dashing of waves and the hissing of rain, the hoarse cry of a man, "Courage—hold up, sir—this way, halloo!"

I turned, half thinking it imagination, but there I really saw a man up to the breast in the flood, supporting with arms and shoulders a powerful black horse which he urged across the current. Another minute, and I stood firm behind the breakwater they formed at my side. My dear charge had again fainted; he assisted me to raise her to the saddle; but suddenly as he looked at her, he uttered a wild cry of astonishment, and kissing and embracing her, exclaimed, "My Madeline, my daughter, my dear child!—Why, sir, how is this?"

"Oh, sir, the river is rising a foot a minute—take the bridle, I beseech you, and let me support the lady and the horse's flank—I will explain all when she is out of danger." So saying, I laid my shoulder to the work and urged him on; we had an easier task, and in another minute succeeded in getting safe out of that perilous passage.

I now looked at our preserver; he was a handsome, tall, and vigorous man, about forty; evidently a soldier and gentleman. He lifted his daughter from the saddle; and while I recounted the particulars of her adventure, unclasped her habit and chafed her forehead; but all was of no avail. He looked distractedly, first at his daughter and then at me; and after a pause of contending emotions, rose, laid her across the pommel, placed his foot in the stirrup, and turning to me said, "I am embarrassed by many circumstances—take my blessings for this day's help—and forget us."

"I can never forget."

"Then take this trifling remembrance." He pulled a ring from his finger and handed it to me; threw himself into the saddle; placed his daughter across his body, and crying, ere I could say a word for sheer amazement, "Farewell, farewell!" and once more, with some emotion, "Farewell, sir, and may God bless you!" put spurs to his horse, and dashed off at full speed for a pass which leads into the wild country of the Misty Braes.

Till they disappeared among the hills, I stood watching them from the bank where they had left me, bare-headed, numbed, and indignant; with the rain still pelting on me, and the ring between my fingers. It was a

costly diamond; I pitched it after him with a curse, and bent my weary way towards Knowehead, a distance of full five miles, in a maze of uncertainty and speculation. She had not told her name, and she seemed to desire a concealment of her residence; her father's conduct more plainly evinced the same motive; many of the heads of the rebellion were still lurking with their families among the mountains of Ulster; the only house in the direction they had taken, at all likely to be the retreat of respectable persons, was the old Grange of Moyabel; and it was the property of a gentleman then abroad, but connected with all the chief Catholic rebels in the North. All this made me naturally conclude that these were some of that unhappy party; and when I considered that both daughter and father had been riding from different quarters to the same destination—for, as well as I could surmise from her vague account of herself, she had left the servant, behind whom she had come so far, to wait the arrival of her father, who had promised to join them there. I was able to satisfy myself of their being only on their way to Moyabel; and I therefore determined not to create suspicion by making useless enquiries as to the present family there, but to take the first opportunity of judging for myself of the new comers. But how after such a dismissal introduce myself? Here lay the difficulty; and beyond this I could fix on nothing, so with a heavy heart I climbed the hill before my kinsman's house, and presented myself at the wide door of the kitchen, just as the twilight was darkening down into night.

I found my host sitting as was his wont; his nightcap on his head, his long staff in his hand, and two greyhounds at his feet, behind the fire upon his oaken settle. "I'm thinkin', Willie," he began as he saw me enter—"I'm thinkin' ye hae caught a wet sark.—Janet, lass, fetch your cusin a dram—Nane o' your piperly smellin' bottles," cried he, as she produced some cordials in an ancient liquor-stand—"Nane o' your auld wife's jaups for ane o' my name—fetch something purpose-like; for when my nevy has changed himsell, we'll hae a stoup o' whisky, and a

crack thegither." In a few minutes I was seated in dry clothes, before a bowl of punch and a blazing fire, beside the old gentleman on his oaken sofa. At any other time I would have enjoyed the scene with infinite satisfaction; for the national tipple, in my mind, drinks nowhere so pleasantly as on a bench behind the broad hearth-stone of such a kitchen-hall as my friend's. Our smaller gentry had, it is true, long since betaken themselves to their parlours and their drawing-rooms; and the steams of whisky-punch had already risen with the odours of bohea, and the smoke of seaborne coals, to the damask hangings and alabaster cornices of many high-ceiled and stately apartments. Yet there were still some of the old school, who, like my good friend, continued to make their headquarters, after the ancient fashion, among their own domestics, and behind their own hearth-stone; for in all old houses the fire is six feet at least from the gable, and the space between is set apart for the homely owner.

It was strange, then, that I, who hitherto had so intensely relished such a scene, should be so absent now that it was spread round me in its perfection. The peat and bog-fir fire before me, and the merry faces glistening through the white smoke beyond; the chimney overhead, like some great minster bell (the huge hanging pot for the clapper); the antlers, broadsword, and sporting tackle on the wall behind; the goodly show of fat flitches and brisks around me and above, and that merry and wise old fellow, glass in hand, with endless store of good stories, pithy sayings, and choice points of humour, by my side; yet with all I sat melancholy and ill at ease. In vain did the rare old man tell me his best marvels; how he once fought with Tom Hughes, a wild Welshman, whom he met in a perilous journey through the forests of Cheshire; how Tom would not let go his grip when he had him down ("whilk was a foul villainy;") and how he had to roll into a running water before he could get loose ("whilk shewed the savage natur of thae menseless barbarians.") In vain he told me that pleasant jest, how my grandfather "ance



wiled the six excisemen into a lone house, and then gaed in himsell, and pyed them through the windows, whilk cleared the country-side o' that vermin as lang as auld Redrigs was to the fore." In vain he told me how his old dog Stretcher hunted the black hare from Dunmoss to Skyboe. I left him in the subtlest of the doubles, and in another minute was in the penthouse of clay, the river boiling at my feet, and the rain rushing round my head; but before me were the rich delighted eyes and quickening features of my unknown beauty. Again I bore her through the flood; again I bent over her, and pressed her to my breast, and once more in fancy I had felt the thrill of her returned embrace; once more I had kissed her lips, and once more we had vowed to live or die together, when I was startled from my reverie by a question which the unsuspecting old man was now repeating for the third time. I stammered an excuse, and roused myself to the hearing of another excellent jest; but what it might have been I know not, for the entrance of a young labourer, an old acquaintance of my own, with whom he had business, cut it short. "Aleck," he said, "get ready to set out for the fair upon the morn's e'en; and, Aleck, my man, keep yourself out o' drink and fechtin'—and, my bonny man, I'm saying, the neist time ye gang a courtin' to the Grange, (I pricked up my ears all at once,) see that ye're no ta'en for ane o' thae rebel chieles, wha, they say, are burrowin' e'en noo about the auld wa's as thick as mice in a meal-ark."—"But Aleck," crooned old Mause from the corner, "whilk ane o' the lasses are you for?" This was enough. I watched my opportunity, slipped out to the stable, found Aleck, who had retreated thither in his confusion, and, point-blank, proposed that he should take me with him that very night, and introduce me to one of the girls at Moyabel, as I longed to have an hour's courting after the old fashion before I left the country. I concluded by offering him a handsome consideration, which, however, he refused; but, sitting down in the manger, began to consider my proposal, with such head-scratching and nail-biting, as confirmed me in my

opinion that there was something mysterious about the family of the Grange. "Master William," said he at last, "I canna refuse ye, and you gaun awa', maybe never to see a lass o' your ain country again; but ye maun promise never to speak o' whatever ye may see strange about the hoose; for, atween ourselfs, there are anes expeckit there this verra night wha's names wadna cannily bear tellin'; and Jeanie trusts me, and I maunna beguile her; but the waters are out, and we will hae a lang and cauld tramp through the bogs, sac get a drap o' somethin' for the road, and I'll hae Tam Herron's Sunday suit ready for you after bed-time. Saul! ye'll mak a braw weaver wi' the beard; and wi' a' your Englified discoorsin', ye can talk as like a Christian as ever when ye like. —Nanny will think hersell fitted at last; but ye maunna be ower crouse wi' Nanny, Master William." I promised every thing; waited impatiently till the family had gone to rest; found Aleck true to his engagement; put on the clothes he had prepared, and we stole out about midnight.

It was pitch dark, but fair and calm; so, with the hopes of getting to our journey's end not wet above the knee, we commenced stumbling and bolting along the great stones and ruts of the causeway; this we cleared without any accident, farther than my slipping once into the ditch, and now found ourselves upon the open hill-side, splashing freely over the soaked turf and slippery pathway. I was in high spirits, and though squirting the black puddle to my knees at every step, and seeing no more of the road I was to travel on than another one in advance, yet faced onward with great gaiety and good humour. After some time, however, Aleck began snuffing the air, and, with evident concern, announced the approach of a mist, which soon thickened into perceptibility to me also. Our path, which hitherto had swept across sheep-grazing uplands and grassy knolls, now began to thread deep rushy bottoms, with here and there a quaking spot of quagmire, or a mantled stream, which I knew by the cold water running sharp below, and by the thick, dull gathering of the weeds

about my legs—for the mist made all so dark, that I can only give a blind man's description. The way now became more intricate and broken, but still I followed Aleck cheerily, pushing through all obstacles, and thinking only of the best measures to be taken when we should arrive at Moyabel, when I suddenly perceived that my footsteps were treading down the long wet grass and heavy sedge itself, and that any distinct pathway no longer remained to guide us. I began to doubt Aleck's knowledge of the road, which he still maintained to be unshaken; but the next two steps settled the matter, by bringing us both up to the middle in a running river. We scrambled out without saying a word, Aleck being silent from confusion, and I fearing to increase it by reproaches. He began to grope about for the path we had come by; and finding what he thought our track, pursued it a few steps to the right. I thought I had it to the left, and began to explore in that direction. "Hallo! where are you now?" I cried, as I missed him from my side. He answered "Here," from a considerable distance lower down. "Where?" I repeated.—"Hereawa," he answered.—"Hereawa, thereawa, wandering Willie," I hummed in bitter jollity, as I proceeded in the direction of the voice, "Hereawa, thereawa, haud your way hame," when—squash, crash, bolt, heels over head—plump I went over a brow into a very Devil's Punch-Bowl; for bottom I found none, though shot from the bank with the impetus of an arrow. Down I went, the water closing over me in strata and substrata, each one colder than the other, till I expected to find my head at last clashing against the young ice wedges of a preternatural frost below. I sunk at least fifteen feet before I could collect my energies and turn. I thought I would never reach the top. To it at last I came, sputtering, blown, and fairly frightened. I never waited to consider my course, but striking desperately out, swam straight forward, till I came bump against the bank. I clambered up, and listened. The first sound I could distinguish, after the bubbling and hissing left my ears, was Aleck's voice nearly before me, on the opposite side. He was

singing out something between a howl and a halloo; for he also had got into the water, and could not find bottom any where but on the spot he occupied. He could not swim a stroke. There was nothing for it but to go back and rescue him. The unexpectedness alone of my first dip had caused my confusion. That was gone off, and I again plunged resolutely into the river, which I now could discern grey in the clearing mist. A few strokes brought me to where the poor fellow stood, with his arms extended upon the water, and his neck stretched to the utmost to keep it out of his mouth. I knew the danger of taking an alarmed man of greater weight and strength than myself upon my back; and therefore, comforting him with assurances of safety, I tried, in all directions, for bottom, which at last I found, and having sounded the bed of the river to the opposite side, returned, and with some difficulty succeeded in guiding and supporting him across.

The mist was now rapidly thinning away, and I could distinguish the high bank black against the sky. It was a joyful sight, and induced, by a natural association, the pleasant thought of the comforter in my pocket. I took a mighty dram: then feeling for Aleck's head, (he had lain down, streaming like Father Nile in the pictures, among the rushes at my feet), I directed the bottle's mouth to his. He had been making his moan in an under whine ever since I first heard him lamenting his condition on the opposite side; but no sooner did his lips feel the smooth insinuator's presence, than (his tongue being put out of the way) they closed with instinctive affection, and went together when the long embrace was past, with a smack quite cheering. Then slowly rising, and fetching a deep sigh as he gathered himself together, "Lord, Lord," said he, "I'm nae the yaur o' that. But, Master William, to tell God's truth, I dinna ken whaur we are. That we hae crossed Glen—= water, or the Hill-head burn, or the Marcher's dyke, I'm positive sure; but whilk I'm no just equal to say—but there's some-thin' black atween us and the lift; I judge it to be Dunmoss Cairn: let's haud on to it, and we maun soon come to biggit wa's." So saying, he

led me forward in the direction of what seemed to me also a distant hill; but being occupied in placing my footsteps, I had ceased to look at it, when all at once there was a crush of leaves about my head, and I found myself under a green tree. "When will this weary night of error have an end?" I mentally exclaimed; but was surprised by Aleck taking my hand, rubbing the palm along the rough stem, and asking in an elate tone what I felt? "A damnably rough bark," growled I; "what do you mean?" He cut a caper full three feet into the air. "Here is a pleasant occurrence now—the rascal is drunk—he will roll into the next ditch and suffocate—I shall be the death of the poor fellow—I shall lose"—here he broke my agreeable meditations. "I'll tell you how it was, Master William; Jeanie and I were partners at the shearin', ("Evidently drunk," thought I,) and I canna tell how it was, ("I well believe you—you can not—but 'twas all my own folly," I muttered,) but I found the maid in a sair fluster that e'en when we parted: ("You'll be in sorer fluster presently if I begin to you—you drunken idiot!") was my running commentary,) and sae just as I came by this auld thorn—"Then you *do* know where you are—do you?" I cried aloud.—"Sure enough," said he, "for didn't I carve my heart wi' Jeanie's heuk stuck out through it that very night; and isna it here to this minute?"—"Oh, ho, lead on then, in God's name; but tell me where we are, and how far we have to go."—"Why," said he, "the bridge is just a step overby that we ought to hae crossed; and troth, I wunner a dishfu' at mysell for no kennin' the black moss and the dolochan's hole that we hae just come through; for I hae cut turf in the ane, and washed in the ither, since I was the bouk o' a peat—but here we are at the end o' the causey that will take us to the Grange." We entered on a raised and moated bank, which crossed a mossy flat to the old house; but ere we had advanced a dozen steps, there suddenly appeared a light moving about, and giving occasional glimpses of the white walls and thick trees at the further end; it then came steadily and swiftly towards us; I could presently distinguish the dull

beat of hoofs on the greensward, and soon after, the figures of two mounted men.

The sides of the old moat were overgrown with furze and brambles, and we stole into this cover as they approached. The foremost bore the light, was armed at all points, and mounted on a fresh horse. I started with exultation where I lay—he was *her* father. His companion's black breeches and canting seat proclaimed a priest. They were conversing as they passed. "Another month, good father, and we will be behind the bastions of Belle Isle; were it not for my Madeline's sake, I would make it six; but this bloodhound having been slipped upon us"—The sounds were here lost in the trampling of their horses; I heard the man of masses innumble something in reply, and they wheeled out of hearing up the rugged pathway to the bridge. "Now mind your promise, Master William," said Aleck, as we rose and proceeded to the house. We soon arrived there; and he led me to a low wing, repeating his cautions, and, in answer to my questions, denying all knowledge of the strangers. Placing me behind a low wall, he now stole forward, and tapped at a window, and presently I heard the inmates moving and whispering. The door was soon opened, and a parley took place, in which I heard my assumed name made honourable mention of by my intruder. He led me forward, pushed me gently before him, and I found myself in a dark passage, soft hands welcoming me, and warm breath playing on my cheek.

The door was closed, and we were led into a wide rude apartment, dim in the low glow of a heap of embers. A splinter of bogwood was soon kindled, and by its light I saw that we had been conducted by two girls. One, whom from her attention to Aleck I concluded to be her of the reaping-hook, was a pretty interesting soft maiden. The other, however, had attractions of a very differerent class: fine-featured, dark-eyed, coal-black-haired and tall; as she stood, her right hand holding the rude torch over her head, while the left gathered the folds of a long cloak under her bosom, with her eyes of coy expectation and merry amazement, she seemed more the ideal of a robber's

daughter in some old romance, than a menial in a moorland farm-house. I attempted to salute her, but she held me at bay with her hand. "Hech, lad! ye're no blate—is it knievin' troots\* ye think ye are? But, my stars! ye *are* as droukit as if ye had been through a' the pools o' the burn! Sit down, my jo, till we dry ye; and be qu'et till I get a fire." Peats and bogwood were now heaped upon the hearth; and kneeling down upon the broad stone, she began puffing away with her pretty puckered mouth; partly, I suppose, because there are no bellows in Glen—; and partly, I took it for granted, to afford me an opportunity of kneeling beside and preeing it. The smoke now rose before me in thick volumes, and for a while I lost sight of Aleck and his Jeanie. By and by, however, on raising my head, I started back at seeing

a figure the most extraordinary standing at the further end of the apartment. A blanket covered the shoulders; the feet and legs were bare; a red handkerchief was tied about the head; and, strangest of all, although the hairy neck and whiskers argued him a man, yet was he from the waist to the knees clad in a petticoat!

I started to my feet, visions of sleepwalkers and lunatics thronging through my imagination, but was caught hold of by Nanny, who, shaking with suppressed laughter, whispered me, while the tears ran out and danced upon her long lashes for very fun, that it was only precious Aleck, "wham Jeanie had cled in her bit wyliecoat, since she dauredna wake the hoose to look for aught else;" then, laying her hand upon my shoulder (and the wet oozed from between her fingers), she pro-

\* "Knieving trouts" (they call it tickling in England) is good sport. You go to a stony shallow at night, a companion bearing a torch; then, stripping to the thighs and shoulders, wade in; grope with your hands under the stones, sods, and other harbourage, till you find your game, then grip him in your "knieve," and toss him ashore.

I remember, when a boy, carrying the splits for a servant of the family, called Sam Wham. Now Sam was an able young fellow, well-boned and willing; a hard-headed cudgel-player, and a marvellous tough wrestler, for he had a backbone like a sea-serpent; this gained him the name of the Twister and Twiner. He had got into the river, and with his back to me, was stooping over a broad stone, when something bolted from under the bank on which I stood, right through his legs. Sam fell with a great splash upon his face, but in falling jammed whatever it was against the stone. "Let go, Twister," shouted I, "'tis an otter, he will nip a finger off you."—"Whisht," sputtered he, as he slid his hand under the water; "May I never read a text again, if he isna a sawmont wi' a shoulther like a hog!"—"Grip him by the gills, Twister," cried I.—"Saul will I!" cried the Twiner; but just then there was a heave, a roll, a splash, a slap like a pistol-shot; down went Sam, and up went the salmon, spun like a shilling at pitch and toss, six feet into the air. I leaped in just as he came to the water; but my foot caught between two stones, and the more I pulled the firmer it stuck. The fish fell in a spot shallower than that from which he had leaped. Sam saw the chance, and tackled to again: while I, sitting down in the stream as best I might, held up my torch, and cried fair play, as shoulder to shoulder, throughout and about, up and down, roll and tumble, to it they went, Sam and the salmon. The Twister was never so twined before. Yet through crossbuttocks and capsizes innumerable, he still held on; now haled through a pool; now haling up a bank; now heels over head; now head over heels; now head and heels together; doubled up in a corner; but at last stretched fairly on his back, and foaming for rage and disappointment; while the victorious salmon, slapping the stones with his tail, and whirling the spray from his shoulders at every roll, came boring and snoring up the ford. I tugged and strained to no purpose; he flashed by me with a snort, and slid into the deep water. Sam now staggered forward with battered bones and peeled elbows, blowing like a grampus, and cursing like nothing but himself. He extricated me, and we limped home. Neither rose for a week; for I had a dislocated ankle, and the Twister was troubled with a broken rib. Poor Sam! he had his brains discovered at last by a poker in a row, and was worm's meat within three months; yet, ere he died, he had the satisfaction of feasting on his old antagonist, who was man's meat next morning. They caught him in a net. Sam knew him by the twist in his tail.

posed, with a maidenly mixture of kindness and hesitation, that I should go and do so likewise. Who knows how I might have stood the temptation, had she not in time perceived my error, and, blushing deeply, explained, that as Aleck had done—undressed himself alone—so should I. Under these stipulations, I declined parting with more than my coat, for which she substituted a curiously quilted coverlet; then bringing me warm water, insisted on my bathing my feet. I gladly consented; but hardly had I pulled off the coarse stockings, and washed the black soil from my hands, when there began a grievous coughing and grumbling in the room from which the girls had come.

"Lord, haud a grip o' us!" cried Aleck; "it's auld *Peg* hoastin'—De'il wauken her, the cankered rush! she'll breed a bonny splore gin she finds me here."

"Whisht, whisht," whispered Nanny, "she's as keen as colly i' the lugs; and glegger than baudrons i' the dark."

The libelled Mistress Margaret gave no farther time for calumnia-tion; slamming open the door, she came down upon us, gaunt, grim, and unescapable—"Ye menseless tawpies! ye bauld cutties! ye wanton limmers! ye—*wha's this?*" She snatched the light from Nannie's hand, and poked it close to my face—"Wha's this? I say, wha's this?"

"Illoots, woman!" cried Nanny, spiritedly, yet with an air of conciliation, "I'se bail ye mony a boy has come over the moss to crack wi' yersell when ye were a lassie."

"When I was a lassie!"

I thought she would have choked; but her indignation at last made its way up in thunder upon my devoted head.

"Wha are ye? what are ye? what fetches ye sornin' here? ye!"

Nanny again interposed. "He's just a weaver lad, I tell ye, that Aleck Lowther fetched frae the Langslap Moss to keep him company."

"A weaver lad!" (I had raised my foot to the rim of the tub, and sat with my chin upon my hand, and my elbow on my knee, laughing, to the great aggravation of her anger).

"A weaver lad!—there's ne'er a wabster o' the Langslap Moss wi' siccan a leg as that!—there's ne'er a ane o' a' the creeshy clan wha's shins arena bristled as red as a belly rash-er!—there's ne'er a wabster o' the Langslap Moss wi' the track o' a ring upon his wee finger!—there's ne'er a wabster o' the Langslap Moss wi' aughteen hunner linen in his sark-frill!—Jamie, hoi! Jamie Steenson, here's a spy!"

So sudden and overpowering was her examination and judgment, and her voice had risen to such a pitch of clamour, that all my attempts at interruption and explanation were lost; while the screams which the girls could not control when they heard her call in assistance, prevented a reply. One after another, five ruffianly-looking fellows rushed in at her call; and ere I could free myself from the importunate exculpations of poor Nanny, they were crowding and cursing round me; while one, apparently their leader, held a lantern to my face, a pike to my throat, and demanded my name and business. That these were one unhappy remnant of the rebel party I could not doubt; if I declared my real name, I might expect all that exasperation could prompt and desperation execute against a disguised enemy in the camp; (for the only one from whom I could expect protection was, as I had seen, beyond my appeal.) Again, to give a fictitious name, and keep up the character of a country weaver, was revolting to my pride, and in all likelihood beyond my ability. Which horn of this dilemma I might have impaled myself on, I cannot tell; for a sudden interruption prevented my answer.

Aleck, who had with difficulty been hitherto restrained by the united exertions of the three women, here burst from their arms, tossed off his blanket, and leaped with a whoop into the middle of the floor;—except the short petticoat about his loins he was stark naked. "I'm tval stane wecht—my name's Aleck Lawther—I'll slap ony man o' ye for four-an'-twenty tens!" As he uttered this challenge, tossing his long arms about his head, bouncing upright, and cutting like a posture-master at

the end of every clause, while the scanty kilt fluttered and flapped about his sinewy hams, the men fell back in a panic, as if from a spectre; but their astonishment soon gave place to indignation, and my questioner, clubbing his pike, stepped forward, and making the shaft rattle off the white array of ribs, which poor Aleck's flourish had left unprotected, reduced his proposals to practice in a trice. He, wisely making up for disparity of forces by superiority of weapon, started back, and adroitly unhooking the long iron chain and pot-hooks from the chimney, set them flying round his head like a slinger of old; and meeting his antagonist with a clash, shot him rocket-wise into the corner: then giving another whirl to his stretcher, and leaping out with the full swing of his long body, he brought it to bear upon the next. There was another clattering crash, and the man went down; but pitching with his shoulder into the tub, upset it, and sent a flood of water into the fire. Smoke, steam, and white ashes, whirled up in clouds; the lantern was trampled out, and the battle became general: for one rascal, lifting his fallen comrade's pike, (there was luckily but one among them,) advanced upon me. I had just light to see the thrust, and parry it. Another second, and we had closed in the midst of that strange atmosphere, striking and sneezing at each other across the pike shaft, as we each strove to wrest it to himself. My antagonist was a lusty fellow, and tugged me stoutly, while I kept him between me and the main fight, now raging through the water and the fire: this I could just distinguish among the vapour and smoke, dashed about in red showers of embers, as each new tramp and whirl of the combatants swept it from the hearthstone. How Aleck fought his two opponents I could not imagine; yet once, during a minute's relaxation on our parts, when, having got the pike jammed between a table and the wall, we were reduced to the by-play of kicking one another's shin-bones, I could hear, every now and again, above the medley of curses and screams, (for the women were all busy,) his lusty "Hah!" as he put in each successive blow; and then the bolt and thud of some one gone down, far away in the distance; or

the rush of a capsized among the loose lumber at my feet. But I had no longer an opportunity of noting his prowess; for my antagonist, getting the weapon disentangled, hauled me after him into the open floor, and then began upon the swinging system. So away we went, sweeping down chairs and stools, and rolling fallen bodies over in our course; till tired and dizzy, I suddenly planted myself, let go both holds, and dashing in right and left together, sent him whirling like a comet, impetuous and hot, into the void beyond. But my own head here fell heavily upon my breast; and the whole scene, smoke, fire, and hissing shapes, with all their mingled hissing, and battering, oaths, shrieks, and imprecations, shut upon my senses.

A Babel of dull sound, chiming and sawing within my head, announced my returned consciousness. This is no dream, thought I; I have been hurt, but I am afraid to ask myself where. If my skull should be fractured now, and I should be an idiot all my life, or if my arm should be broken—farwell to the river! But can I be still doubled up among those pots and pans which I crushed beneath me in my fall? No,—dark as it is, I feel that I am laid straight and soft. I must be in bed, but where? where? It was some time before I had courage to confirm my doubts of my head's condition: it was carefully bandaged, and doubtless much shattered: I could feel that I was in a close-paneled bedstead, such as are usual in old houses; but had too much discretion to attempt the hazardous experiment of rising without knowing either my strength or situation. So I lay, fancying all sorts of means to account for my preservation: need I say that the main agent in all was the fair Madeline?

My curiosity was at length relieved; a rude folding-door opened opposite, and shewed a low dim sitting-room beyond, from which there rose a few steps to the entrance of my chamber. On these appeared, not, alas! the fancied visitant who was to sit about my bedside, and mix her bright presence with my dreams; but stately and severe, with a pale cheek and compressed lip, her father—my aversion.

I lay silent, sick at the thoughts of my own meanness in his eyes; while

he advanced, shading the light of the candle from my face, and in a low cold tone, asked if I desired anything?

I shall never forget him as he stood, the light thrown full upon his strong features and broad chest, and shining purple through the fingers of his large hand. "I asked, sir, did you require any assistance?" he repeated. "Are you in pain?" he went on. I now replied that my chief pain was caused by my own unworthy appearance; made a confused apology for my misconduct, and offered my acknowledgments for the protection I had received. "You have saved the life of my child," he said, turning slightly from me, "and protection is a debt which must be paid; for your follower, he must thank the same circumstance for what little life his own mad conduct has left him." Without another word, he took a phial from the table, and, pouring out a draught, handed it to me; I mechanically drank it off; but ere I had taken it from my lips, he was gone. I heard the doors close and the bolts shoot after him with strange forebodings; and when the sound of his footsteps had died away in the long passage beyond, fell back in a wild maze of apprehension and self-censure, till I again sank into a heavy sleep.

When I awoke, there was a yellow twilight in my little cabin, from the scattering of a red ray of the sunset which streamed through a crevice in the door. I had, therefore slept a whole day; my fever was abated; the gnawing pain had left my head, and I longed to eat. I knocked upon the boards, and the door was presently opened; but it was some time ere my eyes could endure the flood of light which then burst in. The figure which at length became visible amid it, was little worthy so goodly a birth. The lank, slack, ill-hinged anatomy of Peg, with a bottle in one hand, and a long horn spoon in the other, advanced, and in no gracious tone demanded what was my will. I turned and lay silent; for I never felt an awkward situation so embarrassing as then. My gorge rose at the malignant cause of all my disasters; but interest and discretion told me to be civil if I spoke at all. I gave no answer; she was in no hu-

mour to suffer such trifling with her time. "Hear till him, Jamie!" she exclaimed to some one behind her, "hear till him, the fashious scunner! he dunts folk frae their wark as if he was the laird o' the Lang Marches himsell, and then"—— "Good Mistress Margaret!"—— "Mistress me nae mistresses! there's ne'er a wife i' the parish has a right to be mistressed, since she deet wha's wean ye wad betray! Deil hae me gin I can keep my knives aff ye, ye ill-faured bluid-seller!"——"Ill-faured what?" shouted I. "No just ill-faured neither, blest be the Maker, and mair's the pity; ye're a clean boy enough, as I weel may say, wha had the strippin' and streekin' o' ye; but I say that ye're just a bluid-seller, a reformer, a spy, gin ye like it better!" She backed down the steps, and holding a leaf of the door at each side, stretched in her neck, and went on, "Aye, spy, Willie Macdonnell, spy to your teeth.—Isna your name upon your sark breast? and arena the arms that ye disgrace upon your seal, and daur ye deny them? daur ye deny that ye're the swearer away o' the innocent bluid o' puir Hughy Morrison, wham ye hangit like a doug upon the lamp-posts o' Doonpatrick? Daur ye hae the face to deny that ye come here e'en noo to reform upon Square O'More and his bonny wean? Daur ye hae the impudence to deny it?" Here I was relieved by the entrance of Mr O'More himself. I addressed him in a tone as cool and conciliatory as I could command. "I am much relieved to find, sir, that any harshness I may have to complain of, has originated in a mistake. I am Mr Macdonnell of Redrigs. It was only last week that I returned from England. I have not been in this part of the country for many years; and can only say, that if any person bearing my name deserves the character you seem to impute to me, I detest him as cordially as you do." He eyed me with visibly increased disgust. "It will not pass, sir, it will not pass. I have had notice of your intentions. Mr Macdonnell of Redrigs is in Oxford."——"I tell you, sir, he is here!" I cried, starting up in bed. "Back, back!" he exclaimed to the servants who were pressing round; they fell back, and he came up to me. "Hark

ye, sir, instead of assuming a name to which you have no right"—The passion which had been burning within me all along, blazed out in uncontrollable fury. I started with a sudden energy out into the floor; dashed backwards and forwards through the room, stamping with indignation, while I asserted my honour, and demanded satisfaction; but the fire which had for a minute animated me failed; my tongue became confused and feeble; the whole scene whirled and flickered round me, and I sunk exhausted, and in a burning fever, on a seat.

Every one who has suffered fever knows what a fiery trance it is. How long mine had continued I could not guess; when the crisis came, it was favourable, and I awoke, cool and delighted, from a long sweet sleep. That scene I had already witnessed, of sunset through the room beyond, was again before me; the same grey and purple haze hung over the mountain, and the same rich sky from above lit up the river-reaches; the dim old room was warm in the mellow light; the folding-doors stood wide open, but on the steps where the murrer of the whole had stood before, lo! the radiance revelling through her hair; the rich light flushing warm through the outline of her face and neck; the sweet repose of satisfaction and conscious care beaming over her whole countenance; benign and beautiful stood Madeline O'More, her finger on her lips. "She, too, thinks me a spy," I muttered, in the bitterness of my heart, and hid my face upon the pillow. But who can describe my delight when I heard her well-remembered accents murmur beside me, "Oh no, believe me, indeed I do not!" I looked up. She was covered with blushes—I felt them reflected on my own cheek—there was a conscious pause. "Then you do believe that I am what I have told you?" I said at last. "Oh yes! but indeed you must forgive the error," she replied; and readily did I admit its justifiableness, when she went on to tell me that a friend had ridden a long journey to warn them against a person bearing my name, and answering to my appearance, an apostate from their own cause, and a noted spy, who, upon some vague

information of their retreat, had set out with the intention of discovering and betraying them; and that their friend (in whom I at once recognised the priest I had seen her father conduct from the house) had left them but a few minutes before I arrived.

It was now my turn to apologize and explain. She listened, with many pleas of palliation for the indignities I had endured, to my account of my business in Ireland, and the circumstances which had led me to Glen—; but when I came to account for my appearance at Moyabel, her confusion satisfied me that the motive was already known. I felt suddenly conscious of having been dreaming about her: and I knew that a fevered man's dream is his nurse's perquisite: dissimulation, after what I knew and suspected to have passed, would have been as impossible as repugnant. So then and there, among that mellow sunset in the sick chamber, I confessed to her how my whole thoughts had been haunted by her image, since the time when her father had hurried her from the scene of our meeting; how I could not rest while any scheme, how wild soever, promised me even a chance of again beholding her; how this had induced me to snatch at the first opportunity of discovering her, and had brought on that disastrous adventure which had ended in my wound: but that I still endured another, which I feared would prove incurable, if I might not live upon the hope (and I took her hand) of gaining her to be my heart's physician constantly.

Footsteps suddenly sounded in the passage. I released her hand, and she hid her confusion, in a hasty escape through a side-door, just before her father made his appearance at that of the hall. He advanced with a frank expression of pleasure and concern; took his seat by my bedside; congratulated me on the favourable issue of my illness, and repeated those apologies and explanations which his daughter had already made; adding that his first intention had been to detain me prisoner, so that I could have no opportunity of betraying them until their departure for France; but that the moment he had heard my undisguised ravings, he perceived the injustice of which he had been guilty; that Aleck's



speech having returned soon after, (for the poor fellow was so beaten that he could not say a word for three days)—but I have taken good care of him,) another evidence, however unnecessary, was afforded by his declaration; and that, therefore, a messenger was immediately dispatched to Knowehead, with private letters, explaining our situation and its causes, and resting on the honour of my friend for the security of all. The trust had been well reposed: Aleck, who was able to go home in a few days, had come the night before (although returned that morning) with the intelligence of the real spy having applied for information to the old gentleman; but that, loyal subject and zealous protestant as he was, he had given him no more than a civil indication of his door. All this he told with a gratified and grateful air, and left me to a night of happy dreams.

Next morning, however, he came to me, and in a serious, nay severe manner, told me, that as I had divulged the motive which brought me thither in my ravings, he felt it a duty to himself and to me, now that I was established in my recovery, to inform me that, while he forgave my intrusion on a privacy he had already begged me not to break, he must desire that there should be no recurrence of attentions to his daughter, which might distract a heart destined either for the service of a free Catholic in regenerated Ireland, or for that of Heaven in a nunnery.

He had laid his hand upon the table, and it unconsciously rested upon the seals of my watch. "Look," said I, "at these trinkets; I shall tell you what they are, and let them be my answer. That rude silver seal, with the arms and initials, was dug from my father's orchard, along with the bones of his ancestor, who fell there beneath the knives of free Catholics, in —41, a grey-haired man, among the seven bodies of his murdered wife and children. Look again at that curious ring; it was worn by his son, the sole survivor of all that ancient family who escaped, a maimed and famished spectre, out of Derry, after the same party had driven him to eat his sword belt for hunger. Look once again at this more antique locket; it contains the hair of a ma-

ternal ancestor, who perished for the faith among the fagots of Smithfield; and look, here, at my own arm, that wound I received when a child, from the chief of a 'Heart of Steel' banditti, who, under the same banner, lighted our family's escape from rape and massacre, by the flames of their own burning roof-tree; and yet I— I, every drop of whose blood might well cry out for vengeance, when I see these remembrancers of my wrongs in the hands of my wrongs' defender, do yet take that hand, and long to call him father."

I was here interrupted by the sudden entrance of a splashed and wearied messenger: advancing with a military salute, he presented a letter to Mr O'More.—"Pardon me," he said, hastily tearing it open, "this is on a matter of life and death." He read it in great agitation; led the messenger aside; gave some hurried orders; took down his arms from the mantelpiece; and drawing his belt, and fixing in his pistols while he spoke, addressed me:—"Notwithstanding what you have urged, my determination remains unaltered. I must leave Moyabel, for I cannot now say how long: you shall be taken care of in my absence: farewell, sir, farewell." He shook me by the hand, and hurried away. I heard confusion in the house, and thought I could distinguish the sweet voice of Madeline, broken by sobs at his departure. A considerable party seemed to leave the house; for there was a great trampling of horses in the court-yard, and two or three mounted men passed by the windows. At length they were out of hearing, and I determined not to lose another minute of the precious opportunity. My clothes had been brought from Knowehead, and I was so much recovered that I found myself able to rise, and set about dressing immediately. My continental visions of beard were more than realized; and if I failed to produce a shapely moustache, 'twas not for lack of material. With fluttering expectation, I selected the most graceful of the pantaloons; drew on my rings; arrayed myself in the purple velvet slippers, cap, and brocade dressing-gown; took one lingering last look at the little mirror, and descended into the parlour. I drew a

writing-table to me, and penned a long letter to Knowehead; another to Redrigs, and had half-finished a sonnet to Madeline. The day was nearly past, and she had not yet made her appearance.

For the first time the thought struck me, and that with a pang which made me leap to my feet, that she had accompanied her father, and was gone! gone, perhaps, to a nunnery in France! gone, and lost to me for ever! "Hilloa, Peg!" and I thumped the floor with the poker, "Peg, I say! as you would not have me in another fever, come here!" She came to the door: the poor old creature's eyes were swollen and bloodshot: she made a frightened courtesy to me as I stood, the papers crumpled up in one hand, and the poker in the other.—"Peggy, oh, Peggy! where is your young mistress?"

"Save us, your honour! Ye are na weel; sall I fetch you a drap cordial?"

"Your mistress? your mistress? where is your young mistress?"

"Oh, sir, dear! take anither posset, and gang to your bed."

"To the devil I pitch your posset! where is your young mistress? where is Madeline O'More?"

She turned to escape: I leaped forward, and caught her by the shoulder—"Since ye maun ken, then," she screamed, "by God's providence, she's on the saut water wi' the Square, her father." I sank back upon the sofa. "Wha," she continued in a soothing strain, "has left me to take charge o' your honour's head till ye can gang your lane: A' the ithers are awa, but wee Jeanie and mysell; and ye wadna, surely your honour wadna gang to frichten twa lane weemen, by dwamin' awa that gait, and deein' amang their hands? But save us, if there's no auld Knowehead himsell, wi' that bauld sornier, Aleck Lawther, on a sheltie at his heels, trottin' doon the causey!—Jeanie, hoi, Jeanie, rin and open the yett."

I lay back—sick—sick—sick. The old man, booted and spurred, strode in—

"I'm thinkin', Willie, ye ha' catched a cloured head?"

"If I do not catch a strait-waist-coat, sir, it will be the less matter."

"Willie, man," said he, without noticing my comment, "she's weel awa, and you are weel redd—but toss off thae wylie-coats and nightcaps, and lap yoursell up in mensefu' braid-claith; for, donsie as you are, you maun come along wi' me to Knowehead—there's a troop o' dragoons e'en now on Skyboe side, wi' your creditable namesake at their head, and they'll herry Moyabel frae hearth-stane to riggin' before sax hours are gane—best keep frae under a lowin' king-post, and on the outside o' the four wa's o' a pre-vost.—You're no fit to ride, man; and you couldna thole the joltin' o' a wheel-car—but never fear, we'll slip you hame upon a feather-bed—Nae denial, Willie—here, draw on your coat: now, that's somethin' purpose-like—cram thae slim-flans into a poke, my bonny Jean, and fetch me a handkerchief to tie about his head: Come, Willie, take my arm—come awa, come awa."

I was passive in his hands, for I felt as weak as an infant. They wrapped me up in great-coats and blankets, and supported me to the courtyard. I had hardly strength to speak to Aleck, whom I now saw for the first time since the night of his disaster; the poor fellow's face still bore the livid marks of his punishment, but he was active and assiduous as ever. A slide car or slipe—a vehicle something like a Lapland sledge—was covered with bedding in the middle of the square: a cart was just being hurried off, full of loose furniture, with Peggy and Jenny in front. I was placed upon my hurdle, apparently as little for this world as if Tyburn had been its destination: Knowehead and Aleck mounted their horses; took the reins of that which drew me at either side, and hauled me off at a smart trot along the smooth turf of the grass-grown causeway. The motion was sliding and agreeable, except on one occasion, when we had to take a few perches of the highway in crossing the river; but when we struck off into the green horse-track again, and began to rise and sink upon the ridges of the broad lea, I could have compared my humble litter to the knight's horses, which felt like proud seas under them. From the sample I had had of that part of the country on

the night of the flood, I had anticipated a "confused march forlorn, through bogs, caves, fens, lakes, dens, and shades of death," but was agreeably surprised to see the Longslap Moss a simple stripe along the water's edge, lying dark in the deepening twilight, a full furlong from our path, which, instead of weltering through the soaked and spongy flats that I had expected, wound dry and mossy up the gentle slope of a smooth green hill; so that, although the night closed in upon us ere half our journey was completed, we arrived at Knowehead without farther accident than one capsizel, (the beauty of slipping consists in the impossibility of breaks down,) and so far from being the worse of my "sail," I felt actually stronger than on leaving the Grange; nevertheless I was put to bed, where I continued for a week.

Next day brought intelligence of the wrecking of *Moyabel* in the search for the rebel general and the sick Frenchman: Our measures had been so well taken, however, that no suspicion attached itself to Knowehead. I learned from Peggy, so soon as her lamentations subsided, that Mr O'More was a south country gentleman, who had married her master's sister, and that Madeline was his only child; that this had been his first visit to the north since the death of his lady, which had taken place at her brother's house, but that *Moyabel* had long been the resort of his friends and emissaries. The old woman left Knowehead that night, and I learned no more; for Jenny (who remained with Miss Janet) had been so busy with her care of Aleck during his illness, and afterwards so unwell herself, that she knew nothing more than I.

Another week completely re-established me in my strength; but the craving that had never left me since the last sight of Madeline, kept me still restless and impatient. Meanwhile Aleck's courtship had ripened in the golden sun of matrimony, and the wedding took place on the next Monday morning. He was a favourite with all at Knowehead, and the event was celebrated by a dance of all the young neighbours. After witnessing the leaping and flinging in the barn for half an hour, I retired to

Miss Janet's parlour, where I was lolling away the evening on her high-backed sofa, along with the old gentleman, who, driven from his capitol in the kitchen by the bustle of the day, had installed himself in the unwonted state of an embroidered arm-chair beside me. We were projecting a grand coursing campaign before I should leave the country, and listening to the frequent bursts of merriment from the barn and kitchen, when little Davie came in to tell his master that "Paul Ingram was speerin' gain he wad need ony tay, or brendy, or prime pigtail, or Virginney leaf."

"I do not just approve of Paul's line of trade," observed the old man, turning to me; "for I'm thinking his commodities come oftener frae the smuggler's cave than the King's store; but he's a merry deevil, Paul, and has picked up a braw hantle o' mad ballads ae place and another; some frae Glen—here, some frae Galloway, some frae the Isle o' Man, and some queer lingos he can sing, that he says he learned frae the Frenchmen."

A sudden thought struck me. "I will go out and get him to sing some to me, sir."—"Is Rab Halliday there, Davie?" enquired he.

"Oh aye, sir," said Davie; "it's rantin' Rab that ye hear roarin' e'en noo."

"Weel, tell him, Davie, that here's Mr William, wha has learned to speel Parnassus by a step-ladder, has come to hear the sang he made about my grandmither's wooin'."

Accordingly Davie ushered me to the kitchen. I could distinguish through the reaming fumes of liquor and tobacco about half a dozen carousers; they were chorusing at the full stretch of their lungs the song of a jolly fellow in one corner, who, nodding, winking, and flourishing his palms, in that state of perfect bliss "that good ale brings men to," was lilting up

"Till the house be rinnin' round about,  
It's time enough to flit;  
When we fell, we aye gat up again,  
And sae will we yet!"

This was ranting Rab Halliday—they all rose at my entrance; but being able to make myself at home in all companies, I had little difficul-

ty in soon restoring them to their seats and jollity; while Davie signified what was to him intelligible of his master's wishes, to the tuneful ranter. Rab, after praying law for

any lack of skill that might be detected by my learning, sang with great humour the following verses, which he entitled

### THE CANNY COURTSHIP.

YOUNG Redrigs walks where the sunbeams fa' ;  
He sees his shadow slant up the wa'—  
Wi' shouthers sae braid, and wi' waist sae sma',  
Guid faith he's a proper man !  
He cocks his cap, and he streaks out his briest ;  
And he steps a step like a lord at least ;  
And he cries like the deevil to saddle his beast,  
And aff to court he's gaun.

The Laird o' Largy is far frae hame,  
But his dochter sits at the quiltin' frame,  
Kamin' her hair wi' a siller kame,  
In mony a gowden ban' :  
Bauld Redrigs louns frae his blawin' horse,  
He prees her mou' wi' a freesome force—  
" Come take me, Nelly, for better for worse,  
To be your ain guidman."

" I'll no be harried like bumbee's byke—  
I'll no be handled unleddy like—  
I winna hae ye, ye worryin' tyke,  
The road ye came gae 'lang !"  
He loupit on wi' an awsome snort,  
He bang'd the fire frae the flinty court ;  
He's aff and awa in a snorin' sturt,  
As hard as he can whang.

It's doon she sat when she saw him gae,  
And a' that she could do or say,  
Was—" O ! and alack ! and a well-a-day !  
I've lost the best guidman !"  
But if she was wae, it's he was wud ;  
He garr'd them a' frae his road to scud ;  
But Glowerin' Sam gied thud for thud,  
And then to the big house ran.

The Glowerer ran for the kitchen door ;  
Bauld Redrigs hard at his heels, be sure,  
He's wallop'd him roun' and roun' the floor,  
As wha but Redrigs can ?  
Then Sam he louns to the dresser shelf—  
" I daur ye wallop my leddy's delf ;  
I daur ye break but a single skelf  
Frae her cheeny bowl, my man !"

But Redrigs' bluid wi' his hand was up,  
He'd lay them neither for crock nor cup,  
He play'd awa' wi' his cuttin' whup,  
And doon the dishes dang ;  
He clatter'd them doon, sir, raw by raw ;  
The big anes foremost, and syne the sma' ;  
He came to the cheeny cups last o' a'—  
They glanced wi' gowd sae thrang !

Then bonny Nelly came skirlin' butt;  
Her twa white arms roun' his neck she put—  
"O Redrigs, dear, hae ye tint your wut?"

Are ye quite and clean gane wrang?  
O spare my teapot! O spare my jug!  
O spare, O spare my posset-mug!  
And I'll let ye kiss, and I'll let ye hug,  
Dear Redrigs, a' day lang."

"Forgie, forgie me, my beauty bright!  
Ye are my Nelly, my heart's delight;  
I'll kiss and I'll hug ye day and night,  
If alang wi' me ye'll gang."

"Fetch out my pillion, fetch out my cloak,  
You'll heal my heart if my bowl you broke."

These words, whilk she to her bridegroom spoke,  
Are the endin' o' my sang.

I got this copy of his song since, else I could not have recollected it from that hearing; for I was too impatient to put the plan into execution for which I had come out, to attend even to this immortalizing of an ancestor.

I knew Ingram at once by his blue jacket, and the corkscrews which bobbed over each temple as he nodded and swayed his head to the flourishes of "the gaberlunzie man," (the measure which Halliday had chosen for his words;) so when the song was finished, and I had drank a health to Robin's muse, I stepped across to where he sat, and said I wished to speak with him alone. He put down his jug of punch, and followed me into my own room. I closed the door and told him, that, as I understood him to be in the Channel trade, I applied to know if he could put me on any expeditious conveyance to the coast of France. "Why, sir," said he, "I could give you a cast myself in our own tight thing, the Saucy Sally, as far as Douglas or the Calf; and for the rest of the trip, why there's our consort, the Little Sweep, that will be thereabouts this week, would run you up, if it would lie in your way, as far as Guernsey, or, if need be, to Belle Isle." "Belle Isle!" repeated I, with a start; for the words of O'More to the priest came suddenly upon my recollection. "Has any boat left this coast or that of Man for Belle Isle within the last fortnight?" "Not a keel, sir; there's ne'er a boat just now in the Channel that could do it but herself—they call her the Deil-sweep, sir, among the revenue sharks; for that's all that they could ever make of her.

She is the only boat, sir, as I have said, and if so be you are a gentleman in distress, you will not be the only one that will have cause to trust to her—but, d—n it, (he muttered,) these women—well, what of that?—Mayn't I lend a hand to save a fine fellow for all that?—but harkye, brother, this is all in confidence."

"Your confidence shall not be abused," whispered I, hardly able to breathe for eager hope—the female passengers—the desire for exclusion—the only boat that fortnight, all confirmed me. "Mr O'More and I are friends; fear neither for him nor yourself; let me only get first on board, and I can rough it all night on deck, as many a time I've done before: his daughter and her woman can have your cabin to themselves." It was a bold guess, but all right; he gaped at me for a minute in dumb astonishment; then closing one hand upon the earnest which I here slipped into it, drew the other across his eyes, as if to satisfy himself that he was not dreaming, and in a respectful tone informed me that they intended sailing on the next night from Cairn Castle shore. "We take the squire up off Island Magee, sir; he has been lying to on the look-out for us there for the last ten days; so that if you want to bear a hand in getting the young lady aboard, it will be all arranged to your liking."

During this conversation, my whole being underwent a wonderful change; from the collapsing sickness of bereavement, I felt my heart and limbs expand themselves under the delightful enlargement of this new spring of hope: I shook Ingram by the hand, led him back to the kitchen,

and returned to the old man with a step so elated, and with such a kindling of animation over my whole appearance, that he exclaimed, in high glee, "Heard ye ever sic verses at Oxford, Willie? Odd! man, Rab Halliday is as good as a dozen o' Janet's possets for ye; I'll hach him here again to sing to ye the morn's e'en."

"He is a very pleasant fellow—a very pleasant fellow, indeed, sir; but I fear I shall not be able to enjoy his company to-morrow night, as I purpose taking my passage for the Isle of Man in Ingram's boat."—"Nonsense, Willie, nonsense; ye wadna make ye'rsell 'hail, billy, weel met,' wi' gal'ows-birds and vagabonds—though, as for Paul himself!"—"My dear sir, you know I have my passport, and need not care for the reputation of my hired servants; besides, sir, you know how fond I am of excitement of all sorts, and the rogue really sings so well!"

"That he does, Willie. Weel, weel—he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar!" and so saying, he lifted up his candle and marched off the field without another blow.

Ingram and I started next evening about four o'clock, attended by little Davie, who was to bring back the horse I rode next day; Ingram, whose occupation lay as much on land as sea, was quite at home on his rough sheltie, which carried also a couple of little panniers at either side of the pommel, well-primed with samples of his contraband commodities. We arrived a little after night-fall in Larne, where we left Davie with the horses, while Ingram, having disposed of his pony, joined me on foot, and we set off by the now bright light of the moon along the hills for Cairn Castle.

During the first three or four miles of our walk, he entertained me with abundance of songs echoed loud and long across the open mountain; but when we descended from it towards the sea, we both kept silence and a sharp look-out over the unequal and bleak country between. We now got among low clumpy hills and furzy gullies; and had to pick our steps through loose scattered lumps of rock, which were lying all round us white in the clear moonshine, like flocks of sheep upon the hill-side. The wind was off the shore, and we

did not hear the noise of the water till, at the end of one ravine, we turned the angular jut of a low promontory, and beheld the image of the moon swinging in its still swell at our feet.

Ingram whistled, and was answered from the shore a little farther on; he stepped out a few paces in advance and led forward; presently I saw a light figure glide out of the shadow in front and approach us.

"Vell, mine Apostóle Paul, vat news of the Ephesiens?"

"All right, Munsher Martin, and here is another passenger."

He whispered something, and the little Frenchman touched his hat with an air; and expressed, in a compound of Norman-French, Manx, and English, the great pleasure he had in doing a service to the illustrious cavalier, the friend of liberty. Hearing a noise in front, I looked up and discerned the light spar of a mast peeping over an intervening barrier of rock; we wound round it, and on the other side found a cutter-rigged boat of about eighteen tons hauled close to the natural quay, with her mainsail set and flapping heavily in the night wind. Here we met another seaman. In ten minutes we were under way; the smooth groundswell running free and silent from our quarter, and the boat laying herself out with an easy speed, as she caught the breeze freshening over the lower coast. The Saucy Sally was a half-decked cutter, (built for a pleasure-boat in Guernsey,) and a tight thing, as Ingram had said. I did not go into the cabin, which occupied all the fore-castle, but wrapping myself in my cloak; lay down along the stern-sheets, and feigned to be asleep, for I was so excited by the prospect of meeting Madeline, that I could no longer join in the conversation of the crew. In about half an hour I heard them say that we were in sight of Island Magee, and rising, beheld it dark over our weather-bows; I went forward and continued on the fore-castle in feverish impatience as we neared it; the breeze stiffened as we opened Larne Lough, and the Saucy Sally tossed two or three sprinklings of cold spray over my shoulders, but I shook the water from my cloak and resumed my look-out. At last we were within a quarter of a mile of

the coast, and a light appeared right opposite; we showed another and lay to; with a fluttering heart I awaited the approach of a boat; twice I fancied I saw it distinguish itself from the darkness of the coast, and twice I felt the blank recoil of disappointment; at last it did appear, dipping distinct from among the rocks and full of people; they neared us; my heart leapt at every jog of their oars in the loose thewels; for I could now plainly discern two female figures, two boatmen, and a muffled man in the stern. All was now certain; they shot alongside, laid hold of the gunnel, and I heard O'More's voice call on Ingram to receive the lady; I could hardly conceal my agitation as she was lifted on deck, but had no power to advance; Nancy followed, and O'More himself leaped third on deck—the boat shoved off, the helmsman let the cutter's head away, the mainsail filled, and we stood out to sea.

Here I was then, and would be for four-and-twenty hours at the least, by the side of her whom a little time before I would have given years of my life to have been near but for a minute; yet, with an unaccountable irresolution, I still delayed, nay, shrunk, from the long-sought interview. It was not till her father had gone into the little cabin to arrange it for her reception, and had closed the door between us, that I ventured from my hiding-place behind the foresail, and approached her where she stood gazing mournfully over the boat's side at the fast passing shores of her country. I whispered her name; she knew my voice at the first syllable, and turned in amazed delight; but the flush of pleasure which lit up her beautiful features as I clasped her hand, had hardly dawned ere it was chased by the rising paleness of alarm. I comforted her by assurances of eternal love, and vowed to follow her to the ends of the earth in despite of every human power. We stood alone; for two sailors were with O'More and the girl in the cabin, and the third, having lashed the tiller to, was fixing something forward. We stood alone I cannot guess how long—time is short, but the joy of those moments has been everlasting. We exchanged vows of mutual affection and

constancy, and I had sealed our blessed compact with a kiss, witnessed only by the moon and stars, when the cabin-door opened, and her father stood before me. I held out my hand, and accosted him with the free confidence of a joyful heart. The severe light of the moon sharpened his strong features into startling expression, as he regarded me for a second with mingled astonishment and vexation. He did not seem to notice my offered hand, but saying something in a low, cold tone about the unexpected pleasure, turned to the steersman, and demanded fiercely why he had not abided by his agreement? The sailor, quailing before the authoritative tone and aspect of his really noble-looking questioner, began an exculpatory account of my having been brought thither by Ingram, to whom he referred.

Bold Paul was beginning with "Looke, Squire, I'm master of this same craft," when I interrupted him by requesting that he would take his messmates to the bows, and leave the helm with me, as I wished to explain the matter myself in private. He consigned his soul, in set terms, to the devil, if any other man than myself should be allowed to make a priest's palaver-box of the Saucy Sally, and sulkily retired, rolling his quid with indefatigable energy, and squirting jets of spittle half-mast high.

O'More almost pushed the reluctant Madeline into the cabin, closed the door, and addressed me.—"To what motive am I to attribute your presence here, Mr Macdonnell?"

"To one which I am proud to avow, the desire of being near the object of my sole affections, your lovely daughter; as well, sir, as from a hope that I may still be able to overcome those objections which you once expressed."

He pointed over the boat's side to the black piled precipices of the shore, as they stood like an iron wall looming along the weather-beam.—"Look there, sir; look at the Bloody Gobbins, and hear me—When a setting moon shall cease to fling the mourning of their shadows over the graves of my butchered ancestors, and when a rising sun shall cease to bare before abhorring Christendom"—

"Luff, sir, luff," cried Ingram, from the forecastle.

"Come aft yourself, Paul," I replied in despair and disgust.

O'More retired to the cabin bulk-head, and leaned against the door, without completing his broken vow. Ingram took the helm, and I sat down in silence. Paul saw our unpleasant situation, and ceasing to remember his own cause for ill-humour, strove to make us forget ours. He talked with a good deal of tact, but with little success, for the next half hour. O'More remained stern and black as the Gobbins themselves, now rapid-

ly sinking astern, while the coast of Island Magee receded into the broad Lough of Belfast upon our quarter. The moon was still shining with unabated lustre, and we could plainly discern the bold outline of the hills beyond; while the coast of Down and the two Copelands lay glistening in grey obscure over our starboard bow. No sail was within sight; we had a stiff breeze with a swinging swell from the open bay; and as the cutter lay down and shewed the glimmer of the water's edge above her gunnel, the glee of the glorying sailor burst out in song.

Haul away, haul away, down helm, I say;  
Slacken sheets, let the good boat go.—  
Give her room, give her room for a spanking boom;  
For the wind comes on to blow—

(Haul away!)

For the wind comes on to blow,  
And the weather-beam is gathering gloom,  
And the scud flies high and low.

Lay her out, lay her out, till her timbers stout,  
Like a wrestler's ribs, reply

To the glee, to the glee of the bending tree,  
And the crowded canvass high—

(Lay her out!)

And the crowded canvass high;  
Contending, to the water's shout,  
With the champion of the sky.

Carry on, carry on; reef none, boy, none;  
Hang her out on a stretching sail:  
Gunnel in, gunnel in! for the race we'll win,  
While the land-lubbers so pale—

(Carry on!)

While the land-lubbers so pale  
Are fumbling at their points, my son,  
For fear of the coming gale!

All but O'More joined in the chorus of the last stanza, and the bold burst of harmony was swept across the water like a defiance to the eastern gale. Our challenge was accepted. "Howsomever," said Ingram, after a pause, and running his glistening eye along the horizon, "as we are not running a race, there will be no harm in taking in a handful or two of our cloth this morning; for the wind is chopping round to the north, and I would'nt wonder to hear Sculmarten's breakers under our lee before sunrise."

"And a black spell we will have till then, for when the moon goes down you may stop your fingers in your eyes for starlight," observed the other sailor, as he began to slacken

down the peak halliards; while they brought the boat up and took in one reef in the mainsail; but the word was still "helm a larboard," and the boat's head had followed the wind round a whole quarter of the compass within the next ten minutes. We went off before the breeze, but it continued veering round for the next hour; so that when we got fairly into the Channel, the predictions of the seamen were completely fulfilled; for the moon had set, the wind was from the east, and a hurrying drift had covered all the sky.

We stood for the north of Man; but the cross sea, produced by the shifting of the wind, which was fast rising to a gale, buffeted us with such contrary shocks, that after beating



through it almost till the break of day, we gave up the hope of making Nesshead, and, altering our course, took in another reef, and ran for the Calf.

But the gale continued to increase; we pitched and plunged to no purpose; the boat was going bows in at every dip, and the straining of her timbers as she stooped out to every stretch, told plainly that we must either have started planks or an altered course again. The sailors, after some consultation, agreed on putting about; and, for reasons best known to themselves, pitched upon Strangford Lough as their harbour of refuge. Accordingly we altered our course once more, and went off before the wind. Day broke as we were still toiling ten miles from the coast of Down. The grey dawn shewed a black pile of clouds overhead, gathering bulk from rugged masses which were driving close and rapid from the east. By degrees the coast became distinct from the lowering sky; and at last the sun rose lurid and large above the weltering waters. It was ebb tide, and I represented that Strangford bar at such a time was peculiarly dangerous in an eastern gale; nevertheless the old sailor who was now at the helm insisted on standing for it. When we were yet a mile distant, I could distinguish the white horses running high through the black trembling strait, and hear the tumult of the breakers over the dashing of our own bows. Escape was impossible; we could never beat to sea in the teeth of such a gale; over the bar we must go, or founder. We took in the last reef, hauled down our jib, and, with ominous faces, saw ourselves in ten minutes more among the cross seas and breakers.

The waters of a wide estuary running six miles an hour, and meeting the long roll of the Channel, might well have been expected to produce a dangerous swell; but a spring-tide combining with a gale of wind, had raised them at flood to an extraordinary height, and the violence of their discharge exceeded our anticipations accordingly. We had hardly encountered the first two or three breakers, when Ingram was staggered from the forecabin by the buffet of a counter sea, which struck us orward just as the regular swell

caught us astern; the boat heeled almost on her beam ends, and he fell over the cabin door into the hold; the man at the helm was preparing for the tack as he saw his messmate's danger, and started forward to save him: he was too late; the poor fellow pitched upon his head and shoulders among the ballast; at the same instant the mainsail caught the wind, the boom swung across, and striking the helmsman on the back of the neck, swept him half overboard, where he lay doubled across the gunnel, with his arms and head dragging through the water, till I hauled him in. He was stunned and nearly scalped by the blow. Ingram lay moaning and motionless; the boat was at the mercy of the elements, while I stretched the poor fellows side by side at our feet. I had now to take the helm, for the little Frenchman was totally ignorant of the coast; he continued to hand the main-sheet; and O'More, who all night long had been sitting in silence against the cabin bulkhead, leaped manfully upon the forecabin and stood by the tackle there. We had now to put the boat upon the other tack, for the tide made it impossible to run before the wind. O'More belayed his sheet, and, as the cutter lay down again, folded his arms and leaned back on the weather bulwark, balancing himself with his feet against the skylight.

The jabble around us was like the seething of a caldron; for the waves boiled up all at once, and ran in all directions. I was distracted by their universal assault, and did not observe the heaviest and most formidable of all, till it was almost down upon our broadside. I put the helm hard down, and shouted with all my might to O'More—"Stand by for a sea, sir, lay hold, lay hold." It was too late. I could just prevent our being swamped, by withdrawing our quarter from the shock, when it struck us on the weather-bows, where he stood: it did not break. Our hull was too small an obstacle: it swept over the forecabin as the stream leaps a pebble, stove in the bulwark, lifted him right up, and launched him on his back, with his feet against the foresail: the foresail stood the shock a moment, and he grappled to it, while we were swept on in the rush, like a sparrow in the clutches of a hawk; but the weight

of water bore all before it—the sheets were torn from the deck, the sail flapped up above the water, and I saw him tossed from its edge over the lee-bow. The mainsail hid him for a moment; he reappeared, sweeping astern at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. He was striking out, and crying for a rope; there was no rope at hand, and all the loose spars had been stowed away: He could not be saved. I have said that the sun had just risen: between us and the east his rays shone through the tops of the higher waves with a pale and livid light; as O'More drifted into these, his whole agonized figure rose for a moment dusk in the transparent water, then disappeared in the hollow beyond; but at our next plunge I saw him heaved up again, struggling dim amid the green gloom of an overwhelming sea. An agonizing cry behind me made me turn my head. "O save him, save him! turn the boat, and save him! O William, as you love me, save my father!" It was Madeline, frantic for grief, stumbling over, and unconsciously treading on the wounded men, as she rushed from the cabin, and cast herself upon her knees before me. I raised my eyes to heaven, praying for support; and though the clouds rolled, and the gale swept between, strength was surely sent me from above; for what save heavenly help could have subdued that fierce despair, which, at the first sight of the complicated agonies around, had prompted me to abandon hope, blaspheme, and die? I raised her gently but firmly in my arms; drew her, still struggling and screaming wild entreaties, to my breast, and not daring to trust myself with a single look at her imploring eyes, fixed my own upon the course we had to run, and never swerved from my severe determination, till the convulsive sobs had ceased to shake her breast upon mine, and I had felt the warm gush of her relieving tears instead; then my stern purpose melted, and, bending over the desolate girl, I murmured, "Weep no more, my Madeline, for, by the blessing of God, I will be a father and a brother to you yet!" Blessed be he who heard my holy vow!—when I looked up again we were in the smooth water.

Drenched, numbed, and dripping all with the cold spray, one borne senseless and bloody in his messmate's arms, we climbed the quay of Strangford: the threatened tempest was bursting in rain and thunder; but our miserable plight had attracted a sympathizing crowd. No question was asked of who? or whence? by a generous people, to wounded and wearied men and helpless women; till there pressed through the ring of bystanders a tall fellow, with a strong expression of debasement and desperate impudence upon his face, that seemed to say, "Infamy, you have done your worst." He demanded our names and passports, and arrested us all in the king's name, almost in the same breath. I struck him in the face with my fist, and kicked him into the kennel. No one attempted to lift him; but he scrambled to his feet, with denunciations of horrible revenge. He was hustled about by the crowd till he lost temper, and struck one of them. He had now rather too much work upon his hands to admit of a too close attention to us: three or four persons stepped forward and offered us protection.

Ingram and the other wounded sailor were taken off, along with the Frenchman, by some of their own associates; while a respectable and benevolent looking man addressed me, "I am a Protestant, sir, and an Orangeman; but put these ladies under my protection, and you will not repent your confidence; for, next to the Pope, I love to defeat an infidel;" and he pointed with a smile to our arrester, who was just measuring his length upon the pavement.

"Is his name Macdonnell?" asked I.

"The same, sir," he replied; "but come away with me before he gets out of my Thomas's hands, and I will put your friends out of the reach of his."

I shall never be able to repay the obligation I owe to this good man, who received Miss O'More, with her attendant, into the bosom of his family, till I had arranged her journey to the house of a female relative, whence, after a decent period of mourning, our marriage permitted me to bear her to my own.

## AMERICAN POETRY.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

If it be seldom safe for one man to dislike, despise, or disparage another, it must always be dangerous for one nation so to regard or judge another nation, since the causes are then more numerous, and also more subtle in their workings, by which both feeling and reason may be perniciously biassed, in the formation of sentiments permanently cherished by people towards people, state towards state.

It is hard to know one's own heart, scarcely possible to know another's; and yet how rash are we, one and all, in attributing characters to individuals on imperfect knowledge even of their outward lives, in utter ignorance of their inner spirits! From certain circumstances in which we suppose we see them placed, but without understanding what produced that condition, and from a certain course of conduct which we suppose that we perceive them to pursue, but without any acquaintance with their multifarious motives, we too often confidently pass sentence on their duties and deserts, classing them in different orders of moral and intellectual worth, as we vainly believe, too, according to the commands of our conscience. But conscience, though stern and unrelenting in self-judgment, is not so when seeking to see into the impulses of the souls of our brethren; and is then indeed the sister of charity. She tells us to be less wary in bestowing our praise than our blame, our love than our hate, and that in the light of goodwill we shall ever most clearly see the truth.

A very moderate experience, if accompanied with very moderate reflection, might suffice, one would think, to shew us that we cannot otherwise be just. A holy caution is indeed one of the most conspicuous characteristics of that feeling and faculty within us that judges right and wrong; and we must not grant to "well-meaning people," as the weak and narrow-minded are too often called, the privilege of trying and testing and deciding all human con-

duct by reference solely to what may happen to be the habitual prejudices and bigotries of their own understandings, uninstructed and unenlightened by that large, that universal sympathy, without which there can be neither virtue nor wisdom.

Such errors, however, pass unheeded by, often with little visible injury done, in the narrow circles of private life, haunted, as they are, by too many foolish fancies and absurd surmises, whispered in the idle and empty talk of that confidential gossiping, which, not contented with the imaginary evil it condemns, is restless till it has created a seeming reality out of mere report, and infused perhaps a drop of pestilential poison into the otherwise harmless air of rumour, that circles round the dwelling of unsuspecting innocence.

How much wilful misunderstanding and misrepresentation of character and conduct do we see and hear every day, in the case of different professions! The soldier thinks the clergyman a hypocrite, because he wears a black coat; and the clergyman thinks the soldier a profligate, because he wears a red one; the cloth is thought to colour the character even to the very eye; and there is a mutual repulsion between those who by nature may be kindred and congenial spirits.

A more commonplace observation than the above, never trickled from grey-goose quill; and on that account we let it trickle from ours; for extend the spirit of it from trades and professions, each of which hangs together like a small commonwealth, and is composed of a peculiar people, to kingdoms separated by seas, and each swarming with its own life, and then you will find mighty nations regarding each other with just the same sort of feelings; millions, when leagued together under different laws and institutions, as blindly and senselessly ignorant of other millions, as Mrs Grundy of the real character of Mrs Tomkins.

It is right that every people should

have its own national character, and the more strongly marked the better, for in such separation there is strength. But it is also right that each people should have large sympathies with the national character of all the rest. We speak of the good or the great;—and all are either the one or the other, who, with some vices, possess any strong and distinguishing virtues. But to have such large sympathies, there must be knowledge; and to have knowledge, we must scatter to the winds that visit us from afar, all such of our home-born and home-bred prejudices and bigotries as blind us to the perception of the same qualities in which we find our own pride and delight, when they exist in novel forms and combinations and habits in the character of the natives of other isles or continents, whether of alien, or of our own blood. If alien, to do so may be more difficult; if our own, not to do so is more mean—or base—or wicked, and now we are brought to the point—shall Englishmen and Scotchmen suffer themselves to be divided in soul, more than by seas, from their brethren the Americans—by the sullen swell or angry billows of animosity and hatred, more perilous far than all the storms that sweep the bosom of the wide Atlantic?

We are the children of one mother. Not merely of old mother Earth, though in all cases that consideration should be sufficient to inspire mutual love into the hearts of her offspring; but of the Island of the Enlightened Free: and never shall we believe that great nations can help loving one another, who exult in the glory of the same origin. Many passions may burn in their hearts, as they follow the career assigned them by fate, that shall seem to set them at war. Jealously may they regard one another in the pride of their ambition. Should their mightier interests clash, fierce will be the conflict. But if these may be pursued and preserved in peace, there will be a grandeur in the guarded calm with which they regard each other in power, and mutual pride, we may be well assured, in mutual prosperity. They—our colonies—thought themselves oppressed, enslaved, and they resolved to be free. We resolved to put

them down as rebels. We fought and—they conquered. We were met by our own might—and need Old England be ashamed that New England triumphed? They grudged not afterwards—though they must have envied—our victories over our and Europe's foes, at Trafalgar, Talavera, and Waterloo. Ask them, the Americans, what nation of the Old World they love best, and that stands highest in their proud esteem? The nation from whose loins they sprung. Alfred, Bruce, and Washington, were our three great deliverers.

There is great grandeur in the origin of the civil polity of the Americans—in its sudden and strong establishment; and it is destined, we doubt not, to long duration, and a vast accumulation of power—a boundless empire.

The growth of the human race, in the course of nature, shews us first a family, then a tribe consisting of many kindred families, then a nation consisting of many kindred tribes. We find in the world several nations spread to a considerable extent by this natural diffusion; but in that case, the degree of union among the different tribes seems very loose, and not sufficient to prevent internal wars. Thus in Europe, in its primitive state, the Celtic, the German, and the Slavonic nations, have extended to great numbers, occupying wide countries; and the old remembrances of consanguinity, marked in speech, and in external appearance, with some community of usages, has maintained a loose union among them. In Asia, some of the great Tartar nations, and the Arabs also, offer similar examples, having remained till this day free from admixture of blood. These shew how the traces of the primitive origination of political society may remain indelibly impressed upon it, through the longest succession of time.

But to form larger, and yet strongly cemented states, other principles have been necessary, and have been employed by nature—chiefly these two, voluntary Confederacy under a common head, and Conquest.

Of the permanent states, that have been formed at any time by voluntary Confederacy, the examples are not numerous, though some of them

are not without splendour in the history of the world. In Italy, the Etrurian state appears to have been so formed, and it made great progress in early civilisation. Its union, too, was of considerable duration. Among the Greeks we find different occasional leagues, but none that could be called durable, except the union of the twelve Ionic cities in Asiatic Greece, a defensive league which was managed by a diet of deputies from the different towns. This, however, could not be said to constitute a state or community, since each remained governed by its own independent laws. The Amphictyonic Council, in which the delegates of the principal states of Greece itself met to deliberate on questions of common interest, may indeed be considered as such a union, but of an imperfect kind. It shewed a tendency to such combination, and how strongly the sense of a certain natural bond of union remains among those who still retain in language and usages the evidence of ancient consanguinity, since Greece, split into a hundred states, and divided by restless and fierce hostilities, still acknowledged herself as one whole, still revered that union which had been indelibly impressed upon her by the hand of nature. Among the leagues formed for temporary purposes, but which still bear evidence to the strongly-felt recognition of a natural union not to be abolished, must not be forgotten that which guarded her liberty and her rising glories, and which, alike by its own heroic splendour, and by the great deliverance it wrought, can never be separated from the remembrance of her deathless renown,—that warlike league of peace which purified with the blood of her invaders the soil which their feet had polluted, when the spear of liberty dashed barbaric hosts, and earth and sea, spread with the slain of his routed nations, justified the prophetic tears of the Persian king.

In modern Europe there are some instances of such unions by voluntary compact, which are remarkable as having given birth to states firmly knit, and of long endurance; though not of great magnitude. Such was the Confederacy of the Cantons of Switzerland; a league, in the first

instance, of defence and deliverance, and which for centuries was as sacredly maintained, as it was heroically begun. The State of the United Provinces was such a league; giving rise to a well-cemented political community, which, on different accounts, has made itself a name among the nations of Europe. The Empire of Germany is to be considered as the most illustrious example known to us of such an union; yet its history shews that that union, as it was more extended, was less strong. But look now at that part of America which was colonized from this country, offering a magnificent instance, to be distinguished from all others, of a defensive league terminating in the establishment of a glorious confederated State. If it should be able permanently to maintain its union, (which we do not doubt,) it will shew that, in advanced civilisation, it is possible for man to effect by deliberate political prudence that object, which, in early ages, nature has accomplished by far more violent means, of which the most cruel is conquest,—the establishment of defensive and well-united States.

That a great nation thus arising should have established a very different form of government indeed, from that under which its "Pilgrim Fathers" and their ancestors had lived, was inevitable; and much modified, doubtless, must now be the original European character of the race by the influence of the spirit of all its new institutions. But its essence is the same; and the freedom enjoyed by the citizens of that young Republic is to our eyes nearly identical with that in which we have so long gloried with permitted pride under an old Monarchy. Ours may be violently destroyed by sudden revolution; theirs may by slower change be gradually subdued; but true patriots in both great lands would be equally averse, we think, to dismiss from remembrance the manner in which arose each majestic edifice of power, and fear that any other innovation than that of nature and time might prove, in the event, irreparable ruin and total overthrow.

The Americans, I understand, we know, at the infatuation of our rulers; nor, devoted as they are to their

own form of government, can the more enlightened and generous among them help feeling sorrow to see the danger that threatens ours. This conviction, which they have not hesitated to confess, proves their sympathy with our love and pride in our own constitution, and that there is a community of highest feeling, in spite of the opposite nature of our politics, among the most enlightened lovers of their country, on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, on whose waters now meet in amity their saluting sails. May that amity be never broken nor disturbed; and by what other means may it be so strongly and sacredly preserved and secured, as by the mutual interchange and encouragement of all those pure and high thoughts—those “fancies chaste and noble,” which genius brings to light into one common literature, eloquent in the same speech that, for so many centuries, has been made glorious by the loftiest conceptions of the greatest of the children of men? No treaties of peace so sacred as those ratified in a common tongue; and the tongue we speak, already known more widely over the world than any other, (we do not include the Chinese,) is manifestly destined to communicate Christianity to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The treasures of our literature have been widely spread, and are every year spreading more widely over America; and theirs is winning its way among us, and indeed all over Europe. It is delightful to see how the spirit of ours is every where interfused through theirs, without overpowering that originality of thought and sentiment which must belong to the mind of a young people, but which, among those who own a common origin, is felt rather by indescribable differences in the cast and colour of the imagery employed, than discerned in any peculiar forms or moulds in which the compositions are cast.

In political, in moral, and in physical science, the Americans have done as much as could have been reasonably expected from a people earnestly engaged, with all their powers and passions, in constituting themselves into one of the great communities of civilized men. Of every other people

the progress has been slow to any considerable height of power and extent of dominion; and imagination accompanying them all the way from obscurity to splendour, a literature has always grown up along with their growing strength, and sometimes its excellence has been consummate, before the character of their civil polity had been consolidated, or settled down into the stead-fastness belonging to the maturity of its might. But soon as her limbs were free to move obedient to her own will alone, America was at once a great country; there are no great and distant eras in her history, all connected together by traditionary memories embalmed in the voice of song. Her poets had to succeed her statesmen, and her orators, and her warriors; and their reign is only about to begin. The records of the nation are short but bright; and their destinies must be farther unrolled by time, ere bards be born to consecrate, in lyric or epic poetry, the events imagination loves. Now, her poets must be inspired by Hope rather than by Memory, who was held of old to be Mother of the Muses. They must look forward to the future, not backward to the past; and the soul of genius from that mystic clime may be met by the airs of inspiration. True, that the history of the human race lies open before them, as before the poets of other lands; but genius always begins with its native soil, and draws from it its peculiar character. Most of Sir Walter's immortal romances regard his own country—Wordsworth could have been born only in England. His Sonnets to Liberty are all over English, though they celebrate her virtues and her triumphs in all lands; his Ecclesiastical Sonnets could only have been breathed by a spirit made holy alike by the humble calm of the chapel not much larger than a Bowderstone, like that of Wastdale, and by the lofty awe of such a cathedral as that of Salisbury, or of York Minster itself, by twilight obscurely glimmering like some mysterious mountain. Genius, in America, must keep to America, to achieve any great work. Cooper has done so, and taken his place among the most powerful of the imaginative spirits of the age. Wash-

ington Irving did so in early life, and was likewise eminently successful, because intensely national. His later works are beautiful, but they are English; and the pictures they contain cannot stand beside those drawn of English scenery, character, and manners, by our great native artists, without an uncertain faintness seeming to steal over them, that impairs their effect, by giving them the air, if not of copies, of imitations. "Yet that not much;" for Washington Irving, as he thinks and feels, so does he write, more like us than we could have thought it possible an American should do, while his fine natural genius preserves in a great measure his originality, even when he deals with to him foreign themes, and treats them after an adopted fashion, that had been set by our own two most natural prose-writers, Addison and Goldsmith.

We shall ere long have other opportunities of speaking about the genius of the Americans; meanwhile, we turn our attention to the productions of Bryant, who has for a good many years been one of their most admired poets. Many of them have appeared at various times in periodical publications; and now collected together for the first time by Washington Irving, (it is delightful to see such service done by one man of genius to another,) they make a most interesting

of their class. The British public has already expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters, contained in the works of our national novelist, Cooper. The same keen eye and just feeling for nature, the same indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterise this volume, condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry.

To the American scenery and woodland characters, then, let us first of all turn; and while here we find much to please, we must strongly express our

dissent from Mr Irving's opinion, that in such delineations Bryant is equal to Cooper. He may be as true to nature, as far as he goes; but Cooper's pictures are infinitely richer "in local peculiarity of imagery;" and in "indigenous style of thinking," too, the advantage lies with the novelist. But Bryant is never extravagant, which Cooper often is, who too frequently mars by gross exaggeration the effect of his pictures of external nature. The poet appears to be "a man of milder mood" than the romancer; and of finer taste. But there is nothing in the whole volume comparable in original power to many descriptions in the *Prairie* and the *Spy*. Neither do we approve the unconsidered praise implied in the somewhat pedantic expressions, "condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry." None of these poems are long; but condensation is not by any means their distinguishing merit, especially of the descriptive passages; we see much simplicity, but no sublimation; and to us the chief charm of Bryant's genius consists in a tenderness, a moral melancholy, breathing over all his contemplations, dreams, and reveries, even such as in the main are glad, and giving assurance of a pure spirit, benevolent to all living creatures, and habitually pious in the felt omnipresence of the Creator. His poetry is words, with natural religion of the

This reverential awe of the Invisible pervades the verses entitled "Thanatopsis" and "Forest Hymn," imparting to them a sweet solemnity which must affect all thinking hearts. There is little that is original either in the imagery of the "Forest Hymn," or in its language; but the sentiment is simple, natural, and sustained; and the close is beautiful. The one idea is that "the groves were God's first temples," and might have been solemnly illustrated; but there is not a single majestic line, and the imagination, hoping to be elevated by the hymn of the high-priest, at times feels languor in the elaborate worship. This, however, is very good:—

"Father! thy hand  
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down

Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
 All these fair ranks of trees. 'They in thy sun  
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,  
 And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,  
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
 Among their branches, till at last they stood,  
 As now they stand, massive and tall and dark,  
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold  
 Communion with his Maker."

We said the sentiment was well sustained; but not in every part; nor do we hesitate to affirm that the lines immediately following "have no business there."

"No silks  
 Rustle, nor jewels shine, nor envious eyes  
 Encounter!"

Such sarcastic suggestions jar and grate; and it would please us much to see that they were omitted in a new edition. The grandeur of the

grove temple, and the sincerity of the grove worship, needed not such paltry contrasts to make them impressive.

Had the poet's soul been possessed, as it ought to have been, by the "stilly twilight of the place," his visions had been sacred from such intrusion. But it is restored to a deepening sense of all the surrounding and overhanging solemnities—and breathes "here is continual worship!"

"Nature, here,  
 In the tranquillity that thou dost love,  
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around,  
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird  
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that 'midst its herbs  
 Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots  
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale  
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left  
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,  
 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—  
 By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem  
 Almost annihilated."

Again, to us the solemn strain is miserably marred by an unhappy—and at such a time we must think an unnatural allusion.

"Not a prince  
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep,  
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he  
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with  
 which  
 Thy hand has graced him!"

Can an American Republican not forget his scorn of European kings even in the living temple of God, embowered before his imagination in the bosom of the wilderness? But the piety of the poet prevails over his politics the very next moment—and he beautifully says,

"Nestled at his root  
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare  
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest-flower,  
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,  
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
 A visible token of the upholding Love,  
 That are the soul of this wide universe."

The hymn then expresses the awe of the singer's heart when he thinks of the great miracle that still goes on in silence round him—the perpetual work of creation, finished, yet re-

newed for ever! And after some congenial reflections, and the expression of his religious fear when God "sets on fire the heavens with falling thunderbolts," a fear which is



very finely conceived stealing in from afar upon the hush, he thus concludes his "Forest Hymn," which—though very good—might have been of "a higher mood." Compare it with the "Lines on revisiting the river Wye," by that great poet whom Mr Bryant wisely venerates, (composed we be-

lieve in early manhood,) and it will be felt, perhaps, that Mr Irving rashly says that his friend's poems are entitled to "rank among the *highest* of their class in the best school of English Poetry." The close of the hymn, we said, is beautiful.

"Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face  
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath  
Of the mad unchained elements to teach  
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate  
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,  
And to the beautiful order of thy works  
Learn to conform the order of our lives!"

"Thanatopsis," ('tis a Greek compound, English reader,) both in conception and execution, is more original; and we quote it entire, as a

noble example of true poetical enthusiasm. It alone would establish the author's claim to the honours of genius.

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language: for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
Into his darker musings with a mild  
And gentle sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—  
Go forth under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings; while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground  
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix for ever with the elements—  
'To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould;  
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—  
All in one mighty sepulchre! The hills,  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,  
Stretching in pensive quietness between—  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks

That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,  
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man ! The golden sun,  
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
 That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
 Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,  
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
 Save his own dashings ; yet the dead are there,  
 And millions in those solitudes, since first  
 The flight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
 So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall  
 Unheeded by the living, and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of Care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
 His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men—  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—  
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side  
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.  
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan that moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Would that some of the best American landscape painters would send us over some of their best pictures, that we, who we fear must never cross the Atlantic, might see with our bodily eyes shadows of the scenery of the New World ! Is it superior in aught but trees to our own Highlands ? *They* are not inferior, in power to any other Alps. Bryant makes rare and little mention of mountains ; nor in his descriptive poetry is there often the sound of cataracts. He makes not much even of "those great rivers, great as any seas," up one of which Coleridge makes his wild Leoni sail "to live and die among the savage men ;" nor does he sketch out before our gaze the green, wide, interminable savannahs. But he makes us feel with himself the profound stillness—the utter solitude, of the bright and the hoary

Forests, where youth and old—all gigantic—mingle in life, growth, decay, and death, as if alien in their own ancient reign from every thing appertaining, however remotely, to the race of man. Uninvaded regions of mighty nature—yet cheerful with the songs of birds, the hum of bees, the chirp of the squirrel, and brightened with ground-flowers that "soften the severe sojourn" with the presence of the beautiful.

It is indeed in the beautiful that the genius of Bryant finds its prime delight. He ensouls all dead insensate things, in that deep and delicate sense of their seeming life, in which they breathe and smile before the eyes "that love all they look upon," and thus there is animation and enjoyment in the heart of the solitude. Here are some lines breathing a woodland and (you will understand

us) a Wordsworthian feeling: while in our serene sympathy we love the poet. we read them, as Burns says, "our hearts rejoice in nature's joy," and

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs  
No school of long experience, that the world  
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen  
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,  
To fire thee of it—enter this wild wood  
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade  
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze  
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm  
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here  
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,  
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse  
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,  
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt  
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence these shades  
Are still the abodes of gladness, the thick roof  
Of green and stirring branches is alive  
And musical with birds, that sing and sport  
In wantonness of spirit; while below  
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,  
Chirps merrily. Thongs of insects in the shade  
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam  
That waked them into life. Even the green trees  
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend  
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky  
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.  
Scarce less the delft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy  
Existence, than the winged plunderer  
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,  
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees  
That lead from knoll to knoll, a causeway rude,  
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,  
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,  
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet  
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed  
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,  
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice  
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,  
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren  
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,  
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,  
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass  
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

There are other three pieces in blank verse (which Mr Bryant writes well—better, as far as we know, than any other American poet,) "Monument Mountain," "a Winter Piece," and the "Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus." The "Winter Piece" we think the best—and it reminds us—though 'tis no imitation—of Cowper. Here is a splendid picture:

✱

Come when the rains  
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice,  
While the slant sun of February pours  
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!  
The incrustated surface shall upbear thy steps,  
And the broad arching portals of the grove  
Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks  
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,  
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,  
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,

That stream with rainbow radiance as they move.  
 But round the parent stem the long low boughs  
 Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbours hide  
 The grassy floor. Oh! you might deem the spot,  
 The spacious cavern of the virgin mine,  
 Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,  
 And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud  
 With amethyst and topaz—and the place  
 Lit up most royally, with the pure beam  
 That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall  
 Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,  
 And fades not in the glory of the sun;—  
 Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts  
 And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles  
 Wind from the light in brightness, and are lost  
 Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye,—  
 Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault:  
 There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud  
 Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams  
 Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,  
 And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,  
 And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light—  
 Light without shade. But all shall pass away  
 With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,  
 Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound  
 Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve  
 Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

We have quoted much that is beautiful; but do our readers find in it many "graphic descriptions of American scenery"—much "indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery," "condensed into a narrow compass, and sublimated into poetry?" It seems to us, that by leaving out a very few allusions to objects living or dead, not native with us, it might be read to any familiar lover of nature, without his imagination being moved to leave the British isles, and fly to America. We have no right to complain that Mr Bryant has presented us with such poetry—for much of it is exquisite; but is the scenery it paints as American as the scenery of the Task is English—and of the Seasons Scottish? If it be—then there is little difference between the character of the Old World's aspect and of the New. But we feel that there is much difference—and that distinctive—while we are reading the novels of Cooper.

Be this as it may, there are sprinkled all over this volume felicitous lines, and half lines, and epithets, that, independently of the general fidelity and feeling of his descriptions, shew that Bryant has learned—

"To muse on nature with a poet's eye."

Not a few such are to be seen in the passages already quoted—and here are some charming instances.

"Lodged in sunny cleft  
 Where the cold breezes come not, blooms  
 alone  
 The little wind-flower, whose just-opened  
 eye  
 Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,  
 Startling the loiterer in the naked groves  
 With unexpected beauty, for the time  
 Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar."

"Thou shalt look  
 Upon the green and rolling forest top,  
 And down into the secrets of the glens,  
 And streams that in their bordering  
 thickets strive  
 To hide their windings."

— "to lay thine ear  
 Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound  
 Of winds, that struggle with the woods  
 below,  
 Borne up like ocean murmurs."

"All is silent, save the faint  
 And interrupted murmur of the bee,  
 Settling on the rich flowers, and then  
 again  
 Instantly on the wing."

"Lo! where the grassy meadow runs  
 In waves!"

' A thousand flowers  
By the road side, and the borders of the  
brook,  
Nod gaily to each other."

(In the Sudden Wind.)

" On thy soft breath the new-fledged  
bird  
Takes wing, half-happy, half-afraid."

" Lo! their orbs burn more bright,  
And shake out softer fires."  
(Jupiter and Venus.)

" Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue—blue—as if there were let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall."  
(To the Fringed Gentian.)

These are a few specimens; but there are scores of others that shew the observant eye and the sensitive soul of the poetic lover of nature.

But there is much poetry in this volume of a kind that, to many minds, will be more affecting than any thing we have yet quoted—for it relates to the sons of the soil, whose races are now so sadly thinned, and as civilisation keeps hewing its way towards the shores of other seas, will at last be entirely extinct—the Red Men of the Woods. Fine mention is made of them in the "Ages," the largest, but by no means the best, poem in the collection. It contains, however, these stanzas:—

Late, from this western shore, that morning chased  
The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud  
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,  
Nurse of full streams, and lifter-up of proud  
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.  
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,  
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud  
Amid the forest; and the bounding deer  
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled near.

And where his willing waves you bright blue bay  
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,  
And cradles in his soft embrace the gay  
Young group of grassy islands born of him,  
And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,  
Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring  
The commerce of the world; with tawny limb,  
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,  
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

Then, all this youthful paradise around,  
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay  
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned  
O'er mount and vale, where never summer-ray  
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way  
Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild;  
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay,  
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,  
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet—there the lake  
Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar,  
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake  
And the deer drank; as the light gale flew o'er,  
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore!  
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,  
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,  
And peace was on the earth and in the air,  
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there:

Not unavenged. The foeman, from the wood,  
Beheld the deed; and when the midnight shade  
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood.  
All died—the wailing babe, the shrieking maid—  
And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,

The roofs went down ; but deep the silence grew,  
 When on the dewy woods the day-beam played ;  
 No more the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,  
 And ever by their lake lay moored the light canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has filled  
 These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,  
 And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled ;  
 The land is full of harvests and green meads ;  
 Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,  
 Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze  
 Their virgin waters ; the full region leads  
 New colonies forth, that toward the western seas  
 Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,  
 Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place  
 A limit to the giant's unchained strength,  
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race ?  
 Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,  
 Stretches the long untravelled path of light  
 Into the depths of ages : we may trace,  
 Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,  
 Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

The mind of the poet kindles, and rightly, at the prophetic visions of his country's boundless dominion, thick-peopled through cultivated regions laid open to all the light of heaven, and sheltering in the "horrid shades forlorn," the last remnants of the aboriginal hunter and warrior tribes. There is much of sadness, but far more of joy, in the prospect of the various and boundless provisions and processes by which nature raises up the complicated structures of civilized life as her wildernesses fade before its march, and their inhabitants pine away and perish. For look at the numbers of a savage race, where a few families or tribes occupy a wilderness for their supply of game, and compare with it the thronging population of some small spot where the arts of civilized life are highly advanced. The savage race is often noble ; and when we contemplate the magnificence of the mighty deserts which nature has spread out for his paths, her mountains or her forests, one might imagine that she loved her proud lonely son, roving in his unmolested solitudes. But we look at the course she has given to the world, and we see that she seems impatient of stretching out her ample domains for a few possessors. The nations of the earth advance incessantly from a rude to

a cultivated state ; and where the savage remains unaltered from age to age, in immutable barbarism, she sends her civilized children to dispossess him of the earth he has not known how to use, to thin his numbers, to lay waste the glory of her majestic reign, and to people and till her wildernesses. The first rude tribes that occupy a country, seem merely to have advanced one step in winning it from the wild beasts, and to hold it over for civilized man. Till he has ploughed his fields, and built his cities, and unfolded his arts, the land does not seem properly occupied by man. Then intellect awakens to its various works. Science and art arise, and the more complicated condition of life itself becomes the subject of thought. The moral nature of the species is unfolded—his manifold affections arise and spread—all the charities of life assume a higher tone—the altars and the temples of the gods are reared—war no longer burns around every dwelling—death hovers no more on sanguinary wings round every head—peace covers the land far and wide—and the soul undisturbed expands all its heaven-aspiring affections. The laws themselves of great states confirm their morality ; and only as he is gradually formed under such institutions does man appear a moral being. How different is he who sat at his bloody

feast, rioting with his comrades in the drunkenness of savage victory, and he who in the serenity of civilization, thoughtful and mild, maintains the blameless majesty of private life!

Yet even when surveying such changes as these, the spirit will often indulge in melancholy and the most regretful dreams of the wild life that has passed away, ennobled by the colouring and moulding of imagination far beyond the truth, till in the dead it beholds a race of heroes. In such a mood the following fine lines must have been composed,—nor are they false to the nature which they adorn and dignify in the dust.

#### THE DISINTERRED WARRIOR.

Gather him to his grave again,  
And solemnly and softly lay,  
Beneath the verdure of the plain,  
The warrior's scattered bones away.  
Pay the deep reverence, taught of old,  
The homage of man's heart to death;  
Nor dare to trifle with the mould  
Once hallowed by the Almighty's  
breath.

The soul hath quickened every part—  
That remnant of a martial brow,  
Those ribs that held the mighty heart,  
That strong arm—strong no longer now.  
Spare them; each mouldering relic spare,  
Of God's own image; let them rest,  
Till not a trace shall speak of where  
The awful likeness was impest.

For he was fresher from the hand  
That formed of earth the human face,  
And to the elements did stand  
In nearer kindred than our race.  
In many a flood to madness tost,  
In many a storm has been his path;  
He hid him not from heat or frost,  
But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then they were kind—the forests here,  
Rivers and stiller waters paid  
A tribute to the net and spear  
Of the red ruler of the shade.  
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,  
Roots in the shaded soil below,  
The stars looked forth to teach his way,  
The still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race! but they are gone,  
With their old forests wide and deep,  
And we have built our homes upon  
Fields where their generations sleep.  
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,  
Upon their fields our harvest waves,

Our lovers woo beneath their moon—  
Ah, let us spare, at least, their graves!

Perhaps the verses that follow are still finer—and we feel their pathos the more at this moment, from having just read in that most interesting new work, M'Gregor's *Northern America*, a vindication of the Indian character, as it is still seen in Canada. The remnant of the Indian tribes scattered over the Canadas, he tells us, exhibit a state of deplorable wretchedness. But a North American Indian, except when maddened or stupefied by the liquors introduced by the Europeans, is the most dignified person in the world. He is never awkward, never abashed, nor ever ill-bred or abusive. The grave, dignified, taciturn, yet, when occasion requires, elegant gentleman of nature, has never been properly respected by Europeans, and least of all by the English, who, to our disgrace, have on almost all occasions treated with contempt "the Stoic of the woods, the man without a tear." The proud heart of the Indian, deprived of his fine country, the forests of which once afforded him abundant game, and in the rivers of which he alone fished, rather than submit to the degradation of working for the robbers who now despise his race, pines in silent anguish, while he beholds the melting away of his tribe amidst the encroachments of Europeans. So far the excellent M'Gregor, in a work, the spirit of which may be estimated by such sentiments, and now for Bryant, who puts the expression of the same feelings into the lips of an

#### INDIAN AT THE BURYING-PLACE OF HIS FATHERS.

It is the spot I came to seek,—  
My fathers' ancient burial-place,  
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,  
Withdrew our wasted race.  
It is the spot—I know it well—  
Of which our old traditions tell.

For here the upland bank sends out  
A ridge towards the river side;  
I know the shaggy hills about,  
The meadows smooth and wide;  
The plains that, towards the southern sky,  
Fenced east and west by mountains lie.

A white man, gazing on the scene,  
Would say a lovely spot was here,

And praise the lawns so fresh and green  
Between the hills so sheer.  
I like it not—I would the plain  
Lay in its tall old groves again.

The sheep are on the slopes around,  
The cattle in the meadows feed,  
And labourers turn the crumpling ground,  
Or drop the yellow seed,  
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,  
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

Methinks it were a nobler sight  
To see these vales in woods array'd,  
Their summits in the golden light,  
Their trunks in grateful shade;  
And herds of deer, that bounding go  
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

And then to mark the lord of all,  
The forest hero, trained to wars,  
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,  
And seamed with glorious scars,  
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare  
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

This bank, in which the dead were laid,  
Was sacred when its soil was ours;  
Hither the artless Indian maid  
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,  
And the gray chief and gifted seer  
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

But now the wheat is green and high  
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,  
And scattered in the furrows lie  
The weapons of his rest;  
And there, in the loose sand is thrown  
Of his large arm the mouldering bone.

Ah! little thought the strong and brave,  
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,  
Or the young wife, that weeping gave  
Her first-born to the earth—  
That the pale race, who waste us now,  
Among their bones should guide the plough.

They waste us—ay, like April snow  
In the warm noon we shrink away;  
And fast they follow, as we go  
Towards the setting day,—  
Till they shall fill the land, and we  
Are driven into the western sea.

But I behold a fearful sign,  
To which the white man's eyes are  
blind;  
Their ~~eyes~~ may vanish hence, like mine,  
And leave no trace behind—  
Save ruins o'er the region spread,  
And the white stones above the dead.

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,  
Full to the brim our rivers flowed;

The melody of waters filled  
The fresh and boundless wood;  
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,  
And fountains spouted in the shade.

Those grateful sounds are heard no more;  
The springs are silent in the sun,  
The rivers, by the blackened shore,  
With lessening current run;  
The realm our tribes are crushed to get  
May be a barren desert yet.

Mr Bryant has painted some beautiful pictures of the Indian female character. In "Mountain Monument" he tells the story of a young girl pining away in passion for a youth within the forbidden though not close degrees of consanguinity, and in settled sadness and remorse throwing herself from a rock. It is a tradition, and very touchingly is it narrated. But the "Indian Girl's Lament" will inspire more universal sympathy. Into her lips he puts language at once simple and eloquent, such as the true poet fears not to breathe from his own heart, when in mournful imagination personating a sufferer, knowing that no words expressive of tenderest, and purest, and saddest emotions, can ever be otherwise than true to nature, when passionate in the fidelity of its innocence, nor yet unconsolated in its bereavement by a belief that pictures a life of love beyond the grave.

#### THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

An Indian girl was sitting where  
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;  
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,  
Came down o'er eyes that wept;  
And wildly, in her woodland tongue,  
This sad and simple lay she sung:

I've pulled away the shrubs that grew  
Too close above thy sleeping head,  
And broke the forest boughs that threw  
Their shadows o'er thy bed,  
That, shining from the sweet south-west,  
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

It was a weary, weary road  
That led thee to the pleasant coast,  
Where thou, in his serene abode,  
Hast met thy father's ghost;  
Where everlasting autumn lies  
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

'Twas I the brodered moccas made,  
That shod thee for that distant land;



'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid  
Beside thy still cold hand—  
Thy bow in many a battle bent,  
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,  
And wrapped thee in the bison's hide,  
And laid the food that pleased thee best  
In plenty by thy side,  
And decked thee bravely, as became  
A warrior of illustrious name.

Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast past  
The long dark journey of the grave,  
And in the land of light, at last,  
Hast joined the good and brave—  
Amid the flushed and balmy air,  
The bravest and the loveliest there.

Yet oft, thine own dear Indian maid,  
Even there, thy thoughts will earth-  
ward stray—  
To her who sits where thou wert laid,  
And weeps the hours away,  
Yet almost can her grief forget  
To think that thou dost love her yet.

And thou, by one of those still lakes  
That in a shining cluster lie,  
On which the south wind scarcely breaks  
The image of the sky,  
A bower for thee and me hast made  
Beneath the many-coloured shade.

And thou dost wait and watch to meet  
My spirit sent to join the blest,  
And, wondering what detains my feet  
From the bright land of rest,  
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear  
The rustling of my footsteps near.

Many of the most delightful poems in this volume have been inspired by a profound sense of the sanctity of the affections. That love, which is the support and the solace of the heart in all the duties and distresses of this life, is sometimes painted by Mr Bryant in its purest form and brightest colours, as it beautifies and blesses the solitary wilderness. The delight that has filled his own being, from the faces of his own family, he transfuses into the hearts of the creatures of his imagination, as they wander through the woods, or sit singing in front of their forest-bowers. Remote as some of these creatures are from the haunts and habits of our common civilized life, they rise before us at once with the strange beauty of visionary phantoms, and with a human loveliness, that touch with a mingled charm our fancy and our

heart. Our poetic and our human sensibilities are awakened together, and we feel towards them the emotions with which we listen to sweet voices from unknown beings smiling or singing to us in dreams. For example,

 SONG OF FITCAIRN'S ISLAND.


Come, take our boy, and we will go  
Before our cabin door ;  
The winds shall bring us, as they blow,  
The murmurs of the shore ;  
And we will kiss his young blue eyes,  
And I will sing him as he lies,  
Songs that were made of yore :  
I'll sing, in his delighted ear,  
The island-lays thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,  
Thy country's tongue shalt teach ;  
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet  
Than my own native speech ;  
For thou no other tongue didst know,  
When, scarcely twenty moons ago,  
Upon Tahiti's beach,  
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine,  
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise  
My eyes, my locks of jet ;  
Ah ! well for me they won thy gaze,—  
But thine were fairer yet !  
I'm glad to see my infant wear  
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,  
And when my sight is met  
By his white brow and blooming cheek,  
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come talk of Europe's maids with me,  
Whose necks and cheeks, they tell,  
Outshine the beauty of the sea,  
White foam and crimson shell.  
I'll shape like theirs my simple dress,  
And bind like them each jetty tress,  
A sight to please thee well ;  
And for my dusky brow will braid  
A bonnet like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls—  
We lose the pleasant hours ;  
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls—  
That seat among the flowers.  
And I will learn of thee a prayer  
To Him who gave a home so fair,  
A lot so blest as ours—  
The God who made for thee and me  
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.

 This is the kind of love poetry in which we delight. Such feelings affect us like flowers—pure, bright, balmy in their bliss, and yet ere long

inspiring sadness, because we feel that, fragile as fair, they must soon decay. A flower of faint and glorious beauty, just unfolded, as if it could not live on this earth and under these skies, if there were not some feeling for its loveliness to save it from harm. And this Ariosto must have felt, when, describing the rose which the virgin resembles, he says that sun, and air, and the dewy morning, and sky, and earth, incline towards it in favour. Such is the emotion with which our hearts regard Wordsworth's Ruth, "ere she had wept, ere she had mourned, a young and happy child." It is like a halo round the head of Spenser's Una. But the beauty of woman's soul is by the poets in a thousand ways idealized—floating before us as between heaven and earth; see Coleridge's Genevieve, Campbell's Gertrude, and the Shepherd's Kilmeny. In the same spirit with which you gaze on them, pray hearken to

## THE HUNTER'S SERENADE.

Thy bower is finished, fairest !  
Fit bower for hunter's bride—  
Where old woods overshadow  
The green savannah's side.  
I've wandered long and wandered far.  
And never have I met,  
In all this lovely western land,  
A spot so lovely yet.  
But I shall think it fairer  
When thou art come to bless,  
With thy sweet eyes and silver voice,  
Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grape glistens  
On sunny knoll and tree,  
And stoops the slim papaya  
With yellow fruit for thee.  
For thee the duck, on glassy stream,  
The prairie-fowl shall die,  
My rifle for thy feast shall bring  
The wild swan from the sky.  
The forest's leaping panther,  
Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,  
Shall yield his spotted hide to be  
A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,  
Thy maiden love of flowers ;  
Ah ! those that deck thy gardens  
Are pale compared with ours.  
When our wide woods and mighty lawns  
Bloom to the April skies,  
The earth has no more gorgeous sight  
To shew to human eyes.  
In meadows red with blossoms,  
All summer long the bee

Murmurs, and loads his yellow thighs,  
For thee, my love, and me.

Or, wouldst thou gaze at tokens  
Of ages long ago ?  
Our old oaks stream with mosses,  
And sprout with mistletoe ;  
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb  
The giant sycamore ;  
And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,  
Cumber the forest floor ;  
And in the great savannah  
The solitary mound,  
Built by the elder world, o'erlooks  
The loneliness around.  
  
Come, thou hast not forgotten  
Thy pledge and promise quite.  
With many blushes murmured,  
Beneath the evening light.  
Come, the young violets crowd my door  
Thy earliest look to win,  
And at my silent window-sill  
The jessamine peeps in.  
All day the red-breast warbles  
Upon the mulberry near,  
And the night-sparrow trills her song  
All night with none to hear.

We turn from these sweet love-lays to a spirit-stirring composition, the "Song of Marion's Men." It is a beautiful ballad—with much of the grace of Campbell and the vigour of Allan Cunningham. The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partizan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting chapter in the annals of the American revolution. The British troops were so harassed by the irregular and successful warfare which he kept up, at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field, and fighting "like a gentleman and a Christian."

## SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried—  
Our leader frank and bold—  
The foeman trembles in his camp  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good green wood,  
Our tent the cypress tree ;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the heedless soldiery,  
Who little think us near !

On them shall light at midnight  
 A strange and sudden fear ;  
 When, waking to their tents on fire,  
 They grasp their arms in vain,  
 And they who stand to face us  
 Are beat to earth again ;  
 And they who fly in terror, deem  
 A mighty host behind,  
 And hear the tramp of thousands  
 Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
 From danger and from toil :  
 We talk the battle over,  
 And share the battle's spoil.  
 The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
 As if a hunt were up,  
 And woodland flowers are gathered  
 To crown the soldier's cup.  
 With merry songs we mock the wind  
 That in the pine-top grieves,  
 And slumber long and sweetly  
 On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
 The band that Marion leads—  
 The glitter of their rifles,  
 The scampering of their steeds.  
 'Tis life our fiery bars to guide  
 Across the moonlight plains ;  
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
 That lifts their tossing manes.  
 A moment in the ravaged camp—  
 A monument—and away  
 Back to the pathless forest,  
 Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
 Grave men with hoary hairs,  
 Their hearts are all with Marion,  
 For Marion are their prayers.  
 And loveliest ladies greet our band  
 With kindest welcomes—  
 With smiles like those of summer,  
 And tears like those of spring.  
 For them we wear these trusty arms,  
 And lay them down no more  
 Till we have driven the oppressor,  
 For ever, from our shore.

There is even more power in the  
 "African Chief." The story of the  
 ballad may be found in the *African*  
*Repository* for April 1825. The sub-  
 ject of it was a warrior of majestic  
 stature, the brother of Yarradee,  
 King of the Solima nation. He had  
 been taken in battle, and was brought  
 in chains, for sale, to the Rio Pongas,  
 where he was exhibited in the mar-  
 ket-place, his ankles still adorned  
 with the massy rings of gold which  
 he wore when he was captured.  
 The refusal of his captor to listen to

his offers of ransom, drove him mad,  
 and he died a maniac.

### THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

Chained in the market-place he stood,  
 A man of giant frame,  
 Amid the gathering multitude  
 That shrunk to hear his name—  
 All stern of look and strong of limb,  
 His dark eye on the ground :—  
 And silently they gazed on him,  
 As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,—  
 He was a captive now,—  
 Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,  
 Was written on his brow.  
 The scars his dark broad bosom wore,  
 Shewed warrior true and brave ;  
 A prince among his tribe before,  
 He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—  
 " My brother is a king ;  
 Undo this necklace from my neck.  
 And take this bracelet ring ;  
 And send me where my brother reigns.  
 And I will fill thy hands  
 With store of ivory from the plains,  
 And gold-dust from the sands "

" Not for thy ivory nor thy gold  
 Will I unbind thy chain : "  
 That bloody hand shall never hold  
 The battle-spear again.  
 A price thy nation never gave,  
 Shall yet be paid for thee ;  
 For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,  
 In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade  
 To shred his locks away ;  
 And, one by one, each heavy braid  
 Before the victor lay.  
 Thick were the platted locks, and long,  
 And deftly hidden there  
 Shone many a wedge of gold among  
 The dark and crisped hair.

" Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold  
 Long kept for sorest need ;  
 Take it—thou askest sums untold,  
 And say that I am freed.  
 Take it—my wife the long, long day  
 Weeps by the cocoa-tree,  
 And my young children leave their play,  
 And ask in vain for me."

" I take thy gold—but I have made  
 Thy fetters fast and strong,  
 And woe that by the cocoa shade  
 Thy wife will wait thee long."  
 Strong was the agony that shook  
 The captive's frame to hear,

And the proud meaning of his look  
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain—  
At once his eye grew wild—  
He struggled fiercely with his chain,  
Whispered, and wept, and smiled;  
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,  
And once, at shut of day,  
They drew him forth upon the sands,  
The foul hyena's prey.

That Mr Bryant's poetry may be seen in all its fine varieties, we quote three other compositions, inspired by love and delight in that benignant, bounteous, and beauteous Nature, who all over the earth repays with a heavenly happiness the grateful worship of her children. One of them, "To a Waterfowl," has been long and widely admired, and is indeed a gem of purest ray serene, of which time may never bedim the lustre. The others are new to us—and "beautiful exceedingly."

## THE NEW MOON.

When, as the garish day is done,  
Heaven burns with the descended sun,  
'Tis passing sweet to mark,  
Amid that flush of crimson light,  
The new moon's modest bow grow bright,  
As earth and sky grow dark.

Few are the hearts too cold to feel  
A thrill of gladness o'er them steal,  
When first the wandering eye  
Sees faintly, in the evening blaze,  
That glimmering curve of tender rays  
Just planted in the sky.

The sight of that young crescent brings  
Thoughts of all fair and youthful things—  
The hopes of early years;  
And childhood's purity and grace,  
And joys that, like a rainbow, chase  
The passing shower of tears.

The captive yields him to the dream  
Of freedom, when that virgin beam  
Comes out upon the air;  
And painfully the sick man tries  
To fix his dim and burning eyes  
On the soft promise there.

Most welcome to the lover's sight  
Glitters that pure, emerging light;  
For prattling poets say,  
That sweetest is the lovers' walk,  
And tenderest is their murmured talk,  
Beneath its gentle ray.

And there do graver men behold  
A type of errors, loved of old,  
Forsaken and forgiven;  
And thoughts and wishes not of earth,  
Just opening in their early birth,  
Like that new light in heaven.

Ay! gloriously thou standest there,  
Beautiful, boundless firmament!  
That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,  
And round the horizon bent,  
With thy bright vault and sapphire wall  
Dost overhang and circle all.

Far, far below thee, tall old trees  
Arise, and piles built up of old,  
And hills, whose ancient summits freeze  
In the fierce light and cold.  
The eagle soars his utmost height,  
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

Thou hast thy frowns—with thee on high  
The storm has made his airy seat,  
Beyond that soft blue curtain lie  
His stores of hail and sleet;  
Thence the consuming lightnings break,  
There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—  
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern;  
Earth sends from all her thousand isles  
A shout at thy return;  
The glory that comes down from thee  
Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,  
The pomp that brings and shuts the day,  
The clouds that round him change and shine,  
The airs that fan his way:  
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there  
The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast  
The beauteous tints that flush her skies;  
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,  
May thy blue pillars rise:  
I only know how fair they stand  
Around my own beloved land.

And they are fair—a charm is theirs,  
That earth, the proud green earth, has not,  
With all the forms, and hues, and airs,  
That haunt her sweetest spot.  
We gaze upon thy calm pure sphere,  
And read of Heaven's eternal year.

Oh, when, amid the throng of men,  
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,  
How willingly we turn us then  
Away from this cold earth,  
And look into thy azure breast  
For seats of innocence and rest!

## TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,  
White glow the heavens with the last steps  
of day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou  
pursue  
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee  
wrong,  
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—  
The desert and illimitable air—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,  
At that far height, the cold thin atmos-  
phere,  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and  
rest

And scream among thy fellows; reeds  
shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my  
heart

Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast  
given,  
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy  
certain flight,

In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

All who have read this article will agree with what Washington Irving has said of his friend—that his close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and commonplace; while he has the gift of shedding over them a genuine grace that blends them all into harmony, and makes them with moral associations that make them speak to the heart. Perhaps we were wrong in dissenting from Mr Irving's other opinion, that his poetry is characterised by "the same indigenous style of thinking, and local peculiarity of imagery, which gives such novelty to the pages of Cooper." His friend's descriptive writings, he says, are essentially American. They transport us, he adds, "into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage, while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes." We object now but to the last part of this elegant pauegyric. There are no fierce extremes in Mr Bryant's poetry. That his writings "are imbued with the independent spirit and the buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country," will not, says Mr Irving, be the "least of his merits" in the eyes of Mr Rogers, to whom the volume is inscribed; and in ours it is one of the greatest; for we, too, belong to a country who, though not young—God bless her, *auld* Scotland!—hath yet an independent spirit and buoyant aspirations, which she is not loath to breathe into the bosom of one of her aged children—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

THE ART OF GOVERNMENT MADE EASY—A DISCOVERY OF THE ONLY TRUE PRINCIPLE—

IN A LETTER FROM SATAN TO THE WHIGS,

*Picked up near the Parliament House about a twelvemonth ago, and now first published without Authority.*

IN our last conversation at the House, it was unanimously agreed to set aside all the Old Theories of Government; and the New Principle I then laid down was entirely approved, that there can be no occasion that I should enforce it by any new arguments. But, at your request, I am willing to put those I then urged into some form on paper, that they may be for constant reference; and you seem to think they will have an authority, when known to proceed from me, that will wonderfully recommend them to Whigs of every generation.

The difficulties hitherto attending all Governments have been so appalling, and the results so uncertain, that, rather than continue in the old train, it was admitted that it would be even preferable that "Chaos should come again," that we might take the chance of what that utter confusion might produce. There were accordingly advocates for bringing things to this crisis: But I shewed satisfactorily that this has been sufficiently tried in the system of Conciliation, in which all parties yielding up something, brought a very heterogeneous mass into the political cauldron. But the result has not been quite agreeable to the tastes of any. Governments formed on this plan have been found to resemble those cheap-soup repositories established by the humane; receptacles of unknown contributors, where the beggar made his wry face, and cursed the donors. Still it was evident that there was something new in this Principle, that rendered it worth an experiment, and undoubtedly it led to the valuable discovery of the Only True One, which I have had the honour to develope fully to your satisfaction. For taking from Conciliation the necessity of reciprocity, or, according to a new diction, adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the times, keeping the reciprocity all on

one side, and pushing this a little further, the entire New Principle of Yielding was put forth and established as an undeniable truth, that will do honour to its enlightened patrons and this intellectual age.

You were instantly and forcibly struck with the simplicity of the plan; and saw at once that the Art of Governing was in fact but the Art of being Governed; that it resembled the genius of the subtle Carthaginian—"Nunquam ingenium idem ad res diversissimas, parendum atque imperandum, habilius fuit." You were in truth delighted, and with a praiseworthy zeal set about your various schemes to procure an opportunity to put the grand discovery to the test of practice. In doing this, you did not forget that the Principle itself, so complete is it in all its parts, would be most effective; and so it proved; for you had but to give a glimpse of your scheme, and promise largely, and you instantly came into power, as you, with great propriety, expressed it, with extreme unwillingness, by "yielding to the public opinion."

You are now established in office, and in confidence I promise you, that if you strictly follow the rule I have laid down for you, you shall not lose your reward.—You have begun well for this Principle, simple as it is, yet requires discretion of choice in the outset. For as it mainly depends on, or indeed consists in, being governed, it is evidently a matter of no small importance to choose well your Governors. In this respect I am satisfied—I cannot bestow too much praise on your selection. For, had you chosen among the Great, the Wealthy, the Good, the Wise, you would have had to contend against a formidable numerical strength, ever in perpetual warfare with these orders. And while they would have been weak to protect you, they might have been

powerful to supplant you, by bringing into play those qualities in which they manifestly excel, and you do not. But you have chosen those who will be content to let you keep your places, while you are content to let them really govern; so that you have all the advantage, without the trouble or responsibilities that have been hitherto annoying to every administration.

Whilst other Governments, in their weakness or ignorance, have appealed to the "Sense of the People," you have more wisely appealed to the Non-sense of the People; by which you have secured to yourself an overwhelming majority. You have nicely calculated that the numerical strength lay neither in the very wise nor very good. Indeed, that the profligates, the irreligious, the reckless, the ruined in fortunes, the bankrupts in fame, are ever the most *active*, and that it will not do to leave them as adversaries. This party, therefore, you saw, were, at all events, to be attached to you; and if once attached to you, that they should be strengthened; you therefore judiciously set about schemes, the effect of which has been, or will be, to make the numerical strength of this *your* party beyond question the chief population of the country. You saw that in London alone there is a moving and movable mass, under the direction of "The Movement," of some thirty thousand profligates, scoundrels, ruffians, desperates,—ready for any work. It was therefore with you a great object to adapt the work to their natures, and you have given them hopes they know well how to appreciate. You have formed them into a sort of body-guard that you can call up at a moment's notice. They boast themselves the Grey's Own, and wear the tri-color as their badge of Ministerial favour. These you have so well trained, that you can send them in a body, should occasion require, to overawe Majesty itself, not only to the foot of the throne, but to put the throne at their foot—so that you have, by this one able manœuvre, turned the object of others' fear into substantial means of your own safety. Nor is there danger of their deserting you, until you desert the New Principle; for long will it be

ere there will remain nothing for them to demand, or for you to yield. And should you occasionally wish to retard their progress, you have but to commit some legislative follies, in finance or otherwise, and they will be quite delighted by your paying a deference to their suggestion, and yielding the points which you only mooted to give up. In fine, the more you consider this noble principle in all its bearings, the more will you be delighted with its facility and security of operation. The choice of your Governors, then, is made. In this you have shewn great tact. You have only never to forget *who* and *what* they are—and your places are secure, till you are saturated with all the good that place can give. Your only business is now to know what your Governors (whom you must be sure to designate "The People," and, on particular occasions, the "Sovereign People,") really require or demand at your hands.

I will not deny, that this will bring you into closer contact with some low and despicable wretches than your pride can well stomach. I can even foresee, that you may be called up in the dead of night by a radical tailor, who chooses to transact public business with you; and if you do not confirm his account of your conversation, he will not hesitate to call you liar before the world, to shew his familiarity with you. But you are too politic not to let your pride sleep, though you may not be allowed for a paltry hour or two that luxury; and you will recollect, that a tailor and a master-tailor are two different things; and that though, to mark his insignificance, aristocratic insolence, in its foolery, may have designated him the ninth part of a man, it is not necessary he should be a split vote, but in this renovated age a most respectable plumper. But to be serious. Being of the character I have described, your Governors will require you to encourage the largest licentiousness; and in order to put into their hands that power at which they aim, they will demand of you to annihilate the Old Constitution—indeed, that for many reasons must be knocked on the head, as thoroughly inconsistent with the New Principle. But you have

long since prepared the way for this yourselves—for you have been villifying it these forty years, and have sufficiently thrown contempt upon all former acts of legislation that might stand in your way, by declaring to the people they were made by a corrupt Parliament, and without their consent. You will therefore find little difficulty in setting aside what you please; you have well sneered away the “wisdom of our ancestors,” and all will necessarily go with it. Thus, with regard to the Constitution, you have half done for that already—Reform will well-nigh do the rest, or even the agitation of it will wonderfully strengthen your hands, by making your Governors omnipotent. They will require you, in their love of “Liberty, civil and religious,” and in their hatred of the useless restraints of religion particularly, to insult, to bully, and, if you can, finally to crush the Clergy. There may be many ways of doing this—by villifying them, by bidding the Bishops “set their houses in order,” for they “shall die and not live;” or an effectual way may be found, if you can starve them out, or encourage others to do it. Any outrage against them you must wink at, and make it a plea to annihilate their tithes, and for a while, as long as they are subservient to you and the People, dole out to them a scanty pittance, that shall make them complain. Then you may punish them for contumacy; or, should you not be able to proceed in this work with the desired despatch, you must, while the patronage is in your hands, fill the Church with creatures of your own. Thus will you be able, or it will be your own fault, (admitting the familiar phraseology,) to Burke the Constitution and to Bishop the Church—and your fame will reach to the ends of the earth.”

In your hands, then, the very name of the Constitution will soon become a farce. You can then make an unconstitutional use of the King's name, that “tower of strength,” to delude any that may be yet under the influence of old prejudices; and this will be a master-stroke. You must make Majesty as much a puppet as possible, and play antics to please your mobs, at your pulling the strings. You must keep the King, therefore,

in utter ignorance of the wishes, the fears, and remonstrances of those called the good and the wise; you must besiege his ear, that nothing but absolute whiggery have access to it; in short, excuse the expression, you must ear-whig him. You must make him believe the noise of the rabble is the voice of the people; and I see no great harm if you make the people your god, and pronounce the “Vox populi” to be the “Vox Dei.” You must persuade him, that the protest of the Peers is “the whisper of a faction;” accommodating him to the present tastes and ulterior views of your Governors, you must tempt him (bribes may be found even for kings) to put on the Citizen-king; in imitation of the French, you must teach him to “Philippize.” And should he, in his sagacity, discover that the French nation will not allow (for strange things will happen) poor Louis-Philippe to have a *will* of his own, you may have an opportunity of pointing out that he may still be at liberty to meddle with the *wills* of other people.

It is very evident you will not have much difficulty but with the King and the Aristocracy; therefore divide and govern, “Divide et impera”—separate them by all means. You must, as occasion shall require, bring them both into contempt, threaten the one, and keep the other secluded from every influence but your own. I am truly happy to observe, that you fully persuade yourselves that you will not thereby endanger the existence of the monarchy, and wisely see, that even though large masses of your followers and panegyrists, and governors too, will urge you to its destruction, finding the coronation oath in the way of their views, you will be able to satisfy them by an act of Parliament that shall annul that objectionable oath; you will thus not only remove the difficulty, but reduce the power of the Crown to your own management, while the name and office may still remain. The Crown, it is true, may hesitate, but you have an able advocate in the Lord Chancellor; he tells you he “knows himself to be honest,” you can doubt it therefore no longer. He may literally keep the King's conscience, and that entirely to himself, and not be burthened with a double



weight—and bear it lightly too. Yet it is possible that Royalty may take the alarm, and discover, if the Church be turned upside down, what will be the position of the “Head” of it. And when he shall find the liberality of the French liberals in a state of repentance, and the Citizen-king

“Un noble Prince, un gentil Roy,  
Qui n’a jamais ne pile ne croix,”

he may turn round upon you, and taunt you with his detested citizenship. Take care, therefore, that he has not a single friend left about his person, to whom in his distress he may apply. Remove them all. But I will draw up some secret instructions upon this subject—in due time you will attend to them.

Your danger from the Aristocracy is not very serious, for though you may weaken it as a whole, by the infusion of democracy, at least for your own lives, your own party will be the more powerful, which will be as it were a recovery of strength; and this will gratify your pride, and humble the Tories. The people will indeed demand of you to abolish the Peerage, but your very pride will make you averse to this; and I am happy to find you are confident that in this one particular you will be able to prevail with your Governors to yield to you. I doubt not you have good reasons for this trust. You may, therefore, with courage threaten to swamp it; and this will make it sufficiently subservient to your views. Your prophetic wisdom then having overcome the foolish fears with regard to any abolition of the Peerage, you will not object, especially if the power of your own party in the Upper House be secured by the measure, (and it will be very popular,) to raggamuffinize that House a little, even perhaps by marching your footmen into it, with ready furnished titles of nobility. Thus you will please the people, by a sort of temporary farce of “High Life below Stairs,” and Low Life above, by exhibiting to them the brilliant phenomenon—the Aristocracy democratized, and the Democracy aristocratized. This will be a harmonizing measure, enabling the two branches of the legislature to keep each other in countenance, in part. And you will be predominant

in both. But you will not effect this without much angry discussion, which will afford you an opportunity of throwing every odium and contempt upon the Tory nobility, in which I may give you some help; and I shall take it as a personal favour to myself, if you will make occasion to abuse the Bishops to the utmost; for I abhor them as the man did Aristides *the just*. I am sick of hearing them called pious—they are my personal enemies—and as I mean to aid you against yours, it is reasonable you should assist me against mine. Thus, for instance, it may happen that I may instigate a mob to maltreat your old antagonist the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Londonderry, Wetherall the Recorder of Bristol, and a few more, purely out of compliment to you; and you in return will take little notice if I burn a Bishop or two, and ferret them out of their sanctity holes and corners, or out of *the House* at least. This may cost us a few old castles, perhaps the sack of a city or two, but the gain will be worth the cost. And be assured, that if I can but do all I desire, I will so root up their nests and scatter the ashes, that no new Phoenix shall ever rise from them.

As for the Tories, I surely need not say much about them. Your long hatred must have sufficiently sharpened your invention—you will, doubtless, designate them tyrants, cut-purses, malignants, wretches, &c. &c. You will have a ruffian pack at command, and if you do not hunt them down as you would polecats, you are not fit ever again to take the field in the Royal Hunt. But I am confident, having little real business, you will be delighted with this gentlemanly recreation; you may hunt to the death, and not be taunted with the Game Laws. As for the religious, or, according to the new revolution-vocabulary to be issued by authority, the enthusiasts, the superstitious—those whom the cant phrase terms the *sober*, quiet, industrious, cautious, discreet part of the community, that may feel shocked at your innovations, you have been accustomed to class them under the tribe Tory, so that no farther directions need be given. Indeed, your mobs will manage them, and after having

broke into a few of their houses, way-laid a few of the more resolute, and perhaps burned a few in their beds, *in terrorem*, will send you official and most satisfactory accounts of their entire submission. You will find all these insidious distinctions of the Good, the Pious, the Virtuous, however of use in discussing antiquated systems of the thing called Moral Philosophy and Ethics, quite inconsistent with the superior notions of this enlightened age, and unworthy the approbation of a liberal Ministry. You must take care that there be but two classes of people, Reformers and Anti-Reformers; and if you continue long in office, I have no doubt you will convert the whole world in a short time to wish for nothing so much as for Reform.

I have shewn you what little you have to fear from your enemies—the Principle acts as it goes—you will have a level road free from all obstructions. But let us revert to the requirements of your Governors, whom we may now entitle the “Sovereign People,” and let us trace the shadows of coming events.

You are now in power; some of the means that have brought you in may have been a little crooked, and occasion at first some little nicety of conduct. Far be it from me to blame such means; indeed, I have suggested most of them myself, and if there be those who still taunt me with being the father of lies, you need not be afraid but that I will foster and take care of my own children.

You have certainly made large promises that you cannot fulfil, you must therefore balance this failure, by giving in other points more than you have promised. It will be a capital hit. It has been necessary, for you have made it so yourselves, that you should promise “unflinching economy.” You are well aware that your predecessors have left you little to do in this way; however, you may make a *show* of doing something. You must therefore repeal a few taxes at all hazards; and as it is evident, under these peculiar circumstances, that no budget can be otherwise, you have, doubtless, taken care that no able financier shall have any hand in it. The folly of it will, after all, I fear, be apparent; but you may

still make it of some use for popularity, by founding it upon a breach-of-contract-principle. You will therefore sagaciously attack the Funds and the Colonies—no matter how trifling the concern—Cape wines, for instance, or Canada timber. The commencement of the breach-of-contract system will be sure to give the budget a redeeming quality in the eyes of your Governors, and thus you will get out of the scrape, whatever comes of the budget. And, after all, if it comes to the worst, you may throw your blunders on the inexperience in office of a young adventurer, who may possibly through his friends, or in his own person, reap some advantages from the measures, as a set off for the disgrace he must endure.

You must likewise make promises of surplus revenue, which you well know cannot be; and when the truth comes out, it will be easy to swear the *minus* to be preferable to the *plus*, and boast that the money is in the people's pocket, on the fructifying principle. It will undoubtedly require some face to say this, as every man will naturally enough put his hand in his pocket to find the money, but in vain; yet, being your Governors, they will thank you for your good intentions, and hope it is really *fructifying* somewhere. Just before this exposure, contrive to throw out a few hints about Abolition of Tithes and the Ruin of the Church, and be sure that Hume will not notice any errors in your accounts—and you will be safe. Indeed, upon any difficulty generally, you have only to give out that the Principle-Reform is in danger if you are beat, and you will be sure of your delegate supporters in all absurdities.

I need not point out the necessity of altering your whole foreign policy; if you have no other reason, that it has been established by the Tories is enough. Nor will you be dupes to out of date consistency. Thus, for instance, though you lay down the rule of non-intervention whenever, or wherever, there is a popular or rabble-rising revolution, insurrection, and things of this sort, which, if you manage well, will be everyday occurrences, interfere at once; and if you can but dethrone a Sove-

reign and set up another, (if only with a paper crown,) it will be a glorious opportunity you will not lose.

By all means play into the hands of France, it will be a bold policy to sacrifice unsparingly the old interests of Old England; and the boldness will make it look like some scheme of deep wisdom. For it is manifest you ought to do every thing for a nation where the King is a puppet and the people govern. Having always, when the French were the bitterest enemies of your country, been their ardent admirers, throughout the Revolution and their tyranny, and ever having thwarted British measures, and sneered at the success of British arms, which you could not prevent, you will find now the less difficulty in bringing your minds to the sacrifice. This sacrifice once made, you will be rewarded by that nation marching as it were before you, and marshalling the way you should go in all great measures, leaving you nothing to do but the easy task of following. It will be very easy for you, notwithstanding that you are but letting France play her own game, and throwing down your cards as it were before her as her dummy, to appear extremely busy in your vocation, by the frequent interchange of couriers, conveyance of letters, protocols, treaties, notifications, negotiations, and a thousand packets which it will not be necessary for you even to open, much less read, while the French minister has a *carte blanche*. You may even send over chosen and discreet persons of certain political and religious predilections (this you will never forget) to examine into the French system of book-keeping, for all must be as much French as possible, and it will be the means of putting a thousand pounds or so into one or two worthy men's pockets, and my particular friends. In one word, you must, while you are really doing nothing, affect to be very busy, and imitate the extravagance of the philosopher who went rolling about his tub, that he might not appear idle. It is not worth while to say more about foreign policy: in all emergencies consult Talleyrand, he has served all parties—knows all sides—you cannot therefore put yourselves into

better hands—and you will be thus saved the trouble and responsibility of thinking.

\* The Home Department will not require much of your care; "let alone," is the rule; do not act until your Governors direct you, and then just as they direct you.

I have, from the commencement of this paper, presupposed that you have already brought into play the great measure which we agreed upon—Reform as a bonus offered to your Governors, to induce them to become your guardians, to insure you your places. Cherish your Reform Bill—the Magna Charta of thieves, vagabonds, profligates, contemners of law, despisers of religion—that Bill, which will even make these desperadoes and terrors of all other governments, not only innocuous, but the very prop and stay of yours. Look not for difficulties; hungry though they be, they will be more easily fed than you imagine; and it is a bold policy if you can but turn them out upon the Tories, against whom they may expend their natural fury, and lift up their hands and voices in plaudits to you. They are, in truth, like hungry hounds, that will be satisfied with a tolerable carcass now and then, but, for the most part, can be kept in running condition on windy expectation, and an occasional sting of raw flesh. Even Cerberus may be pacified with a sop.

You must of course expect some opposition from your present Parliament; you will, therefore, with or without reason, take offence at something it may do or say; however you may adopt afterwards the very things for which you dismiss them, turn them out, and this will give an opportunity for the display of the power of the mobs, which in fact is yours. The bludgeon, the brick-bat, and the placard, will secure all you will want. You will have delegates, fair substitutes, considering the times, for the more complete Parliament which the Reform Bill will ultimately introduce, when, excepting the counties which will become your own boroughs, the House may perchance contain a set of contemptible wretches, who, from their utter ignorance, can never taunt you with your political blunders. As long as you pay due regard to the people,

your Governors, they will send you a very submissive gentry; however you may be ashamed of them, you must put a good face upon the matter; but, in truth, it will be a strange sight to see the new delegates entering the metropolis, and will perchance remind you of your old nursery rhymes—

“Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,  
The beggars are coming to town,  
Some in rags and some in tags,  
But none in velvet gown.”

But lest Parliaments should at any time be troublesome, you will do well, as a great statesman said, to “call a new world into existence.” By all means, therefore, set up a sort of opposition Parliament in Birmingham, with the privilege of branch Parliaments elsewhere, and with this you must be in constant correspondence—must bandy compliments. They will be seditious enough, but what is that to you? Flatter them, even though they threaten not to pay taxes; you cannot well do otherwise, knowing you have yourselves instigated them. I have furnished them myself with ample means of annoying the Tories, have supplied them with a “black list,” which will make even you stare. They will circulate it largely, and you will not be so foolish as to take any notice of it, even though it should be the means of immolating a few old Tories on the altar of liberty. Flatter these new Parliaments, and they will keep the delegates in your own, in check.

I must now, for a while, discuss a very important matter—the Press. What is the Vessel of the State, or any other vessel, without its boat-swain; and what is he without his speaking trumpet? You must have the “Ship, a-hoy” blusterer. The Press must be the mouthpiece of your Governors—the People: it is through the Press their dictates must be given. In this, too, I can essentially serve you. You see I have somewhat the pen of a ready writer, and you will easily acknowledge the force of my style in the Times, the Chronicle, the Globe, Examiner, &c. And it is hard indeed, if I and the Lord Chancellor cannot put our heads together, and write admirable panegyrics upon your government,

that shall lift you into the seventh heaven. But you cannot expect the Press to be quite disinterested; you must therefore, in your Reform Bill, offer them the bribe of at least eight new places for Members for London, which they will fill themselves, or command; and they will so out-bully all that ever bullied, out-swear all that ever swore, that they will lose their senses in the ecstasy of their own delirium, till they rave of Liberty, Slavery, Chains, Wretches, Tories, Aristocrats, a Virtuous Ministry, a Ruined Nation, Tithes, Rats, Bishops, and Boroughmongers, and out-babel Babel the Great in the confusion of languages. This will they do with my and your help. You will wonder that it should be possible for some insignificant wretch, in his vulgar hole of a domicile, with his paltry pen to indite such marvels; but give him free scope for sedition, lay an injunction on the Attorney-General, and you shall see, I promise you, what England never yet saw. Lend but the light of your ministerial countenance, and the diminutive editor will rise to wonderful dimensions. He will work his phantasmagoria on the “broad sheet”—send but the light of your countenance, I repeat; nor is it required that it be very luminous—a dull lantern and a whitened wall will turn the veriest cur into a terrific monster, and fools and children take the shadow of an insignificant mongrel for a lion. The Press is the mouthpiece of your Governors, to dictate what you are to do, and as long as you wisely do as you are bid, to record your praises. The Press will hold enchained in abject slavery, send to the galleys or gallows all that dare oppose you; and is it not for this very purpose that you have ever had in your mouths the “Liberty of the Press?” Behold, by the simple adoption of my Principle, your ultimate, your complete triumph!

I must say a few words of Ireland; having travelled there much, having dwelt there, and having many very particular friends there, I cannot but feel considerable partiality for a country I have almost considered exclusively my own. Your Governors may be said to be many-headed, and doubt not one of the principal heads will ever be found there. Che-

risk it as you would the apple of your eye. I have passed my word to the Papists—it must be done, you understand. I am unwilling to put on paper what perhaps all of yourselves may not fully know. But remember it must be done. I have communicated with Dr Doyle, and he has imported thousands of ready-made pardons, to send his lamb-like followers as straight through purgatory to paradise, as from the confessional to outrage. Conspirators against Church and State must be pardoned—I have engaged for it. You will magnanimously not punish, but honour, the Arch-agitator, for he is King of the Beggars, and has numerous forces.

I have not hitherto dwelt upon peculiar advantages to accrue to yourselves. Some you are well aware of; for you are not such fools as to set up for patriots; but in veriest mirth. You know the rewards of patriotism, or you will soon see them, when you shall behold the Conqueror of Waterloo hooted, hissed, and in danger of his life, and his house barricaded to guard its peace from your mobs. Thus will you overcome the great conqueror, and this is no little praise. But you will enjoy substantial benefits too—you will secure places and offices to yourselves for life, and with little to do; and even if, contrary to your expectations, things should take rather a violent turn, you will be able to save your own, as you will not be the malignant Tories or "Borough-mongering Faction." You have some among you, whose families once upon a time benefited pretty largely from aristocratic confiscation and church plunder—an evil name perhaps; but no bad thing. Besides, what can you do? You cannot stop the hurricane, or bring back the winds you have let out of the bag. You are not so silly as to talk of weathering the storm, which you

have whistled with an evil wind to raise these last forty years. Weather the storm, indeed! Go along with the wind and tide, down the current; what matter where it leads you? Happiness is not local, and the virtue of the thing is neither here nor there. Fear not—go boldly forward—follow my Principle strictly; and if you do not Whig a Whiggery that shall last longer than England is England, never trust to me more.

On, then, and prosper; if you must be busy, let it be to scatter about the seeds of dissent, that you may keep alive the Principle of Yielding, by always having something to give up to it. Whatever happens, you will thus make to yourselves friends of your mammon; and should you chance to lose here, I have ample estates in my dominions at your entire service. Now, then, go boldly to the Peers with your Bill; and even should it be possible that you are kicked out of the Upper House, I have a *lower* House to receive you, which, if it be not a regular House of Lords, will at least contain all the New Batch. And should you at any time be weary of office, and should you unfortunately, from events we cannot foresee, find the people are from their hearts wishing you at the devil, and you would shun the parade of resignation, I will not fail to be present with you; and be not alarmed if, in compliance with the general wishes, I affect a rage, and dismiss you myself. For, be assured, though I may be compelled to kick you in the breech, it shall be done after the most received fashion of politeness, without the slightest injury to your persons; and wherever your fall and exit may be, rest satisfied that not a slipper shall be thrown up to testify of your abode.

I remain your sincere friend, admirer, and servant to command,

SATAN.

## MISS FANNY KEMBLE'S TRAGEDY.\*

IN youth and prime of manhood we delighted in theatrical representations, and were sometimes admitted even behind the scenes—nay, not uninitiated were we in the dangerous mysteries of the Green-room. But in our old age, we seldom go to see a play. In the pit, our knees get cramped, and our back aches; those whiffs of wind are bad for our rheumatics, that, on the sudden flinging open of doors, bring the chill of the antarctic circle of the lobbies into the torrid zone of the boxes; indecorous would be the appearance of Christopher North in the slips—and he is not such a heathen as to take his place among the gods. We seldom, then, as we said, go now-a-days to the theatre; but we still sympathize with those who eagerly flock thither to see a star, or sit sedately there surrounded by their boys and girls, gazing with admiration on less illustrious lights, and delivering themselves up in the untamed transport of youthful emotion, to the delusions of joy or grief. We have never been able, for the souls of us, to see any sin in looking at a play, any more than in looking at a picture—provided there be nothing naughty in either; and had we a daughter, we should not be satisfied till she had seen *Cordelia* and *Imogen*.

We wish well, then, to the stage. Its history is to us always bewitching reading; and we are familiar with it all from Colley Cibber's delightful Memoirs, to the amusing Biographies of John Galt. Nay, among our million manuscript miscellanies, innocently slumbering in the dovetails of our cabinets, are as many papers as, if collected, would make some four volumes, or so, we guess, of Reminiscences of the theatrical world. Ere long, perhaps, they may see the day: nor need they shun the sun, for unstained are they by scandal, as a virgin's letters to a female friend, written in the form of a journal, on her first visit to the Lakes.

The stage owed much, no doubt, to Garrick. He could not have been the first manager or actor—as has been often foolishly said—who studied costume; but he effected great improvements in that part of the representation, which is of ten thousand times more importance than scenery, and subordinate but to character. Genius can overcome any thing; and it can effectively personate *Hamlet* in a kilt, or *Macbeth* in breeches. Besides, we get not only reconciled by the power of habit to the most absurd and unnatural usages, but absolutely to like and admire them; so that they seem essential to our delight and delusion. Thus, we believe all characters on our stage, whatever their nation, were at one and for a long time expected to be in the full dress of English gentlemen or English heroes. Any deviation from that established custom would have been offensive, for it would have broken in upon one set of associations without bringing another into their place; and Caesar, without a full-flowing wig, might as well have been without a Brutus. To break through the fashion, that had given authority to such custom, required probably more boldness than we may be aware of; and to carry a better into effect infinitely greater skill. For a knowledge of the costumes of antiquity implies much curious learning; to ignorant spectators they could give but little pleasure; and to the most erudite it must have been more painful to look on a bungled toga, whose folds in no measure betrayed the fine Roman hand of a Placidia, but gave unequivocal symptoms of the sire of that tailor since immortalized by his equestrian excursion to Brentford.

Whatever improvements, then, Garrick may have effected in that way, they could be of little moment in comparison with what he did in another—in establishing art on na-

\* *Francis the First; an Historical Drama.* By Frances Anne Kemble. London: John Murray. 1892.

ture. He produced a sudden revolution in acting—and was at once, by acclamation, crowned King. True that he wrote but indifferent verses, though sometimes they were elegant and graceful; and pity 'tis that 'tis true he murdered—or what is almost as bad—mutilated Shakespeare. But he admired—adored him too; and that he rightly felt and understood him, even in his fairest and most majestic creations, is put beyond all doubt by the effect—never surpassed, if equalled, by the power of any other actor—of his genius on all hearts and on all minds,

"At every flash of his far-speaking eye."

He raised the stage, in the estimation of an age illustrious for its great men, into an enlightened and intellectual profession, and invested it with a lustre, which, by his death, was obscured but not eclipsed; till, after some short fits of splendour, and longer periods "now of glimmer and now of gloom," it was restored almost to its pristine glory by the rising genius of the Kembles.

To John Kemble nature had given such a face and such a figure as satisfied imagination's self in its visions of the majestic, and by his personal endowments he was formed to be—if mind and soul were not wanting there—a transcendent actor. Nor were they wanting; for though his genius may not have been of the highest, it was of a high order; he had a lofty enthusiasm and deep sensibility; his natural talents were great, and assiduously cultivated by a scholarly education; and no man ever studied more thoughtfully the principles of his art, or with more consummate skill embodied the theory in the practice of imitation. His judgment and taste were classical, but not cold; and there was a felt charm even in the freedom from all offensive faults in his Personations, that assured the minds of his audience into a tranquil trust in his excellence; the mood in which great beauties growing gradually before us, as in all his acting they were sure to do, finally produce their full effect, elevating us to higher and higher admiration, till it reaches its acme and its close in some affecting or prodigious catastrophe. His great-

ness lay not in sudden bursts of passion, like Kean's, when he is at his most pathetic or most terrible; but in sustained and swelling emotion, unflagging till the fall of the curtain; and when it had fallen, leaving a sense of the sublime, like some strain of magnificent music. No other actor in our day ever was Hamlet. In reading that tragedy, nobody now pretends to understand the character—in seeing it performed by John Kemble, every body felt it, gods and men; and breathless interest held all hearts, while he parleyed in reverential and superstitious awe with his father's ghost, or "spoke daggers, but used none," to his mother, unhappier than she knew, and none knows how sinful. In Macbeth he was almost perfect—entirely so in Coriolanus; for if in the Highland Chief and King there wanted something of the wild grandeur of the haunted air of the moors and mountains, in the Roman General, the patrician pride in his order, and nature's own haughtiness in conscious greatness of soul, not unworthy the glory of the unconquered sons of the Capitol, were in his matchless Personation of a patriot expatriated into a traitor by a course of unendurable wrong, injury, and insult, so embodied to the eye as well as to the mind, that the whole audience were aroused as if they had themselves been Romans, and the theatre had been in the heart of Rome, while yet the eternal city gloried in her republic.

We trust that we have too much good sense to attempt painting a picture of Sarah Siddons. In her youth, 'tis said, she was beautiful, even lovely, and won men's hearts as *Rosalind*. But beauty is a fading flower. It faded from her face, ere one wrinkle had touched that fixed paleness which seldom was tinged with any colour, even in the whirlwind of passion. Light went and came across those finest features at the coming and going of each feeling or thought; but faint was the change of hue ever visible on that glorious marble. It was the magnificent countenance of an animated statue—in the stillness of its idealized beauty instinct with all the emotions of our mortal life. Idealized beauty! Did we not say that beauty had faded from her face? Yes—

but it was overspread with a kindred expression, for which we withhold the name, only because it seemed more divine, inspiring awe that overpowered while it mingled with delight,—more than regal,—say rather immortal. Such an image surely had never before trode, nor ever again will tread, the enchanted floor. In all stateliest shews of waking woe she dwindled the stateliest into insignificance; her majesty made others mean; in her sunlike light all stars “paled their ineffectual fires.” But none knew the troubled grandeur of guilt, till they saw her in *Lady Macbeth*, walking in her sleep, and, as she wrung her hands, striving in pain to wash from them the engrained murder. “Not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten this little hand!” The whisper came as from the hollow grave, and more hideously haunted than ever was the hollow grave, seemed then to be the cell of her heart! Shakspeare's self had learned something then from a sight of Siddons.

Those were great creatures, and they glorified the stage. They are gone; and we must put up without them—beholding them sometimes in dreams like ghosts.

But there are Kembles alive among us still, and they are among the highest ornaments of their profession. Stop—we had forgotten Stephen the Fat, who used to play Falstaff. He had a fine face of his own—but that boundless belly spoiled every thing. Yet we have seen him enact Hamlet to his own benefit—

“O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,”

was a wish, that, if granted, had drowned the pit. Had he been a slim youth, he had been a capital actor, and could have played well *Ranger* or *Young Norval*. For Stephen Kemble was a man of excellent talents and taste too; and we have a volume of his Poems, presented to ourselves one evening after the play in the shades at Whitehaven, in which there is considerable powers of language, and no deficiency either of feeling or of fancy. He had humour, if not wit, and was a pleasant companion and worthy man. He was among the best of our provincial managers,

As for his wife, there were few more delightful actresses in her day than Mrs Stephen Kemble. In speaking, she had a clear silver voice, “most musical, most melancholy;” (though she was not a little of a vixen, and in pure spite, once almost bit a piece out of the shoulder of Henry Johnston, in *Young Norval*, while bending over “my beautiful, my brave,” in the maternal character of *Lady Randolph*;) and she sung with the sweetest pathos. From many fair eyes, now shut, have we seen her *Ophelia* draw tears in the mad scene; and she was a delicious *Juliet*, and an altogether incomparable *Yarico*. Not so lovely as the fair O'Neill, nor so romantic; for she had borne children; but her eyes had far more of that unconsciously alluring expression of innocence and voluptuousness which must have shone through the long fringes of the large lamping orbs of the fond Italian girl, who at fourteen was a bride, and but for that fatal sleeping draught, ere fifteen would have been a mother. In *Catherine*, again, we have more than once been delighted to see her play the Devil. To her it was not every man, we can assure you, that was able to be a Petruchio. In all the parts she played, she was impassioned; and all good judges who remember her, will agree with us in thinking, that she was an actress not only of talent, but of genius.

Mrs Siddons left a son, to whom nature had denied “outward grace,” and given no great gift of expression either in form, face, or voice. But he was a man of feeling and talent, and understood well the principles of his art, though unable in his own person to exemplify them with any distinguished success. Yet in some characters, in spite of natural disadvantages, he was, by the force of true feeling, very effective,—as in the *Stranger*. In private life no man could be more esteemed; and many among us in Edinburgh here cherish his memory, both for the sake of his own virtues, and for the sake of the accomplishments, and genius of his widow, Mrs Henry Siddons.

Well do we remember her when Miss Murray, and for a while more admired for her mild and modest beauty, than for any conspicuous power or genius as an actress. She



seldom or never had then appeared in any very prominent part, and with true taste and fine feeling, had always acted up to the part assigned her, and never beyond it; so that she always inspired pleasure, although not admiration. Applause she always received; but it seemed given to her young and lovely self, rather than to her acting; and at that time was, on that account, probably the more grateful—and not the less encouraging—as she must have felt that she had with her the hearts of her audience.

Miss Murray, though easy in natural elegance, seemed, we remember, to be often affected with diffidence, itself not without a charm, and the more so on account of the rarity of that feeling which, on the London stage, shone in her as a native and peculiar virtue. Yet, for some time before her marriage, she had, as an interesting actress, won upon the admiration of the audience who had always with respect regarded the spotless woman; and a very few years elapsed till Mrs Henry Siddons was universally acknowledged as one of the brightest ornaments of the stage. The charm of her performance, whether in comedy or tragedy, was still its simplicity; but her gladness had now more brilliancy, and her grief more pathos; and she became more captivating in her smiles, more overpowering in her tears. She exhibited, too, great versatility of talent; and ere long became the fixed star of the Edinburgh stage. Above all the actresses of her time, her demeanour was distinguished by that charm which sometimes has imparted power even to mediocrity, but which, when joined, as it was in her case, with the finest faculties, adds a perpetual power to genius, and ensures its resistless triumphs—Mrs Henry Siddons was in all things the perfect lady. But in *Ophelia* and *Desdemona*, even that look, though there, is lost sight of, or it is merged in misery. We think not of the gracefulness of the stalk when it is crushed—flower and all; but feel only that there is an end—or extinction of something we had loved; and so was it with her, as we looked and listened to her, singing her strange snatches of songs, or smothered by the murderous Moor, and restored for a moment from seeming

death, with a few fond forgiving last words to declare him innocent. As Kean in *Othello* fiercely howled—

“She’s like a liar gone to burning hell!”

who felt not assured, while the body lay still and white on the couch, in night-clothes like a shroud, that her spirit had flown to heaven!

Charles Kemble is not so fine a man as John—and we cannot choose but call him rather clumsy, especially about the ankles; but then he has a noble natural air, and has studied successfully the art or the science of manner, demeanour, carriage, so as to make the most of his figure, which is cast in almost Herculean mould. His face, though far inferior in heroic expression to John’s, is yet noble; and he has a voice mellow and manly, and of much compass, though incapable of those pathetic and profound tones which, in spite of his asthma, used to issue forth from that broad chest of his, when “Black Jack was in power to-night,” in volume that surprised those who had heard him only on more common occasions, or when he was indisposed to make, or incapable of making, his highest efforts. For many years Charles, though always a favourite with a London audience, could justly be said to be but a second rate actor, even in his best characters; and in his worst, he was hardly a third-rate one. But the acting of all the Kembles is of slow growth in its rise towards excellence or perfection. It was so—though less so with her than her brother—even with the Siddons. About twenty years ago, when Charles Kemble could not have been much under forty, his acting brightened up into a brilliancy, and expanded into a breadth of manner, that shewed he was, even at that somewhat advanced period of life, though its prime, about to enter on a new era. He did so; and ere long, in some characters, had no equal among his contemporaries, and we suspect few, if any, superiors among his predecessors. In parts of very deep or very high tragedy, he is not great—and in these a man must be *aut Cæsar aut nullus*—a John Kemble, a Kean, a Young, or no better than a—but we wish not to be severe—so let the alternative be anonymous. But

in all parts between, where the interest is still tragic, he is as good as can be, performing with energy and spirit. Indeed spirit is the very word, and it has infinite varieties and a wide range of significance. In comedy—we were going to say genteel—but we dislike the word—in such comedy as Shakspeare's, where the parts played are by nature's gentleman, such as *Faulconbridge*, *Hotspur*, (we use the word comedy,) *Orlando*, *Mercutio*, *Benedict*, *Petruchio*, and the like, a better actor than Charles Kemble never trode the stage.

But we remember us of the image of a delightful, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, whose motion was itself music ere her voice was heard, and the glance of her gleaming eyes, ere yet her lips were severed, itself speech. In all melodramatic representations—in that exquisite species of historical narrative, Pantomime, where face, frame, and limbs have all to be eloquent, and to tell tales of passion beyond the power of mere airy words—in the dance that is seen to be the language of the exhilarated heart, when it seeks to communicate, to cherish, or to expend its joy in movements of the animal frame not merely quickened by the spirit, but seemingly themselves spiritualized, and that, too, into attitudes and outlines of nature's own gracefulness, that needs no teacher but the impulses from which it springs, and the "innocent brightness of the new-born day" of bliss in which it prolongs its gliding, and floating, and flying being,—in all this, O gentle and middle-aged reader, (pardon our perhaps too poetic style, though ornate yet unambitious,) who was once comparable in her sparkling girlhood, to that dangerous yet unwickd witch, the charm-and-spell-bearing enchantress, Decamp?

Morgiana has long been changed, by the touch of Hymen's magical rod into a matron—and Mrs Charles Kemble has swallowed up Miss Decamp. Of such parentage, it would have been strange if the soul of Miss Fanny Kemble had not turned instinctively towards the stage. We have heard it said that but for the misfortunes of Covent Garden Theatre, (which her genius has gloriously retrieved,) this extraordinary

girl would never have been an actress. People may think so—perhaps her very parents—perhaps her very self; but they must pardon us for saying that we know better; for a bird sung it to us in a dream, that she was to continue the fame of her family, so long illustrious in the annals of the theatre, and to equal, if not surpass that of them all, except the Unapproachable—the Sole Tragic Queen.

Emerging suddenly, not from the gloom but the shade, this gifted young creature came forth at a time at once trying and propitious; and gratulating acclaim arose when first "her fulgent head star-bright appeared." She showed, on her first night, that she was worthy of her lineage; and the fine features of her intellectual countenance silently spoke her relationship to the Sidons. She established herself at once, by the unanimous consent of the best judges, as well as by the award of the public, in the highest order. That was enough; triumph was won by power; and she has in her future career but to evolve under noblest studies all the finished forms of her genius.

We could wish to say much even now of that genius, and to speak of Miss Kemble, young as she is, as already a great actress. But the introduction or preface to our article has run on to an alarming length; and we must break off from that theme, and turn to one even more delightful, her genius as a poet—and that, too, in the highest province of the art, the tragic drama.

We confess, that when first we heard of her having adventured upon that walk, our heart, interested in all her successes, had many misgivings; but we took courage on learning, months before the appearance of her play, that it had won the admiration of Joanna Baillie. It has been published, and it has been performed; and already the public voice has declared, that it is not only for one so young—but in itself—a great achievement.

Let us, then, give an analysis of the drama, accompanied with copious extracts—more copious probably than may be found in any other periodical—for so only can genius be fairly judged,—and conclude our

article with some criticism on the character of the power displayed in its creation.

The three chief characters are the Queen Mother, Gonzales her confessor, and the Duke de Bourbon. The Queen Mother having conceived a violent passion for the Duke, had persuaded her son that the Constable's power was "growing strongly in the Milanese;" and the King, at her instigation, had recalled him from the government, that his high ambition might be checked, "beneath the shadow of the throne."

The second scene of the first act is in the Queen Mother's apartment—and that imperious personage precipitately appears before us, soliloquizing on the passion that fevers her blood.

"Queen. So—I am glad Gonzales is not here;

I would not even he should see me thus.—  
Now out upon this beating heart, these temples,

That throb and burn so; and this crimson glow

That rushes o'er my brow: now, by this light,  
I had not dream'd so much weak womanhood  
Still slumber'd in my breast!—I must remember me.—

Mother of France, and wellnigh Queen of it,  
I'll even bear my love as royally,  
As I have borne my pow'r.—the time is near,  
Oh very near, when he will kneel again  
Before my feet; the conqueror to the conquer'd!—

I am ashamed of this ill timed relapse,—  
This soft unnerving pow'r which thus enthral's me."

Gonzales enters, and seeing the paleness of her cheek, and the quivering of her lip, asks, "Is your highness ill?" a question to which she is too much absorbed to reply—but says—

"Queen. Hush! 'twas a trumpet, was it not?—and now—

Surely it is the tramp of horses' hoofs  
That beat the ground thus hurriedly and loud;—

I pray thee, father, throw the casement wide—

The air is stifling."

She then boldly and energetically avows her passion to the astonished Monk—and leaves him to ruminate on the strange confession, exclaiming as she goes—

(*Trumpets without—shouts of "De Bourbon!"*)

"And now he is arrived—hark how the trumpets

Bray themselves hoarse with sounding welcome to him!

Oh, could I join my voice to yonder cry,  
By heavens, I think its tones would rend the welkin

With repetition of the hero's name,  
Who's dearer far to me than life or fame."

From Gonzales' soliloquy, we gather that he is not what he seems, a mere priest, but an emissary from the Emperor, for the purpose of political intrigues at the court of his great rival. He is, in truth, a Spanish warrior of noble birth, and distinguished reputation, Don Garcia; and had been instigated to assume the part he plays, by desire to revenge the dishonour of his sister, who had been shamefully seduced by the father (now dead) of Laval, a young Frenchman, who must pay the penalty of his parent's crime.

"Gonz. In love with Bourbon! by this living light,

My mission here is wellnigh bootless, then.  
Now might I back to Spain, since Charles' objects

Are all defeated by this woman's passion,  
Were there not yet another task, the dearest,  
The labour that is life—mine own revenge!  
Till I have reached that goal, my foot shall never

Tread its own soil! or, freed from its disguise,—

This noiseless sandal of slow-gaited priesthood,—

Resume its manly garb. Oh, very long  
Is the accomplishment; but it is sure,—  
Sure as the night that curtains up each day,—  
Sure as that death which is the end of life.  
Lie still, thou thirsty spirit, that within  
Call'st for the blood that shall allay thy craving!

Down, down with thee, until the hour be come

When I can fling this monkish treachery by,  
Rush on my prey, and let my soul's hot flame

Lick up his blood, and quench it in his life!  
Time, and the all-enduring soul that never  
Shrinks from the trial, be my speed! and nought

My hope, my spur, my instrument, my end,  
Save hate—eternal hate—inmeasurable hate!"

Meanwhile, De Bourbon has arrived in Paris, and all unconscious of

he real cause of his recall, his fiery spirit is burning with indignation on his disgrace, and cannot control its wrath, even in the apartment of the Princess Margaret, his lady-love. Ere she, the sister of the King, had again seen her lover's face, she had been told of his return by Triboulet (the court fool,) and had given vent to her emotions, in these beautiful lines—

"He is return'd! he will be there! and yet  
Though meeting, after long eventful ab-  
sence,—

We shall not in our meeting be half blest:  
A dizzy, whirling throng will be around us,  
'Mid whose loud jar the still small voice of  
love,

Whose accents breathe their soft eucharis-  
tic best

In whisper'd sighs, or but half-whisper'd  
words,

Will die unheard. Oh that we thus should  
meet!

But, then, there is love's eye to flash his  
thought

Into a language, whose rich eloquence  
Beggars all voice; our eyes at least may meet,  
And change, like messengers, the loving  
freight

"That either heart sends forth."

The Colloquy between the lovers at their first interview is very characteristic—and it requires all the mild persuasion and dignified composure of the Princess to calm the storm of rage in De Bourbon's bosom, as it is ready to burst forth upon the Queen. She succeeds in doing so, by a mixture of seriousness, fondness, and playful raillery, very skillfully combined; and the lovers part thus—

"Bour. I faith I must; the storm is over  
now;

And having burst, why, I shall be the calmer.  
Farewell, sweet mistress! I'll not forget.

Marg. Oh, but I fear—

Bour. Fear not—she is thy mother!"

De Bourbon is then ushered by Gonzales into the presence of the Queen-Mother, who has resolved

"To try the mettle of his soul,  
And tempt him with the glitter of a  
crown."

She plays her part with very great address, and having at length, as she imagines, let the Duke into the secret of her passion, and found him, though rather perplexed, eager for

perfect light, she throws off her veil (the veil of widowhood,) and to the young hero, who had flung himself at her feet, exclaiming,

"Madam, in pity speak but one word more,  
Who is that woman?"—

she passionately cries,

"I AM THAT WOMAN?"

The feelings of the old, or at least elderly lady (somewhere, we believe, about forty-five) may be more easily imagined than described, on hearing on the dearest side of her head the Constable's more than uncourteous acknowledgment of the honour!

"Bour. (starting up). You, by the holy  
mass! I scorn your proffers;—

Is there no crimson blush to tell of shame  
And shrinking womanhood! Oh shame!  
shame! shame!

(The QUEEN remains clasping her hands  
to her temples, while DE BOURBON  
walks hastily up and down: after a  
long pause the QUEEN speaks.)

Queen. What ho! Marlon! St Evreux!

Enter two Gentlemen.

Summon my confessor! (Ereunt.)—And  
now, my lord,

I know not how your memory serves you;  
Mine fails not me—If I remember well,  
You made some mention of the King but  
now—

No matter—we will speak of that anon.—

Enter GONZALES.

Sir, we have business with this holy father;  
You may retire.

Bour. Confusion!

Queen. Are we obeyed?

Bour. (aside). Oh Margaret!—for thee!  
for thy dear sake!

[Rushes out. The QUEEN sinks into  
a chair.

Queen. Refus'd and scorn'd! Infamy!—  
the word chokes me!

How now! why stand'st thou gazing at me  
thus?"—

Gonzales answers—coolly and cuttingly—"I wait your highness' pleasure!" What that pleasure must now be, the simplest may conjecture aright—"Oh! sweet revenge!" It is, we believe, a general law of nature, that proffered love, in all such cases, is soured suddenly, as by a flash of lightning, into hate. So is it now with Louisa of Savoy. She is savage as an old tigress—not robbed of her whelps—but of a young tiger beautifully striped, who had shewn himself with a bland pur for a mo-

ment at the mouth of her cave, as if ready for dalliance, and then with an angry growl all at once had leapt away into a wood. She resolves to ruin De Bourbon, and hints, if we mistake not, at depriving him of his vast possessions by forgery. Gonzales, who is delighted to know that her suit has been rejected, (for, had it been accepted, his master, Charles, would have suffered from the genius of the Duke made king, and he himself probably been baffled in his schemes for revenge,) expresses his willingness to aid her in all her designs—"it rests but with your grace to point the means." The infuriated Queen-Mother has a great command of speech.

"Not dearer to my heart will be the day  
When first the crown of France deck'd my  
son's forehead,  
Than that when I can compass thy perdition,—  
When I can strip the halo of thy fame  
From off thy brow, seize on the wide domains,  
That make thy hated house akin to empire,  
And give thy name to deathless infamy."

But a woman of her great talents could control the expression of her rage; and she enters with dignity the council-chamber thronged with the nobility, and, led by her son the King, takes her seat on the throne. Bourbon is there, and ere she deals him the blow, the Queen-Mother taunts him with cutting sarcasms in an under-tone, which the courtiers, if they chanced to overhear it, must have thought the sweetest royal condescension. Francis declares Count Lautrec Governor of Milan—and, as he is about with "our own royal hand to buckle on the sword," the Queen interposes haughtily, and says,

"Queen. Not so.  
Your pardon, sir; but it hath ever been  
The pride and privilege of woman's hand  
To arm the valour that she loves so well:  
We would not, for your crown's best jewel,  
bate

One jot of our accustom'd state to-day:  
Count Lautrec, we will arm thee, at our feet:  
Take thou the brand which wins thy country's wars,—  
Thy monarch's trust, and thy fair lady's favour,—  
Why, how now!—how is this!—my lord of Bourbon!

If we mistake not, 'tis the sword of office  
Which graces still your baldrick;—with  
your leave,  
We'll borrow it of you.

Bour. (starting up.) Ay, madam! 'tis  
the sword  
You buckled on with your own hand, the day  
You sent me forth to conquer in your cause;  
And there it is!—(breaks the sword)—take  
it—and with it all  
Th' allegiance that I owe to France! ay,  
take it;

And with it, take the hope I breathe o'er it:  
That so, before Colonna's host, your arms  
Lie crush'd and sullied with dishonour's  
stain;  
So, rent in sunder by contending factions,  
Be your Italian provinces; so torn  
By discord and dissension this vast empire;  
So broken and disjoint'd your subjects' loves;  
So fallen your son's ambition, and your  
pride!

Queen (rising). What ho! a guard with-  
in there! Charles of Bourbon,  
I do arrest thee, traitor to the crown!

Enter Guard.

Away with yonder widemouth'd thun-  
derer!  
We'll try if gyves and strait confinement  
cannot  
Check this high eloquence, and cool the  
brain

Which harbours such unmanner'd hopes."

[Bourbon is forced out.

De Bourbon is imprisoned, and, as his offence is nothing short of high treason, his doom is to be death. But the passion of the Queen, who, as Principal Robertson well says in his History of Charles Vth, was "as amorous as she was vindictive," again burns like a furnace to the wind, and she sends Gonzales to him in his dungeon to offer him pardon and liberty, on condition of his yet ascending her bed. With joy he goes on the mission—but to inflame the fury of Bourbon, and cunningly to instigate him to forsake France, and join his master, who will be happy to appoint him, if not generalissimo of his armies, commander, with equal power with Lanoy and Pescara.

Meanwhile, and ere Gonzales reaches the prison, the Princess Margaret is comforting Bourbon—or rather striving to soothe him into submission that may save his beloved life. But he is stern—almost savage of mood—and remains obdurate to the gentle but high-souled lady's prayers.

"*Bour.* My life is little worth to any now,  
Nor have I any, who shall after me  
Inherit my proud name.

"*Mur.* Hold there, my lord!—  
Posterity, to whom great men and their  
Fair names belong, is your inheritor. \*  
Your country, from whose kings your house  
... had birth,  
Claims of you, sir, your high and spotless  
name!—

Fame craves it of you; for when there be  
none

Bearing the blood of mighty men, to bear  
Their virtues also,—Fame emblazons them  
Upon her flag, which o'er the world she  
waves,

Persuading others to like glorious deeds.  
Oh! will you die upon a public scaffold?  
Beneath the hands o' th' executioner!  
Shall the vile rabble bait you to your death!  
Shall they applaud and make your fate a tale  
For taverns, and the busy city streets?  
And in the wide hereafter,—for the which  
All warriors hope to live,—shall your proud  
name

Be bandied to and fro by foul tradition,—  
Branded and curst, as rebel's name should be?"

That, we think, is very fine; and  
gives such a revelation of the character  
of the Princess, as at once fills  
our heart with sentiments towards  
her of pity and admiration. The  
pity becomes almost too painful,  
when De Bourbon, in the bitterness  
of his exasperation, cries

"A tenfold curse  
Light on that Royal Harlot!"

In his fury he tells the daughter her  
mother's shame; and as Gonzales is  
heard about to enter, the horrified  
and humiliated Princess leaves the  
prison, uttering these words—

"The pulse of life stands still  
Within my veins, and horror hath o'er-  
come

My strength! Oh! holy father! to thy  
care

Do I commend this wayward man!"

And we see the Princess Margaret  
no more!

Then comes the best scene by far  
in the tragedy—nor do we hesitate  
to say that in dramatic power and ef-  
fect it is equal, if not superior, to any  
thing in our language since the days  
of the great masters. Bourbon has  
said sternly—"Sir monk, be brief—  
thy business here?"

"*Gonz.* Look on these walls, whose stern  
time-stained brows

Frown like relentless justice on their inmates.  
Listen!—that voice is Echo's dull reply  
Unto the rattling of your chains, my lord:—  
What should a priest do here?

"*Bour.* Ay, what, indeed!—  
Unless you come to soften down these stones  
With your discourse, and teach the tedious  
echo

A newer lesson: trust me, that is all  
Your presence, father, will accomplish here.

"*Gonz.* Oh sinful man! and is thy heart  
so hard,

That I might easier move thy prison stones?  
Know, then, my mission—death is near at  
hand!

The wariant hath gone forth—the seal is  
set;

Thou art already numbered with those  
Who leave their names to lasting infamy,  
And their remains to be trod under foot  
Of the base rabble.

"*Bour.* Hark thee, in thine ear:—  
Shall I hear when I'm dead what men say  
of me?

Or will my body blench and quiver 'neath  
The stamp of one foot rather than another?  
Go to—go to! I have fought battles, father,  
Where death and I have met in full close  
contact,

And parted, knowing we should meet again;  
Therefore, come when he may, we've look'd  
upon

Each other far too narrowly, for me  
To fear the hour when we shall so be join'd,  
That all eternity shall never sunder us.  
Go prate to others about skulls and graves;  
Thou never didst in heat of combat stand,  
Or know what good acquaintance soldiers  
have

With the pale scarecrow—Death!

"*Gonz. (aside.)* Ah, think'st thou so?  
And thou didst never lie wrapp'd round so  
long

With death's cold arms, upon the gory field,  
As I have lain. (*Aloud*)—Hear me, thou  
hard of heart!

They who go forth to battle are led on  
With sprightly trumpets and shrill clamorous  
clarions;

The drum doth roll its double notes along,  
Echoing the horses' tramp; and the sweet  
fife

Runs through the yielding air in dulcet  
measure,

That makes the heart leap in its case of  
steel!

Thou shalt be knell'd unto thy death by  
bells,

Ponderous and brazen-tongued, whose sullen  
toll

Shall cleave thine aching brain, and on thy  
soul

Fall with a leaden weight: the muffled drum  
Shall mutter round thy path like distant  
thunder:

'Stead of the war-cry, and wild battle-roar—  
That swells upon the tide of victory,  
And seems unto the conqueror's eager ear  
Triumphant harmony of glorious discords!—  
There shall be voices cry foul shame on thee!  
And the infuriate populace shall clamour  
To heaven for lightnings on thy rebel head!

*Bour.* Monks love not bells, which call  
them up to prayers

I'the dead noon o' night, when they would  
snore

Rather than watch : but, father, I care not,  
E'en if the ugliest sound I e'er did hear—  
Thy raven voice—croak curses o'er my grave.

*Gonz.* What! death and shame! alike  
you heed them not!

Then, Mercy, use thy soft, persuasive arts,  
And melt this stubborn spirit! Be it known  
To you, my lord, the Queen hath sent me  
hither.

*Bour.* Then get thee hence again, foul,  
pandering priest!

By heaven! I knew that cowl did cover o'er  
Some filthy secret, that the day dared not  
To pry into. I know your holy church,  
Together with its brood of sandall'd fiends!  
Ambition is your God; and all the offering  
Ye bring him, are your vile compliances  
With the bad wills of vicious men in power,  
Whose monstrous passions ye do nurse and  
cherish,

That from the evil harvest which they yield,  
A plenteous gleaming may reward your toils.  
Out, thou unholy thing!

*Gonz.* Hold, madman! hear me!

If for thy fame, if for thy warm heart's blood  
Thou wilt not hear me, listen in the name  
Of France thy country.—

*Bour.* Tempter, get thee gone!

I have no land, I have no home,—no  
country,—

I am a traitor, cast from out the arms  
Of my ungrateful country! I disown it!  
Wither'd be all its glories, and its pride!  
May it become the slave of foreign power!  
May foreign princes grind its thankless  
children!

And make all those, who are such fools, as yet  
To spill their blood for it, or for its cause,  
Dig it like dogs! and when they die, like dogs,  
Rot on its surface, and make fat the soil,  
Whose produce shall be seized by foreign  
hands!

*Gonz.* (*aside.*) Now, then, to burst the  
last frail thread that checks

His headlong course,—another step, and then  
He topples o'er the brink!—he's won—he's  
ours.—

(*Aloud.*)—You beat the air with idle words;  
no man

Doth know how deep his country's love lies  
grain'd

In his heart's core, until the hour of trial!

Fierce though you hurl your curse upon the  
land,

Whose monarchs cast ye from its bosom; yet,  
Let but one blast of war come echoing  
From where the Ebro and the Douro roll;  
Let but the Pyrenees reflect the gleam  
Of twenty of Spain's lances, and your sword  
Shall leap from out its scabbard to your hand!

*Bour.* Ay, priest, it shall! eternal heaven,  
it shall!

And its far flash shall lighten o'er the land,  
The leading star of Spain's victorious host!  
But flaming, like some dire portentous comet,  
I'th' eyes of France, and her proud governors!  
Oh, vengeance! 'tis for thee I value life:  
Be merciful, my fate, nor cut me off,  
Ere I have wreak'd my fell desire, and made  
Infamy glorious, and dishonour fame!  
But, if my wayward destiny hath will'd  
That I should here be butcher'd shamefully,  
By the immortal soul, that is man's portion,  
His hope, and his inheritance, I swear,  
That on the day Spain overflows its bounds,  
And rolls the tide of war upon these plains,  
My spirit on the battle's edge shall ride;  
And louder than death's music, and the roar  
Of combat, shall my voice be heard to shout,  
On—on—to victory and carnage!

*Gonz.* Now,

That day is come, ay, and that very hour;  
Now shout your war-cry; now unsheath  
your sword!

I'll join the din, and make these tottering walls  
Tremble and nod to hear our fierce defiance!  
Nay, never start, and look upon my cowl—  
You love not priests, De Bourbon, more than I.  
Off! vile denial of my manhood's pride!  
Off, off to hell! where thou wast first in-  
vented,—

Now once again I stand and breathe a knight.  
Nay, stay not gazing thus: it is Garria,  
Whose name hath reach'd these long ere now,  
I trow;

When thou hast met in deadly fight full oft,  
When France and Spain join'd in the battle-  
field:

Beyond the Pyrenean boundary  
That guards thy land, are forty thousand men:  
Their unfurl'd pennons flout fair France's sun,  
And wanton in the breezes of her sky:  
Impatient halt they there; their foaming  
steeds,

Pawing the huge and rock-built barrier,  
That hars their further course: they wait  
for thee;

For thee whom France hath injured and cast  
off;

For thee, whose blood it pays with shameful  
chains,

More shameful death; for thee, whom Charles  
of Spain

Summons to head his host, and lead them on  
(*Gives him a parchment.*)

To conquest and to glory!

*Bour.* To revenge!

What tells he here of lands, and honours!

Pshaw!

I've had my fill of such. Revenge! Revenge!

That is the boon my unslaked anger craves,

That is the bribe that wins me to thy cause,

And that shall be my battle-cry! Ha! Ha!

Why, how we dream! why look, Garcia;

canst thou

With mumbled priestcraft file away these chains,

Or must I bear them into Spain with me,

That Charles may learn what guerdon valour wins

This side the Pyrenees?

*Gonz.* It shall not need—

What ho! but hold—together with this garb,

Methinks I have thrown off my prudence!

(*Resumes the Monk's dress.*)

*Bour.* What!

Wilt thou to Spain with me in frock and cowl,  
That men shall say De Bourbon is turn'd  
driveller,

And rides to war in company with monks?

*Gonz.* Listen.—The Queen for her own purposes

Confided to my hand her signet-ring,

Bidding me strike your fetters off, and lead you

By secret passes to her private chamber:

But being free, so use thy freedom, that

Before the morning's dawn all search be  
fruitless.—

What, ho! within.

*Enter Gaoler.*

Behold this signet-ring!—

Strike off those chains, and get thee gone.

[*Exit Gaoler.*]

And now

Follow.—How now,—dost doubt me, Bourbon?

*Bour.* Ay,

First, for thy habit's sake; and next, because

Thou rather, in a craven priest's disguise,

Tarriest in danger in a foreign court,

Than seek'st that danger in thy country's  
wars.

*Gonz.* Thou art unarm'd: there is my  
dagger; 'tis

The only weapon that I bear, lest fate

Should play me false: take it, and use it, too,

If in the dark and lonely path I lead thee,

Thou mark'st me halt, or turn, or make a sign

(Of treachery!)—and now, tell me, dost know

John Count Laval?

*Bour.* What! Lautrec's loving friend—

Who journeys now to Italy with him?

*Gonz.* How! gone to Italy! he surely  
went

But a short space from Paris, to conduct

Count Lautrec on his way.

*Bour.* I tell thee, no!

He's bound for Italy, along with him.

*Gonz.* Then the foul fiend hath mingled  
in my plot,

And marr'd it too! my life's sole aim and  
purpose!

Didst thou but know what damned injuries,

What foul, unknighly shame and obloquy,

His sire—whose name is wormwood to my  
mouth—

Did heap upon our house,—didst thou but  
know—

No matter—get thee gone—I tarry here.

And if three lingering years, ay, three times  
three,

Must pass ere I obtain what three short days

Had wellnigh given me, e'en be it so—

Life is revenge! revenge is life! Follow;

And, though we never meet again, when thou

Shalt hear of the most fearful deed of daring,

Of the most horrible and bloody tale,

That ever graced a beldame's midnight legend,

Or froze her gaping listeners, think of me

And my revenge! Now, Bourbon, heaven  
speed thee!" [*Exeunt.*]

And now let us turn—not to the  
under-plot—but to the other part of  
the double-plot—which, while it is  
very skilfully united, or rather blend-  
ed with the main current, is yet by  
itself a touching and a tragic tale, and  
therefore we have chosen hitherto to  
keep it apart, and shall present it,  
at this point, in its entire beauty.

In the first act there had been a  
tournament, in which the King had  
run a-tilt with Count Lautrec and un-  
horsed him, of course amid loud ac-  
clamations. The Count's sister,  
Françoise de Foix, was in front of the  
Princess's gallery, and had leant for-  
ward with every mark of intense in-  
terest, so that her beauty had at-  
tracted the eyes—the dangerous eyes  
—of Francis, "that champion of the  
dames."

"*Fran.* De Bonnavet, who is yon lady?  
look—

In front of the Princess's balcony?

Is she not passing fair?

*Bon.* Indeed, my liege,

She's very fair. I do not know her, though.

(*To LAVAL.*) Who is yon lady, leaning  
forth, Laval?

*Laval.* Count Lautrec's sister.

*Fran.* Had a limner's hand

Traced such a heavenly brow, and such a  
lip,

I would have sworn the knave had dreamt  
it all

In some fair vision of some fairer world.

See how she stands, all shrouded in loveliness;

Her white hands clasp'd; her clust'ring  
locks thrown back

From her high forehead; and in those bright  
eyes

Tears! radiant emanations! drops of light!



That fall from those surpassing orbs as  
though

The starry eyes of heaven wept silver dew.  
(*To LAVAL.*) Is yonder lady married, sir?

*Laval.* My liege,  
Not yet; but still her hand is bound in  
promise—

She is affianced.

*Fran.* And to whom?

*Laval.* To me, sire.

*Fran.* Indeed! (*Aside to BONNIVET.*)  
Methinks I was too passionate in my praise,  
Eh? Bonnivet—and yet how fair she is!”

The heart of Françoise is lost and won! True that Laval had told the King that she was affianced to him; but he had only yet had her brother's promise, and poor Françoise, in yielding up her innocent love to Majesty, in a visionary dream of aimless, and therefore harmless delight, was unfaithful to no plighted troth. We next find her in a gallery in the palace with her brother, who is about to bid her farewell ere he sets off for the Milanese. Although Françoise had not been sorry when told that the King had overthrown Lautrec in the tourney, (the fears of love having seemed to shew to her frightened eyes a different issue of the encounter,) yet she most tenderly loves her brother, and Miss Kemble has painted, with the finest and most delicate touches, their mutual affection. As if her “prophetic soul” already had some gloomy glimpse of fate, on meeting with him now about to part—perhaps for ever—she is oppressed with melancholy, which breathes in all she says, while he speaks to her of what should awaken only dreams of joy.

SCENE III.—A GALLERY IN THE PALACE.

*Enter FRANÇOIS DE FOIX AND LAUTREC.*

“*Laut.* Nay, nay, my pretty sister, be not sad!

And that thou better mayst endure this parting,  
I'll give thee hope, shall make thee think of  
nought

Save my return—what sayst thou to a husband?

One fear'd in battle-field, and no less full  
Of courtesy, and other noble virtues,  
Than high in birth, and rank, and fortune;  
—eh?

*Fran.* I could be well content that such  
a man  
Had sought a meeter bride. Oh, there be  
many

Maidens, of nobler parentage than mine,  
Who would receive so brave a gentleman  
With more of joy than I.

*Laut.* Why, my sweet sister!

This is a strange unnatural coldness hangs  
Upon thy brow, and in thy measured speech.  
I know not much of maiden state and pride,  
But, by the mass! thy words seem less in  
coyness

Than in indifference.

*Fran.* Oh say in love,  
In true and tender love to thee, my brother;  
Trust me, I'm not ambitious; and would  
rather

Live ever by thy side unwooed, unwon,—  
With nought to think or live for, but for  
thee,—

On whom, since earliest infancy, my heart  
Hath spent its hopes and fears, its love and  
pride.

Oh do not give me to another; do not,  
Dear Lautrec, send me from thee, and at  
once

Sever the ties of sweet and holy love  
That live between us!

*Laut.* To the man, whom best  
On earth I value, I resign thee, Françoise.  
My word was plighted to thy glad consent,  
And unless thou wilt break the faith I gave,  
And cancel thus one of my fondest hopes,  
Thou wilt be his.

*Fran.* I thank him for the honour  
He doth our house, and my unworthy hand;  
I thank thee, too, in that thy love hath made  
So proud a choice for me. Oh, do not think  
That, by one word, I will unknit the friend-  
ship

Of so long years. Where'er it seemeth thee  
Best to bestow me, there will I endeavour  
Humbly to bend my heart's untried affec-  
tions;—

There love, if it be possible,—at least  
There willingly obey.

*Laut.* Then, dearest love,  
If that, indeed, this offer please thee well,  
Think on it as the fondest wish I have,  
And look to see me come from Italy,  
Bringing thee home a bridegroom, proudly  
crown'd

With war's victorious wreaths; and who  
shall woo

The better, that he previously hath won  
Fortune's hard favours, who, if I guess right,  
Is cayer e'en than thou, my pretty sister.  
Farewell a while, I go to meet Laval.

[*Exit.*

*Fran.* Farewell! Oh, Heaven be praised  
that thou art blind  
To that which, could thine unsuspecting  
heart

Once dream, would blast and wither it for  
ever.

I must not dwell on this sad theme; and  
though

I have read rightly in those dangerous eyes  
Which gazed so passionately on me, I  
Must e'en forget love's first and fondest lesson,

And write another in my lone heart's core.  
What though the King—oh, very full of danger

Is solitude like this—and dangerous  
These thoughts that flock around me, melting down

Each sterner purpose. By thy trusting love,  
My brother! by thy hopes, that all in me  
Centre their warmth and energy, I swear,  
That while one throb of strength remains,  
I'll bear

This torture patiently, and in my heart  
Lock love and misery until life depart.

[*Exit.*"]

Francis, smitten with passion, had employed Clement Marot, the poet, to deliver a scroll to the Countess de Foix, which, "by his knightly word, he declared was such as any gentleman might bear to any lady,"—and on that assurance the minstrel had consented to go on an unhallowed errand—an unconscious pander. The scroll contained a precious jewel, and, of course, an avowal of love. No wonder that Françoise was sad at the thoughts of her brother's departure for Italy—about to be left alone to the temptation of such a seducer. Her emotions—worthy of such a maiden—on discovering the nature of the poet's packet, are described by Clement Marot himself to the King, in a strain of tempered indignation at the insult inflicted on him by such a service, in violation of the "knightly word." But the King treats his remonstrances lightly, and scoffs at his panegyric on female purity as mere inspiration of his own muse,

"Whose heavenly perfections  
He fain would think belong to Eve's  
frail daughters:"

and declares exultingly,

"With my own urdent love I'll take the  
field,

And woo this pretty maid until she yield."

Thus surrounded with snares, and the more fearful of falling into them from the consciousness of the state of her own heart, yet knowing her own innocence, and without any taint of sinful thought, Françoise meets him who is now indeed her affianced love, Laval—and 'tis then

they part in sadness, doomed to meet  
in rueful agonies and ghastly death.

*Enter FRANÇOISE.*

"*Laval.* Lady, you're welcome as the joyous sun,

And gentle summer airs, that, after storms,  
Come wafting all the sweets of fallen blossoms

Through the thick foliage; whose green  
arms shake off,

In gratitude, their showers of diamond drops,  
And how to the reviving freshness.

*Fran.* Oh, my dear brother, have I found  
thee here?

Here will I lock my arms, and rest for ever.

*Laut.* My dearest love! what means this  
passionate grief;

These straining arms and gushing tears? for  
shame!

Look up and smile; for honour crowns our  
house.

Dost know that I am governor of Milan?

*Fran.* They told me so; but oh! they  
told me, too,

That ere to-night be come, thou wilt go  
hence;

And the anticipated grief let forth

The torrent of my tears to sweep away

All thoughts of thy promotion. Is it so—

Dost thou, indeed, forsake me?

*Laut.* Maiden, no;

'Tis true we march for Italy to-night;

'Tis true that this embrace must be the last

For many a day. But for forsaking thee!

I leave thee with the Princess Margaret;

I leave thee here at court—nay, silly girl—

*Laval.* Oh, peace!

Prithee upbraid her not: see where she  
stands,

Bow'd with the weight of mourning loveliness:

Canst thou, with sharp reproving words,  
wound one

Who gems the lustre of thy new-made honours,

With such rare drops of love!

*Laut.* My gentle sister!

*Fran.* Oh, Lautrec! blame me not; we  
twain have been

E'en from our birth together and alone;

Two healthful scions, of a goodly stock,

Whose other shoots have wither'd all—we've  
grown,

Still side by side; I like some fragile aspen—

And thou a sturdy oak, 'neath whose broad  
shelter

I rear'd my head: then frown not, that the  
wind

Doth weigh the trembling aspen to the  
earth,

While the stout oak scarce owns the power-  
less breeze.

*Laut.* Oh, churl! to say one unkind word  
to thee;

Look up, sweet sister; smile once more on me,

That I may carry hence one gleam of sunshine;

Come, dearest, come; unlock thy hands, Laval!

Take her, in pity, from my arms: for sense Is well-nigh drown'd in sorrow.

*Fran.* Yet one word;

I do beseech thee, leave me not at court;

But let me back to our old castle walls—

Let me not stay at court!

*Laut.* E'en as thou wilt;

But, dearest love, methinks such solitude Will make of grief a custom; whilst at court—

No matter; use thine own discretion; do E'en as it seemeth unto thee most fitting. Once more, farewell! Laval, thou'lt follow?

[*Exit Laut.*]

*Laval.* Ay,

But ere I go, perchance for ever, lady, Unto the land, whose dismal tales of battles, Where thousands strew'd the earth, have christen'd it

The Frenchman's grave; I'd speak of such a theme

As chimes with this sad hour, more fitly than

Its name gives promise. There's a love, which, born

In early days, lives on through silent years, Nor ever shines, but in the hour of sorrow, When it shews brightest—like the trembling light

Of a pale sunbeam, breaking o'er the face Of the wild waters in their hour of warfare. Thus much forgive! and trust, in such an hour,

I had not said e'en this, but for the hope That when the voice of victory is heard From the far Tuscan valleys, in its swell Should mournful dirges mingle for the dead, And I be one of those who are at rest, You may chance recollect this word, and say, That day, upon the bloody field, there fell One who had loved thee long, and loved thee well.

*Fran.* Beseech you, speak not thus: we soon, I trust, Shall meet again—till then, farewell, and prosper;

And if you love me—which I will not doubt, Sith your sad looks bear witness to your truth,—

This do for me—never forsake my brother! And for my brother's sake, since you and he Are but one soul, be mindful of yourself.

[*Exit Laval.*]

Defenceless, and alone! ay, go thou forth, For hope sits sunnily upon thy brow, My brother! but, to me, this parting seems Full of ill-omen'd dread, woe's sure forerunner.

I could have told thee how seduction's arts,

E'en 'neath the bulwark of thy fond protection,

Have striven to o'erthrow my virtue—ay, That letter and that ring—they were the king's.

Oh! let me quickly from this fatal court, Beneath whose smiling surface chasms lie yawning,

To gulph alike th' unwary and the wise.

I'll bid farewell to the Princess Margaret, And then take shelter in my ancient home; There brood on my vain love, till grief become

Love's substitute—till foolish hope be dead, And heav'n shall grant me patience in its stead.

[*Exit.*]

And now we return, in the course of the incidents leading towards the catastrophe, "a tale of tears, a mournful story," to the Queen, who in entering the royal apartment, where Francis is seated, asks him if he has heard the tidings that Milan is lost?

"Prosper Colonna has dissolved our host Like icicles i' the sun's beams, and Count Lautrec,

Madden'd with his defeat and shame, fled from it,

The night Colonna enter'd Milan."

Francis enraged dooms him unjustly to the worst punishment short of death. And now the cloud of destiny gathers blacker as it descends on the head of Françoise de Foix. She is sitting in an apartment in the Chateau de Foix, ignorant of the evil that has befallen her beloved brother, and starting at the sound of a horn heard without, fears that the sudden summons may be to call her forth to behold him returning with Laval, her promised husband, whom she shudders to think of, so overcome is her innocent heart by its passion for the King. 'Tis a messenger bearing for her a letter from Lautrec, beseeching her to go to Francis and intercede for mercy. Distracted and desperate with fears for his life, she flies to the palace.

"*Enter FRANÇOISE.*

*Franç. (aside)* Oh, heav'n! be merciful!

My eyes are dim, and icy fear doth send My blood all shuddering back upon my heart.

*Franç.* Close veil'd, indeed; mysterious visitant!

Whom curious thought doth strive to look upon,

Despite the cloud that now enshrines you; pardon,

If failing in its hope, the eager eye  
Doth light on every point, that, unobserv'd,  
Tells of the secret it so vain would pierce :  
That heavenly gait, whose slow majestic motion

Discloses all the bearing of command ;  
That noiseless foot, that falling on the earth,  
Wakes not an echo ; leaves not e'en a print—  
So jealous seeming of its favours ; and  
This small white hand, I might deem born  
of marble,

But for the throbbing life that trembles in  
it :—

Why, how is this ? 'tis cold as marble's self ;  
And by your drooping form !—this is too  
much—

Youth breathes around you ; beauty is  
youth's kin :

I must withdraw this envious veil—

*Franç.* Hold, sir !

Your highness need but speak to be obey'd ;  
Thus then—(unveils)—

*Fran.* Amazement ! oh, thou peerless  
light !

Why thus deny thy radiance, and enfold,  
Like the coy moon, thy charms in envious  
clouds ?

*Franç.* Such clouds best suit, whose sun  
is set for ever ;

And veils should curtain o'er those eyes,  
whose light

Is all put out with tears : oh, good my  
liege !

I come a suitor to your pardoning mercy.

*Fran.* (aside) Sue on, so thou do after  
hear my suit.

*Franç.* My brother ! Out, alas !—your  
brow grows dark,

And threateningly doth fright my scarce-  
breathed prayer

Back to its hold of silence.

*Fran.* Lady, aye,

Your brother hath offended 'gainst the state,  
And must abide the state's most lawful  
vengeance ;

Nor canst thou in thy sorrow even say  
Such sentence is unjust.

*Franç.* I do, I do ;

Oh, vengeance ! what hast thou to do with  
justice ?

Most merciful, and most vindictive, who  
Hath call'd yo sisters ; who hath made ye  
kin ?

My liege, my liege, if you do take such  
vengeance

Upon my brother's fault, yourself do sin,  
By calling yours that which is heaven's  
alone ;

But if 'tis justice that hath sentenc'd him,  
Hear me ; for he, unheard, hath been con-  
demn'd,

Against all justice, without any mercy.

*Fran.* Maiden, thou plead'st in vain.

*Franç.* Oh, say not so ;

Oh, merciful, my lord ! you are a soldier ;  
You have won war's red favours in the field,  
And victory hath been your handmaiden :  
Oh ! think, if you were thrust away for  
ever

From fame and glory, warrior's light and  
air ;

And left to feel time's creeping fingers chill  
Your blood ; and from fame's blazonary efface  
Your youthful deeds, which, like a faithless  
promise,

Bloom'd fair, but bore no after-fruit—

*Fran.* Away !

Thou speak'st of that no woman ever knew.  
Thy prayer is cold : hast thou no nearer  
theme,

Which, having felt thyself, thou mayest ad-  
dress

More movingly unto my heart ?

*Franç.* None, none,

But what that heart itself might whisper  
you.

Where is the Princess Margaret ? my liege !  
As she loves you, so have I loved my brother :  
Oh, think how she would be o'ercome with  
woe,

Were you in hopeless dungeon pent ? Oh,  
think !

If iron-handed power had so decreed  
That you should never clasp her, or behold  
Her face again !—

*Fran.* Farewell, fair maid, thy suit  
Is bootless all—perchance—but no, 'tis vain :  
Yet had'st thou pleaded more, and not so  
coldly—

*Franç.* Oh, good my liege ! turn not  
away from me !

See, on the earth I kneel ; by these swift  
tears

That witness my affliction ; by each throb  
Of my sad heart ; by all you love !—

*Fran.* Ah, tempter !

Say rather by these orient pearls, whose  
price

Would bribe the very soul of justice ; say,  
By these luxuriant tresses, which have  
thrown

Eternal chains around my heart—

(FRANÇOISE starts up.)

Nay, start not ;

If thou, so soon, art weary of beseeching,  
Hearken to me, and I will frame a suit  
Which thou must hear. (Kneels.) By the  
resistless love

Thou hast inspired me with—by thy per-  
fections,—

Thy matchless beauty !—Nay, it is in vain,  
Thou shalt not free thyself, till thou hast  
heard ;

Thou shalt not free thy brother, till—

*Franç.* Unhand me !

Sir, as you are a man—

Enter the QUEEN,

Queen, Oh, excellent !"

Françoise retires from the scorn of the Queen; but Triboulet, the fool, soon comes to her in a gallery in the palace, and gives her another fatal letter from the destroyer, who promises, if she will give him an interview, to save her brother's life. The fool is as much ashamed of his errand, as soon as he clearly understands the import of the letter, as the poet was; but Françoise, who had fainted, on recovering from her swoon, is delirious with fear for her brother's life, and commands and implores Triboulet to lead her to the King.

"*Franç.* The night grows pale, and the stars seem

To melt away, before the burning breath  
Of fiery morn. If thou art born of woman,—  
If thou hast but one drop of natural blood  
That folly hath not frozen,—I beseech thee  
Lead to the king, whiles I have strength to  
follow!

*Trib.* Then heaven be with thee, lady!  
for I can no more.

Follow! and may I in this hour have been a  
greater fool than e'er I was before. [*Exeunt.*"]

The Queen Mother from the hour in which she had detected her son wooing Françoise, felt that her own power over him was endangered, and the more for reason of the rage with which he had visited her intrusion. To avert that evil—the loss of her imperial state—she had called Gonzales to her—and asked him "didst ever look upon the dead?" Having received a satisfactory answer, she commissions him to murder the girl she now hates and fears, and he, on being told that Françoise is betrothed to Laval, with grim joy swears to do the deed.

"*Gonz.* Rejoice, my soul! thy far-off goal is won!

His bride,—all that he most doth love and live for,—

His heart's best hope,—she shall be foul corruption

When next his eager arms are spread to clasp her!

I'll do this deed, ere I go mad for joy:

And when her husband shall mourn over her

In blight and bitterness, I'll drink his tears;  
And when his voice shall call upon his bride,  
I'll answer him with taunts and scolding gibes,

And torture him to madness: and, at length,  
When he shall deem some persecuting fiend  
Hath 'scaped from hell to curse and ruin him,

I'll rend the veil, that for so long hath shrouded me,

And, bursting on him from my long disguise,

Reveal the hand that hath o'ershadow'd him  
With such a deadly and eternal hate!

[*Erit.*"]

The King had effected the ruin of Françoise, and thus opens Act IV.

#### ACT IV.

#### SCENE I.—AN APARTMENT IN THE CHATEAU-DE-FOIX.

FRANÇOISE is discovered sitting, pale and motionless, by a table—FLORISE is kneeling by her.

*Fran.* How heavily the sun hangs in the clouds,—

The day will ne'er be done.

*Flor.* Oh, lady, thou hast sat

And watch'd the western clouds, day after day,  
Grow crimson with the sun's farewell, and said,

Each day, the night will never come: yet night  
Hath come at last, and so it will again.

*Fran.* Will it, indeed! will the night come at last,

And hide that burning sun, and shade my eyes,  
Which ache with this red light—will darkness come

At last?

*Flor.* Sweet madam, yes; and sleep will come:

Nay, shake not mournfully your head at me,—  
Your eyes are heavy; sleep is brooding in them.

*Fran.* Hot tears have lain in them, and made them heavy;

But sleep—oh, no! no, no! they will not close:

I have a gnawing pain, here, at my heart:  
Guilt, thou liest heavy, and art hard to bear.

*Flor.* What say you, madam, guilt!

*Fran.* Who dare say so!

(*Starting up*) 'Twas pity,—mercy,—'twas not guilt! and though

The world's fierce scorn shall call it infamy,  
I say 'twas not! Speak,—speak,—dost thou? Oh! answer me!

Say, was it infamy?

*Flor.* Dear lady, you are ill!

Some strange distemper fevers thus your brain.

Come, madam, suffer me at least to bind  
These tresses that have fallen o'er your brow,  
Making your temples throb with added weight:

Let me bind up these golden locks that hang  
Dishevell'd thus upon your neck.

*Fran.* Out, viper!

Nor twine, nor braid, again shall ever bind  
These locks! Oh! rather tear them off,  
and cast them

Upon the common earth, and trample them,—  
Heap dust and ashes on them,—tear them  
thus,  
And thus, and thus! Oh, Florise, I am  
mad!

Distracted!—out alas! alas! poor head!  
Thou achest for thy pillow in the grave,—  
Thy darksome couch,—thy dreamless, quiet  
bed!

*Flor.* These frantic passions do destroy  
themselves

With their excess, and well it is they do so:  
But, madam, now the tempest is o'erlaid,  
And you are calmer, better, as I trust,  
Let me entreat you send for that same monk  
I told you of this morn': he is a leech,  
Learned in theory, and of wondrous skill  
To heal all maladies of soul or body.

*Fran.* Of soul—of soul—ay, so they'd  
have us think:

Dost thou believe that the hard coin we pour  
Into their outstretch'd hands, indeed buys  
pardon

For all, or any sin we may commit?  
Dost thou believe forgiveness may be had  
Thus easy cheap, for crimes as black in hue  
As—  
as—

*Flor.* As what? I know no sin whatever  
The church's minister may not remit:  
As—what were you about to say?

*Fran.* Come hither;  
Think'st thou a heap of gold as high as Etna  
Could cover from the piercing eye of heaven  
So foul a crime as—as—adultery?  
Why dost thou stare thus strangely at my  
words,

And answerest not?

*Flor.* I do believe indeed,  
Not all the treasury of the wide world,  
Not all the wealth hid in the womb of ocean,  
Can ransom sin—nothing but deep repent-  
ance—

Austere and lengthened penance—frequent  
tears.

*Fran.* 'Tis false! I know it—those do  
nought avail:

To move relentless heaven it must be bribed.  
And yet go call thy priest; I'll speak with  
him.

I will cast off the burthen of my shame,  
Or ere it press me down into the grave!"

Gonzales is introduced to the penitent  
—as if to confess or to murder her.  
She confesses her sin—and now he  
knows how to wring and stab the  
heart of the man on whom he has so  
long burned to wreak his revenge.

Laval, who has retrieved the loss  
sustained by Lautrec's discomfiture,  
and been victorious in Italy against  
Lannoy, returns to France, and flies  
on the wings of love to the Chateau  
de Foix. The King, too, had a little

while before succeeded in finding  
entrance there in disguise through  
means of Florise, the attendant of  
Françoise, and has concealed himself  
behind the tapestry.

"Enter FRANÇOISE.

*Franç.* Now, ye paternal halls, that frown  
on me,

Down, down, and hide me in your ruins—ha!

(As LAVAL and GONZALES enter,  
FRANÇOISE shrieks.)

*Lar.* My bride!—my beautiful!

*Gonz.* Stand back, young sir!

*Lar.* Who dares extend his arms 'twixt  
those whom love  
Hath bound? whom holy wedlock shall, ere  
long?

*Gonz.* The stern decree of the most holy  
church,

Whose garb I wear; and whose authority  
I interpose between you; until I  
Interpret to your ears the fearful shriek  
That greeted you, upon your entrance here:  
Look on that lady, Count Laval,—who stands  
Pale as a virgin rose, whose early bloom  
Hath not been gazed on yet by the hot sun;  
And fair—

*Lar.* Oh, how unutterably fair!

*Gonz.* Seems not that shrinking flower the  
soul of all

That is most pure, as well as beautiful?

*Lar.* Peace, thou vain babbler! is it unto  
me

That thou art prating?—unto me, who have  
Worshipp'd her, with a wild idolatry,  
Liker to madness than to love?

*Gonz.* Indeed!

Say, then, if such a show of chastity  
E'er sat on lips that have been hot with  
passion?

Or such a pale cold hue did ever rest  
On cheeks, where burning kisses have call'd  
up

The crimson blood, in blushes all as warm?  
Look on her yet; and say, if ever form  
Show'd half so like a breathing piece of  
marble,

Off with thy spacious seeming, thou deceiver!  
And don a look that better suits thy state.  
Oh, well-dissembled sin! say, was it thus,  
Shrinking, and pale, thou stood'st, when the  
King's arms

Did clasp thee, and his hot lip sear'd from  
thine

Their oath to wed thy brother's friend?—

*Lar.* Damnation

Alight upon thee, thou audacious monk!

The blight thou breath'st recoil on thine own  
head;

It hath no power to touch the spotless fame  
Of one, from whom thy cursed calumnies  
Fly like rebounding shafts;—Ha! ha! ha!  
ha!

The king! a merry tale, forsooth!

*Gonz.* Then we  
Will laugh at it, ha! ha!—why, what care I?  
We will be merry; since thou art content  
To laugh and be a—

*Lar.* Françoise—I—I pray thee  
Speak to me,—smile—speak,—look on me,  
I say—

What, tears! what, wring thine hands!  
what, pale as death!—  
And not one word—not one!

*Frang.* (*To GONZALES*) Oh deadly  
fiend!

Thou hast but hasten'd that which was fore-  
doom'd.

(*To LAVAL*) My lord, ere I make answer  
to this charge,

I have a boon to crave of you—my bro-  
ther—

*Lar.* How wildly thine eye rolls! thy  
hand is cold

As death, my fairest love.

*Frang.* Beseech you, sir,  
Unclasp your arm;—where is my brother?

*Lar.* Lautrec?—

In Italy; ere now is well and happy.

*Frang.* Thanks, gentle heaven! all is not  
bitterness,

In this most bitter hour. My Lord Laval,  
To you my faith was plighted, by my br-  
ther;

That faith I ratified by mine own vow.—

*Lar.* The oath was register'd in highest  
heaven.

Thou'rt mine!—

*Frang.* To all eternity, Laval,

If blood cannot efface that damning bond;

(*Snatches his dagger and stabs herself.*)

Tis cancell'd, I've struck home—my dear,  
dear brother!

(*Dies.*)

*Gonz.* (*aside.*) It works, it works!

*Lar.* O horrible!—she's dead!

(*FRANCIS rushes from his conceal-*

*ment, at the word.*)

*Fran.* Dead!

(*LAVAL draws his sword, and turns  
upon the KING, who draws to de-  
fend himself.*)

*Lar.* Ha! what fiend hath sent thee here?  
Down! down to hell with thee, thou damn'd  
seducer!

*Enter QUEEN, followed by Attendants.*

*Queen.* Secure that madman!

(*Part of the Attendants surround  
and disarm LAVAL.*)

*Queen* (*aside to GONZALES.*) Bravely  
done, indeed!

I shall remember.—(*aloud.*)

Gonzales enjoys now the full tri-  
umph of his revenge, and gloats on  
the agonies of Laval, who, humbled  
and heart-broken, has hardly power  
to return look or word to his fero-

cious and insulting destroyer. The  
fine, free, generous, and brave spirit  
of the noble youth, a moment before  
in enjoyment, as he believed, of life's  
dearest happiness, love and glory,  
is humiliated by sudden access of  
most miserable calamity almost into  
a slave. He weeps before his dead-  
liest foe, and is not ashamed; when  
Gonzales says—"Tears, my lord?"  
he answers, without seeking to smite  
him dead, "Aye, tears! thou busy  
mischief!" And on learning from  
Gonzales, now Garcia, the history of  
his revenge, he has strength of soul  
but to say mournfully, not fiercely,

"These were my father's injuries, not  
mine,  
Remorseless fiend!

*Gonz.* Thy father died in battle;  
And as his lands, and titles, at his death,  
Devolved on thee, on thee devolved the  
treasure

Of my dear hate;—I have had such re-  
venge!

Such horrible revenge!—thy life, thy  
nour,

Were all too little;—I've had thy tears!

I've wrung a woman's sorrow from thine  
eyes,

And drunk each bitter drop of agony,  
As heavenly nectar, worthy of the gods!

Kings, the earth's mightiest potentates,  
hav' been

My tools and instruments: you, haughty  
madam,

And your ambition,—yonder head-strong  
boy,

And his mad love,—all, all beneath my  
feet,

All slaves unto my will and deadly pur-  
pose."

The Queen-Mother cries, "Ho! lead  
out that man to instant death;" but  
the undaunted Spaniard accuses and  
convicts her of her many crimes,  
and of her last and worst, her mur-  
derous design against Françoise;  
and the King, seeing his mother's  
guilt, commands her

"Give me that ring,  
Strip me that diadem from off thy brows,  
And bid a long farewell to vanity!  
For in a holy nunnery immured,  
Thou shalt have leisure to make peace  
with heaven.

(*To the body.*)—And for thee,  
Thou lovely dust, all pomp and circum-  
stance  
That can gild death shall wait thee to thy  
grave:

Thou shalt lie with the royal and the proud ;

And marble, by the dext'rous chisel taught,  
Shall learn to mourn thy hapless fortunes.

*Lav.* No !

Ye shall not bear her to your receptacles ;  
Nor raise a monument, for busy eyes

To stare upon : no hand, in future days,  
Shall point to her last home ; no voice  
shall cry

' There lies King Francis' paramour !'  
In life,

Thou didst despoil me of her ; but in  
death,

She's mine ! I that did love her so,

Will give her that my love doth tell me  
best

Fits with her fate—an honourable grave :  
She shall among my ancestral tombs re-  
pose,

Without an epitaph, except my tears.

*Fran.* Then now for war, oh ! ill to  
end, I fear,

Usher'd with such dark deeds and fell  
disasters !

[*Exeunt FRANCIS, followed by the QUEEN  
and Attendants on one side, and LA-  
VAL, with the others, bearing the body.*]

The Tragedy here ends. But there is a fifth act, full of fine description, in which is fought the famous battle of Pavia.

We find that we have left ourselves too little room for any thing like a right critique on this admirable production ; and, indeed, after so much heart-moving and spirit-stirring poetry, most probably our readers might turn away coldly from any lengthened remarks of ours on its beauties or defects. In the first place, it will be allowed by all, that there is great grasp of intellect, extraordinary, indeed, in so young a person, shewn in the handling of an historical subject of such magnitude and variety, and in moulding somewhat complicated materials, necessarily of difficult management, into cohesive and consistent form. The main plot, in which the *Queen-Mother*, *Bourbon*, and *Gonzales* figure, is, on the whole, planned and executed powerfully and skilfully ; and the under plot, as we may perhaps rather inaccurately call it, in which the King and *Françoise* are the chief parties, hangs well together, and appertains closely to that to which it may be said to be subordinate. Great ingenuity, at least, is displayed in the union of the

two ; and more than ingenuity in the way in which they are made to move on together towards the final catastrophe.

Secondly, the characters are numerous, and all either well brought out, or distinguished and discriminated by a few happy touches, so as to move before us, creatures imbued with peculiar life. There is no dimness or faintness in the colouring ; and whether interesting or otherwise, the actors stand well out from the canvass, and, coming or going, do their work directly, with energy, and without delay. The inferior personages in plays are often lame and halt—though walking gentlemen ; but not so here, although some of them have but little to do certainly, or say either ; nor would it have mattered much had they never been born—either by their mothers, or the muse of Miss Kemble.

Thirdly, the sentiments and descriptions, though frequent, are almost always appropriate, both to the characters and the situations, and are rarely, if ever, too eloquently expressed or too elaborately painted, the besetting sin of all our modern dramatic poems, which therefore are, for the most part, poems and not plays. Many of the sentiments, too, are in themselves fine and noble ; and many of the descriptions extremely beautiful—proving that in Miss Kemble's genius there is a rich vein of poetry—besides great dramatic power.

But the prime merit of the play is the composition. We mean thereby the language and the versification. The structure of both is admirable—quite after the immortal fashion of the great old masters. Yet it is no mimicry of theirs—no patch-work imitation. Miss Kemble's ear—and it is a fine one—is tuned to the music of their harmonious numbers ; and she uses it as if it had long been her familiar speech. It flows along easily and naturally, as well in the humbler as in the higher moods ; and sometimes, when the passion is violent, it proceeds with a powerful and headlong energy not far short of the sublime. It is on her command of an instrument so powerful, but so difficult to wield as dramatic blank verse of the true and high temper,



that we rely, when we predict that she is destined for much greater achievements.

On these her merits it would be pleasant to us to expatiate, and to illustrate them; but we desire to say some words, not on her defects, but on those of her drama—and care not if they should assume the shape of advice, which will at least be taken kindly, even if not followed, from an old man.

Would then that in her future plays—and we trust they will not be few nor very far between—though like angel-visits—Miss Kemble may choose or create heroes and heroines of a nobler nature. The character of the *Queen-Mother* is strongly, and we dare say truly drawn; but it is odious and repulsive. Strong intellect she has, and strong passions; so while we hate we cannot perhaps absolutely despise her; but, what is as bad or worse, the hag, in her lust of man, might, and murder, inspires us with disgust. There is no grandeur in her guilt, as in that of *Clytemnestra*, or *Medea*, or *Lady Macbeth*, yet her disposition is as cruel; and had *Bourbon* been bribed by a crown to wed her, the life of her son would have been in jeopardy. The cold-blooded murder of *Françoise*, commanded to the monk, is revolting; from first to last never do we for a moment sympathize fully with her emotion by which she is actuated; and when she is doomed to be immured for life in a convent, we hear the sentence with the same indifference as if *Lady Barrymore* were about to be sent once more to Bridewell.

*Francis the First* is not, in this drama, a king to our mind. He is too much under the dominion of his mother. 'Tis amiable to be a dutiful son, but a full-grown king should not be in leading-strings. We cannot ennoble him to our imagination, by thinking on the pageantry of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He jousts successfully with *Lautrec*; but we hear loud cries of Oh! oh! oh! against his conduct to *Françoise de Poix*. In what does it differ from that of the infamous Colonel Kirke? It is impossible to look at him du-

ring any part of the play without contempt and abhorrence. Such a crime as his may be forgotten as we read the history of a man's whole life. There may have been penitence, remorse, expiation; but we see him here before us only as a selfish, cruel, and unprincipled seducer; and what punishment was it for such a sin, that he was taken prisoner at Pavia? But there is no connexion shewn or hinted at between the violation and the overthrow; and, indeed, such an idea is preposterous, and was not, we think, in the mind of the fair author.

Great power is displayed in the character of *Gonzales*—but we fear it is not a character fit to figure in the legitimate drama. We presume not to say what is natural or not natural in such a passion as revenge. Yet there is to us something perplexing in the union of zeal in the cause of his master, Charles, and his hellish hatred of *Laval*. Yet that may be a mistake of ours or a misconception; but we almost believe it is no mistake of ours to say that *Garcia* could not have experienced the same immitigable pangs of murderous revenge, from looking on the son of the man who had stained the honour of his house by the seduction of his sister, as if he had beheld the face of the man himself black with the guilt and the insult. Yet incomprehensible creatures are we all, men and women; and, on looking down at his feet, we see neither hoofs nor claws belonging to Iago.

Even *Bourbon's* self might, we think, have been made a nobler rebel, and certainly, before he joined the enemy, a higher hero, without violence to the truth of history or nature.

We earnestly hope, then, that the heroes and heroines of her future plays will be such, with all their human frailties, as we may follow with our sympathies; nor, if so, can there be a doubt that from Miss Kemble's genius will arise far nobler creations, and worthy of immortal admiration.

## Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. LXI.

XPΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΤΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΤΑΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ  
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. *ap.* Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,  
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;  
Meaning, " 'Tis RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,  
NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;  
BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."*  
*An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—  
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]*

C. N. *ap.* Ambr.

SCENE—*The Blue Parlour—Time, Six o' Clock—Occupation, Wine, Desert, &c. &c.—Present, NORTH, TICKLER, YOUNG GENTLEMAN.*

NORTH.

German literature, Hal, is all very well in its way, and Maga was the first periodical work in this country that did any thing like justice to it. She confined not herself to mere criticism, but gave specimens—translations of many of the finest things executed in the finest style by Lockhart, De Quincey, Gillies, Blair, Mrs Smythe, Mrs Busk, and other ladies and gentlemen of genius and erudition, who in general improved upon their originals, often changing geese into swans, and barn-door fowls into birds of Paradise.

TICKLER.

Some years having elapsed since the last of those articles, I begin to breathe more freely now, North, in reliance on your promise to afflict the world no more with such visitations.

NORTH.

They were indeed severe.

TICKLER.

Yet such is the natural buoyancy of my spirits, that, even during those dismal days, when no man could assure himself for a month against the Black Vomit, a burst of sunshine would occasionally make me happy in the midst of the misery of all your readers; or if happy be too strong a word, pleased with life, in spite of the liability of my existence to the embitterment breathed from the conviction, too often recurring, that Goethe was not yet dead, but growing more grievously garrulous as he continued to write his way to the grave.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I beseech you, Mr Tickler, not to be so sarcastic on "The Master."

TICKLER.

Aye, there is an appellation sufficient to sicken a horse. He has little credit in his scholars, for, with two or three brilliant exceptions, they are sumphs.

NORTH.

It is indeed laughable to hear obscure and muddy dunces acknowledge in jargon that would have seemed queer even among the builders of the Tower of Babel on the day of the confusion of tongues, the obligations their intellects, forsooth, aye, their intellects, labour under to the "Illustrious Sage."

TICKLER.

Old Humbug. Such jargon is not so laughable, Kit, as loathsome. The intellect of a Fungus. Thomas Carlisle I excuse—he is entitled to be crazy—being a man of genius.

NORTH.

And of virtue—as Cowper said of his brother—“a man of morals and of manners too!”

TICKLER.

But oh! sir, the impudent stupidity of some of the subscribers to that Signet-Seal!

NORTH.

Hopeless of achieving mediocrity in any of the humbler walks of their native literature, the creatures expect to acquire character by acquaintance with the drivel of German dotage; and, going at once to the fountain-head, gabble about Goethe. “The Master!” Yes—and I beseech you, Hal, look at the flunkies.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

In the soul of every “British man” delight in his own country’s genius ought, I grant, to be paramount; nor can I comprehend how idolatry of Goethe could from any enlightened mind banish worship of Shakspeare.

NORTH.

Superstition sometimes steals into consecrated shrines, Hal, putting to flight religion.

TICKLER.

Oh! the old Humbug!

NORTH.

Thomas Carlisle, my lads, has a soul that sees all that is good and great, beautiful and sublime, in the works of inspiration. And old Humbug, as you rightly call him, Tickler,—Goethe,—is, you know, a man of extraordinary genius.

TICKLER.

I know no such thing, North. Millions of men have some genius—thousands much—hundreds more—scores great—dozens extraordinary—“the stars are out by twos and threes” “in the highest heaven of invention”—and one only—need I name his name—by night the moon—by day the sun—SHAK—

NORTH.

SPEARE!

TICKLER.

Now, why, pray, should any “British man,” with the devotion of a disciple, prefer making mental pilgrimages to Weimar, rather than to Stratford-upon-Avon?

NORTH.

With Thomas Carlisle obvious is the reason. Shakspeare has been long enthroned in instellation. The glory of Goethe is yet—

TICKLER.

Won’t do—won’t do—

NORTH.

Carlisle’s eloquent eulogiums on the Man of many Medals—for he is bedizen’d, I have heard, with paltry orders, and proud as a Punch of knots of ribbands—shew that his fine mind is more possessed by the author of Faust than of Hamlet, of Charlotte and Werter than of Cordelia and Lear. He always writes as if ’twere impossible to be ignorant of Goethe and to know Nature. In that sphere alone will his mind deign to move—nor can you deny, North, with all your admiration of a friend so admirable, that he cannot conceal his pity, perhaps his contempt, for all whose vision is confined within the limits of the horizon of England’s poetry.

NORTH.

Enough. No man need be melancholy whose spiritual eyes have swept that range. Germany cannot bear comparison—for a moment—in greatness—with England. Set Shakspeare aside—

TICKLER.

Suppose that he had never been born! Then had human nature not known "how divine a thing a woman may be made."

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

"Two will I mention dearer than the rest,  
The gentle Lady married to the Moor."

NORTH.

"And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb!"

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Bless Wordsworth for the exquisite beauty of these immortal lines! They link him with the poets whose divinest creations they memorize—Shakspeare, Spenser, Wordsworth.—Knowing well their works, I can reconcile myself to an imperfect knowledge of Goethe—

NORTH.

"The Master"—

TICKLER.

Oh! the Old Humbug!

NORTH.

Setting Shakspeare aside, think of the Old English Drama. What has Germany to shew in competition with that glory of the golden days of good Queen Bess?

TICKLER.

Golden days, indeed—before and after the rise of the Virgin Queen of the West, whom none but dolts despise, because she was not so fair as that beautiful Murderess—

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Whom she beheaded.

NORTH.

Shew me the German Spenser—

TICKLER.

The High Dutch Fairy Queen.

NORTH.

The German Milton.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Klopstock.

NORTH.

As Coleridge said, "a *very* German Milton, indeed!"

TICKLER.

A German Dryden, or Pope. All the fire of human passion that ever burned in all German bards, concentrated into one focus, would be extinguished by one flash from the Fables of glorious John; and indulge me so far as to imagine for a moment their misty metaphysics glimmering beside the clear common sense, an ethereal brightness, that pervades, like cloudless daylight, the noble *Essay on Man*!

NORTH.

Germany has never had—nor ever will have—her Ramsay, her Burns, her Bloomfield, her Hogg, her Cunningham, her Clare.

TICKLER.

Such flowers spring not from her sluggish soil.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

"*Ignæus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo.*"

NORTH.

"These are the representatives of the genius of our people. The "school-master is abroad;" but he made not these men. They are Nature's children—and she gave them an education such as Saxon never had by the Rhine.

TICKLER.

Much they say and much they sing of that river. Its water seems to induce a drowsiness unfavourable to poetic dreams—and I should be slow to suffer any considerable quantity of it to get into a jug of toddy intended for my own tippie. In great quantities, it would kill unchristened Glenlivet.

NORTH.

Germany has no Crabbe. There is not sufficient passion in all her lower orders to furnish subject-matter for one such tale as those in which that good old man delighted, so full at times, in their homeliness, of strong or simple pathos. Of what variegated texture, rough and tough, and fitted for the wear and tear of this weary work-day world, is the web of life in England, that it could furnish such patterns to such a poet! The hero of one of his most touching tales is absolutely a tailor, who, I believe, served his time with Mr Place.

TICKLER.

No Dung, but a Flint.

NORTH.

The Germans admire Byron.

TICKLER.

And Scott.

NORTH.

All right. But do they understand those prevailing poets? Not they. Byron they imagine mystical—which he never is; and of all his works they least esteem the noblest far, *Childe Harold*. But where is the German Byron? That is the question. Such a "child of strength and state"—they cannot shew among all their nobles. Yet probably Puckler Muskaw conceits that he is like Don Juan.

TICKLER.

There's a vulgar beast.

NORTH.

Very.

TICKLER.

Begotten—one might conjecture—by some grovelling Irish bog-trotter on the body of some burgomaster's Frow, who had shifted in her wanton widowhood from Amsterdam to Vienna.

NORTH.

The Baron de la Motte Fouque and his wife—I mention their names with the utmost kindness—are all that Germany has got to shew by way of Sir Walter Scott—they are her "mighty magician."

TICKLER.

Like a big boy and a grown girl riding on sticks—equally astride—in imitation of knights at a tourney.

NORTH.

And no bad imitation either—the cane worthy of the Cavalier—and the mop a palfrey suitable to his lady-love, who scorneth a side-saddle.

TICKLER.

Of all German poets, Schiller is the best. His *Wallenstein* is a fine drama.

NORTH.

It is; but rather the work of a great mind than of a great genius. His soul was familiar with exalted sentiments, and beheld the grandeur of the character of him he chose to be his hero. But Schiller had not a creative imagination. If he had, it at least gave forth few products; his muse had to follow the muse of history; and even then had power given to her over no wide range of events or variety of characters. He was no Shakespeare.

TICKLER.

With more philosophy, he was in other respects not superior, perhaps, to Otway or Rowe.

NORTH.

And in many respects inferior to both those best dramatists of our middle tragic school.

NORTH.

If the Germans really were what their most enthusiastic admirers imagine them to be, they would worship Wordsworth, the most philosophical of poets. But they do not. Some of his lyrical ballads are esteemed for

their simplicity, and not for the beautiful pathos in which they are steeped, like violets in dew, "by the mossy stone, half hidden to the eye;" but few have read more than extracts from the *Excursion*. His poetry is too true to universal nature, to be understood by the disciples of "the Master." He is a magician—but has no dealings with the devil. He confines himself to earth and heaven.

TICKLER.

And leaves the Gentleman in Black to George Cruikshank.

NORTH.

His angels and fiends are human Thoughts and Feelings, and he can awake them at will from the umbrage of the old Rydal woods.

TICKLER.

Young Gentleman! are you dumb?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

No, sir—nor deaf. But my knowledge of German literature, poetry, and philosophy, is but slight—and through the medium chiefly of translation—and I hope that I know when it is my duty to be silent. To listen to such speakers, is to learn.

NORTH.

We have a host of illustrious living poets besides the few I have alluded to, to whom Germany can shew no equals—Southey, Coleridge, Campbell—

TICKLER.

We are their superiors out and out in criticism, and in the Philosophy of Taste.

NORTH.

And in all the Fine Arts, except music. There they excel—why or wherefore I know not—but music, though celestial, is sensuous rather than intellectual or moral, and is a mystery, from Handel and the organ, to the black servant of the late Sir Michael Fleming and the Jew's harp.

TICKLER.

The Germans are dabs in Divinity.

NORTH.

Yes—dabs.

TICKLER.

Michaelis and Eichhorn and—

NORTH.

Whish. Jeremy Taylor, Isaac Barrow, and old South, knew more "of man and nature and of human life," and of the BIBLE WHICH IS THE BOOK, than all the German Theologians—

TICKLER.

That ever grunted.

NORTH.

I call upon Thomas Carlyle to contradict Christopher North and Timothy Tickler.

TICKLER.

He can't. And then, O mercy! what shoals of silly, shallow, shilly-shallyers in all the inferior grades of the subordinate departments of the lowest walks of literature overflow all the land; flocking annually to the great fair of Leipsic to deposit their spawn upon the stalls!

NORTH.

A flitter of spawn that, unvivified by genial spirit, seems to give for a time a sort of ineffectual crawl, and then subsides into stinking stillness, unproductive of so much as the scriggle of a single tadpole. I shall take a sweeping survey soon, in a series of articles—

TICKLER.

Oh! not—es!

NORTH.

Of the German mind. In Natural History they have done a good deal—a good deal, too, in illustration of the Classics—

TICKLER.

I back Bentley, Porson, and Parr, against Wolfe, Heyne, and Herman.  
But what will you make of their metaphysicians, Kit, Schelling, Kant——

NORTH.

Shew that they are as mice to men, when compared with Bacon, Berkeley, Locke, Hume, and Reid, whom they plunder, rob, murder, and in vain try to bury in mud——

TICKLER.

Come, come, we must loosen the tongue of this youngster. Yet it may be perilous to set it going; for good listeners are sometimes, when solicited to open, interminable talkers—and we sup at ten.

NORTH.

I love the society of young people. What is your age, Hal?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Twenty-one.

NORTH.

Youth's glorious prime. Child—boy—lad—youth—man—all in one. Passions keen but unpolluted—sensibility sound but delicate—imagination bright and bold as an angel's wing—reason strong in intuition—the light of the soul tender as dawn, clear as morn, and shining more and more unto the meridian lustre of the perfect day. 'Twenty-one! and you and I, Timothy, both entering on our——

TICKLER.

Whish. Curse chronology when it becomes personal.

NORTH.

Thine, O Hal, is the world of Hope—ours of Memory—the dazzling lights of nature all are thine—ours, alas! but the pensive shadows!

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I am ambitious, sir, to attempt an Essay on Hope for Maga——

TICKLER.

Oh! Oh! Oh! Sink the shop.

NORTH.

An Essay on Hope? First, perhaps, of a series—No. I. on the Passions? In verse or prose?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

In prose, Sir.

TICKLER.

In the true Blackwoodian style—full of the *splendida vitia* of the author——

NORTH.

Silence, Tim.

TICKLER.

Of——

NORTH.

Silence, you sinner.

TICKLER.

L——

NORTH.

Whish. Let me suggest a few hints, Hal, which you can expand and work up into a regular philosophical disquisition.

TICKLER.

Alas! alas! poor young gentleman! and is thine—with its fine, free, bold sunny smile—the face of a wretch doomed to be—a contributor! I pity your poor mother.

NORTH.

Yes, my good boy, Hope is, as David Hume I believe says, though I forget perhaps his precise words, Joy alternating with and overpowering Mistrust. The Joy which is produced by the possession of the Good, by the immediate foresight of its possession, and by the trusting expectation, is essentially the same Joy. Is it not so, my son?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I cannot doubt it, sir. Your explanations of all states of mind are equally perspicuous and profound. I—

TICKLER.

Socrates and Alcibiades !

NORTH.

Silence, sir. It has been commonly and truly said, my dear boy, that Hope attends us through life. It may be likened in this respect to that supposed good Genius, or Guardian Angel, which has been thought to be attached to every human being at his birth, and faithfully to accompany him till he drops into the grave.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

And then, sir,

Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,  
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth ;  
On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,  
Plucks amaranthine flowers from bowers of bliss,  
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,  
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.

TICKLER.

Well recited, Hal, though with somewhat of a sing-song, after the lilting elocution of the Lakers.

NORTH.

So should such poetry be said and sung—elevated in musical modulation, in which the harmony of the verse flows sweetly and strongly along, like the composite voice of a river that loses not the undertone of still streams and murmuring shallows even in the mellowed thunder of its waterfalls.

TICKLER.

Pretty enough image, and not unillustrative—yet if sifted, probably nonsense. What are you glowering at, you young gawpus ?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Beg your pardon, sir. But to hear such a word applied, even in jest, to—

TICKLER.

Downright, absolute nonsense. Have you the vanity to believe, lad, that you spout like the Tweed ? I would have you to know, boy, that he is no Methodist Preacher.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN (*smiling through a blush.*)

I—I—I—

TICKLER.

No farther apology, child. Your style of recitation, though peculiar, is not unpleasant—like the drone of the bagpipe. But remember that there are other kinds of music besides the Coronach. The lays, though solemn, were not lugubrious—liker a hymn than a dirge—yet you wailed them as if at a funeral.

NORTH.

He recited the lines like a young poet—"most musical, most melancholy,"—like a nightingale singing to the stars.

TICKLER.

Meanwhile I shall replenish the jug.

NORTH.

Hope is often spoken of, my dear Henry, as the chief good of life, without which it would be miserable, since there is so little of actual good given to it; so little in possession; but Hope, the promiser of good never or seldom realized, beguiles us of our real cares, and blesses us, it is said, with a delusive happiness.

TICKLER.

The sugar.

NORTH.

But believe, on the word of an old man, that this is false and ungrateful doctrine. This life is full of enjoyment, Hal, to those who do not destroy



enjoyment by restless and intense desires. But it is true that Hope covers from us much of the calamity of life—sometimes by a golden mist——

TICKLER (*bruising the lumps.*)

Which is any thing but a Scotch one.

NORTH.

Yet this is not so much by nursing in us fallacious expectations, as by true anticipations, speaking generally, of the longed-for Future.

TICKLER.

True it is, and of verity, that Hope meddles not with the Past.

NORTH.

She does. She brightens her to-morrows with the sunrises of yesterday——

TICKLER.

A commonplace truth in queer apparel—like a sumph at a masquerade in the character of a sage.

NORTH.

Some minds perhaps there are, my son, but yours I know is not among the number, that are fed chiefly on fallacious hope. They are bent with eager and passionate desire on some object which is hardly within their reach, and make it the chief or sole purpose of their life. Their pleasure, perhaps, is more in desire than enjoyment, and the hopes which lead them on they do not attain. They pursue a preternatural chase, in which phantoms dance before their eyes, and elude their grasp. This chase is rightly compared to the race of a child pursuing the rainbow.

TICKLER.

I remember having more than once caught a rainbow; one, in particular, that appeared to arch half the Highlands. By a dexterous counter-march, I cut it off from the sea, and turned it, towards the evening, into Glenco. I caught it on the cliff, and by the clutch disturbed a sleeping eagle, who, with a crash of wings, had nearly driven me into that black pool—before, with a calm sigh majestically oversailing the woods of Balchulish, he vanished in the sunset beyond the rim of the sea.

NORTH.

Tim!—But these surely are a small portion of human kind. And even to these, if the whole play and power of their minds could be discovered and analyzed, it would appear that though brighter objects which have captivated their imagination, are of this nature, unrealized, and leading them on with all illusion of hope, yet that to them too, in subordinate forms, and in the continual process of life, Hope serves as a spring of energy, not by its delusive and distant allurements, but by constant anticipations constantly realized. For in the vain pursuit of one great unattainable object, how many thousand subordinate objects, my dear boy, are attained! each of them inspiring the spirit with its own delight! Is it not so?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I am sure it is so, sir.

NORTH.

It is of importance, Henry, to know this—that you may not regard this glorious principle in one of its aspects only, as the child of Imagination and Passion, when it shews to the soul dazzling possibilities, and calls on the human being with all his powers along his destined path in the world, and forget its daily and assiduous service, when it urges on and sustains the heart at every moment with immediate expectations justified by reason in their joy. I speak this to you, young man, for I see, nor am I sad to see it, that thou art an enthusiast.

TICKLER. (*emptying his tumbler.*)

Nay—that old proser must not have all the talk. Is it not Hope, my boy, that commits the seed to the earth, that rejoices in the sun and shower, and watches over the growing harvest? That sees the braird in the seed—the sheaf in the braird—and in the sheaf the quartern loaf surrounded in his sovereignty by his tributary rolls?

NORTH.

Is it not Hope that freights the vessel, and long afterwards looks into the sky for the winds that are to fill its homeward sails?

TICKLER.

'Tis your turn soon, Harry—tip us a touch.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN (*bashfully.*)

Is it not Hope that plies the humblest trade which earns bread for human lips?

TICKLER.

Good.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN (*more boldly.*)

Not Hope distant and fallacious, but present and sustaining, still fulfilled and rarely deceived—the calm, rational, solacing forethought of prosperous success, of good speed granted to present toil, the vital spirit of homely industry—the—the——

TICKLER.

Stop—don't stutter.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

The song of the heart which beguiles the hours of labour, and like the lays of the lark more joyful the nearer heaven.

TICKLER.

North—my old boy? Eh?

NORTH.

Well—Harry?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

The poor man sees his wife's and child's face before him in his solitary toils—in the silent thoughts of his unrelaxing employment—while they are preparing his meal for him in his cottage, and the little one is about to take it to her father in the field during the midday hour of rest—and—and—Hope——

NORTH.

Yes—my dear boy——

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Is religion, as, with the pretty child sitting beside him with the basket on her lap, he blesses ere he breaks the bread, and includes her and her mother in his prayer.

TICKLER.

Aye, there is something very touching, my laddie, in the thought of the children of poor people, sons and daughters, separated from their parents in very early life, and working far off, perhaps on very small wages, laying by a little pose, even out of such earnings, to help them in their old age——

NORTH.

What an exquisite line that is, in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and how the heart of Burns must have burned within him, as the feeling was parent to the thought, and beautified the vision of the cottage-girl, that will live for ever in that simple strain,

"AND DEPOSIT HER SAIR-WON PENNY-FEE!"

TICKLER.

Hope trims the student's midnight lamp.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Rocks the cradle.

NORTH.

Digs the grave.

TICKLER.

And into each successive tumbler drops the sugar—plump after plump,—just so. (*mingles.*)

NORTH.

In this view of human life, the nature of Hope may be said to be this—that man is dependant for all issues, partly on himself, and partly on uncommanded events; he has, therefore, in his own true and good exertion a ground of trust, and in the uncertainty of all human events a ground of fear; hence his always fluctuating, yet still rising hope—like the flow of

the tide, where every wave that advances falls back, and yet the waters still swell on the shore.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Sometimes, sir, the soul seems to itself like the sea-sand, cold, bleak, and desolate; but in a few hours it overflows with joy, just as does that bay, when the tide has again reached the shell-wreaths on the silvery shore, —and on the merry music of the breaking billows the sunny sails of long-absent ships are seen coming homewards from the main.

NORTH.

Yes—just so, my young Poet. And as thou art a young Poet, though I have seen none of thy verses, what sayest thou of that Hope which is more airy and illusive; that visionary Hope which adorns the distance of life, filling the mind with bright imagery of unattainable good, promising gratification to desires which cannot be realized?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I fear to speak—I love to listen.

NORTH.

And I, Hal, am on the verge—I know—I feel it—of garrulous old age.

TICKLER.

Which verge?

NORTH.

The mind, my son, cannot rest, for it was not made to rest, in realities. It lives on the Future even more than on the Present. It lives by Hope even more than enjoyment. How then shall Reason confine that spirit which is to live in the future, to the unknown realities even of the future? It cannot—we must hope beyond the truth.

TICKLER.

Don't puzzle the boy, North.

NORTH.

I am not puzzling the boy, Tickler. Am I, Hal?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Not yet, sir.

NORTH.

Why flies the mind into the future? Because it is an escape from the present. The mind is thereby relieved from the immediate consciousness of all bitterness, restraint, irksomeness, disappointment, sorrow, fear, which may be in the present. And that is one reason, strong as a storm, to drive the mind, on the wings of hope, soft as a dove's, bold as an eagle's, into the future.

TICKLER.

Speak plain, Christopher. Remember you are not a young poet, but an old prosier.

NORTH.

Another reason is, my dear boy, that the whole of life which is yet unacted and uncertain, lies in the future. Man looks on that part of his life which is yet before him, as a gamester looks on the remaining throws of his game.

TICKLER.

Aye—what shall the hours bring forth? From the bosom of futurity Fortune throws her black and white lots.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

How throbbed my little heart with hopes and fears,  
To learn the colour of my future years!

TICKLER.

There again—why you drawled that like a Presbyterian precentor giving out the lines of a psalm.

NORTH.

The past is over, and has less than imagination and desire; but the future is yet undetermined, and is equal to their largest measure. With whatever passion, therefore, Oh! Hal! thy soul hangs upon this life, with that passion will it hang on the yet undecided future.

TICKLER.

So must it be with all men—to their grand climacteric.

NORTH.

Does he long for those pleasures which fortune may give? Then he looks into that future which is still under the dominion of fortune.

TICKLER.

Does he desire that good which depends upon himself—his own achievements, his own virtues? He will look into that future which he can fill with his powers, because, Hal, and Kit, there is no reality there to give him the lie. But in the present he meets with many things to make him sing small—and for my single self, gents, I confess, that though six feet four on my worsteds, on looking back on the Timothy of the past, he seems diminished to his head, a Peck among the pigmies.

NORTH.

Then think, my excellent young friend, that all present action tends to the future. It springs up and ripens in the future. In itself the present is nothing; it is subservient only to the years to come.

TICKLER.

Alas! alas! North—methinks—me feels—that my whole life has been but a disconnected series of broken fragments.

NORTH.

So oft do I. But in the presence of this eaglet here, my youth is momentarily restored, and like a swan, whose plumage, though tempest-proof, is yet softer than the snow, I seem to have alighted from some far-off clime on the bosom of a pellucid stream, winding away from its source among the mountains, till the region around grows magnificent with forest-woods.

TICKLER.

Said you, sir, a swan?

NORTH.

No sneers, sir; original sin never seems so baleful as in a sneer. Adam did not sneer till long after the fall. Not till he had outlived both remorse and penitence, did the old sinner grow satirical.

TICKLER.

I meant no offence, and ask your pardon.

NORTH.

Granted. We speak of man, my dear Timothy, as discontented, and revile him, because, when the time of enjoyment is come, he still looks, as before, into the future. Why, I say to you, Hal, that is the nobleness of his nature. He is a being of action; and every step of his progress only discovers to him wider and farther regions of his action lying outstretched before him, still or stormy as the sea.

TICKLER.

I wonder how many thousand times, during our innumerable Noctes, you have taken in vain the name of Neptune.

NORTH.

It don't matter. Yes, my fine young fellow, man can measure the present, but he always feels that on the present the unmeasured future rests. To him, a being of powerful and ever-enlarging action, the hour ministers to the years. In the moment he thinks for eternity!

TICKLER.

You have proved your point, Kit. Man's *real* action, you have shown, and well too, even eloquently, by its own necessary tendency and nature, carries the mind into *unreal* futurity. What say you to all this, younker?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I listen with delight.

NORTH.

Once carried into the future, are there not reasons enow why the mind should believe in impossibilities? What shall bind down its belief? It seeks enlargement. Here, in this waking work-day-world of ours, we are humbled in our will. It is subjected—not predominant. But from that thralldom we take refuge in the free unbounded future. There we can feel our virtues without our frailties; there we can exert our powers unfettered

by our weaknesses; there we can mould even the capriciousness of fortune and the course of events to our will; there we can act and command success; there we can wish, and sure is the consummation; there are we lords indeed of our own life and our own destiny; and there may we sit on gorgeous thrones of state, overshadowed by immortal laurels.

TICKLER.—(*To Hal aside.*)

Cut.

NORTH.

Thus the mind for its own wilful gratification, my dear young friend, overleaps impossibility; it has power given to it over the future—it uses it lavishly for its own delight—and in the intoxication of —

TICKLER.—(*sotto voce.*)

Yes—cut to a moral.

NORTH.

What? what if this be carried to excess? Yet is it to a certain degree unavoidable—and I fear not to say to you, Hal, necessary; for the knowledge of that which will be, would often crush the heart with its own worthlessness and impotence. The knowledge of that which is possible, would be premature, and blighting wisdom.

TICKLER.

Dangerous doctrine, North, thus infused into the ardent spirit of an enthusiastic youth.

NORTH.

No—safe and salutary. Let the young heart, I say, strive awhile with impossibilities; and do the utmost for itself that nature will permit. It is only by hoping beyond nature, that it can ever reach at last to the utmost grandeur of nature.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Yes, sir; thus may it be said that the soul's first reason for hoping beyond possibility is the force of its own great desires.

TICKLER.

As the old cock crows, the young chick—

NORTH.

Aye, Hal; and the second, my dear lad, is its—Ignorance. For how should it know these limits? That is what it has yet to learn. It may err as much in anticipating as in overlooking them; it may imagine impossibilities where they do not exist. It may yield to difficulties which it might have overcome. The future, oh! thou enlightened lad! is, in the truest sense of the word, uncertain; for not only are the events which may be dealt to us unknown, but, Hal, the measure of our powers is undetermined, till we exert them; they are greater or less by our own act; and by that mystery of mysteries, our own free will.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

It makes me happy, sir, to hear you own that creed.

NORTH.

It makes me happy, Hal—for I loved your father—to see that thy soul, my dear boy, is alive to—Admiration.

TICKLER.

What do you mean, old man?

NORTH.

Admiration, Timotheus, is an act of the understanding; but of the understanding acting in concert with various emotions.

TICKLER.

Umph.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I do indeed devoutly trust that my mind will never be induced to think and feel on the principle of “Nil admirari.”

NORTH.

It does my heart good to look on the open and glowing countenance of a youth with thy endowments, Hal, about to start on the career of rejoicing life. Vividly dost thou feel now, my son, that man is a being placed in the midst of a system ordained by divine wisdom and goodness, inhabit-

ing a world full of wonder and beauty, which in every part is indeed but a manifestation to human sense of the wisdom and goodness in which it was made. When, therefore, he opens the eye of his understanding to receive the impressions that will flow in upon him from all surrounding things, from works so framed it is that all these impressions come.

TICKLER.

Beware of preaching, Kit.

NORTH.

But to fit him for such contemplations, Hal, are given him, not only senses to perceive, and intellect to comprehend, but the faculties of delight and admiration, without which sense and intellect were vain.

TICKLER.

Are you, sir, the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*?

NORTH.

I wish I were. This is the source from which the nobler delight of knowledge springs—admiration blending in all unpolluted, unperverted minds, with the impressions of sense, and the workings of intellectual power—a spirit, my son, which may it live vivid and inviolate in thy bosom to thy dying day!

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

As I am sure, sir, it will in yours—and glorify to your closing eyes the last setting sun.

NORTH.

Good lad. He, Hal, who resolves by powerful agencies the combinations of bodies, and forces their elements to discover themselves to his sight; he who lays bare with delicate anatomy the structure of an insect's wing; and he who compasses and scans in thought the motion of worlds; he, too, who surveys the soul of man with all its passions and powers, and learns to observe the laws of the moral world, all are led on by the same wonder blending with their knowledge; the admiration of beauty and of wisdom exalts their intelligence, and science, poetry, and piety, become one, in that mood which makes us feel our connexion with our native heaven.

TICKLER.

You must be the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*.

NORTH.

Well—I am—and of the *Saturday Evening*—two noble productions. Who, Hal, has heard the deeds of his country's heroes told in the rudest simplest phrase? Who has ever read the tale of some gallant crew sailing on bold discovery through unknown seas, or of humble good men, cheerfully bearing a hard lot, contented while they could impart wisdom, virtue, or succour under hard necessity to the wants of others? Who has ever contemplated high qualities of any kind in the minds of his fellow-men, and not known—as you have, my bright boy, many million times—that emotion of admiration with which the mere conception of excellence is formed, and that transport of sympathy and love which attends it?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

'Tis kindled now, sir, by your noble words.

NORTH.

Yes, Hal, with no other spirit leading you along but your mind's generous admiration, you feel, I know you do, the transport of affection towards one and then towards another of those great creatures whose works have guarded their memory from oblivion. Now towards some sage who forsook the splendours of this world to devote his soul to the meditative discovery of truth, and his life to imparting it in his precepts for the instruction of dark and bewildered men; now towards some warrior, whose great soul sustained the fortunes of his country on his single arm, and whose courage and achievements were equal to the weight laid upon them; now to him whose genius reared temples and statues ennobling the land, or whose voice sung the deeds to which the land had given birth; now to some mighty ruler, who swayed the spirits of a fierce intractable nation by the wisdom of his controlling will; now to some lawgiver, who left the impress of his own mind on that of his people; now to some sufferer in a

righteous cause, who counted his life nothing in comparison with that pure good for which he cheerfully resigned it; to all these, thou, O Hal, dost give, by turns, thy love and the transport of thy desire, because to all does thy soul give its passionate admiration.

TICKLER.

Now, draw your breath, and permit me to attempt a slight sentiment. It is by this principle, North, that examples have their power. They are pictures that speak to admiration, and, through admiration, call upon all the powers of the awakened and uproused spirit.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

"Ecquid in antiquam virtutem, animosque viriles,  
Et Pater Aeneas, et avunculus excitat Hector."

TICKLER.

"Tu longe sequare, et vestigia semper adora."

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Poets are the guardians of admiration in the spirits of a people.

NORTH.

Good.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Their songs, sir, emblazoning heroic achievements, and memorizing the spirit of lofty thoughts, make virtue a perpetual possession to the race.

TICKLER.

Good.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Thus such actions can never die. They continue to shine brighter and brighter through the golden mist of years.

TICKLER.

Bad—and borrowed.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

The power of this spirit, to whatever influences a nation may be subject, still survives to it, through all changes; the spirit of the greatness of departed time living in its perpetual admiration.

TICKLER.

I am beginning to get sick of the word.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

See what wealth, sir, we possess at this hour, gathered from all ages, nations, and tongues, of the greatness that has ennobled our race! What should we be without it? It is now lifted up above the region of passion, purified by Death and Time, even as the heroes of the old world were changed into stars.

[Silver Time-piece smites eight—Enter PICARDY, switching his Tail.—Tea Tea, and Coffee Tea, with mountains of Muffin.]

NORTH reclines on his Tiroclinium—TICKLER takes the Chair—and YOUNG GENTLEMAN is promoted to TIMOTHY's small settee.

NORTH.

You have thrown much "green light," as Ossian says, Hal, on those two powerful principles of human nature, Hope and Admiration.—What have you to say, my imaginative moralist, on Desire and Aversion?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I scarcely feel prepared, sir, to speak on such themes.

TICKLER.

How should you? North has lugged them in by head and shoulders, having crammed himself with Seneca and Cicero, and being desirous to shew off—so, with permission, I shall don my nightcap.

[TICKLER mounts his Kilmarnock, and lies back, composing himself for sleep.]

Pray waken me, my boy, should I snore so as to render you two mutually inaudible.

NORTH.

Pull the cap over his face.

TICKLER.

And, for goodness sake, release Gurney. I would not that you should expose yourself, Kit, before the public. But to be sure nobody now reads the *Noctes*.

NORTH.

Nor the *Waverley Novels*.

TICKLER.

Well, proceed, old Proser—I am prepared.

NORTH.

Desire and Aversion, Hal, are the two most general affections of the mind towards good and evil, and are the proper opposites to each other. Desire being the inclination of the mind towards any good, which is not absolutely possessed; and Aversion the disinclination of the mind towards any evil, with which it is in any degree menaced.

TICKLER.

Who ever doubted that?

NORTH.

Not you; for you never knew it till this moment—nor wiser men.

TICKLER.

Indeed!

NORTH.

In deed you have always exemplified it; but you have never been conscious of it in thought—for, Tickler, you are no metaphysician.

TICKLER.

Are you?

NORTH.

Yes. The habitual use of the term, Desire, in our metaphysical language, to describe certain principles of our nature, as the desire of power, the desire of esteem, the desire of knowledge, and so on, has led, my dear Harry, in some degree, to a partial conception of its true character.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Has it, sir?

NORTH.

Dr Brown, in his *Moral Philosophy*, ranks all these principles as prospective emotions, and calls their opposite, Fears. But as principles of feeling, they may be affected towards the past, the present, or the future. I do not know why the pain with which an ambitious man looks back upon his disappointment, is to be separated in speculation upon the mind, from the desire which accompanies his expectation. Both belong equally to one pain, to which time is indifferent; and therefore all these principles, such as ambition, love of glory, &c. ought to be considered under some title which is generic as to time, and includes past, present, and future.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Dr Brown proceeds, I believe, sir, on a theory that the Desire is first, and that the Pleasure is only felt because there has been Desire, and it is a gratification of it, sir.

NORTH.

You say well—He does. But can you imagine a desire that is independent of the pleasure felt?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I cannot, sir. But I can easily conceive that a very slight degree of pleasure felt may give occasion to very strong Desire, from the capacity of the soul, sir, to bring infinite multiplications of a small pleasure into its imagination, and so to frame Desire without end. Prodigious, indeed, seems to be the soul's capacity of Desire; but I humbly think, sir, that it must always begin from pleasure or pain actually experienced.

TICKLER.

Are you positive, young gentleman, that you know the meaning of what you have now said?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

No, Mr Tickler, I am not positive—I said "I humbly think."



NORTH.

Therefore, Hal, in good metaphysics, the sensibility to such pleasure or pain ought to be first characterised, and the desire to be afterwards super-added ?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I wished to have said so, sir.

NORTH.

To consider Desire only in its most ordinary sense, as the inclination of the mind to that which is to be attained, and therefore as prospective merely, as Dr Brown has done, is to give a most imperfect description of those principles he analyses, which are principles of enjoyment and regret, as well as of desire, affected, all of them, by the present and past as well as the future. But, farther, please attend to this, Henry,—Desire itself, as thus represented by Dr Brown, a prospective emotion merely, is imperfectly described, for to speak absolutely and truly of this emotion, Time is not that which it regards; it is incidentally only that it has respect to Time, by which, therefore, it is not to be characterised.

TICKLER.

You have repeated that dogma a dozen times.

NORTH.

Not once. What then, Hal, is the circumstance truly essential to Desire ?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I wait, sir, for your elucidation.

NORTH.

Simply—the state of separation of the soul from its object.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

It can be nothing else, I believe, sir.

NORTH.

Now, it is true that our Mind and Life are such, that our Desire does, for the most part, look into futurity; both from the active nature of the Mind, which chiefly fixes its desire on those objects which by exerted power it can obtain, and because all such attainment necessarily lies in the future. But this, though it happens for the most part, is incidental, and not essential to the nature of Desire.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I see clearly that it is not, sir. The separation of the soul from the good which is *lost*, may be the subject of Desire; hence all those bitter and miserable yearnings towards irrecoverable good—bitter and miserable, because, alas! sir, useless. “We weep the more, because we weep in vain!”

NORTH.

Ay, ay, my dear boy, with fond and impotent longings looks back our desiring soul, as if that which time had swept away into its abysses might yet be restored. So too, with hopeless and idle desire, doth she look back remorselessly on lost innocence, cleaving in imagination to that which has passed away for ever.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Scenes and faces arise, and lofty thoughts and pure feelings return, for one moment of illusion. Is this not Desire ?

“She looks! and her heart is in heaven; but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;  
The stream will not flow, and the mist will not rise,  
And the colours have all past away from her eyes!”

NORTH.

Poor outcast!—And what is it, my son, but vain Desire, which throws its longing arms round an illusive phantom that slips from its embrace? Does it not knock at the gates of death, and demand back the dead? or leave the living to live with the dead, till they too die of passion unrequited in the dust?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

This meaning of the word, sir, which you have so beautifully illustrated, is preserved in its original the exquisite Latin word *desiderium*, which pre-eminently expresses this desire to the past—to the lost. “*Quis desiderio sit*

pudor aut modus tam cari capitis?" This idea of desire, in simple separation, not looking to the past or the future, but centred in the present moment, has also a beautiful Latin exemplification in the words of Tacitus, describing Agricola dying, and looking round as it were to find those who were not present, "*desideravere aliquid oculi tui?*"

NORTH.

Thank ye, my good boy. Now mark, Harry, that this longing which arises in the soul by separation from the object of its love, is one of the great principles by which the soul is moved in all its action and passion. Very sublime views accordingly have been entertained of this principle, by which sages saw it is capable of carrying itself out of that by which it is surrounded, and to conceive of good from which it is absent. Desire has been, therefore, called the wings of the soul. So may it be detached from the senses, and flying upwards, draw empyrean air.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

In Love, the Soul unites itself to its object; in Desire it seeks that Union.

NORTH.

It is indeed essential to all greatness, enlargement, and strength in the soul. For here we must live among many objects, which are not of a nature to satisfy our highest powers; but objects which are, do exist in heaven or earth, or have existed, or may exist. If it were necessarily wedded to those objects which are present with it, it would soon be sunk and lost. But having power, under all circumstances, to lift itself up to its just and natural elevation, it forsakes this dim spot which men call earth, and sojourns, for short seasons of perfect felicity, in its native heaven.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

The influence of Desire, then, sir, seems in some respects akin to that of Hope?

NORTH.

The two principles are allied in nature. By Desire the soul is enabled to hope. By Desire the soul is faithful to its object in separation. Nay, by Desire it can pursue through many even hopeless years one aim, and reach it at last. By Desire the mother hopes her son's return, when all others have given him to the deep or the grave.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

By Desire the unconquered patriot hopes his country's deliverance.

NORTH.

By Desire the good man hopes that his just purpose shall succeed, against the opposition and division of the world. Finally, my dear Hal, this is the principle which distinguishes all minds that attain pre-eminent success. Each is capable of its own good, and may attain it if it has Desire; but filled as the world is with thwartings and impediments, not else—that is the Law.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Sir, your noble and exalted sentiments inspire me with highest hopes of the whole human race. The world is yet young—for what to the mind seem sixty centuries in that mood, which, as Wordsworth sublimely says, "makes our noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence!"

NORTH.

No—no—no—my dear Hal, the doctrine of the perfectibility of man is but an empty dream.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Not scriptural.

NORTH.

Antiscriptural.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Yet I hope, sir, that you believe there is decreed for man some mighty amelioration of his life, even on this earth?

NORTH.

No, my dear boy. I have no such belief. I see, indeed, some scattered gleams of a "redeeming happiness," but melancholy clouds hang over and

envelope our life that is visited with such irradiations. The spirit of earth has seized on a celestial visitant, and bound him with itself in the chains of strong inexorable necessity.

TICKLER.

Don't pitch the tone of your talk, North, to too high a key. Yet I am willing that we should be serious—nay solemn—for 'tis Saturday evening—and we are both fast ageing; and I am aware we have got among us a young philosopher. Let us have, then, a grave, but, for heaven's sake, not a melancholy Noctes.

NORTH.

Who but must be melancholy, my friend, contemplating the lot of man! By the bondage of mortal pain he is linked with all his powers to this material nature, to render bitter service for bitter hire. Hunted and scourged by an inclement sky, shaken back from the cold breast that yields to his aching desire a painful and scanty nourishment, he sees himself the thrall of a heavy law, and in the midst of a subjection from which there is no escape nor deliverance; looking around and above in vain for help, he knows that there is no succour for him but in his own strength. And those proud powers, that high capacious intelligence, that burning spirit of desire, that will which was made only for heavenly obedience, that form which was framed for a heavenly spirit to dwell in, he bows down to the task of his mortal servitude. He turns their strength on the breast of this unyielding earth, and reaps from it the sustenance and the safeguards of his life. In the sweat of his brow he eats his bread. He toils that he may live in toil. He reaps the fruits of his service, protracted years, which shall yield the same service, till the hand that gave him to this bondage release him from its chains.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

It is some solace, sir, to the kind who thus range the walks of the earth in their pain, that some portion of the nations have earned a brighter lot; that generation upon generation accumulating their labour, have built up out of the pain of their mortal condition a wealth that nature had not given, and releasing a few from the burthen of the common lot, have reared and guarded, in the heart of their civilized strength, a sovereignty of intellect, a little world of peaceful happiness, where thoughtful virtue may yet walk on earth in love!

NORTH.

Alas! let us look back upon the ages of the world, and know what man has done for man. Time that has swept away the works of the generations from their place of remembrance, has yet guarded the splendid shadows of their recollections for instruction to the successive ages. We can unroll the memory of the world of old—we can behold the cities that are fallen—and hear the hum of the mingling multitudes that swarm in all their gates. The glory of their empire, the pride of their unimaginable might rises up in its dream-like pomp from the night of the past—and we are spectators of the works and the destinies of men whom thousands of years have buried in the dust. We read the annals of human glory. We ask what those happier brothers of mankind, whose enviable lot lifted them above the condition of the race, were moved to do for their toil-bowed brethren? To what service of the race they gave their unmeasured power? We know too well the answer. They were the desolating conquerors of the world, Hal, enslaving their people, through them to enslave the nations.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Better, perhaps, for the species, had there been no such empires!

NORTH.

The release from the servitude of life could never release the will from the bondage which it renews for ever within itself. The lords of the earth were slaves within their own corrupted spirit—they were servants to a direr necessity than that which bowed the heart of the least among their innumerable multitudes; for the lawless will of the slave is tamed by the yoke that bows him down—but the will of the lord of the nations is mad with

Ministers maintain that even if the House of Commons be made despotic, the King will find ample security for his independence in the love of his people. They give no proof, and I am incredulous. Why is his Majesty now so popular? Because he is obeying the wish of the people, and fighting, as they believe, their battle against the Aristocracy. It is manifest that if the present system of pledging continue, they will soon pledge their representatives, among other things, to sponge off a large part of the public debt, and strip the Church of much of her property. The King has no power to consent to this—none whatever; yet if a despotic House of Commons should insist on his consent, and attempt to force him into robbery and perjury, it is certain enough that the people would support it; in such case, where would be his independence? Those who, while they openly endeavour to place him under the dictation of the people, assert that the love of the latter will preserve his independence, are not to be listened to.

The due independence of the King enters into the essence of national liberty. It is not only, as I have said, indispensable for establishing and protecting that of the Legislature, but it is equally so for giving due independence and freedom to the citizens. It ranks amidst the first uses of a King, to defend the minority against the majority. A government is necessary, because without it, man will injure man, one part of the people will wrong and oppress another; and the distinguishing characteristic of a free one is, it prevents not only the King, but the people, not only the few, but the many; not only the strong and rich, but the weak and poor, from possessing the power to commit injury, wrong, and oppression. A majority has no right to violate the laws of God, and indestructible natural right, because it is one; it has no more right to do so than the individual. If nine-tenths of the people insist that treaties shall be broken, the law of nations shall be trampled on, the public debt shall not be paid, or the other tenth shall be plundered and banished, it ought to be as sternly resisted in them, as in one-tenth, or the King himself. If you place, as you wish,

the Legislature under the control of the majority, where must the power of resistance exist, save in the King's independence?

Even in matters of expediency, it is necessary, for the sake of the citizens, that the majority should be resisted when in error. If it should wish to suppress the state of religion, or convert the monarchy into a republic, or destroy Trial by Jury and the freedom of the Press; it does not follow that it ought to be suffered to do so. Its sovereignty is, in reason and right, not a despotie, but a limited one; freedom knows as little of an unlimited majority; as of an unlimited monarch; it ought to be as much withstood in pernicious principles and measures as the individual. A King should be in the body politic what reason is in the human body—a power to curb and guide the imagination and passions, to give due direction to the will. The widest extent of liberty, in regard to both enjoyment and preservation, calls for the greatest share of wisdom in the management of public interests. While, in ethics, it is your rule to make reason paramount, as the means of saving the individual from every ill, you do exactly the contrary in political science. Your fundamental axioms make the wealthy and learned part of the people an impotent minority; and in this they practically doom the national reason to be constantly outvoted and excluded from office; then they decide that the national imagination and passions shall be servilely obeyed by the King, without reference to truth or falsehood, wisdom or folly, profit or ruin. Here again, if it were possible for you to place the Legislature under the majority's dictation, where could the power of resistance have being save in the King's independence?

But you cannot place the Legislature under such control and dictation; its privileges render it, in conduct, independent of the people; if it attempt to plunge into destructive crime and error, in defiance of the majority, the latter can only prevent it through the independence of the King.

I, of course, speak of an independence limited according to necessity and use. The doctrine, that the King

ought to have a sufficiency of positive power in the Legislature to carry his measures, is not sanctioned by me, although it has been promulgated in high quarters. I draw the line between positive power and negative, command and refusal, aggression and defence. I claim for the King power even in abundance, to prevent the Legislature from carrying guilty and injurious measures, but I cannot go farther, without destroying its independence. The means for enabling him to carry in it salutary, nay, necessary ones, must be found in its independent construction. It exists to restrain him from bad measures, and I cannot disable it from doing this, to enable him to carry good ones.

Your reasons for manufacturing Citizen Kings exhibit any thing rather than truth and solidity. I cannot think, with you, that because the doctrines of "divine right" and "legitimacy" are erroneous, a King has no rights whatever; claiming no more for him than for any other man, I cannot claim less. History would write liar on my forehead, were I to assert, with you, that, because it is bigotry to maintain Kings cannot err, they are, in the gross, idiots and tyrants. I admit those to be sycophants and slaves who cover royalty with adulation, and teach abject submission to its will; but I must likewise think that they are equally so who do the same touching the multitude. The man who invests what he calls the people with infallibility; misleads them, inflames their passions, panders to their guilt, and calls for unlimited obedience to their desires, is, in my judgment, a more depraved villain—a more despicable wretch—than the most unprincipled courtier that ever licked dust at the foot of a throne.

If your abuse were as true as it is false, I would sweep away Kings root and branch, but not commit the monstrous folly of binding them from abuse of power, by placing over me an Executive utterly incapable of managing public affairs, preventing civil commotion, and protecting my person and possessions. I must have an Executive strong, exceedingly strong, even mighty for the discharge of its duties; and I cannot be so far from my own enemy, as to make it, though

it be a kingly one, powerless, that I may make it innoxious.

For the sake of myself and the citizens, let me remonstrate with you on your conduct. You know that Kings have as much infirmity and vice as other men, but not more; history proves, that they are fully equal to the average of their species; you are sure that they are just as fit as other men to be placed at the head of the Executive. Why, then, do you cover them with these falsehoods? Boast of truth—I am its friend; let us have it in its naked severity; speak without caring whom its blaze may scathe and destroy; but let it not be kept alone from the people. You wish to obtain free and good government—I am with you; but is it to be obtained by deluding and inflaming those who are to fashion and live under it? Is it to be established by filling the people with the most groundless and mischievous opinions, touching those who are to be its leading functionaries, or preserved by teaching the subject to hate and assail the ruler? The people, and not kings, are the real victims of your falsehoods.

You wish to make kings good and wise, is it then not necessary to place their bonds and temptations on the side of goodness and wisdom? On glancing at the Citizen King of France, I find that almost ever since he received his ill-starred crown, he has been involved in a contest with his citizens, which has broken to pieces Ministry after Ministry, whether Jacobite or Royalist, Republican or Monarchical, and at times has placed him on the verge of dethronement. What has he been contending for? To observe treaties and public law, save not only France but Europe from war, and defend the institutions confided to his keeping. Recently, he has been compelled, against the conviction of himself and his servants, to introduce a measure for making a vital change in the institutions I have named. Whether he can yet save himself, without the aid of the sword and the establishment of despotism, is extremely doubtful. Here, then, is a King who cannot be upright without resorting to intrigue and corruption, who cannot keep a Ministry in being without sacrificing the public weal, who is com-

pelled to save his sceptre by perjury, and who has the choice before him of being a tyrant or an exile! If you place a King and his servants, according to your desire and endeavours, under the dictation of the majority, they can only be honest through knavery, faithful through breach of obligation, and wise through falsehood and tyranny.

Will you serve domestic peace and order by thus involving the King and the subject in eternal conflict for the mastery? Will you benefit liberty, and those whom you call the citizens, by placing a King in circumstances which must give him the soul of a knave, deceiver, murderer, and tyrant; and infuse the same soul into every Minister who may serve him?

Are your charges against the Aristocracy true or false? For the sake of the people, let us here have the whole truth without disguise or reserve. Fiends never concocted any thing more thoroughly baseless; men more disinterested and patriotic than the Peers and country gentlemen of England, never served and adorned any nation. I speak from the history of my country; for the blood they have shed, and the wealth they have sacrificed, to secure her liberties, and promote her happiness, are not matter of assertion.

Your charges are false—they are atrocious calumnies—they are not the less so, if they be published in a newspaper by—(Oh! shame to the judge, and woe to the people)—the Lord Chancellor of England! What profit can they yield to the citizens? Is war a thing so desirable, that because we cannot conveniently find it abroad, we must light it up at home? Is the scattered and disjointed British empire of such construction, that its parts, integral and colonial, can only be preserved from falling asunder by the fire and sword of civil commotion? Is liberty to be secured by inciting one part of the community to oppress and destroy another; or prosperity to be served by making intestine animosity and convulsion the source and guide of all legislation?

You justify yourselves by the plea, that you wish to give its due share of power to the Democracy. What share? You insist that both the King

and the Legislature ought to be placed under its dictation. Have, then, the people no infirmities and vices? I will adopt the Lord Chancellor's distinction, and throw out the populace as no part of the people. I do it, however, for the sake of argument; for I know that even yet the patriotism, honesty, and virtue of England, exist as extensively in the labouring, as in the middle classes. Assuming, then, that the middle classes alone constitute the people, are they incapable of being deluded and misled—of acting from interested motives—of wielding a despotism for any other purpose than to benefit right and freedom, prosperity and happiness? I cannot but perceive a wide difference between the power to elect a Legislature, and that to dictate to one; speaking with reference to the latter, I ask, on what principle of right and justice you thus scoop half a million of tyrants from the heart of the population, and make all the rest their slaves? If the people ought to dictate, why not the whole, instead of this petty, sordid, servile fraction of them? You can find no precedent or justification for vesting this dictating power in either an oligarchy of shopkeepers, or the body of the people. A limited monarchy knows it not—a republic forbids it—right and freedom cannot exist with it: Government, whether monarchical or republican, has being to prevent the whole people, or any part of them, from exercising the sovereignty, in order that the latter may be placed where it will be under proper regulation and responsibility.

The Democracy demonstrably and undeniably has its infirmities and vices as well as the King and Aristocracy; and is as unfit as either to be intrusted with absolute power. It can only be placed under due restraint by both—by the one, as well as the other. By concealing this truth from the people, and inciting them to throw their chains over both as a matter of right, you are knowingly leading them to their own ruin and slavery.

I am a comprehensive reformer—but I am so to preserve, and not to destroy, my freedom. If I cannot get rid of the nomination boroughs without practically suppressing the

House of Peers, they must remain, with all their evils. I can easily see, in the present state of the House of Commons, that when the system of pledging and agency shall be brought into full operation, it will be devoid in the last degree of talent and integrity, and moreover must of necessity be the abject slave of one Ministry or another. In such case, liberty and wise government must depend mainly on the independent existence of the Upper House. Carry the Reform Bill by a creation of Peers, and such a precedent in these times will be the virtual extinction of the Peers as an independent part of the Legislature. You cannot be ignorant of this—therefore you must be aware, that you are inciting the people to such reform through the overthrow of the constitution and liberty.

If the nomination boroughs be evils, cannot they be removed without destroying the equipose of the three estates? Does it follow that, because individual lords have no right to their members, the right belongs to petty knots of shopkeepers; or that, because reform is necessary, none but a special scheme ought to be adopted? What prevents you from carrying, not trifling, but comprehensive reform—such as will include the suppression of these obnoxious boroughs? The Peers do not; a large majority of them will support you, provided you strike out of your plan things which the popular cry never made essentials, and add to it securities which the body of the people will not object to. You are, therefore, yourselves the real enemies of reform—the real opponents of popular rights, who prevent its triumph.

Reform is necessary—granted; but is it necessary to obtain it by suspending trade and plunging the people into starvation—by filling the empire with disaffection and convulsion—by throwing all the affairs of the empire into disorder—by bringing the two Houses of Parliament into conflict, destroying the independence of both, and making a profligate Ministry despotic—by producing a state of things which in this moment must give arbitrary power to the Crown, and in the next must ensure revolution? You are now seeking it at this terrible price, when you need only common honesty to gain it gratuitously.

In making great changes of law and institution, the scruples of those who resist are entitled to as much attention as the wishes of those who assail. Common right and justice, as well as constitutional practice, demand that compromise and sacrifice shall be carried as far on one side as on the other. If a King, in judging between two mighty divisions of his subjects, can only extend concession to one, and will rather act the despot than listen to those who combat for his throne, he knows but little of his duty and interest. If a Ministry, instead of making the surrender imposed on it by solemn obligations, carry its measures of change through the violation of the constitution and arbitrary power, and at the hazard of producing every possible national calamity; its members ought not to escape the punishment which is never escaped by less guilty traitors.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

A BYSTANDER.

power, and the source of human evil swells over in his bosom unceasingly and uncontrollably.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Yes—my dear sir—we look on them, and the frailty of our own nature draws us for a moment to believe that the bright ease of their lives was a happiness won to them from the severity of our mortal condition; but we look again, and we know that the bitter evil of our nature was there; and that while they seemed to roll off on others their own part of the burden of human calamity, the invisible chain of suffering which binds down together all the brotherhood of mankind had wound its fatal links around their hearts.

NORTH.

But it may be said that I am giving a false representation of the glory of mankind.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Alas! I fear, too true.

NORTH.

It is not, it may be said, to wealth and empire, once stately and flourishing, and now passed away, that our imagination turns with desire to discover the pride of our race, and to honour the recovered glory of the human spirit amidst the light and guarded peace of happy civilisation. There *have* been nations on the earth, whose name brightens the story of mankind—nations in whose bosom genius sprang up and worshipped wisdom—where liberty guarded the pride of life within her invincible arms. But if we indeed desire to see in the sad and serious light of truth the condition of our kind as they have lived upon this earth—it is in vain that we delight our imagination in these bright remembrances: Did the earth, indeed, see her children rejoicing and free? No; slaves tilled the soil of liberty—the deliverer of his country dashed cities of men into the dust, and scattered their inhabitants through the slavery of the world.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

But look again, sir, over the earth; and under the shadow of the cloud that broods over it, there is seen a still small light which hangs its lamp in every human heart—LOVE. Within the circling walls of every human dwelling, beneath its sheltering roof, is guarded a little world which love has knit together. Within the circuit which that presence hallows, pleasure springs up with innocence. Peace is there—and the light which sin had shut out, breaks again upon the spirit.

NORTH.

Mingled brightness and blackness—therein lies the mystery. What is it that huddles them all together—the high and the low—and gives them over to a common doom—almost to a common grave—while the sun of life yet shines brightly on them all? There is a capacity of good confessed by all, and none realize it. We seem to bring our destination with us into the world, and to accept another. We seem to be the fools of life. Ask the philosopher who has spent his life within his own mind,—ask the man of power who has spent it in moulding the will of others to his own,—ask the poet who has lived in the beauty of dreams,—ask the soldier of life who has lived in the warfare of realities,—what have they made of it—what have they made of themselves—what have they done with that good which they brought with them into the world—and which has vanished from them altogether, or floats like an unembodied spirit in the breath of imagination, still?—Is it that we have not power to bring down good among men?—No. we have the power; but we do not use it; we do not know where to find it. There have been those who have found the power, and have used it. Men simple in their spirit,—not radiant with genius nor strong in power; not pouring out the dazzling and exuberant wealth of their own minds before men's eyes; but pouring out their spirit through their hearts. Men unconscious of themselves—and of their destination—but who have brought down good into the life of men, by bringing it first into their own.



—Christians, Hal—Christians—but how few in this wicked and weary world deserve that holy name?

TICKLER.

Come, come, my dear friend, though it be Saturday night, let's be a leetle more lively—and surely, North, it is not for us to say that there is no happiness in this world of ours—

NORTH.

No, it would be false to say so—yet what I have said is true. If great suffering and heavy duties are taken out of the lot, and the mind is left free to seek its own enjoyment, it is impossible to say how many modes of pleasure it will discover.

TICKLER.

True, Kit. Why, pursuits and gratifications so unimportant, that they have scarce a name in our greater estimates of the human condition, do yet, by continual supplies of small pleasure, contribute largely to the active state of happiness. For, do they not bring with them renovation and refreshment, keeping up the alacrity of the spirit, and protecting it from that languor which often turns it against itself. Endless are they as fancy!

NORTH.

It might be said, from the contemplation of a great part of mankind, that action of some kind, pressing forward continually to an aim, was an essential constituent of the state of happiness. Yet, what thousands are satisfied in perfect tranquillity of enjoyment, one day flowing after another in mere repetition—the peaceful sameness, like some sweet monotone in music, stilling all uneasy passion, and keeping all thought and feeling within the quiet domain of contentment!

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Some I seem to see satisfied in the love they feel for others, and that is felt for them, and happy without desire.

NORTH.

It might be said, that Hope could not be dispensed with; yet there are those without hope, whose happiness is altogether in remembrance.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Others—not few, but many—who, without hope, are happy in resignation.

TICKLER.

We all see how much of the richest joys of humankind are given them in their strong affections. We can imagine nothing, indeed, that should leave the lot of man more desolate than if these were taken away! Yet shall we say that the human being without them cannot know happiness? That the philosopher, with a soul dwelling apart from human loves, and entranced in the research and contemplation of nature, has not a happiness all his own,

“Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!”

NORTH.

For are not beauty, and wisdom, and truth, and power, all poured in for ever into one soul, sufficient for entire bliss!

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Aye, my bold bright-eyed boy. We look on the light of day, we hear the voice of love, and it appears to us as if it must be miserable to bear night on the eyes, and silence on the ear. Yet the blind and the deaf have their own full and unstinted joy, that does not forsake their spirits.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

When oppression plunges her persecuted victim in the dungeon's depth, she seems, indeed, sir, in cutting him off from air, and light, and liberty, from the condition of living nature, to heap on him, in part, by mere privation, the misery she calls the wretch to endure. She seems, sir, in severing him from human faces, to break off his human ties; and inhaled in the prisons of her wrath, he may be said to dwell already with the dead,

and to house in the grave. But is there no spirit that can descend into that buried and gloomy cell, to visit with her illumination that uncompanioned heart ?

NORTH.

Yes, my noble Hal, conscience may sit there an angel of light at his side, whispering peace and hope and lofty consolation.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

The patriot who has raised his voice or his hand too soon, in redress of his country's wrongs; the martyr who bears with him in his bosom the faith on which he will pour out his blood; the just man who has offended by his virtue high-seated crime—all these, in that woeful and dreary seclusion can find their own happiness not less calm and self-consolated in that long dark expectation, than when the last act of unjust power sets them free from the bonds of life, and they feel on the brink of death that they have a foretaste of immortal happiness.

TICKLER.

The lad is an eloquent lad—and will one day be an orator.

NORTH.

Events nor condition are in our power, but the mind, with which we all receive them, is, Hal.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

“ Fallen cherub ! to be weak is miserable,  
Doing, or suffering.”

NORTH.

Suffering ! Our lot may be such that we can do nothing—that we have to be merely passive. In that case all depends on our will. If we receive pain with a shrinking and impatient mind, we give it its full power over us.

TICKLER.

True, Kit. But though any body may triumph over the toothach, what man of woman born but must shriek at the *tic doloreux* ?

NORTH.

The Indian undergoing torture, in which he sings war-songs, and laughs to scorn his tormentors, horrible to nature as his condition is, is surely not to be judged of by the mere imagination of what we ourselves should suffer in his place. That spirit which has been enured to pain, and which, in utmost agony, can feel its accustomed pride rise unconquerably above it all, must be regarded as, by the power of its own will, casting off from itself great part of natural suffering. It is a spirit no longer penetrable to suffering—inulnerable ; pride, or whatever other feeling, truly

“ *arms th' obdured breast*

*With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.*”

TICKLER.

My temper is none of the best ; yet I acknowledge that almost at any hour of one's life, there is opportunity given of determining for oneself what the tenor of his feelings shall be, whether for pleasure or for pain.

NORTH.

Neither is mine ; yet I see, sometimes not without self-upbraiding, that those who cannot command themselves, draw from the continual stream of the incidents of life, uneasiness and vexation, while it would have been easier to draw from them cheerfulness and satisfaction.

TICKLER.

The common remark, Kit, that great part of the happiness and unhappiness of life depends upon its petty occurrences, a remark which, when simply stated, appears degrading to the pride of our mind, acquires a more reasonable meaning when we consider that the mind exercising itself, as it must do, on these little events, finds in them the occasion of yielding to the temper of pain and dissatisfaction, or of sharing the temper of pleasure and contentment.

NORTH.

True, Timothy. The mind is not subject, as the remark would intimate, to such events. They are not of magnitude to force on it either pleasure

or pain. But because the ordinary state in which it exists must be either of the one character or the other, and as, in the absence of great and constraining occurrences, that ordinary state must be derived from its own disposition, therefore those slight and petty circumstances appear thus important, when in truth the mind does no more than exercise its faculty of throwing itself into the pain, or of sustaining in itself its natural spirit of joy and vigour.

TICKLER.

'Tis but a shallow apologue, that of the Caliph who on his death-bed declared that in his long reign of prosperity and glory he had known but three days of happiness.

NORTH.

He must indeed have been a poor devil.

TICKLER.

He has not told us—has he—what constituted the happiness of the three days? What do you conjecture was the business of the blockhead? Sensual?

NORTH.

No. But our Alfred, I warrant him, knew many hundreds of happy days. For though subjected to horrid convulsion-fits, that often all at once made him fall down on the floor of his palace, like a beggar in the street mire, he was happy in genius and virtue. But who ever supposed that a miserable despot could enjoy one hour's true happiness? Yet the Caliph ought not to have been ungrateful for his pleasures. For the joys of the harem, the slavery of bended knees, and of faces sweeping the floor in humiliation, the insidious flatterer and the deadly mute—all these may have been, during their hour, instruments of base, luxurious, or cruel pleasure—but such remembrances could bring no peace to a dying bed, and therefore he became at last a querulous moralist.

TICKLER.

Do you ever envy the condition of any man, North?

NORTH.

Not often now. Yet, 'tis not unnatural to do so, for we always look on the lot from which we are removed, my friend, with imagination; and sometimes the sense of the real disadvantages of our own lot turns our thoughts with something of envy, with a regretful comparison at least, towards those whose lot by its nature, whatever else may be its disadvantages, is exempt from that particular disturbance under which we may suffer.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Who is there, sir, that, till he has read again and again the history of Genius, does not believe that the mind in which such beautiful creations were born, and which dwelt among them, was happy?

NORTH.

Alas! alas! Burns, Byron, Cowper. I think of writing the lives of these three in one volume.

TICKLER.

Do. In like manner, Master Henry, we imagine the wealthy and the powerful to be happy, not merely because they are visibly exempted from many troubles, but because we know that there are principles in our nature to which superiority over our fellow-men is grateful, and that such possessions seem to enlarge the domain of the will. Does he wish for knowledge? The learning of ages lies open before his mind. Will he have luxury? A thousand hands are ready to minister to his delight. But he may be a coward—a scrub—or a dolt—and ends, perhaps, a life of slavery to some slut, by suicide.

NORTH.

I purpose writing a volume to be entitled, Compensation.

TICKLER.

Do. Ay, Kit, the sword hung by a single hair over the royal banquet is much in point. That was the hidden ill of the heart which the courtier could not have divined.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Methinks no man can be miserable who loves his country. I become happy in a moment when I think on Scotland.

TICKLER.

Why?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Because of the—the——

TICKLER.

North—help him out.

NORTH.

The love of our country, my good boy, is not so much an attachment to any assignable object, as it is our participation in that whole spirit which has breathed in the heart of the whole race of men of which we are sprung; and, therefore, without strong and fine sympathies, no man can be a patriot. That is our country, not where we have breathed alone—not that land which we have loved, because it has shewn to our opening eyes the brightness of heaven and the gladness of earth—but the land for which we have hoped and feared—for which our bosoms have beat with the consenting hopes and fears of thousands of heroic hearts—that land, of which we have loved the mighty living and the mighty dead.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

That land, sir, the Roman or the Greek would say, where the boy had sung in the pomp that led the sacrifice to the altars of the ancient Deities of the soil.

TICKLER.

Very fine. You are a brace of incomparable orators. But if declamation is still to be the order of the night, I beg to be heard, for I can harangue, if I have a mind, like one of the Lake Poets. Why, the Campus Martius, and the Palestra, where the youth exercised heroic games, what were they, gentlemen, but the Schools of Patriotism? For were not the youth taking part, then and there, in the passions, the power, the hope, the glory, that flowed through all the spirit of the nation?

NORTH.

True, Tim. Old warriors, and gowned statesmen, that frowned in brass or in marble, in public places, and in the porches of noble houses,—trophied monuments and towers, riven with the scars of ancient battles,—the Temple raised where Jove had stayed the fight,—or the Victory, that with suspended wings still seemed to hover over the conquering bands,—what were all these to the eyes and the fancy of the young citizen, but characters speaking to him of the great secret of his hope and desire, in which he read the union of his own heart to the heart of the heroic nation of which he was one?

TICKLER.

True, Kit. And what if less noble passions must hereafter take their place in his mind,—what if he must learn to share in the rivalries and hates of his house or of his order,—these far deeper and greater feelings had been sunk into his spirit in the years when it is most susceptible, unsullied, and pure; and afterwards, in great contests, in peril of life and death, in those moments of agitation, or profound emotion, in which the higher soul again rises up, those high and solemn affections of boyhood and youth would return upon him, and consecrate his warlike deeds with the noblest name that was known to those ancient states.

NORTH.

Therefore, Timothy, how was the oaken crown prized, which was given to him who had saved the life of a citizen! Yet, perhaps, he loved not the man whom he had preserved; but he had remembered in the battle, that it was a son of his country that had fallen, and over whom he had spread his shield. He knew, that the breath he guarded was part of his country's being.

TICKLER.

Woe to the Citizen of the World! The man can have neither heart nor imagination. The *natale sohem* is not on its own account dear; but dear

as that by which the present and the past generations are all bound together.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

And hence the exiles carry with them the names of the mother country. The fugitives from Troy had formed a little Ilium, and named a little Xanthus—"et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum."

NORTH.

The character of the mind of this country, Hal, is not to be spoken of lightly—yet 'twould be unsafe to say that it is sound at the core. It presents to our eyes a spectacle of energy and ardour in all the ordinary pursuits of life.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Indeed, the life of no order, sir, is that of repose.

NORTH.

So far well. Repose is stagnation. But the agitations of the late eventful years have occupied the minds of all men with interests, which, though of the utmost importance and magnitude, were, nevertheless, in one respect temporary. For every new event that arose, or was in preparation, seemed as if the fate of a nation, or, I might almost say, of mankind, were involved in its issue, and therefore no excess of passionate expectation which could be fixed on it could appear misplaced. Thus have we been accustomed to live in a succession of vivid emotions which were all but the birth of the times, and could only have the duration of the events with which they had arisen. The events passed away, and with them our thoughts took wing into oblivion.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

I can, indeed, understand, sir, from your pregnant words, that the strong and pervading sympathies with the fortunes of nations and humanity, however ennobling to the minds which it filled—

NORTH.

Aye, Hal, and accompanied with lessons of the highest instruction—

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

May have been injurious to the highest faculties of thought.

TICKLER.

How the deuce may that be?

NORTH.

Tell him, Hal.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Because they may have withdrawn the imaginations of men, sir, from the great objects which to the self-collected mind, wrapped in meditation, have always appeared of paramount importance—

TICKLER.

And, what, pray, are they?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

They are the—they are the—the—

NORTH.

It seemed, indeed, Tickler, as if the more thoughtful mind turning itself to those remote objects—

TICKLER.

Confound ye, Kit, what objects?

NORTH.

Those remote objects and their shadowy speculations, were deserting the great hazards of mankind to busy itself with the dreams of a fantastic and indolent philosophy.

TICKLER.

Very fine, indeed, sir, very fine.

NORTH.

We have found, Timothy, almost ever since the great French Revolution—

TICKLER.

The small one was a shabby concern.

NORTH.

We have found, Timothy, in the occurrences and scenes of a shifting

world, the full scope for all our capacity of hope and desire ; and hence it may be difficult for the soul of the nation to turn itself to higher and more lasting contemplations ; and if it were to do so, impossible perhaps to recover that zeal and those devout convictions of their eternal worth, which belonged to them of old, and have been easy and habitual to men who lived in calmer times of the world.

TICKLER.

I am where Moses was when the candle went out.

NORTH.

No high philosophy, Hal, pervades our literature—and I fear none is in—

TICKLER.

The nation's soul, as you call it, Kit. Yet the nation is a decent body enough.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Surely, sir, the arts of imagination—

NORTH.

Cannot supply, Hal, that kind of continued strength which the mind now requires—

TICKLER.

The soul of the nation.

NORTH.

For in the luxury of a people, their arts, Hal, take the tone of the times. Imagination is too much in sympathy with pleasure ; it yields itself too easily to the enchantment from which the mind itself seeks deliverance.

TICKLER.

Now let him alone, Hal, and you shall hear the inconsistent old sophist contradicting all he has said to-night.

NORTH.

No. All the arts to which imagination gives birth have greatly changed their character, Tickler, with the changing genius of a people. Strong, masculine, and rude in older times, and bearing the stamp of the bold spirit which created them, they have at a later period become enervated and effeminate, and tainted with the weakness of a luxurious age—breathing back on the soul of the people—

TICKLER.

There again—for people, say nation.

NORTH.

The indolent softness they had already received from it.

TICKLER.

Oh ! dear ! oh ! dear !

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Yet in their power and beauty, how they exalt—

TICKLER.

The national soul.

NORTH.

In the work of the painter or sculptor, Hal, you see finely exemplified the process by which conception, imagination, and intellect kindle, “ even at the *forms* themselves have made.”

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Yes—Sir ?

TICKLER.

What ?

NORTH.

Think—feel—*do* ; think—feel—and *do* again ; and how glories the spirit in the beholding of what itself creates ! The Painter begins to work—his hand performs the bidding of his thought, and the forms of beauty which arise in his mind dawn on the tablet before his eyes.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Now he sees what he has conceived—and his imagination takes fire from its own product.

NORTH.

Yes. And no sooner does he behold the forms in palpable representation, than his conception itself changes; for his feelings, Hal, are warmed by that beauty as by "touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod;" his thoughts glow as in a spiritual furnace——

TICKLER.

A spiritual furnace'

NORTH.

And that first imperfect conception is invested with purer brightness, and moulded to shape divine. From unknown dwelling-places in his genius the fair ideas come flocking——

TICKLER.

All birds of a feather.

NORTH.

And then indeed, Tickler, his mind teeming with a thousand unembodied conceptions, all ready to burst into life, he understands in his joy what creative mind itself may owe to the works it would frame for others' delight, and perceives that his own art is the only muse he must invoke to inspire his genius.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

How much, sir, have the best, the most sacred conceptions of men's souls, been affected by edifices reared at their own bidding! How vast the power of a Gothic Cathedral! There, all is subjected under its one use of a house of religious worship. There are found all that serves to the many ministrations of religion; and there too is another important use, not necessarily connected with them, it is a repository of the dead. Its natural sanctity, as a house of worship, has made it a fit mansion of expecting rest, a dormitory of the living dead!

TICKLER.

Be intelligible, sir.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

And again, sir, all these uses, and all that appears extrinsic to them, in the elaborate and prodigal beauty of its forms, are subjected to the one great purpose, the one imagination of the whole structure, religious awe. It is thus, sir, that the human being gives his own spirit to the insensate stone, till it breathe back again upon him a still loftier and more divine inspiration.

NORTH.

Well said, my good lad. That which the works of the Fine Arts effect partially, speech may be said to effect to the human species. Suppose us from the creation all dumb!

TICKLER.

Well for us had it been so with women.

NORTH.

Savage!—We should have lived in an obscure dream haunted by shapeless phantoms. Silent people often get insane. It is not safe to have too many dealings with wordless thoughts. You cannot discover what they would be at—they are at the best suspicious characters—and sometimes vagrants that would not scruple to murder you at midnight in your bed.

TICKLER.

The thought uttered in speech [don't keep staring at North] is embodied, young gentleman, in a sort of distinct reality, and is thus made apparent to the mind itself in a palpable form, just as its beautiful conceptions of visible things become defined and strong in the colours and lineaments of the growing picture.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

And hence it is, sir, that the orator, as the torrent of his speech rushes on, kindles in his eloquence, just like the painter in his work of creation.

NORTH.

You are thinking, I perceive, Hal, of one of those great men, who, inspired with the zeal of their holy cause, have stood up to speak fearlessly before the face of kings and in the presence of corrupted courts, those truths

which bow down courts and kings to the level of the peasant and the beggar.

TICKLER.

That race is extinct.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

He heard himself the voice that thundered in the ears of his audience; the fervour of passion which was pouring forth in the sound, urged on and bore along his own spirit—the—

TICKLER.

Stop—pull up—hold fast. All that and much more applies to extemporaneous eloquence—but not to MSS., much less to printed sermons—or to discourses got by heart and spouted forth by a hypocrite, not ashamed by assumed fervour to swindle you into a belief that all his sedulously got up paragraphs are sudden inspiration.

NORTH.

I would have the great minds among us, and there must be many, study more profoundly the laws of thought and feeling.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Of all studies, sir, surely the most ennobling! Higher far such science than those that deal with mere matter—but, alas! more difficult far, as is seen in the results, sir. The mind is as great a mystery now as it was to Plato.

TICKLER.

Or Pythagoras.

NORTH.

To the observer of Physical Science, it may be said truly, the subject is uniform and constant. Gold, iron, are the same metals now and heretofore—here and in every place. The races of living nature have continued unchanged. The growth of every plant is a constant process. Every spring brings the same blossoms—every autumn the same fruit. The same air breathes—the same showers fall—the same ocean rolls to all nations through all time. The stars keep their place, and the planets their motion, and astronomy, from the sun's latest eclipse, can read back the heavens to the moment when his orb was first darkened in the sky.

TICKLER.

North—I am not given to compliments—but douse my daylights, if that be not spoken like a poet and a philosopher.

NORTH.

It is evident what is the result to science of this unchangeableness in the subjects of observation. Every enquirer knows that the same matter is before him which was before the eyes, or under the hands, of all his predecessors in enquiry; he knows that he has but exactly to follow definite methods of observation which they have pursued and prescribed, and all the means of which are as constant and unchangeable as the matter itself, and the result which they found must discover themselves too to his sight. All that has been gained is possessed; every province that is won is at the same time secured; and the empire of science, continually enlarging, descends an unimpaired inheritance to each new generation of enquirers.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

The only change, perhaps I may be permitted to say, sir, that is possible, is improvement; because the methods of Physical Science, which are too definite in their nature to be lost when they are recorded, are yet susceptible of endless amelioration; and by those only erring knowledge is set aside.

TICKLER.

Nothing in this world, therefore, so easy as to be a chemist.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

And more so to be a mathematician.

NORTH.

Compare with this the condition of Moral Science. To it there is but one subject—assuming endless modifications. One part of it is—the Passions. Love, ambition, revenge! We give, indeed, one name to a passion, supposed to be one in different minds. But examine that one passion in different minds, and see where is its unity.



TICKLER.

O'er the hills and far away. What say you, Hal?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Nothing, sir.

NORTH.

We see love in one mind a fierce, self-willed, devouring passion, that seeks nothing but its own gratification at all consequences. In another we see it pure, generous, and heroic, in its every height of strength sacrificing itself to its object, or to solemn duties, and enabled by its own intense strength to make that sacrifice. In another we see it humble and meek, the sorrow and the solace of a gentle, patient, uncomplaining life. Is this the same passion to which we have given the same name?

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Vain delusion, indeed!

NORTH.

We read the story of two men who have signalized themselves by their giant usurpation of power over the obedience and destinies of their kind. We call both ambitious. Yet I find Julius Cæsar shedding no blood but as a soldier in the field, dropping tears to see the pale mangled head of his mightiest foe, and taking those, in the frankness of generous affection, to his untrusting confidence, who were ere long to whet their daggers against his life.

TICKLER.

He was a tyrant.

NORTH.

We may live—nay, not we—but Hal here—to see worse. We find another to whom ambition supplies a very different heart; whose spirit it steels against remorse; to whom it makes the paths of peace and of blood alike on the way to empire, from whose own heart it shuts out peace, sowing fear, suspicion, and hate in its place; to whom it makes the happiness and life of one man and those of millions a matter of like indifference, in the calculations of that sole arbiter of Will and Destiny. Can we think that in the two men we have understood the passion of their ambition, because we have given it one name in both? The truth is, Hal, that the Poets have done great and glorious things with the Passions—the Philosophers little—and the Metaphysicians nothing.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

In that field, revered sir, as in others, you are born to work wonders that shall make the name of North immortal.

NORTH.

Turn to those with whom you live, Hal, and see how the same affection towards yourself is different in different breasts. Is intellect, is judgment, is memory, the same? The entire mind is different by the complex difference of the thousandfold variety in all its faculties and powers.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

“A mighty maze, but not without a plan.”

NORTH.

Nay, it is different to itself. Every new passion that enters, each successive year's longer experience of life, changes all that was before—the whole mind, through all its feelings and all its thoughts.

TICKLER.

Aye—every mind undergoes metamorphoses more miraculous than any sung by Naso.

[Silver Time-piece smites Ten—Enter AMBROSE with roasted Goose, Turkey Ditto, and the accustomed etceteras.]

[Curtain drops.]

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VOL. XXXI.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.\*

ALMOST all men, women, and children, are poets, except those who write verses. We shall not define poetry, because the Cockneys have done so; and were they to go to church, we should be strongly tempted to break the Sabbath. But this much we say of it, that every thing is poetry which is not mere sensation. We are poets at all times when our minds are makers. Now, it is well known, that we create nine-tenths at least of what appears to exist externally; and that such is somewhere about the proportion between reality and imagination. Millions of supposed matters-of-fact are the wildest fictions—of which we may mention merely two, the rising and the setting of the sun. This being established, it follows that we live, breathe, and have our being in Poetry—it is the Life of our Life—the heart of the mystery, which, were it plucked out, and to beat no more, the universe, now all written over with symbolical characters of light, would be at once a blank obscurely scribbled over with dead letters; or rather, the volume would be shut up—and appear a huge clumsy folio with brass clasps, bound in calf-skin, and draped with cobwebs. But instead of that, the leaves of the living Book of Nature are all fluttering in the sunshine; even he who runs may read; though they alone who sit, stand, or lie, pondering on its pages, behold in full the beauty and the

sublimity, which their own immortal spirits create, reflected back on them who are its authors, and felt, in that trance, to be the spiritual sound and colouring which vivifies and animates the face and the form of Nature.

All men, women, and children, then, are manifestly poets, except those who write verses. But why that exception? Because they alone make no use of their minds. Versifiers—and we speak but of them—are the sole living creatures that are not also creators. The inferior animals—as we are pleased to call them, and as indeed in some respects they are—modify matter much in their imaginations. Rode ye never a horse by night through a forest? That most poetical of quadrupeds sees a spirit in every stump, else why by such sudden start should he throw his master over his ears? The black-bird on the tip-top of that pine-tent is a poet, else never could his yellow bill so salute with rapturous orisons the reascending Sun, as he flings over the woods a lustre again gorgeous from the sea. And what induces those stock-doves, think ye, to fill the heart of the grove with soft, deep, low, lonely, far-away, mournful, yet happy—*thunder*; what, but Love and Joy, and Delight and Desire, in one word, Poetry—Poetry that confines the universe to that wedded pair, within the sanctuary of the pillared shade impervious to

meridian sunbeams, and brightens and softens into splendour and into snow divine the plumage beautifying the creatures in their bliss, as breast to breast they croodendoo on their shallow nest!

Thus all men, women, and children, birds, beasts, and fishes, are poets, except versifiers. Oysters are poets. Nobody will deny that, who ever in the neighbourhood of Prestonpans beheld them passionately gaping, on their native bed, for the flow of tide coming again to awaken all their energies from the wide Atlantic. Nor less so are snails. See them in the dewy stillness of eve, as they salute the crescent Dian, with horns humbler indeed, but no less pointed than her own. The beetle, against the traveller borne in heedless hum, if we knew all his feelings in that soliloquy, might safely be pronounced a Wordsworth.

Thus are we all poets—high and low—except versifiers. They, poor creatures, are a peculiar people, impotent of good works. Ears have they, but they hear not—eyes have they, but they will not see—nay, naturalists assert that they have brains and spinal marrow, also organs of speech; yet with all that organization, they seem to have but little feeling, and no thought; and but by a feeble and monotonous fizz, are you made aware, in the twilight, of the useless existence of the obscure ephemerals.

But we fear that we are getting satirical, than which nothing can well be more unbecoming the character of a Christian: So let us be serious. Many times a month do we hint to all such insects, that *Maga* looks upon them as midges. But still will they be seeking, to insinuate themselves through her long deep veil, which unlike she wears at gloaming; and can they complain of cruelty, if she brush them away with her lily hand, or compress them with her snow-white fingers into unlingering death? There is no such privileged place in this periodical world now as the fugitive Poets' Corner. All its regions are open to the inspired; but the versifier has no spot now wherein to expand his small mealy wings; and you see him sitting disconsolate as one of those animalcules, who, in their indolent

brownness, are neither flies, bees, nor wasps, like a spot upon dandelion or bunweed, till he surprises you by proving that he has wings, or something of that sort, by a feeble farewell flight in among nettles some yards off, where he takes refuge in eternal oblivion.

It is not easy to find out what sets people a-versifying; especially nowadays, when the slightest symptoms of there being something amiss with them in that way, immediately subject them not only to the grossest indignities, but to the almost certain loss of bread. We could perhaps in some measure understand it, were they rich, or even tolerably well-off; in the enjoyment, let us suppose, of small annuities, or of hereditary kail-yards, with a well in the corner, overshadowed with a bourtree bush; but they are almost always, if in at the knees, out at the elbows; and their stockings seem to have been compiled originally by some mysterious process of darning upon nothing as a substratum. Now nothing more honourable than virtuous poverty; but then we expect to see him with a shuttle or a spade in his hand, weaving "seventeen hunder linen," or digging drains, till the once dry desert is all one irrigated meadow, green as the summer woods that fling their shadows o'er its hay-cocks. He is an insufferable sight, alternately biting his nails and his pen, and blotching whitey-brown with hieroglyphics that would have puzzled Champollion. Versifying operatives are almost always half-witted creatures, addicted to drinking; and sell their songs for alms. Persons with the failing, in what are sometimes called the middle-classes, or even in more genteel or fashionable life, such as the children of clerks of various kinds, say to canal or coal companies, are slow to enter upon any specific profession, trusting to their genius, which their parents regard with tears, sometimes of joy, and sometimes of rage, according as their prophetic souls see the brows of their offspring adorned with laurels, or their breeches with tatters. Sensible parents crush this propensity in the bud, and ruthlessly bind the Apollos apprentices to Plagues; but the weaker ones enclose contributions to Christopher North, as if they

had never heard of his crutch, and thus is the world defrauded of many a tailor. What becomes of all the versifiers when they get old—if, indeed, they ever do get old—we never yet heard any plausible conjecture; though we have ourselves seen some in middle age, walking about, each by himself, looking as if he were sole survivor of the Seven Young Men, with his unmeaning face, and his umbrella under his arm, though the dust may have been lying three inches thick, and laughing to scorn the thin-spurting showers of the water-carts, that seemed sent there rather to raise than to lay the ghost of a dry summer. 'Tis said that from this class is drawn the supply of theatrical critics.

Now and then, by some felicity of fortune, a versifier enjoys a temporary revenge on stepdame Nature, and for a while is seen fluttering like a butterfly among birds; or rather heard cheeping like a mouse among a choir of nightingales. People take it into their heads to insist upon it that he is a poet. They solicit subscriptions, get him into print, and make interest with newspaper editors to allow him to review himself twice a-week through the season. These newspapers he files; and binds the folio. He abuses Blackwood; and is crowned King of all the Albums.

We had no intention of being so, but suspect that we have been somewhat, severa; so let us relieve all lads of feeling and fancy, by assuring them that hitherto we have been sneering but at snuffs and God-help-you-silly-ones, and that our hearts overflow with kindness towards all the children of genius. Not a few promising boys have lately attempted poetry both in the east and west, of Scotland, and we have listened not undelighted to the music. Stoddart and Aytoun—he of the Death-Wake, and he of Poland—are graciously regarded by Old Christopher; and their volumes—presentation-copies—have been placed among the essays of those gifted youths, of whom in riper years much may be confidently predicted of fair and good. Many of the small poems of John Wright, an industrious weaver, somewhere in Ayrshire, are beautiful, and have received the praise of

Sir Walter himself, who, though kind to all aspirants, praises none to whom nature has not imparted some portion of the creative power of genius.

One of John's strains we have committed to memory—or rather, without trying to do so, got by heart; and as it seems to us very mild and touching, here it is.

#### THE WRECKED MARINER.

Stay, proud bird of the shore!  
Carry my last breath with thee to the cliff—  
Where waits our shattered skiff,  
One that shall mark nor it nor lover more.

Fan, with thy plumage bright,  
Her heaving heart to rest, as thou dost mine,  
And, gently to divine  
The tearful tale, flap out her beacon light.

Again swoop out to sea,  
With lone and lingering wail, then lay thy  
head,  
As thou thyself wert dead,  
Upon her breast, that she may weep for me.

Now, let her bid false Hope  
For ever hide her beam, nor trust again  
The peace-hereaving strain—  
Life has, but still far hence, choice flowers  
to crop.

Oh! bid her not repine,  
And deem my loss too bitter to be borne;  
Yet all of passion scorn,  
But the mild, deepening memory of mine.

Thou art away!—sweet wind,  
Bear the last trickling tear-drop on your  
wing,  
And o'er her bosom fling  
The love-fraught pearly shower, till rest it  
find.

England ought to be producing some young poets now, that there may be no dull interregnum when the old shall have passed away, and pass away many of them soon must—their bodies, which are shadows, but their spirits, which are lights—they will burn for ever—till time be no more. It is thought by many that almost all the poetical genius which has worked such wonders in our day, was brought into power—it having been given but in capacity to the Wordsworths, and Scotts, and Byrons—by the French Revolution. Through the storm and tempest, the thunder and the lightning, which ac-

accompanied that great moral and intellectual earthquake, the strong-winged spirits soared; and found in their bosom, or in the "deep serene" above all that turmoil, in the imperturbable heavens, the inspiration and the matter of immortal song. If it were so, then shall not the next age want its mighty poets. For we see "the deep-fermenting tempest brewed in the grim evening sky." On the beautiful green grass of England may there glisten in the sun but the pearly dewdrops; may they be brushed away but by the footsteps of Labour issuing from his rustic lodge. But Europe, long ere bright heads are grey, will see blood poured out like water; and there will be the noise of many old establishments quaking to their foundations, or rent asunder, or overthrown. Much that is sacred will be preserved; and, after a troubled time, much will be repaired and restored, as it has ever been after misrule and ruin. Then—and haply not till then—will again be heard the majestic voice of song from the renovated nations. Yet, if the hum which now we hear be indeed that of the March of Intellect, that voice may ascend from the earth in peace. Intellect delights in peace, which it produces; but many is the mean power that apes the mighty, and often for a while the cheat is successful—the counterfeit is crowned with conquest—and hollow hymns hail victories that issue in defeats, out of which rise again to life all that was most lovely and venerable, to run a new career of triumph.

But we are getting into the clouds, and our wish is to keep jogging along the turnpike road. So let all this pass for an introduction to our Article—and let us abruptly join company with the gentleman whose name stands at the head of it, Mr Alfred Tennyson, of whom the world, we presume, yet knows but little or nothing, whom his friends call a Phoenix, but who, we hope, will not be dissatisfied with us, should we designate him merely a Swan.

One of the saddest misfortunes that can befall a young poet, is to be the Pet of a Coterie; and the very saddest of all, if in Cockneydom. Such has been the unlucky lot of Alfred Tennyson. He has been elevated to the throne of Little Britain,

and sonnets were showered over his coronation from the most remote regions of his empire, even from Hampstead Hill. Eulogies more elaborate than the architecture of the costliest gingerbread, have been built up into panegyrical piles, in commemoration of the Birth-day; and 'twould be a pity indeed with one's crutch to smash the gilt battlements, white too with sugar as with frost, and begemmed with comfits. The besetting sin of all periodical criticism, and now-a-days there is no other, is boundless extravagance of praise; but none splash it on like the trowel-men who have been bedaubing Mr Tennyson. There is something wrong, however, with the compost. It won't stick; unseemly cracks deform the surface; it falls off piece by piece ere it has dried in the sun, or it hardens into blotches; and the worshippers have but discoloured and disfigured their Idol. The worst of it is, that they make the Bespattered not only feel, but look ridiculous; he seems as absurd as an Image in a tea-garden; and, bedizened with faded and fantastic garlands, the public cough on being told he is a Poet, for he has much more the appearance of a Post.

The Englishman's Magazine ought not to have died; for it threatened to be a very pleasant periodical. An Essay "on the Genius of Alfred Tennyson," sent it to the grave. The superhuman—nay, supernatural—pomposity of that one paper, incapacitated the whole work for living one day longer in this unceremonious world. The solemnity with which the critic approached the object of his adoration, and the sanctity with which he laid his offerings on the shrine, were too much for our irreligious age. The Essay "on the genius of Alfred Tennyson," awoke, a general guffaw, and it expired in convulsions. Yet the Essay was exceedingly well-written—as well as if it had been "on the Genius of Sir Isaac Newton." Therein lay the mistake. Sir Isaac discovered the law of gravitation; Alfred had but written some pretty verses, and mankind were not prepared to set him among the stars. But that he has genius is proved by his being at this moment alive; for had he not, he must have breathed his last under that critique.

The spirit of life must indeed be strong within him; for he has outlived a narcotic dose administered to him by a crazy charlatan in the Westminster, and after that he may sleep in safety with a pan of charcoal.

But the Old Man must see justice done to this ingenious lad, and save him from his worst enemies, his friends. Never are we so happy—nay, 'tis now almost our only happiness—as when scattering flowers in the sunshine that falls from the yet unclouded sky on the green path prepared by gracious Nature for the feet of enthusiastic youth. Yet we scatter them not in too lavish profusion; and we take care that the young poet shall see, along with the shadow of the spirit that cheers him on, that, too, of the accompanying crucifix. Were we not afraid that our style might be thought to wax too figurative, we should say that Alfred is a promising plant; and that the day may come when, beneath sun and shower, his genius may grow up and expand into a stately tree, embowering a solemn shade within its wide circumference, while the daylight lies gorgeously on its crest, seen from afar in glory—itsself a grove.

But that day will never come, if he hearken not to our advice, and, as far as his own nature will permit, regulate by it the movements of his genius. This may perhaps appear, at first sight or hearing, not a little unreasonable on our part; but not so, if Alfred will but lay our words to heart, and meditate on their spirit. We desire to see him prosper; and we predict fame as the fruit of obedience. If he disobey, he assuredly goes to oblivion.

At present he has small power over the common feelings and thoughts of men. His feebleness is distressing at all times when he makes an appeal to their ordinary sympathies. And the reason is, that he fears to look such sympathies boldly in the face, —and will be—metaphysical. What all the human race see and feel, he seems to think cannot be poetical; he is not aware of the transcendent and eternal grandeur of commonplace and all-time truths, which are the staple of all poetry. All human beings see the same light in heaven

and in woman's eyes; and the great poets put it into language which rather records than reveals, spiritualizing while it embodies. They shun not the sights of common earth—witness Wordsworth. But beneath the magic of their eyes the celandine grows a star or a sun. What beauty is breathed over the daisy by lovingly blessing it because it is so common! "Sweet flower! whose home is every where!" In like manner Scott, when eulogizing our love of our native land, uses the simplest language, and gives vent to the simplest feelings—

Lives there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
'This is my own, my native land?

What less—what more, could any man say? Yet translate these three lines—not omitting others that accompany them—equally touching—into any language, living or dead—and they will instantly be felt by all hearts, savage or civilized, to be the most exquisite poetry. Of such power, conscious, as it kindles, of its dominion over men, because of their common humanity, would that there were finer and more frequent examples in the compositions—otherwise often exquisite—of this young poet. Yet two or three times he tries it on—thus,

#### NATIONAL SONG.

There is no land like England,  
Where'er the light of day be;  
There are no hearts like English hearts,  
Such hearts of oak as they be.  
There is no land like England,  
Where'er the light of day be;  
There are no men like Englishmen,  
So tall and bold as they be.

CHORUS.—For the French the Pope may  
shrive 'em,  
For the devil a whit we heed 'em;  
As for the French, God speed 'em  
Unto their heart's desire,  
And the merry devil drive 'em  
Through the water and the fire.  
FULL CH.—Our glory is our freedom,  
We lord it o'er the sea;  
We are the sons of freedom,  
We are free.

There is no land like England,  
Where'er the light of day be;  
There are no wives like English wives,  
So fair and chaste as they be.



There is no land like England,  
Where'er the light of day be;  
There are no maids like English maids,  
So beautiful as they be.  
CHOR.—For the French, &c.

A national song that could be characteristically sung but by—Tims. Tims, too, would be grand in the following war-song—and an *encore* would assuredly be called for in a voice of thunder sufficient to sour small-beer.

#### ENGLISH WAR-SONG.

Who fears to die? Who fears to die?  
Is there any here who fears to die?  
He shall find what he fears; and none shall grieve  
For the man who fears to die;  
But the withering scorn of the many shall cleave  
To the man who fears to die.  
CHOR.—Shout for England!  
Ho! for England!  
George for England!  
Merry England!  
England for aye!

Think of Tims going off the stage,  
with right arm uplifted, shouting  
so—

There standeth our ancient enemy;  
Will he dare to battle with the tree?  
Spur along! spur again! charge to the fight;  
Charge! charge to the fight!  
Hold up the Lion of England on high!  
Shout for God and our right!  
CHOR.—Shout for England, &c.

Miserable indeed.

These are almost the only lines in the volume in which Mr Tennyson condescends to be patriotic; and they do not by resemblance remind us of Tyrtæus. It would not be safe to recite them by the sea-shore, on an invasion of the French. Yet our friend is a lover of liberty, as he leaves us to gather from the following strain, which must have been composed before he had acquired much skill in the "sedentary art of penmanship," or experienced the painful awkwardness which every man-child must pass through on his first entrance into breeches. Samuel Johnson, long before he was a doctor, and but in his fourth year, indited some stanzas to a duck, after which "We are Free" will, we fear, be read at a disadvantage. Here is the whole concern:

#### WE ARE FREE.

The winds, as at their hour of birth,  
Leaning upon the ridged sea,  
Breathed low around the rolling earth  
With mellow preludes, "We are free."  
The streams through many a lilled row  
Down-carolling to the crisped sea,  
Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow  
Atween the blossoms, "We are free."

That is drivell.

But there is more dismal drivell  
even than that—and as seeing is said  
to be believing—here it is.

#### LOST HOPE.

You cast to ground the hope which once was  
mine;  
But did the while your harsh decree de-  
plore,  
Embalming with sweet tears the vacant  
shrine,  
My heart, where Hope had been and was  
no more.  
So on an aken sprout  
A goodly acorn grew;  
But winds from heaven shook the acorn  
out,  
And filled the cup with dew.

But there is more dismal drivell  
even than that—and as seeing is be-  
lieving—here it is,

#### LOVE, PRIDE, AND FORGETFULNESS.

ERI yet my heart was sweet Love's tomb,  
Love laboured honey busily.  
I was the hive, and love the bee,  
My heart the honeycomb.  
One very dark and chilly night  
Pride came beneath and held a light.  
The cruel vapours went through all,  
Sweet Love was withered in his cell;  
Pride took Love's sweets, and by a spell  
Did change them into gall;  
And Memory though fed by Pride  
Did wax so thin on gall,  
A while she scarcely lived at all.  
What marvel that she died?

The only excuse for such folly—and it is so bad a one as to be indeed an aggravation of the guilt—is, that it is a poor imitation of a wretched model mouldered away to dust in a former age.

The worst of all the above is, that they betray a painful and impotent straining after originality—an aversion from the straight-forward and strong simplicity of nature and truth. Such cold conceits—devoid of ingenuity—would seem to us of evil omen—but for our faith in genius,

which can shake itself free even from the curse of Cockneyism, under the timeous administration of the exorcising crutch. But for that faith, we should have no hope of the author of the following sonnet:

## SONNET.

Shall the hag Evil die with child of Good,  
Or propagate again her loathed kind,  
Througling the cells of the diseased mind,  
Hateful with hanging cheeks, a withered  
brood,  
Though hourly pastured on the salient blood?  
Oh! that the wind which bloweth cold or  
heat  
Would shatter and o'erbear the brazen beat  
Of their broad vans, and in the solitude  
Of middle space confound them, and blow  
back  
Their wild cries down their cavern-throats,  
and slake  
With points of blast-borne hail their heated  
eyne! \*  
So their wan limbs no more might come  
between  
The moon and the moon's reflex in the night,  
Nor blot with floating shades the solar light.

In cases of rare inspiration, the two gifts may go together; but most commonly it is one thing to be idiotic and another oracular. Not thus spoke the oaks of Dodona; we should expect a more sensible response from one of Sir Henry Stewart's thirty-times-transplanted sycamores, that are no sooner in the ground than they are out again, and have not a single small spot on all the estate of Allanton they can call their own.

Yet Mr Tennyson is manifestly prouder of his lays, than of his laws was Alfred the Great; and he is ready with his shafts of satire, tipped with fire, and barbed with fury, to shoot all that sneer at his songs.

## THE POET'S MIND.

Vex not thou the poet's mind  
With thy shallow wit:  
Vex not thou the poet's mind,  
For thou canst not fathom it.  
Clear and bright it should be ever,  
Flowing like a crystal river;  
Bright as light, and clear as wind:  
Clear as summer mountain-streams,  
Bright as the invoven beams,  
Which beneath their crisping sapphire  
In the midday, floating o'er  
The golden sands, make evermore  
To a blossom-starred shore.  
Hence away, unhallowed laughter!

Darkbrowed sophist, come not near;  
The poet's mind is holy ground;  
Hollow smile and frozen sneer  
Come not here.  
Holy water will I pour  
Into every spicy flower  
Of the laurel shrubs that hedge it round.  
The flowers would faint at your cruel cheer.  
In your eye there is death,  
There is frost in your breath  
Which would blight the plants.  
Where you stand you cannot hear  
From the groves within  
The wild bird's din.  
In the heart of the garden the merry bird  
chants,  
It would fall to the ground if you came in.  
In the middle leaps a fountain  
Like sheet lightning,  
Ever brightening  
With a low melodious thunder;  
All day and all night it is ever drawn  
From the brain of the purple mountain  
Which stands in the distance yonder:  
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,  
And the mountain draws it from heaven  
above.  
And it sings a song of undying love;  
And yet, though its voice be so clear and full,  
You would never hear it—your ears are so  
dull;  
So keep where you are. you are foul with  
sin;  
It would shrink to the earth if you came in.  
Most of that is silly—some of it prettish—scarcely one line of it all true poetry; but as it has been admired, we quote it entire, that, should we be in error, the Poet may triumph over the critic, and Christopher North stand rebuked before the superior genius of Alfred Tennyson.  
Our young friend is a philosopher—sometimes a crying, sometimes a laughing one—and sometimes “says a smile to a tear on the cheek of my dear;” but what it says can only be given in its own words. We offer to match the following composition for a cool hundred, against any thing alive of the same inches—and give a stone.

THE “HOW” AND THE “WHY.”  
?  
I am any man's suitor,  
If any will be my tutor:  
Some say this life is pleasant,  
Some think it speedeth fast:  
In time there is no present,  
In eternity no future,  
In eternity no past.  
We laugh, we cry, we are born, we die,  
Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why*?

The bulrush nods unto its brother,  
The wheatears whisper to each other :  
What is it they say ? What do they there ?  
Why two and two make four ? Why round  
is not square ?

• Why the rock stands still, and the light  
clouds fly ?

Why the heavy oak groans, and the white  
willows sigh ?

Why deep is not high, and high is not deep ?

Whether we wake, or whether we sleep ?

Whether we sleep, or whether we die ?

How you are you ? Why I am I ?

Who will riddle me the *how* and the *why* ?

The world is somewhat ; it goes on some-  
how ;

But what is the meaning of *then* and *now* ?

I feel there is something ; but how and what ?

I know there is somewhat ; but what and  
why ?

I cannot tell it thut somewhat be I.

The little bird pipeth—' why ? why ? '

In the summer woods when the sun falls low ;

And the great bird sits on the opposite bough,

And starts in his face, and shouts, ' how ?  
how ? '

And the black owl sends down the mellow  
twilight,

And chants, ' how ? how ? ' the whole of  
the night.

Why the life goes when the blood is spilt ?

What the life is ? where the soul may lie ?

Why a church is with a steeple built ;

And a house with a chimney-pot ?

Who will riddle me the how and the what ?

Who will riddle me the what and the why ?

Mr Tennyson opines, that in these verses he displays his genius before an admiring, a delighted, and an instructed world, in the garb of an orthodox philosophy venturing for a while sportively to give utterance to its sense of the nothingness of all human knowledge, which is but another word for our ignorance of the mysteries of creation. But it is from beginning to end a clumsy and unwieldy failure, and shews no fancy in the region of metaphysics; though it is plain from many a page that he has deluded himself, and suffered others to delude him, into the belief that there lies his especial province. To some of his queries Thomas Aquinas himself, or any other celestial doctor, might be puzzled to give a satisfactory answer; but the first little boy or girl he may meet will set his mind at rest on the last two, though no man who has ever walked

the streets of Edinburgh in a high wind, will be able to bring his mind to believe in the propriety—whatever he may think of the necessity—of a house with a chimney-pot, for which there is no substitute like an Old Woman.

Mr Tennyson's admirers say he excels wondrously in personating mermen and mermaids, fairies, *et id genus omne*, inhabiting sea-caves and forest glades, "in still or stormy weather," the "gay creatures of the element," be that element air, earth, fire, or water, so that the denizens thereof be but of "imagination all compact." We beg of you to hear, for a few sentences, the quack in the Westminster. "Our author has the secret of the transmigration of the soul. He can cast his own spirit into any living thing, real or imaginary. Scarcely Vishnu himself becomes incarnate more easily, frequently, or perfectly. And there is singular refinement, as well as solid truth, in his impersonations, whether they be of inferior creatures, or of such elemental beings as sirens, as mermen, and mermaidens. He does not merely assume their external shapes, and exhibit his own mind masquerading. He takes their senses, feelings, nerves, and brain, along with their names and local habitations; still it is himself in them, modified but not absorbed by their peculiar constitution and mode of being. In the 'Merman,' one seems to feel the principle of thought injected by a strong volition into the cranium of the funny worthy, and coming under all the influences, as thinking principles do, of the physical organization to which it is for the time allied: for a moment the identification is complete; and then a consciousness of contrast springs up between the reports of external objects brought to the mind by the senses, and those which it has been accustomed to receive, and this consciousness gives to the description a most poetical colouring." We could quote another couple of critics—but as the force of nature could no farther go, and as to make one fool she joined the other two, we keep to the Westminster. It is a perfect specimen of the super-hyperbolical ultra-extravagance of outrageous Cockney eulogistic foolishness, with which not even a quantity of common sense less than

nothing has been suffered, for an indivisible moment of time, to mingle; tho' purest mere matter of moonshine ever mouthed by an idiot-lunatic, slaving in the palsied dotage of the extremest superannuation ever inflicted on a being, long ago, perhaps, in some slight respects and low degrees human, but now sensibly and audibly reduced below the level of the Pongos. "Coming under all the influences, as thinking principles do, of the physical organization to which it is for the time allied!" There is a bit of Cockney materialism for you! "The principle of thought injected by a strong volition into the cranium of the finny worthy!" Written like the Son of a Syringe. O the speculative sumph! 'Tis thus that dishonest Cockneys would fain pass off in their own vile slang, and for their own viler meaning, murdered and dismembered, the divine Homeric philosophy of the Isle of Circe. Was not Jupiter still Jove—aye, every inch the thunderous king of heaven, whose throne was Olympus—while to languishing Leda the godhead seemed a Swan? In the eyes of a grazier, who saw but Smithfield, he would have been but a bull in the Rape of Europa. Why, were the Cockney critic's principle of thought injected by a strong volition into the skull of a donkey—has he vanity to imagine, for a moment, that he would be a more consummate ass than he now brays? Or if into that of the Great Glasgow Gander, that his quackery would be more matchless still? O no, no, no! He would merely be "assuming their external shapes;" but his asinine and anserine natural endowments would all remain unchanged—a greater goose than he now is, depend upon it, he could not be, were he for a tedious lifetime to keep waddling his way through this weary world on web-feet, and with uplifted wings and outstretched neck, hissing the long-red-round-cloaked beggar off the common; a superior ass he might in no ways prove, though, untethered in the lane where gipsy gang had encraal'd, he were left free to roam round the canvass walls, eminent among all the "animals that chew the thistle."

Here is most of the poem which

"proves that our author has the secret of the transmigration of the soul."

Who would be  
A merman bold  
Sitting alone,  
Singing alone  
Under the sea,  
With a crown of gold,  
On a throne?

I would be a merman bold;  
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;  
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;  
But at night I would roam abroad and play  
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,  
Dressing their hair with the white seaflower,  
And holding them back by their flowing locks,

I would kiss them often under the sea,  
And kiss them again till they kissed me  
Laughingly, laughingly;

And then we would wander away, away,  
To the pale green seagroves straight and high,  
Chasing each other merrily,

All night, merrily, merrily;  
But I would throw to them back in mine  
Turkis and agate and almondine.

Then leaping out upon them unseen  
I would kiss them often under the sea,  
And kiss them again till they kissed me

Laughingly, laughingly.

'Tis, after all, but a sorry affair—and were fifty of the *Oi παλαις* to compose prize verses on "the Mer-man," Oxford and Cambridge must be changed for the worse since our days, if two dozen copies did not prove about as bad as this—one dozen rather worse—one dozen far better, while the remaining brace, to the exclusion of Mr Tennyson's attempt, had the prize divided between them, the authors having been found entitled to an equality of immortal fame. The pervading character of the verses is distinguished silliness; and Alfred cuts a foolish figure, "modified but not absorbed by the peculiar constitution and mode of being" of a merman. He kisses like a cod-fish, and, we humbly presume, he is all the while stark-naked under the sea; though, for the sake of decency, we recommend next dip a pair of flannel drawers. Poetry and criticism must be at a low ebb indeed on the shores of the Thames. Should he persist in writing thus to the end of the Dean and Chapter, Alfred Tennyson may have a niche in the Westminster Review, but never in Westminster Abbey.

"The Mermaid," we are told by the Tailor's Trump, "is beautifully discriminated and most delicately drawn. She is the younger sister of Undine; or Undine herself before she had a soul." Here is a specimen of the sea-nymph without a soul, who is younger sister to herself, that is Undine. Her mother ought to keep a sharp look out upon her; for she is of an amorous temperament, and a strong Anti-Malthusian.

And all the mermen under the sea  
Would feel their immortality  
Die in their hearts for the love of me.  
But at night I would wander away, away,  
I would fling on each side my low-flowing  
locks,

And lightly vault from the throne and play  
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;  
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek.

On the broad seawolds 't the crimson shells,  
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.  
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,  
And adown the steep like a wave I would  
leap,

From the diamond ledges that jut from  
the dells;

For I would not be kist by all who would list,  
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;  
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter  
me,

In the purple twilight under the sea;  
But the king of them all would carry me,  
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,  
In the branching jaspers under the sea.

So much for Mermen and Mermaids, and for the style in which the Westminster Pet of the Fancy "takes their senses, feelings, nerves, and brain, along with their local habitations and their names." "And the Sirens,—who could resist these Sea-Fairies, as the author prefers calling them?" And pray what may be their alluring enticements?

Drop the oar,  
Leap ashore,  
Fly no more!

Whither away wi' the sail! whither away  
wi' the oar?

Day and night to the billow the fountain  
calls.

Down shower the gambling waterfalls  
From wandering over the lea;  
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells;  
And thick with white bells the clover-hill  
swells

High over the full-toned sea.  
Merrily carol the revelling gales  
Over the islands free:

From the green seabanks the rose down-  
trails

To the happy brimmed sea.

Come hither, come hither, and be our lords,  
For merry brides are we:

We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak sweet  
words.

Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten

With pleasure and love and revelry;

Oh listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten,

When the sharp clear twang of the golden  
chords

Runs up the ridged sea.

Ye will not find so happy a shore.

Weary mariners! all the world o'er;

Oh! fly no more!

Harken ye, harken ye, sorrow shall darken  
ye,

Danger and trouble and toil no more;

Whither away?

Drop the oar;

Hither away,

Leap ashore;

Oh fly no more—no more.

Whither away, whither away, whither away  
with the sail and the oar?

Shakspeare—Spenser—Milton—Wordsworth—Coleridge—The Et-trick Shepherd—Allan Cunningham, and some others, have loved, and been beloved by mermaids, sirens, sea and land fairies, and revealed to the eyes of us who live in the thick atmosphere of this "dim spot which men call earth," all the beautiful wonders of subterranean and submarine climes—and of the climes of Nowhere, lovelier than them all. It pains us to think, that with such names we cannot yet rank that of Alfred Tennyson. We shall soon see that he possesses feeling, fancy, imagination, genius. But in the preternatural lies not the sphere in which he excels. Much disappointed were we to find him weak where we expected him strong; yet we are willing to believe that his failure has been from "affectations." In place of trusting to the natural flow of his own fancies, he has followed some vague abstract idea, thin and delusive, which has escaped in mere words—words—words. Yet the Young Tailor in the Westminster thinks he could take the measure of the merman, and even make a riding-habit for the sirens to wear on gala days, when disposed for "some horseback." 'Tis indeed a jewel of a Snip. His protégée has indited two feeble and fantastic strains enti-

tled "Nothing will Die," "All things will Die." And then, Parsnip Junior, without the fear of the shears before his eyes, compares with L'Allegro and Il Penseroso of Milton, saying, that in Alfred's "there is not less truth, and perhaps more refined observation!" That comes of sitting from childhood cross-legged on a board beneath a skylight.

The Young Tailor can with difficulty keep his seat with delight, when talking of Mr Tennyson's descriptions of the sea. " 'Tis barbarous," quoth he, "to break such a piece of coral for a specimen;" and would fain cabbage the whole lump, with the view of placing it among other rarities, such as bits of Derbyshire spar and a brace of mandarins, on the chimney-piece of the shew-parlour in which he notches the dimensions of his visitors. So fired is his imagination, that he beholds in a shred of green fustian a swatch of the multitudinous sea; and on tearing a skreed, thinks he hears him roaring. But Mr Tennyson should speak of the sea so as to rouse the souls of sailors, rather than the soles of tailors—the enthusiasm of the deck, rather than of the board. Unfortunately, he seems never to have seen a ship, or, if he did, to have forgotten it. The vessel in which the landlubbers were drifting, when the Sea-Fairies salute them with a song, must have been an old tub of a thing, unfit even for a transport. Such a jib! In the cut of her mainsail you smoko the old table-cloth. To be solemn—Alfred Tennyson is as poor on the sea as Barry Cornwall—and, of course, calls him a serpent. They both write like people who, on venturing upon the world of waters in a bathing machine, would ensure their lives by a cork-jacket. Barry swims on the surface of the Great Deep like a feather; Alfred dives less after the fashion of a duck than a bell; but the one sees few lights, the other few shadows, that are not seen just as well by an oyster-dredger. But the soul of the true sea-poet doth undergo a sea-change, soon as he sees Blue Peter; and is off in the gig,

While bending back, away they pull,  
With measured strokes most beautiful—

There goes the Commodore!

"Our author having the secret of the transmigration of the soul," passes, like Indur, into the bodies of various animals, and

Three will I mention dearer than the rest,

the Swan, the Grashopper, and the Owl. The Swan is dying; and as we remember hearing Hartley Coleridge praise the lines, they must be fine; though their full meaning be to us like the moon "hid in her vacant interlunar cave." But Hartley, who is like the river Wye, a wanderer through the woods, is aye haunted with visions of the beautiful; and let Alfred console himself by that reflection, for the absent sympathy of Christopher. As for the Grashopper, Alfred, in that green grig, is for a while merry as a cricket, and chirps and chirups, though with less meaning, with more monotony, than that hearth-loving insect, who is never so happy, you know, as when in the neighbourhood of a baker's oven. He says to himself as Tithon, though he disclaims that patronymic,

Thou art a mailed warrior, in youth and strength complete.

a line liable to two faults; first, absurdity, and, second, theft; for the mind is unprepared for the exaggeration of a grashopper into a Templar; and Wordsworth, looking at a beetle through the wonder-working glass of a wizard, beheld

A mailed angel on a battle-day.

But Tennyson out-Wordsworths Wordsworth, and pursues the knight, surnamed Longshanks, into the fields of chivalry.

Arm'd cap-a-pie,

Fall fain to see;

Unknowing fear,

Undreading loss,

A gallant cavalier,

*Sans peur et sans reproche,*

In sunlight and in shadow,

THE BAYARD OF THE MEADOW!!

Conceived and executed in the spirit of the celebrated imitation—"Dilly—dilly Duckling! Come and be killed!" But Alfred is greatest as an Owl.

SONG.—THE OWL.

When the cats run home and light is come,  
And dew is cold upon the ground,

And the far-off stream is dumb,  
 And the whirring sail goes round,  
 And the whirring sail goes round;  
 Alone and warming his five wits,  
 The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,  
 And rarely smells the new mown hay,  
 And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch  
 Twice or thrice his roundelay,  
 Twice or thrice his roundelay :  
 Alone and warming his five wits,  
 The white owl in the belfry sits

SECOND SONG.—TO THE SAME.

Thy twwhits are lulled, I vot,  
 Thy twwhoos of yesternight,  
 Which upon the dark afloat,  
 So took echo with delight,  
 So took echo with delight,  
 That her voice untuneful grown,  
 Wears all day a fainter tone.

I would mock thy chant anew ;  
 But I cannot mimic it,  
 Not a whit of thy twwhoo.  
 Thee to woo to thy twwhit,  
 Thee to woo to thy twwhit.  
 With a lengthened loud halloo,  
 Twwhoo, twwhit, twwhit, twwhoo-o-o.

All that he wants is to be shot,  
 stuffed, and stuck into a glass-case,  
 to be made immortal in a museum.

But, mercy on us! Alfred becomes  
 a—Kraken! Leviathan, "wallowing  
 unwieldy, enormous in his gait," he  
 despises, as we would a minnow;  
 his huge ambition will not suffer him  
 to be "very like a whale;" he must  
 be a—Kraken. And such a Kraken,  
 too, as would have astounded Pon-  
 topidan.

THE KRAKEN.

Below the thunders of the upper deep,  
 Far, far beneath the abysmal sea,  
 His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep,  
 The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee  
 About his shadowy sides: above him swell  
 Huge sponges of millennial growth and  
 height;  
 And far away into the sickly light,  
 From many a wondrous grot and secret cell  
 Unnumbered and enormous polypi  
 Winnow with giant fins the slumbering  
 green.

There hath he lain for ages, and will lie,  
 Battening upon huge seaweeds in his sleep,  
 Until the latter fire shall eat the deep;  
 Then once by man and angels to be seen,  
 In roaring he shall rise and on the surface  
 die.

The gentle reader who under-  
 stands that sonnet, will perhaps have

the goodness to interpret for us the  
 following oracular sentence, which  
 from childhood has been to us a  
 great mystery.—"An old horse came  
 in to be shaved; curse you, where's  
 the suds? The estate was entailed to  
 male heirs; and poor Mrs Molly lost  
 all her apple-dumplings."

Thin as is this volume we are now  
 reviewing, and sparse the letterpress  
 on its tiny pages, 'twould yet be easy  
 to extract from it much more un-  
 meaningness; but having shewn by  
 gentle chastisement that we love Al-  
 fred Tennyson, let us now shew by  
 judicious eulogy that we admire  
 him; and, by well-chosen specimens  
 of his fine faculties, that he is worthy  
 of our admiration.

Odes to Memory are mostly mum-  
 meries; but not so is the Ode to  
 Memory breathed by this young  
 poet. In it, Memory and Imagina-  
 tion, like two angels, lead him by  
 the hands back to the bowers of  
 paradise. All the finest feelings and  
 the finest faculties of his soul, are  
 awakened under that heavenly gui-  
 dance, as the "green light" of early  
 life again blesses his eyes; and he  
 sees that the bowers of paradise  
 are built on this common earth,  
 that they are the very bushes near  
 his father's house, where his boy-  
 hood revelled in the brightening  
 dawn. We have many quotations  
 yet to make—and therefore cannot  
 give the whole ode, but the half of  
 it; and none will deny, all will feel,  
 that, with perhaps the exception of  
 some harmless mannerisms—affecta-  
 tions we shall not call them—the  
 lines are eminently beautiful.

ODE TO MEMORY.

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,  
 Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!  
 Thou comest not with shows of flaunting  
 vines

Unto mine inner eye,  
 Divinest memory!

\* Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall,  
 Which ever sounds and shines  
 A pillar of white light upon the wall  
 Of purple cliffs, aloof descried,  
 Come from the woods that belt the gray  
 hillside,

The seven elms, the poplars four  
 That stand beside my father's door,  
 And chiefly from the brook that loves  
 To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,  
 Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,  
 Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,

In every elbow and turn,  
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland.  
O! hither lead thy feet!  
Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat  
Of the thick-fleeced sleep from wattled folds,  
Upon the ridged wolds,  
When the first matin-song hath waked loud  
Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,  
What time the amber morn  
Forth gushes from beneath a lowlung cloud.

Large doweries doth the raptured eye  
To the young spirit present  
When first she is wed;  
And like a bride of old  
In triumph led,  
With music and sweet showers  
Of festal flowers,  
Unto the dwelling she must sway.  
Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,  
In setting round thy first experiment  
With royal framework of wrought gold;  
Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,  
And foremost in thy various gallery  
Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls  
Upon the storied walls.

For the discovery  
And newness of thine art so pleased thee,  
That all which thou hast drawn of fairest  
Or boldest since, but lightly weighs  
With thee unto the love thou bearest  
The firstborn of thy genius. Artist-like,  
Ever retiring thou dost gaze  
On the prime labour of thine early days:  
No matter what the sketch might be;  
Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,  
Or even a sandbuilt ridge  
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,  
Overblown with murmurs harsh,  
Or even a lowly cottage, whence we see  
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous  
marsh,

Where from the frequent bridge,  
Emblems or glimpses of eternity,  
The trenched waters run from sky to sky;  
Or a garden bower'd close  
With pleached alleys of the trailing rose,  
Long alleys falling down to twilight grots,  
Or opening upon level plots  
Of crowned lilies, standing near  
Purplespiked lavender:  
Whither in after life retired  
From brawling storms,  
From weary wind,  
With youthful fancy re-inspired,  
We may hold converse with all forms  
Of the many-sided mind,  
The few whom passion hath not blinded,  
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.  
My friend, with thee to live alone,  
Methinks were better than to own  
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne.  
O strengthen me, enlighten me!  
I faint in this obscurity,  
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

There is fine music there; the ver-  
sification would be felt delightful to  
all poetical ears, even if they missed  
the many meanings of the well-  
chosen and happily-obedient words;  
for there is the sound as of a various-  
voiced river rejoicing in a sudden  
summer shower, that swells with-  
out staining its translucent waters.  
But the sound is echo to the sense;  
and the sense is sweet as that of  
life's dearest emotions enjoyed in  
"a dream that is not all a dream."

Mr Tennyson, when he chooses,  
can say much in few words. A fine  
example of that is shewn in five few-  
syllabled four-lined stanzas on a De-  
serted House. Every word tells;  
and the short whole is most pathetic  
in its completeness—let us say per-  
fection—like some old Scottish air  
sung by maiden at her wheel—or  
shepherd in the wilderness.

#### THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Life and Thought have gone away  
Side by side,  
Leaving door and windows wide:  
Careless tenants they!  
All within is dark as night:  
In the windows is no light;  
And no murmur at the door,  
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutters close,  
Or through the windows we shall see  
The nakedness and vacancy  
Of the dark deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth  
Is here, or merrymaking sound.  
The house was builded of the earth,  
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought  
Here no longer dwell;  
But in a city glorious—  
A great and distant city—have bought  
A mansion incorruptible.

Would they could have stayed with us!

Mr Tennyson is sometimes too  
mystical; for sometimes we fear  
there is no meaning in his mysticism;  
or so little, that were it to be stated  
perspicuously and plainly, 'twould  
be but a point. But at other times  
he gives us sweet, still, obscure  
poems, like the gentle gloaming  
saddening all that is sad, and making  
nature's self pensive in her depth of  
peace. Such is the character of

#### A DIRGE.

Now is done thy long day's work;  
Fold thy palms across thy breast,





The intuitive decision of a bright,  
 And thorough-edged intellect to part  
 Error from crime—a prudence to withhold—  
 The laws of wifehood character'd in gold  
 Upon the mementos tablets of her heart—  
 A love still burning upward, giving light  
 To read those laws—an accent very low  
 In blandishment, but a most silver flow  
 Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,  
 Right to the heart and brain, though undivested,  
 Winning its way with extreme gentleness  
 Through all the outworks of suspicious pride—  
 A courage to endure hard to obey—  
 A hate of noisy partance, and of sway,  
 Crown'd Isabel, through all her black life,  
 The queen of marriage, a most perfect wife.

The mellowed relax of a winter moon—  
 A clear stream flowing with a muffled oar,  
 Till in its own clear light the moonbeams  
 With a softer movement and in purer light  
 The velvet saddles of its wayward brother—  
 A leaning and upheaving pavasite,  
 Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite,  
 With cluster'd flowerbells and ambrosial herbs  
 Of rich fruit-bunches leaning on each other—  
 Shadow forth thee—the world hath not another  
 (Though all her fairest forms are types of thee,  
 And thou of God in thy great charity)  
 Of such a finish'd chasten'd purity.

There is profound pathos in "Mariana." The young poet had been dreaming of Shakspeare, and of Measure for Measure, and of the gentle lady all forlorn, the deserted of the false Angelo, of whom the Swan of Avon sings but some few low notes in her distress and desolation, as she wears away her lonely life in solitary tears at "the moated grange." On this hint Alfred Tennyson speaks; "he has a vision of his own," nor might Wordsworth's self in his youth have disdained to imitate such a melancholy strain. Scenery—poets—emotion—character—are all in fine keeping: long, long, long indeed is the dreary day, but it will end at last, so finds the heart-broken prisoner who, from sunrise to sunset, has been leaning on the sun-dial in the corner of his narrow solitude!

#### MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange,"  
*Measure for Measure.*

With blackest moss the flower-plots  
 Were thickly crusted, one and all.  
 The rusted nails fell from the knots  
 That held the peashoot to the garden wall.  
 The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,  
 Unliss'd was the clinking latch,  
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch,  
 Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, "My life is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said:  
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary;  
 I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even,  
 Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,  
 She could not look on the sweet heaven,  
 Either at morn or eventide.  
 After the sitting of the bats,  
 When thickest dark did trance the sky,  
 She drew her casement curtain by,  
 And glanced athwart the glooming flats.  
 She only said, "The night is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said:  
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,  
 Waking her heart the light-foot crow  
 The cockling out at hour the light,  
 From the blacken the oven's low  
 Came to her: without hope of change,  
 In sleep she meant to walk forlorn,  
 Till cold winds from the grey-eyed mist  
 About the lonely moated grange.  
 She only said, "The day is dreary,  
 He cometh not," she said:  
 She said, "I am aweary, aweary,  
 I would that I were dead!"

About a housecast from the wall,  
 A stick with blacken'd waters slept,  
 And o'er it many round and small  
 The clustered snail-mosses crept.

Hard by a poplar shook alway,  
 All silver green with gnarled bark,  
 For leagues no other tree did dark  
 The level waste, the rounding grey.  
 She only said, ' My life is dreary,  
 He cometh not,' she said :  
 She said, ' I am weary, weary,  
 I would that I were dead !'

And ever when the moon was low,  
 And the shrill winds were up an' away,  
 In the white curtain, to and fro,  
 She saw the gusty shadow sway.  
 But when the moon was very low,  
 And wild winds bound within their cell,  
 The shadow of the poplar fell  
 Upon her bed, across her brow.  
 She only said, ' The night is dreary,  
 He cometh not,' she said :  
 She said, ' I am weary, weary,  
 I would that I were dead !'

All day within the dreamy house,  
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd,  
 The blue fly sung i' the pane ; the mouse  
 Behind the mouldering wainscot shrink'd,  
 Or from the crevice peer'd about ;  
 Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,  
 Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
 Old voices call'd her from without.  
 She only said, ' My life is dreary,  
 He cometh not,' she said :  
 She said, ' I am weary, weary,  
 I would that I were dead !'

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,  
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound  
 Which to the wooing wind aloof  
 The poplar made, did all confound  
 Her sense ; but most she loath'd the hour  
 When the thickmoted sunbeams lay  
 Athwart the chambers, and the day  
 Downslipped was yesternight in his bower.  
 Then, said she, ' I am very dreary,  
 He will not come,' she said :  
 She wept, ' I am weary, weary,  
 Oh God, that I were dead !'

It is not at all necessary that we should understand fine poetry to feel and enjoy it, any more than fine music. That is to say, some sorts of fine poetry—the shadowy and the spiritual ; where something glides before us ghostlike, " now in glimmer and now in gloom," and then away into some still place of trees or tombs. Yet the poet who composes it, must weigh the force of every feeling word—in a balance true to a hair, for ever vibrating, and obedient to the touch of down or dew-drop. Think not that such process interrupts inspiration ; it sustains

and feeds it ; for it becomes a habit of the heart and the soul in all their musings and meditations ; and thus is the language of poetry, though human, heavenly speech. In reading it, we see new revelations on each rehearsal—all of them true, though haply different—and what we at first thought a hymn, we may at last feel to be an elegy—a breathing not about the quick, but the dead. So was it with us in reading over and over again " Claribel." We supposed the lady slept beneath the "solemn oak-tree, thick-leaved, ambrosial ;" and that the "ancient melody" was dimly heard by her in her world of dreams. But we know now that only her dust is there ; and that the character of her spirit, as if dwelt on earth, is shadowed forth by the congenial scenery of her burial-place. But " Adeline" is alive—faintly-smiling—shadowy—dreaming—spiritual Adeline—such are the epithets bestowed by the poet on that Lady of Light who visits his visions—though doomed to die—or rather to melt away back to her native heaven.

## ADELINE.

MYSTERY of mysteries,  
 Faintly-smiling Adeline,  
 Scarce of earth, nor all divine,  
 Nor unhappy, nor at rest ;  
 But beyond expression fair,  
 With thy floating flaxen hair,  
 Thy roselips and full blue eyes  
 Take the heart from out my breast ;  
 Wherefore those dim looks of thine,  
 Shadowy, dreaming Adeline ?  
 Whence that aery bloom of thine,  
 Like a lily which the sun  
 Looks through in his sad decline,  
 And a rosebush leans upon,  
 Thou that faintly smilest still,  
 As a Naiad in a well,  
 Looking at the set of day,  
 Or a phantom two hours old  
 Of a maiden past away,  
 How the placid lips be cold ?  
 Wherefore those faint smiles of thine,  
 Spiritual Adeline ?  
 What hope or fear or joy is thine ?  
 Who talketh with thee, Adeline ?  
 For sure thou art not all alone.  
 Do beating hearts of salient springs  
 Keep measure with thine own ?  
 Hast thou heard the butterflies  
 What they say betwixt their wings ?  
 Or in stillest evenings  
 With what voice the violet says  
 To his heart the silver dews

Or when little *ajys* arise,  
How the merry bluebell rings  
To the mosses underneath?  
Hast thou looked upon the breath  
Of the lilies at sunrise?  
Wherefore that faint smile of thine,  
Shadowy, dreaming *Adeline*?

Some honey-converse feeds thy mind,  
Some spirit of a crimson rose  
In love with thee forgets to close  
His curtains, wasting odorous sighs  
All night long on darkness blind.  
What aileth thee? whom waitest thou  
With thy softened, shadowed brow,  
And those dewlit eyes of thine,  
Thou faint smiler, *Adeline*?  
Lovest thou the doleful wind  
When thou gazest at the skies?  
Doth the low-tongued Orient  
Wander from the side o' the morn  
Dripping with Sabean spice  
On thy pillow, lowly bent  
With melodious airs lovelein,  
Breathing light against thy face,  
While his locks a-dropping twined  
Round thy neck in subtle ring,  
Make a carcanet of rays,  
And ye talk together still,  
In the language wherewith spring  
Letters cowslips on the hill?  
Hence that look and smile of thine,  
Spiritual *Adeline*.

The life of *Claiibel* was shadowed  
forth by images of death—the death  
of *Adeline* seemed predicted by  
images of life—and in the lovely  
lines on the *Sleeping Beauty*, life and  
death meet in the stillness of that  
sleep—so profound that it is felt as  
if it were immortal. And is there  
not this shading and blending of all  
feeling and all thought that regards  
the things we most tenderly and  
deeply love on this changeful earth?

#### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Year after year unto her feet,  
The while she slumbereth alone,  
Over the purpled coverlet  
The maiden's jet black hair hath grown,  
On either side her transect form  
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;  
The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,  
And moves not on the rounded curl.

The silk star-braided coverlid  
Unto her limbs itself doth mould  
Languidly ever, and amid  
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd  
Gloweth forth each softly shadow'd arm,  
With bracelets of the diamond bright;  
Her countess beauty doth inform  
Stillness with love and day with light.

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She sleeps; her breathings are not heard  
In palace chambers far apart;  
The fragrant tresses are not stirred  
That lie upon her charmed heart,  
She sleeps; on either side upswells  
The gold-fing'd pillow lightly prest;  
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
A perfect form in perfect rest.

Some of our old ballads, breathed  
in the gloom of forests or glens by  
shepherds or woodsmen, are in their  
earnest simplicity inimitable by ge-  
nius born so many centuries since  
they died, and overshadowed by  
another life. Yet genius has often  
delighted to sink away into such  
moods as those in which it imagines  
those lowly men to have been lost  
when they sang their songs, "the  
music of the heart," with nothing  
that moved around them but the  
antlers of the deer, undisturbed by  
the bard lying among the breckens  
or the broom, beneath the checkered  
light that came through the umbrage  
of the huge oak-tree, on which spring  
was hourly shedding a greener glory,  
or autumn a more golden decay.  
Shepherds and woodsmen, too, there  
have been in these later days, and  
other rural dwellers, who have some-  
times caught the spirit of the antique  
strain—Robert, James, and Allan—  
whose happiest "auld ballants" are  
as if obsolete forest-flowers were  
brought back to life on our banks  
and biers. Perhaps the most beau-  
tiful of all Alfred Tennyson's com-  
positions, is the "Ballad of Oriana."

#### THE BALLAD OF ORIANA.

My heart is wasted with my woe,  
Oriana.  
There is no rest for me below,  
Oriana.  
When the long dun wolds are ribbed with  
snow,  
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,  
Oriana,  
Alone I wander to and fro,  
Oriana.  
Ere the light on dark was growing,  
Oriana,  
At midnight the cock was crowing,  
Oriana,  
Winds were blowing, waters flowing,  
We heard the steeds to battle going,  
Oriana;  
Aloud the hollow bugle blowing,  
Oriana.

In the yew-wood black as night,  
     Oriana,  
 Ere I rode into the fight,  
     Oriana,  
 While blissful tears blinded my sight  
 By starshine and by moonlight,  
     Oriana,  
 I to thee my troth did plight,  
     Oriana.

She stood upon the castle wall,  
     Oriana :  
 She watched my crest among them all,  
     Oriana :  
 She saw me fight, she heard me call,  
 When forth there stepp'd a foeman tall,  
     Oriana,  
 Atween me and the castle wall,  
     Oriana.

The bitter arrow went aside,  
     Oriana :  
 Tho false, false arrow went aside,  
     Oriana :  
 The damnd arrow glanced aside,  
 And pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,  
     Oriana !  
 Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,  
     Oriana !

Oh ! narrow, narrow was the space,  
     Oriana.  
 Loud, loud rung out the bugle's bay,  
     Oriana.  
 Oh ! deathful stabs were dealt apace,  
 The battle deepen'd in its place,  
     Oriana ;  
 But I was down upon my face,  
     Oriana.

They should have stabb'd me where I lay,  
     Oriana !  
 How could I rise and come away,  
     Oriana ?  
 How could I look upon the day ?  
 They should have stabb'd me where I lay,  
     Oriana—  
 They should have trode me into clay,  
     Oriana.

Oh ! breaking heart that will not break,  
     Oriana,  
 Oh ! pale, pale face, so sweet and meek,  
     Oriana,  
 Thou smilest, but thou dost not speak,  
 And then the tears run down my cheek,  
     Oriana :  
 What watest thou ? whom dost thou seek,  
     Oriana ?

I cry aloud : none hear my cries,  
     Oriana.  
 Thou comest atween me and the skies,  
     Oriana.

I feel the tears of blood arise  
 Up from my heart unto my eyes,  
     Oriana.  
 Within thy heart my arrow lies,  
     Oriana.  
 Oh ! cursed hand ! oh ! cursed blow !  
     Oriana !  
 Oh ! happy thou that liest low,  
     Oriana !  
 All night the silence seems to flow  
 Beside me in my utter woe,  
     Oriana.  
 A weary, weary way I go,  
     Oriana.

When Norland winds pipe down the sea,  
     Oriana,  
 I walk, I dare not think of thee,  
     Oriana.  
 Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,  
 I dare not die and come to thee,  
     Oriana.  
 I hear the roaring of the sea,  
     Oriana.

But the highest of all this young poet's achievements, is the visionary and romantic strain, entitled, " Recollections of the Arabian Nights." It is delightful even to us, who read not the Arabian Nights, nor ever heard of them, till late in life—we think we must have been in our tenth year ; the same heart-soul-mind-awakening year that brought us John Bunyan and Robinson Crusoe, and in which—we must not say with whom—we first fell in love. How it happened that we had lived so long in this world without seeing or hearing tell of these famous worthies, is a mystery ; for we were busy from childhood with books and bushes, banks and braes, with libraries full of white, brown, and green leaves, perused in school-room, whose window in the slates shewed the beautiful blue braided skies, or in fields and forests, (so we thought the birch coppice, with its old pines, the abode of linties and cushats—for no long, broad, dusty, high-road was there—and but foot-paths or sheep-walks winded through the pastoral silence that surrounded that singing or cooing grove,) where beauty filled the sunshiny day with delight, and grandeur the one-starred gloaming with fear. But so it was ; we knew not that there was an Arabian Night in the whole world. Our souls, in stir or stillness, saw none but the sweet Scot-

tish stars. We knew, indeed, that they rose, and set, too, upon other climes; and had we been asked the question, should have said that they certainly did so; but we felt that they and their heavens belonged to Scotland. And so feels the fond, foolish old man still, when standing by himself at midnight, with withered hands across his breast, and eyes lifted heavenwards, that shew the brightest stars somewhat dim now, yet beautiful as ever; out walks the moon from behind a cloud, and he thinks of long Loch Lomond glittering afar off with lines of radiance that lift up in their loveliness, flush after flush—and each silvan pomp is statelier than the last—now one, now another, of her heron-haunted isles!

But in our egoism and egotism we have forgot Alfred Tennyson. To his heart, too, we doubt not that heaven seems almost always an English heaven; he, however, must have been familiar long before his tenth year with the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; for had he discovered them at that advanced period of life, he had not now so passionately and so imaginatively sung their wonders.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WHEN the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free  
In the silken sail of infancy,  
The tide of time flowed back with me

The forward-flowing tide of time;  
And many a sheeny summer morn,  
Adown the Tigris I was borne,  
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,  
High-walled gardens green and old;  
True Mussulman was I and sworn,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling through  
The low and bloomed foliage, drove  
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove  
The citron shadows in the blue:  
By garden porches on the brim,  
The costly doors flung open wide,  
Gold glittering through lamplight dim,  
And brodered sofas on each side:

In sooth it was a goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear stemmed platans guard  
The outlet, did I turn away  
The boat-head down a broad canal  
From the main river sluiced, where all  
The sloping of the moonlit sward  
Was damask work, and deep inlay

Of breaded blooms untown, which crept  
Adown to where the waters slept.

A goodly place, a goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

A motion from the river won  
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on  
My shallop through the star-strown calm,  
Until another night in night  
I entered, from the clearer light,  
Imbowered vaults of pillared palm,  
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb  
Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome  
Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

Still onward; and the clear canal  
Is rounded to as clear a lake.  
From the green rivage many a fall  
Of diamond rillets musical,  
Through little crystal arches low  
Down from the central fountain's flow  
Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake  
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.  
A goodly place, a goodly time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

Above through many a bowery turn  
A walk with vary-coloured shells  
Wandered engrained. On either side  
All round about the fragrant marge,  
From fluted vase, and brazen urn  
In order, eastern flowers large,  
Some drooping low their crimson bells  
Half-closed, and others studded wide  
With disks and tiars, fed the time  
With odour in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove  
In closest coverture upsprung,  
The living airs of middle night  
Died round the bulbul as he sung.  
Not he: but something which possessed  
The darkness of the world, delight,  
Life, anguish, death, immortal love  
Ceasing not, mingled, unexpressed,  
Apart from place, withholding time,  
But flattering the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black-green the garden bowers and grots  
Slumbered: the solemn palms were ranged  
Above, unwooded of summer wind.  
A sudden splendour from behind  
Flushed all the leaves with rich gold green,  
And flowing rapidly between  
Their interspaces, counterchanged  
The level lake with diamond pilots  
Of saffron light. A lovely time,  
For it was in the golden prime  
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

Dark blue the deep sphere overhead,  
 Distinct with vivid stars unrayed,  
 Grew darker from that under-flame ;  
 So, leaping lightly from the boat,  
 With silver anchor left afloat,  
 In marvel whence that glory came  
 Upon me, as in sleep I sank  
 In cool soft turf upon the bank,  
 Entranced with that place and time,  
 So worthy of the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence through the garden I was borne—  
 A realm of pleasure, many a mound,  
 And many a shadow-chequered lawn  
 Full of the city's stilly sound.  
 And deep myrrh thickets blowing round  
 The stately cedar, tamarisks,  
 Thick rosaries of scented thorn,  
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks  
 Graven with emblems of the time,  
 In honour of the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazed vision unawares  
 From the long alley's latticed shade  
 Emerged, I came upon the great  
 Pavilion of the Caliphat,  
 Right to the carved cedar doors,  
 Flung inward over spangled floors,  
 Broad-based flights of marble stairs  
 Ran up with golden balustrade,  
 After the fashion of the time,  
 And humour of the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight  
 As with the quintessence of flame,  
 A million tapers flaring bright  
 From wreathed silvers, look'd to shame  
 The hollow-vaulted dark, and stream'd  
 Upon the mooned domes aloof  
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd  
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof  
 Of night new-risen, that marvellous time,  
 To celebrate the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly  
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,  
 Serene with argent-lidded eyes  
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays  
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl  
 Tress'd with reilient ebony,  
 In many a dark delicious curl,  
 Flowing below her rose-hued zone ;  
 The sweetest lady of the time,  
 Well worthy of the golden prime  
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,  
 Pure silver, underpropped a rich  
 Throne o' the massive ore, from which  
 Down drooped, in many a floating fold,

Engarlanded and diapered  
 With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold,  
 Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred  
 With merriment of kingly pride,  
 Sole star of all that place and time,  
 I saw him—in his golden prime,  
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID !

Our critique is near its conclusion ; and in correcting it for press, we see that its whole merit, which is great, consists in the extracts, which are " beautiful exceedingly." Perhaps, in the first part of our article, we may have exaggerated Mr Tennyson's not unfrequent silliness, for we are apt to be carried away by the whim of the moment, and in our humorous moods, many things wear a queer look to our aged eyes, which fill young pupils with tears ; but we feel assured that in the second part we have not exaggerated his strength—that we have done no more than justice to his fine faculties—and that the millions who delight in Maga will, with one voice, confirm our judgment—that Alfred Tennyson is a poet.

But, though it might be a mistake of ours, were we to say that he has much to learn, it can be no mistake to say that he has not a little to unlearn, and more to bring into practice, before his genius can achieve its destined triumphs. A puerile partiality for particular forms of expression, nay, modes of spelling and of pronunciation, may be easily overlooked in one whom we must look on as yet a mere boy ; but if he carry it with him, and indulge it in manhood, why it will make him seem silly as his sheep ; and should he continue to bleat so when his head and beard are as grey as ours, he will be truly a laughable old ram, and the ewes will care no more for him than if he were a wether.

Farther—he must consider that all the fancies that fleet across the imagination, like shadows on the grass or the tree-tops, are not entitled to be made small separate poems of—about the length of one's little finger ; that many, nay, most of them, should be suffered to pass away with a silent " God bless ye," like butterflies, single or in shoals, each family with its own hereditary character mottled on its wings ; and that though thousands of those grave brown, and gay golden images will

be blown back in showers, as if upon balmy breezes changing suddenly and softly to the *air* whence inspiration at the moment breathes, yet not one in a thousand is worth being caught and pinned down on paper into poetry, "gently as if you loved him"—only the few that are bright with the "beauty still more beauteous"—and a few such belong to all the orders—from the little silly moth that extinguishes herself in your taper, up to the mighty Emperor of Morocco at meridian wavering his burnished downage in the unconsuming sun who glorifies the wondrous stranger.

Now, Mr Tennyson does not seem to know this; or if he do, he is self-willed and perverse in his sometimes almost infantile vanity; (and how vain are most beautiful children!) and thinks that any Thought or Feeling or Fancy that has had the honour and the happiness to pass through *his* mind, must by that very act be worthy of everlasting commemoration. Heaven pity the poor world, were we to put into stanzas, and publish upon it, all our thoughts, thick as motes in the sun, or a summer evening atmosphere of midges!

Finally, Nature is mighty, and poets should deal with her on a grand scale. She lavishes her glorious gifts before their path in such profusion, that Genius—reverent as he is of the mysterious mother, and meeting her at sunrise on the mountains with grateful orisons—with grateful orisons bidding her farewell among the long shadows that stretch across the glens when sunset sinks into the sea—is yet privileged to tread with a seeming scorn in the midst of imagery that to common eyes would be as a revelation of wonders from another world. Familiar to him are they as the grass below his feet. In lowlier moods he looks at them—and in his love they grow beautiful. So did

Burns beautify the daisy—"wee modest crimson-tipped flower!" But in loftier moods, the "violet by the mossy stone," is not "half-hidden to the eye"—it is left unthought of to its own sweet existence. The poet then ranges wide and high, like Thomson, in his Hymn to the Seasons, which he had so gloriously sung, seeing in all the changes of the rolling year "but the varied god,"—like Wordsworth, in his *Excursion*, communing too with the spirit "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns."

Those great men are indeed among the

"Lights of the world and demigods of fame;"

but all poets, ere they gain a bright name, must thus celebrate the worship of nature. So is it, too, with painters. They do well, even the greatest of them, to trace up the brooks to their source in stone-basin or mossy well, in the glen-head, where greensward glades among the heather seem the birthplace of the Silent People—the Fairies. But in their immortal works they must shew us how "red comes the river down;" castles of rock or of cloud—long withdrawing vales, where midway between the flowery foreground, and in the distance of blue mountain ranges, some great city lifts up its dim-seen spires through the misty smoke beneath which imagination hears the hum of life—"peaceful as some immeasurable plain," the breast of old ocean sleeping in the sunshine—or as if an earthquake shook the pillars of his caverned depths, tumbling the foam of his breakers, mast-high, if mast be there, till the canvass ceases to be silent, and the gazer hears him howling over his prey—See—see!—the foundering wreck of a three-decker going down head-foremost to eternity.

With such admonition, we bid Alfred Tennyson farewell.



## HOMER'S HYMNS. NO. V.

## CERES.

Of venerable Ceres would I sing,  
 Golden-hair'd, and her daughter Proserpine,  
 Light-tripping maiden, seized by Dis, stern King,  
 Seized with consent of Thunderer Jove, not thine,  
 Ceres ! Far absent was a mother's care,  
 Though the deep-bosom'd nymphs of Ocean all were there.

Sportively gathering they, the sunny hour  
 On verdant bank, the rose and violet,  
 Crocus and hyacinth, and, chiefest flower,  
 Narcissus, beautiful enticement, set  
 Full in her path by Earth, through wile of Jove,  
 To catch the Virgin's eye, and favour Pluto's love.

Sweet, joyous flower, by Gods and men beheld,  
 Then first with gaze of rapture, from whose root,  
 Each one with odoriferous balsam fill'd,  
 An hundred graceful heads did upward shoot—  
 The perfumed Heaven laugh'd with unwonted glee,  
 Laugh'd the glad Earth beneath, and the blithe-waving Sea.

Both hands outstretch'd, the admiring Virgin bent  
 To pluck the treasured flower. The Nysian plain  
 Open'd—dire Pluto, from the gaping rent,  
 Lash'd his immortal steeds, with loosen'd rein  
 Rush'd forth, and in his golden chariot bore  
 The maiden shrieking loud to Jove and wailing sore.

She call'd on Jove, supremest, best, in vain—  
 For neither God nor mortal heard ; nor one  
 Of Ocean's many daughters in her train,  
 Though piercing were the cries she utter'd, none,  
 Save Hecate the forlorn, within her cave,  
 Persæus' daughter heard, and mute attention gave.

Pale Hecate, fillet-crown'd, and Ilihus, he,  
 Hyperion's wondrous son, was sitting then,  
 Glorious, within his solemn sanctuary,  
 Receiving proffer'd gifts from mortal men,  
 And heard the shouting maid, when Tyrant Dis,  
 With his immortal steeds, plunged down the black abyss.

While yet she saw the land and sun-lit sky,  
 And teeming sea that sparkled with his ray,  
 She still perchance her mother might decry,  
 Or one of heavenly race might cross her way.  
 Her big-swoln heart, while thus she sought relief,  
 Hope soothed, and half assuaged her agony of grief.

The mountain tops and the deep ocean bed  
 Echo'd her cries—her mother heard—dismay,  
 Keen anguish struck her heart, and from her head  
 And her ambrosial locks she tore away  
 The wreath—a dark veil o'er her shoulders threw,  
 And moving as a bird, o'er land and sea she flew.

She sought—nor God nor man the truth declared,  
 Nor came there winged harbinger; but o'er  
 The earth, nine days incessant, Ceres fared,  
 And in her hand two blazing torches bore.  
 Nine days ambrosia, food of gods supreme,  
 And nectar she refused, nor bathed her in the stream.

But soon as the tenth morning shone serene,  
 Came Hecate, and a torch her hand sustain'd,  
 And thus her tidings gave—"Say, beauteous Queen  
 Of the sweet season, who thy heart hath pain'd,  
 Who borne thy gentle Proserpine away?  
 I heard—but saw him not—or God or mortal, say—

"The cries I heard."—She spake—and no reply  
 Made Rhœa's daughter, but with Hecate flew  
 Swift onward, while the torches, blazing high,  
 Waved—till they came to Helius. Him they knew,  
 Th' investigating King to Gods and man:  
 Before his steeds they stood, and Ceres thus began,—

"Helius, if ever yet, by word or deed,  
 I made thee glad, my sanctity revere;  
 A Goddess claims—whose heart is doom'd to bleed  
 For a sweet daughter lost—fair plant—and dear  
 As beautiful; through air I heard the cry,  
 As of one torn away, yet nought could I descry.

"But thou, for with thy beams through divine air  
 Thou searchest lands and seas—O, tell me true,  
 If thou hast seen my dearest child, and where?  
 What ravisher accurst hath met thy view;  
 Or be it God or man hath seized my child?"  
 She spake. Hyperion's son returned this answer mild.

"Learn, Rhœa's daughter—nor regardless I  
 Of thy deep anguish—learn this painful truth,  
 Nor throw reproach on other Deity  
 But Jove, cloud-gatherer. He, with little ruth,  
 Hath given thy daughter—he, and none beside—  
 To his own brother's arms, to be his beauteous bride.

"Her, shrieking, in his chariot far away,  
 Under the shadowy west, hath Pluto borne;  
 Yet, goddess, soothe thy woe, thy griefs allay,  
 Nor be thy heart with fruitless passion torn,  
 Nor an unworthy son in Pluto see,  
 For potent in his reign—a son of Saturn he;—

"And, where his lot appointed, rules revered,  
 As when was made division tripartite  
 Of sovereign power." Thus Helius spake, and cheer'd  
 His steeds, that like wing'd birds the chariot light  
 Bore swiftly on;—deep anguish pierced her heart,  
 Then Ceres in her wrath from heaven withdrew apart,

Incensed with cloud-girt Jove: Olympus then  
 And Gods' assembly left—and many a town  
 Sought, and fair fields of rich laborious man,  
 Her majesty of beauty wasting down.  
 By woman and by man unknown she pass'd,  
 And wander'd, till she reach'd good Celeus' home at last.

O'er rich Eleusis Celeus then was king:  
 By the wayside she sat, sore vex'd, and sad,  
 At the Parthenian well, to whose sweet spring  
 Come frequent citizens; under a shade,  
 Thrown by an olive-tree, she sat, that spread  
 Its leafy branches out, and waved above her head.

In form she seem'd like one advanced in age,  
 And past the days of childbirth, such as are  
 In palaces of princes wise and sage,  
 Their children nurse, or make the house their care.  
 Her saw the daughters of Eleusis' king,  
 As, with their brazen urns, they sought the pleasant spring,

The royal mansion to supply. These were  
 In bloom of youth—and four, Callidice,  
 Clesidice, and Dymo ever fair,  
 And she of elder birth, Callithoë,—  
 They saw, but knew her not; for hard to know  
 Are the immortal race by mortals born below.

They, standing near her, these soft words addressed:—  
 “Who art thou, dame? and whence, thus far from town  
 And home?—most aged like thee, and younger, rest  
 Within cool shady halls, and sit them down  
 Beneath the sheltering roof; and such there are  
 Will give thee welcome kind, and proffer friendly care.”

The venerable Ceres thus replied:—  
 “Sweet friends, and gentle maids, my thanks you claim,  
 Nor be the truth you ask of me denied.  
 My mother call'd me Doris, such my name—  
 From Crete—and o'er the broad sea's spine a prey  
 By pirates was I seized, and wretched, borne away.

“At Thoricus the vessel came to land.  
 Then all the women disembark'd; the board  
 Prepared for pleasant feast upon the strand,  
 And close beside where lay the vessel moor'd.  
 Nor thought had I of feast, but hastening flew  
 O'er the dark land—and thus escaped the tyrant crew,

“Lest they should sell me as a slave, and turn  
 To ample profit what they never bought.—  
 Thus came I hither; now from you would learn,  
 What people, and what land is this. I've sought,  
 And may the gods that in Olympus dwell  
 Give you good husbands all, and children that excel,

“And such as parents wish!—Then let me claim  
 Your gentle pity, my sweet daughters,—till  
 The house of honourable man or dame  
 I reach—where I may serve with ready will,  
 And in such useful offices engage  
 As I may well perform, and best may suit my age.

“As, in these arms to nurse, and lull to rest  
 A new-born infant, or with housewife care  
 To keep the house, to see the chambers drest,  
 And strew the master's bed with coverings rare,  
 Such as by female hands are oft supplied.”  
 She spake—and thus in turn Callidice replied,—

Callidice most beauteous she of all—

“ Good nurse, what it shall please the Gods bestow  
We must receive, or be their bounty small,  
Or be it large, or be it weal or woe ;  
For this necessity at least is sure,  
Theirs is the sovereign power, 'tis ours but to endure.

“ But let me point thee out and numerate

What men we boast, in whom we chiefly trust,  
Conspicuous mong'st the people, who the state  
Defend by counsels sure, and judgments just.  
Look o'er the town, see where the mansions rise.  
That first its master owns Triptolemus the wise.

“ There dwells Diocles, Polyxenes there,

Blameless Eumolpus next, then Dolichus,  
And our best sire ; beneath a matron's care  
Each mansion is, discreet, and sedulous.  
These statesmen's wives : all, e'en when first they see  
Thy mien, thy looks divine, will gladly honour thee,

“ And give good welcome, each within her gate :

Or wouldst thou here remain until we reach  
Our Father's mansion, where we may relate  
To our kind mother, all the present speech,  
(The noble Metanira) to our home  
She may perchance invite, nor let thee further roam.

“ For in her polish'd chamber cradled lies

Her darling late-born son, for whom she pray'd,  
Him shouldst thou nurse, to manhood till he rise,  
Seeing a recompense so largely paid  
As it will be (such honour will be thine),  
There's not a woman lives but might with envy pine.”

The maiden ended—Ceres bow'd her head—

They with their well-filled urns of shining gold  
Exulting to their father's mansion sped,  
And to their mother all the adventure told ;  
Who bade them quick return, and in her name  
To proffer payment large, and bring the stranger dame.

Like joyous calves, or sleek fawns from their lair

Bounding in spring, they, holding high each one  
The crisp fold of her mantle, while the hair  
Over their shoulders floated to the sun,  
Like flowers of yellow crocus glistening bright,  
Over the wheel-scoop'd road the virgins bounded light.

And there reclining by that pathway side,

They found the glorious Goddess, lone and sad.  
Conducting to their father's home, they hied,  
Behind walk'd Ceres, veil'd and deeply clad  
In sable stole, that, coil'd in many a pleat,  
Still rustled as she moved, around her gentle feet.

And straight to Jove-loved Celeus' house they came

And cross'd the porch, where sat beside the hall,  
Her infant at her breast, the royal dame :  
To her they ran—then Ceres, large and tall  
The threshold trode, while her head reach'd the beams,  
And all the palace gates shone bright with golden streams.

Pale fear and reverence Metanira seized ;  
 Her seat she proffer'd, as she rose in haste ;  
 Mute Ceres stood—nor yet the splendour pleased,  
 But to the ground her mournful eyes she cast,  
 Until discreet Iambe for her placed  
 A seat of beauteous work with white fleece covering graced.

Then Ceres sat, and close around her veil  
 And closer drew, nor took she note the while,  
 Of aught by word, or thought, or look,—but pale  
 With parch'd untasting lips, without a smile,  
 Mourn'd her fair bosom'd daughter, borne below ;  
 Till all in merry guise Iambe soothed her woe. \*

With many a jest, and gibe, and cheering voice,  
 She moved sad Ceres, her deep grief appeased,  
 To smile, and then to laugh, and e'en rejoice ;  
 And thus, in after days, Iambe pleased.—  
 —Then Metanira, pouring luscious wine,  
 Presented the full cup to th' unknown guest divine.

Ceres refused, and the red wine declared  
 Unlawful to her lips,—and bade her take  
 The herb call'd Gleecho, bruised, and meal prepared  
 With water, and a pure potation make—  
 This done, the draught she drank, well pleased to see  
 The pledge of future rite and holy mystery.

Then Metanira converse thus began :  
 “ Welcome, good dame, of no mean parents sprung !  
 Thy sire, perchance, was some wise princely man,  
 And truth and justice issued from his tongue ;  
 For in thine eyes I see, and all thy face,  
 Sweet modesty resides, and ever noble grace.

“ Whatever gifts it please the Gods bestow,  
 We must receive, nor let vain cares perplex  
 Our souls,—for be it weal, or be it woe,  
 The yoke of Fate lies heavy on our necks ;  
 But here rejoice, whatever good is mine,  
 Nurse thou my child with care, and half that good is thine.

“ This darling child, last born, unlook'd for joy,  
 Last blessing of the Gods, cherish thou well,  
 And bring to riper age, this dear-loved boy—  
 And every female tongue shall envious tell  
 How large the gifts of nurture I provide.”  
 She ended, and the sheaf-crown'd Ceres thus replied :—

“ And hail thou, gracious Queen,—the Gods enlarge  
 Thy house with bounteous store,—this child I take  
 Willing, not thoughtless of a nurse's charge—  
 Nor evil incantation, harm, nor ache  
 Shall reach him; every potent charm I know,  
 That can avert all ill, and every good bestow.”

She took in her immortal hands, and laid  
 Upon her fragrant bosom, the fair child :  
 Glad was the mother.—Henceforth Ceres made  
 Young Demophon her care, and griefs beguiled,  
 And with her charge, sage Celeus' son, withdrew  
 Within the royal house,—and wondrously he grew,—

Grew like a God ; not that from fruit of earth,  
Or infants' common fare, she nurtured him—  
But an ambrosial unguent, as of birth  
Divine, she pour'd, and breathed o'er every limb  
Immortal breath, and in her bosom bore  
The infant day by day, and loved him more and more.

But when the nights came on, far from the eye  
Of parents then removed—him like a brand  
Deep in the fire she cover'd secretly.  
And when they saw his vigorous limbs expand,  
His parents, wond'ring, thought there needs must be  
Some mighty miracle,—so like a God was he.

She would have purged with fire all mortal stain,  
And given the child celestial temperament,  
Ageless, that might immortal youth attain ;  
But Metanira marr'd the kind intent :  
One night, too indiscreetly foud, she came  
Forth from her scented room, and watch'd, and saw the flame.

And seeing, both her thighs she struck, and shriek'd—  
“ Save thee, my Demophon, my child, my child !  
What vengeance hath thy nurse upon thee wreak'd—  
Thy stranger nurse, with frenzy, frantic, wild—  
And hides thee in the fire.” The Goddess turn'd—  
She heard, and in her breast, her wrath, her anger burn'd.

With passion seized, forth from the blazing brands  
Raising, her Metanira's child she drew,  
And from her far with her immortal hands  
Before her on the ground indignant threw ;  
The words of wrath came crowding in her speech—  
“ O foolish senseless race, how short thy boasted reach,

“ Unknowing of the coming good or ill !—  
Thy folly has but heap'd an age of pain.  
Be witness, Styx, implacable and chill,  
I would have purified from mortal stain  
This, thy dear son, and given him ageless days,  
Incorruptible life, and never-ending praise.

“ But he must die, nor are there potent charms  
To rescue him from fate—This boon I claim,  
(For on my knees he lay, and in my arms,)  
Be his to win an everlasting fame ;  
For soon as he shall reach maturer age,  
The Eleusinian race a civil war shall wage.

“ Ceres am I, an honour'd Goddess see,  
At once a joy and blessing to mankind ;  
But speed, and let thy people gather'd be,  
And be Callichorus' famed hill assign'd  
Fast by the city walls, on jutting ground,  
A temple proudly great, and a rich altar found.

“ Myself will point, the solemn rites arranged,  
To appease the Queen, of tresses gold-enwreath'd.”  
She spake—at once her form and stature changed,  
Shook off her age, all beauty round her breath'd,  
Sweet odours from her perfumed garments flew,  
And far a glorious light her sacred presence threw.

She shone—her yellow hair like golden rays  
 Waved o'er her shoulders, as the lightning's sheen  
 Burst through the solid walls a sudden blaze,  
 As from the house she pass'd. The fainting Queen  
 Long speechless lay, and gazed around her wild,  
 Nor look'd upon, nor sought to raise, her darling child.

His sisters heard his cries, and springing, flew  
 From their rich beds—one stretch'd her arms to lift,  
 Then lull'd him on her breast. The fire anew  
 One kindled—one with light feet, softly swift,  
 Hasten'd to raise her mother where she lay,  
 Restore to sense, and from the chamber lead away.

The sobbing boy, the sisters gathering round  
 Fondled endearingly and wash'd.—The child,  
 Nursed by a Goddess, in each sister found  
 A far inferior nurse, unreconciled.  
 And still he sobb'd—they, trembling with affright,  
 The mighty Goddess soothed with prayer the livelong night.

And at the dawn, to Celeus they convey'd  
 The purpose of great Ceres golden-crown'd;  
 And he, assembly of his people made,  
 Spake of the temple and the chosen ground,  
 And altar on the far-projecting hill,  
 And they attentive heard, obedient to his will :

The task by Celeus' speech assign'd, they chose,  
 And by the power divine the temple grew,  
 Admired, and into perfect order rose—  
 And, toil completed, homeward all withdrew—  
 And there the sheaf-crown'd Ceres sat apart,  
 Far from the blessed gods, deep wounded in her heart.

For her fair bosom'd daughter lost, she grieved,  
 Sad was the year and dire upon the earth  
 By vengeful Ceres made, the seed received  
 She hid—and no return—all, all was dearth.  
 Then many oxen dragg'd their ploughs in vain,  
 And the white barley fell to earth a useless grain.

Man's wretched race on earth thus famine-curst  
 Had died—the gods that in Olympus dwell  
 Had of their richest victims been amerced,  
 But mighty Jove perceived, and ponder'd well,  
 And sent down Iris on her golden wing,  
 Ceres sheaf-crown'd, august, before Heaven's court to bring.

Iris obey'd the cloud-girt Jove, sped down  
 Upon her swift wing, cutting the space between,  
 And straight Eleusis, incense-breathing town,  
 She reach'd, and Ceres saw, celestial Queen,  
 The Goddess in her beauteous temple found,  
 Clad in a sable stole, that reach'd the solemn ground,—

And thus she spake—"Great Jove, that knoweth all,  
 And governs all, Ceres, now bids me bring  
 Thee to the Gods above, nor let there fall  
 Command of Jove an unperformed thing—  
 Haste to the Gods."—Thus Iris spake—besought;  
 Yet was entreaty vain, nor moved the Goddess aught.

Then all the Gods, upon entreaty vain,  
 Each in his turn with promise large he sent,  
 Of privilege supreme, and such domain  
 Among the Gods as might her best content;  
 Yet none prevail'd, not one her heart could reach,  
 For nought regarded she their promise or their speech.

Thus she resolved, never to tread again  
 Fragrant Olympus, ne'er permit to rise  
 The fruits of earth, nor loose th' imprison'd grain,  
 Till her fair daughter meet her longing eyes.  
 The Thunderer heard, and summon'd to his side  
 Him of the golden wand, the herald Argicide,

And bade him to dark Erebus descend,  
 And Pluto with soft soothing words persuade  
 His chaste and gentle Proserpine to send  
 Up to the Gods in light, from realms of shade,  
 That the fond mother's eyes might see once more  
 Her daughter long deplored, and direful wrath be o'er.

Swift Hermes left Olympus at a bound,  
 And far below the depths of earth he hied,  
 And on his couch, within, the King he found,  
 And by him sat his chaste yet mournful bride,  
 Lamenting her lost mother's absence still,  
 Who 'gainst the blessed Gods yet meditated ill.

Argicide, standing near him, boldly spake—  
 "Thou black-hair'd Pluto, Monarch of the dead,  
 Great Jove, my sire, now bids me upward take  
 Thy lovely Proserpine from regions dread  
 Of Erebus that Ceres thy fair bride  
 Once more might see and lay her bitter wrath aside,—

"And reconciliation with th' Immortals seek.  
 For her deep mind resolves, and dire the deed,  
 To doom to death man's race, earth-born and weak,  
 And waste the dues of Gods—hiding the seed  
 Obstructed; whilst at rich Eleusis' shrine  
 Sullen apart she sits, and spurns the choirs divine."

He spake, and Pluto under his stern brows  
 Smiled, nor the will of Jove he disobey'd,  
 But straight address'd fair Proserpine, his spouse  
 Discreet—"Go, seek thy mother, woe-array'd  
 In sable stole—thy gentle mind retain;  
 Go, Proserpine, nor grieve, like one that grieves in vain:

"Go, gentle Proserpine, nor view in me  
 Unseemly spouse: the brother I of Jove.  
 Here shalt thou dwell, here Queen and Mistress be,  
 And govern all, aye all that live and move;  
 And 'midst th' immortal Gods thyself shalt share  
 Th' allotted dues, and claim what best and greatest are;

"And they, the impious, that refuse the rite,  
 Shall pay due penalty, aye all their days,  
 If any there shall be, in thy despite,  
 Regard not sacrificial prayer and praise,  
 Or offerings stint." He spake—The Queen, discreet,  
 Leap'd up with sudden joy delighted from her seat,



He, his spouse softly drawing to his side,  
 Gave her the rare pomegranate seed, that so,  
 Tasting, she might not evermore abide  
 With her wan mother, clad in garb of woe.  
 That ta'en, great Dis his golden chariot sped,  
 And to their wonted yokes his steeds immortal led.

Her seat she took, and Hermes sat beside,  
 Bold Argicide. The lash and rein he seized,  
 And swiftly gallop'd through the portals wide  
 Of Erebus; nor flew the steeds unpleased,  
 O'er the long lines they stretch'd, nor heeded they  
 Or seas, or rivers deep, or vales that cross'd their way.

Nor rivers, seas, nor hills, nor valleys fair,  
 The course of the immortal steeds delay'd;  
 But over all, through the deep brooding air,  
 Their way they cut, till down their speed they staid  
 Fast by the odorous temple. There they stood,  
 Where the crown'd Ceres sat, and grieved in sullen mood.

She saw—upleaping from her seat—and rush'd,  
 Rush'd like a Mœnad through the dusky wood.  
 Then Proserpine . . . . .  
 Of her own mother . . . . .  
 Leap'd down to run . . . . .  
 To her . . . . .

A . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 " My child no more dishon . . . . .  
 Of food . . . . .  
 For so returning, . . . . .  
 Dwell with thy sire and me, by all the Gods revered.

" But if thou aught hast tasted, thou again  
 Must under earth's concealing depths return,  
 And there one-third of the whole year remain,  
 Two-thirds with me and all the Gods sojourn;  
 When earth shall bloom with springtide flowers array'd,  
 Lavish'd in sweetness, thou shalt rise from realms of shade,

" A miracle to wond'ring Gods above  
 And men below—but tell me by what wile,  
 By what deceit, what subtle craft of love,  
 Stern Pluto did my gentle child beguile?"  
 " Listen, dear mother, while the tale I tell,"  
 Fair Proserpine replied, " and learn how it befell.

" Soon as th' ingenious Hermes, herald wise  
 Of the Olympian Gods, and mightiest Jove,  
 Bade me from Erebus once more to rise,  
 That thou, beholding with a mother's love  
 Thy child long lost, shouldst let thine anger die;  
 I rose, I leap'd for joy, to meet a mother's eye.

" But ere I reach'd the chariot, mighty Dis  
 Forced me the sure pomegranate seed to eat;  
 Unwillingly I ate.—But leave we this,  
 And tell how first he seized me, by deceit  
 Of Jove my father seized, and bore away,  
 Under the depths of earth, and far from light of day.

" But hear the tale, nor the plain truth I slight ;  
 We were all sporting in a meadow free,  
 Leucippe, Phœno, and Electra bright,  
 Ianthe, Melete, and Iache,  
 Rœa, Calliroe, Tyche, floweret sweet,  
 Ocyroe, and fair Melobote discreet,

" Crysœis, Ianira, and the fair  
 Acaste, with Adenete, and divine  
 Rodope, Pluto, and Calypso there,  
 Styx and Urania, whose soft features shine,  
 Loved Galaxaure, Pallas, warrior maid,  
 And Dian with her bow—in the soft mead we play'd.

" There gather'd we fresh flowers, the loveliest,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, and deep-cupp'd rose,  
 Marvellous lilies, and narcissus, best  
 Treasure of earth, that on its surface blows.  
 These was I gathering, when earth's black descent  
 Open'd, and Dis rush'd forth wide thundering as it rent.

" He seized me, shrieking loud and wailing sore,  
 And in his chariot flaming bright with gold,  
 To Erebus and his dark mansion bore.  
 All else my mother knows—the tale is told."  
 Thus, all day-long in fond discourse they pass'd ;  
 Oft they embraced, till grief and anger ceased at last.

Whilst thus with mutual bliss their bosoms moved,  
 Came Hecate, (and her richest fillet wore,)  
 For Ceres' pure sweet daughter long she loved,  
 Her minitress, and of her train, before.  
 Then Thunderer Jove, whose eyes all space survey,  
 Sent bright-hair'd Rhœa down, his pleasure to convey.

That Ceres now should take her wonted place  
 Amid the gods, with gift, and recompense,  
 Large as herself might wish, and might efface  
 Her former wrongs—and gave his nod that thence  
 Her daughter, Proserpine, below remain,  
 And of the rolling year, one third with Pluto reign ;

With her fond mother, too, amid the bright  
 Immortal gods—Jove spake, nor spake in vain ;  
 Nor Rhœa disobey'd, but from the height  
 Of Mount Olympus rushing, reach'd the plain  
 Of Rarum, once a fertile soil, now bare,  
 For Ceres hid the grain, nor blade, nor beard was there,

Where soon both blade and ear would wave around  
 In glowing spring, and bursting furrows bear  
 Abundant grain, and thickest sheaves be bound :—  
 Thither she came, down through the fruitless air.  
 Th' immortals met, and joy was in each breast,  
 And Rhœa, fillet-crown'd, thus Ceres first address'd.

" Haste, daughter, haste, th' all-seeing thunderer god,  
 Jove, calls thee heavenward, offers recompense  
 Large as thy soul might choose, and gives his nod  
 That thy sweet daughter Proserpine from hence  
 Shall each succeeding year one-third remain  
 In realms of shade below, and there with Pluto reign,

"And two with thee; for this his head he bow'd—  
 The fiat pass'd—But, daughter, haste, release.  
 (Nor rage with Jove the mightiest, cloud-begirt)  
 The constrain'd earth, and let her fruits increase,  
 That men may live."—Ceres sheaf-crown'd obey'd;  
 And from the loosen'd ground sent forth the rising blade.

Then all the earth with flower and foliage  
 Freshen'd above—And Ceres straight went forth  
 And did to wise Triptolemus, and sage  
 Diocles, and Eumolpus of high worth,  
 And Celeus, leading chief of all, recite  
 Her ministerial forms, and each mysterious rite.

Those awful rites 'twere impious to condemn,  
 Nor uninitiated seek to know;  
 Rites that the gods immortal guard, and hem  
 With reverent silence—blest of men below,  
 The favour'd, who those holy rites may see!  
 Theirs, 'mid the shades of death, eternal jubilee,

And pleasures such as none beside may share.  
 All this enjoin'd, to the Olympian height  
 They fared, and to the gods assembled, where  
 Still solemn and revered in mansions bright  
 They dwell with Jove supreme, flame-hurling Jove,  
 And blest of mortal men whom most they deign to love!

For whom they love—rich gifts on him they pour,  
 And to his home and hearth send Plutus down,  
 Giver and god of wealth;—O ye that o'er  
 Eleusis' fair and incense-breathing town  
 Preside, ye guardian pair of Paros' isle  
 And rocky Antron, deign on me your bard to smile.

Thou goddess Ceres, bounteous and serene,  
 With thy fair daughter loveliest Proserpine,  
 Boon-loving Ceres, the sweet season's queen,  
 Receive this homage, and this song of mine;  
 Grant me a life of peace, the meed of verse,  
 So in my varying strains thy praise will I rehearse.

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## DUMONT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MIRABEAU.\*

"It is a melancholy fact," says Madame de Staël, "that while the human race is continually advancing by the acquisitions of intellect, it is doomed to move perpetually in the same circle of error, from the influence of the passions." If this observation was just, even when this great author wrote, how much more is it now applicable, when a new generation has arisen, perfectly blind to the lessons of experience, and we in this free and prosperous land, have yielded to the same passions, and been seduced by the same delusions, which, three-and-forty years ago, actuated the French people, and have been deemed inexcusable by all subsequent historians, even in its enslaved population!

It would appear inconceivable, that the same errors should thus be repeated by successive nations, without the least regard to the lessons of history; that all the dictates of experience, all the conclusions of wisdom, all the penalties of weakness, should be forgotten, before the generation which has suffered under their neglect is cold in their graves; that the same vices should be repeated, the same criminal ambition indulged, to the end of the world; if we did not recollect that it is the very essence of passion, whether in nations or individuals, to be insensible to the sufferings of others, and to pursue its own headstrong inclinations, regardless alike of the admonitions of reason, and the experience of the world. It would seem that the vehemence of passion in nations, is as little liable to be influenced by considerations of prudence, or the slightest regard to the consequences, as the career of intemperance in individuals; and that in like manner, as every successive age beholds multitudes who, in the pursuit of desire, rush headlong down the gulf of perdition, so every successive generation is doomed to witness the sacrifice of national prosperity, or the extinction of national exist-

ence, in the insane pursuit of democratic ambition. Providence has appointed certain trials for nations as well as individuals; and for those who, disregarding the admonitions of virtue, and slighting the dictates of duty, yield to the tempter, certain destruction is appointed in the inevitable consequences of their criminal desires, not less in the government of empires, than the paths of private life.

Forty years ago, the passion for innovation seized a great and powerful nation in Europe, illustrious in the paths of honour, grown grey in years of renown: the voice of religion was discarded, the lessons of experience rejected: visionary projects were entertained, chimerical anticipations indulged: the ancient institutions of the country were not amended, but destroyed: a new constitution introduced, amidst the unanimous applause of the people: the monarch placed himself at the head of the movement, the nobles joined the commons, the clergy united in the work of reform: all classes, by common consent, conspired in the demolition and reconstruction of the constitution. A new era was thought to have dawned on human affairs; the age of gold to be about to return from the regeneration of mankind.

The consequence, as all the world knows, was ruin, devastation, and misery, unparalleled in modern times: the king, the queen, the royal family were beheaded, the nobles exiled or guillotined, the clergy confiscated and banished, the fundholders starved and ruined, the merchants exterminated, the landholders beggared, the people decimated. The wrath of Heaven needed no destroying angel to be the minister of its vengeance: the guilty passions of men worked out their own and well-deserved punishment. The fierce passion of democracy was extinguished in blood: the Reign of Terror froze every heart with horror: the tyranny of the Directory destroyed

\* *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau, et sur les Premières Assemblées Législatives.* Par Etienne Dumont, de Genève. 8vo. London: E. Bull. 1832.—We have translated the quotations ourselves, not having seen the English version.

the very name of freedom : the ambition of Napoleon visited every cottage with mourning, and doomed to tears every mother in France ; and the sycophancy of all classes, the natural result of former license, so paved the way for military despotism, that the haughty Emperor could only exclaim with Tiberius—" O homines ad servitutem parati ! "

Forty years after, the same unruly and reckless spirit seized the very nation who had witnessed these horrors, and bravely struggled for twenty years to avert them from her own shores : the passion of democracy became general in all the manufacturing and trading classes : a large portion of the nobility were deluded by the infatuated idea, that by yielding to the torrent, they could regulate its movements : the ministers of the Crown put themselves at the head of the movement, and wielded the royal prerogative to give force and consistence to the ambition of the multitude : political fanaticism again reared its hydra head : the ministers of religion became the objects of odium ; every thing sacred, every thing venerable, the subject of opprobrium, and, by yielding to this tempest of passion and terror, enlightened men seriously anticipated, not a repetition of the horrors of the French Revolution, but the staying of the fury of democracy, the stilling of the waves of faction, the calming the ambition of the people.

That a delusion so extraordinary, a blindness so infatuated, should have existed so soon after the great and bloody drama had been acted on the theatre of Europe, will appear altogether incredible to future ages. It is certain, however, that it exists, not only among the unthinking millions, who, being incapable of judging of the consequences of political changes, are of no weight in a philosophical view of the subject, but among thinking thousands who are capable of forming a correct judgment, and whose opinions on other subjects are highly worthy of consideration. This is the circumstance which furnishes the real phenomenon, and into the causes of which future ages will anxiously enquire.

It is no more surprising that a new generation of shopkeepers, manufacturers, and artisans, should be devoured by the passion for political power, without any regard to its recent consequences in the neighbouring kingdom, than that youth, in every successive generation, should yield to the seductions of pleasure, or the allurements of vice, without ever thinking of the miseries it has brought upon their fathers, and the old time before them. But how men of sense, talent, and information ; men who really have a stake in the country, and would themselves be the first victims of revolution, should be carried away by the same infatuation, cannot be so easily explained ; and if it cannot be accounted for from some accidental circumstances, offers the most gloomy prospects for the cause of truth, and the future destinies of mankind.

" The direction of literature and philosophy in France, during the last half of the 18th century," says Madame de Staël, " was extremely bad ; but, if I may be allowed the expression, the direction of ignorance has been still worse ; for no one book can do much mischief to those who read all. If the idlers in the world, on the other hand, occupy themselves by reading a few moments, the work which they read makes as great an impression on them, as the arrival of a stranger in the desert ; and if that work abounds in sophisms, they have no opposite arguments to oppose to it. The discovery of printing is truly fatal to those who read only by halves or chances ; for knowledge, like the Lance of Argail, inflicts wounds which nothing but itself can heal."\* In this observation is to be found the true solution of the extraordinary political delusions which now overspread the world ; and it is much easier to discern the causes of the calamity, than perceive what remedy can be devised for it.

If you could give to all who can read the newspapers, either intellect to understand, or taste to relish, or money to buy, or time to read, works of historical information, or philosophical wisdom, there might

be a reasonable hope that error in the end would be banished from thought, and that political knowledge, like the Thames water in the course of a long voyage, would work itself pure. But as it is obvious to every one practically acquainted with the condition of mankind, that ninety-nine out of the hundred who peruse the daily press, are either totally incapable of forming a sound opinion on any subject of thought, or so influenced by prejudice as to be inaccessible to the force of reason, or so much swayed by passion as to be deaf to argument, or so destitute of information as to be insensible to its force, it is hardly possible to discern any mode in which, with a daily press extensively read, and political excitement kept up, as it always will be by its authors, either truth is to become generally known, or error sufficiently combated. Every one, how slender soever his intellect, how slight his information, how limited his time for study, can understand and feel gratified by abuse of his superiors. The common slang declamation against the aristocrats, the clergy, and the throne, in France, and against the boroughmongers, the bishops, and the peers, in England, is on the level of the meanest capacity; and is calculated to seduce all those who are "either," in Bacon's words, "weak in judgment, or infirm in resolution; that is, the greater proportion of mankind."

It is this circumstance of the universal diffusion of passion, and the extremely limited extent of such intellect or information as qualifies to judge on political subjects, which renders the future prospects of any nation, which has got itself involved in the whirlwind of innovation, so extremely melancholy. Every change which is proposed holds out some *immediate* or apparent benefit, which forms the attraction and inducement to the multitude. Every one can see and understand this *immediate* or imaginary benefit; and therefore the change is clamorously demanded by the people. To discern the *ultimate* effects again, to see how these changes are to operate on the frame of society, and the misery they are calculated to bring on the very per-

sons who demand them, requires a head of more than ordinary strength, and knowledge of more than ordinary extent. Nature has not given the one, education can never give the other, to above one in an hundred. Hence the poison circulates universally, while the antidote is confined to a few; and therefore, in such periods, the most extravagant measures are forced upon government, and a total disregard of experience characterises the national councils.

It is to this cause that the extremely short duration of any institutions, which have been framed under the pressure of democratic influence, is to be ascribed, and the rapidity with which they are terminated by the tranquil despotism of the sword. Rome, in two generations, ran through the horrors of democratic convulsions, until they were stopped by the sword of the Dictator. France, since the reform transports of 1789 began, has had *thirteen* different constitutions; none of which subsisted two years, except such as were supported by the power of Napoleon and the bayonets of the allies. England, in five years after the people ran mad in 1642, was quietly sheltered under the despotism of Cromwell; and the convulsions of the republic of South America have been so numerous since their struggles began, that civilized nations have ceased to count them.

Historians recording events at a distance from the period of their occurrence, and ignorant of the experienced evils which led to their adoption, have often indulged in eloquent declamation against the corruption and debasement of those nations, such as Florence, Milan, Sienna, and Denmark, which have by common consent, and a solemn act, surrendered their liberties to a sovereign prince. There is nothing, however, either extraordinary or debasing about it; they surrendered their privileges, because they had never known what real freedom was; they invoked the tranquillity of despotism, to avoid the experienced ills of anarchy; they chose the lesser, to avoid the greater evil. Democracy, admirable as a spring, and when duly tempered by the other elements

of society, is utterly destructive where it becomes predominant, or is deprived of its regulating weight. The evils it produces are so excessive, the suffering it occasions so dreadful, that society cannot exist under them, and the people take refuge in despair, in the surrender of all they have been contending for, to obtain that peace which they have sought for in vain amidst its stormy convulsions. The horrors of democratic tyranny greatly exceed those either of regal or aristocratic oppression. History contains numerous examples of nations, who have lingered on for centuries, under the bowstring of the sultan, or the fetters of the feudal nobility; but none in which democratic violence, when once fairly let loose, has not speedily brought about its own extirpation.

But although there is little hope that the multitude, when once infected by the deadly contagion of democracy, can right themselves, or be righted by others, by the utmost efforts of reason, argument, or eloquence, nature has in reserve one remedy of sovereign and universal efficacy, which is as universally understood, and as quick in its operation, as the poison which rendered its application necessary. This is SUFFERING. Every man cannot, indeed, understand political reasoning; but every man can feel the want of a meal. The multitude may be insensible to the efforts of reason and eloquence; but they cannot remain deaf to the dangers of murder and conflagration. These, the natural and unvarying attendants on democratic ascendancy, will as certainly in the end tame the fierce spirits of the people, as winter will succeed summer; but whether they will do so in time to preserve the national freedom, or uphold the national fortunes, is a very different, and far more doubtful, question. It is seldom that the illumination of suffering comes in time to save the people from the despotism of the sword.

It is in this particular that the superior strength and efficiency of free constitutions, such as Britain, in resisting the fatal encroachments of democracy, to any possessed by a despotic government, is to be found.

The habits of union, intelligence, and political exertion, which they have developed, have given to the higher and more influential classes such a power of combining to resist the danger, that obstacles are thrown in the way of change, which retard the fatal rapidity of its course. Discussion goes on in the legislature; talent is enlisted on the side of truth; honour and patriotism are found in the post of danger; virtue receives its noblest attribute in the universal calumnies of wickedness. These generous efforts, indeed, are totally unavailing to alter the opinion of the many-headed monster which has started into political activity; but they combine the brave, the enlightened, and the good, into an united phalanx, which, if it cannot singly resist the torrent, may, at least, arrest its fury, till the powers of nature come to its aid. These powers do come at last with desperate and resistless effect, in the universal suffering, the far-spread agony, the hopeless depression of the poor; but the danger is imminent, that before the change takes place the work of destruction has been completed, and the national liberties, deprived of the ark of the constitution, are doomed to perish under the futile attempts to reconstruct it.

There never was a mistake so deplorable, as to imagine that it is possible to give to any nation at once a new constitution; or to preserve the slightest guarantee for freedom, under institutions created at once by the utmost efforts of human wisdom. It is as impossible at once to give a durable constitution to a nation, as it is to give a healthful frame to an individual, without going through the previous changes of childhood and youth. "Governments," says Sir James Mackintosh, "are not framed after a model, but all their parts grow out of occasional acts, prompted by some urgent expedience, or some private interest, which in the course of time coalesce and harden into usage; and this bundle of usages is the object of respect, and the guide of conduct, long before it is embodied, defined, or enforced in written laws. Government may be, in some degree, reduced to system, but it cannot flow from it. It is not like a machine, or a building, which may

be constructed entirely, and according to a previous plan, by the art and labour of man. It is better illustrated by comparison with vegetables, or even animals, which may be, in a very high degree, improved by skill and care—which may be grievously injured by neglect, or destroyed by violence, but which cannot be produced by human contrivance. A government can, indeed, be no more than a mere draught or scheme of rule, when it is not composed of habits of obedience on the part of the people, and of an habitual exercise of certain portions of authority by the individuals or bodies who constitute the sovereign power. These habits, like all others, can only be formed by repeated acts; they cannot be suddenly infused by the lawgiver, nor can they immediately follow the most perfect conviction of their propriety. Many causes having more power over the human mind than written law, it is extremely difficult, from the mere perusal of a written scheme of government, to foretell what it will prove in action. There may be governments so bad that it is justifiable to destroy them, and to trust to the probability that a better government will grow in their stead. But as the rise of a worse is also possible, *so terrible a peril is never to be incurred except in the case of a tyranny which it is impossible to reform.* It may be necessary to burn a forest containing much useful timber, but giving shelter to beasts of prey, who are formidable to an infant colony in its neighbourhood, and of too vast an extent to be gradually and safely thinned by their inadequate labour. It is fit, however, that they should be apprised, before they take an irreparable step, how little it is possible to foresee, whether the earth, stripped of its vegetation, shall become an unprofitable desert or a pestilential marsh.”\*

The great cause, therefore, of the devastating march of revolutions, and the total subversion which they in general effect in the liberties of the people, is the fundamental changes in laws and institutions which they effect. As long as these remain untouched, or not altered in any considerable degree, any passing despo-

tism, how grievous soever, is only of temporary effect; and when the tyranny is overpast, the public freedom again runs into its wonted and consuetudinary channels. Thus the successive tyrannies of Richard the Third, Henry the Eighth, and James the Second, produced no fatal effects on English freedom, because they subsisted only during the lifetime of an arbitrary or capricious sovereign; and, upon his death, the ancient privileges of the people revived, and the liberties of the nation again were as extensive as ever.

The great rebellion hardly partook at all, at least in its early stages, of a democratic movement. Its leaders were the House of Commons, who possessed four-fifths of the landed property of the kingdom, and were proprietors of three times as much territory as the Upper House; hence no considerable changes in laws, institutions, or customs, took place. “The courts of law,” says Lingard, “still administered law on the old precedents, and, with the exception of a change of the dynasty on the throne, the people perceived little change in the administration of government.”† Power was not, during the course of the Revolution, transferred into other and inferior hands, from whence it never can be wrenched but at the sword’s point; it remained in the House of Commons, the legal representatives of the kingdom, till it was taken from them by the hand of Cromwell. The true democratic spirit appeared at the close of the struggles in the Fifth Monarchy men, but their numbers were too inconsiderable to acquire any preponderance before the usurpation of Cromwell, that daring soldier. Accordingly, on the Restoration, the first thing that government did, was to issue writs for all persons to return members to Parliament who were qualified prior to 1640; and after an abeyance of twenty years, the blood of the constitution was again poured into its ancient veins. The Revolution of 1688, as it is called, was not strictly speaking a revolution; it was merely a change of dynasty, accompanied by an unanimous effort of the public will, and unattended by the least change in

\* Mackintosh's History of England, i. 73.

† Lingard, xi. 11, 12.



the aristocratic influence, or the balance of powers in the state.

The wisdom of our ancestors is a foolish phrase, which does not convey the meaning which it is intended to express. When it is said that institutions formed by the wisdom of former ages should not be changed, it is not meant that our ancestors were gifted with any extraordinary sagacity, but that the customs which they adopted were the result of experienced utility and known necessity; and that the collection of usages, called the constitution, is more perfect than any human wisdom could at once have framed, because it has arisen out of social wants, and been adapted to the exigencies of actual practice, during a long course of ages. To demolish and reconstruct such a constitution, to remove power from the hands in which it was formerly vested, and throw it into channels where it never was accustomed to flow, is an evil incomparably greater, an experiment infinitely more hazardous, than the total subversion of the liberties of the people by an ambitious monarch or a military usurper, because it not only destroys the balance of power at the moment, but renders it impossible for the nation to right itself at the close of the tyranny, and raises up a host of separate revolutionary interests, vested at the moment with supreme authority, and dependent for their existence upon the continuance of the revolutionary regime. It is to government what a total change of landed property is to the body politic; a wound which, as Ireland sufficiently proves, a nation can never recover.

As the Reform Bill proposes to throw the whole political power in the State into new and inexperienced hands, the change thereby contemplated is incomparably greater and more perilous, than the most complete prostration of the liberties, either of the people or the aristocracy, by a passing tyranny. It is the creation of new and formidable revolutionary interests which will never expire; the vesting of power in hands jealous of its possession, in proportion to the novelty of its acquisition, and their own unfitness to wield it, which is the inseparable evil. Such a calamity is inflicted as effectually by the tranquil and pacific

formation of a new constitution, as by the most terrible civil wars, or the severest military oppression. The liberties of England survived the wars of the Roses, the fury of the Covenant, and the tyranny of Henry VIII.; but those of France were at once destroyed by the insane innovations of the Constituent Assembly. And this destruction took place without any bloodshed or opposition, under the auspices of a reforming king, a conceding nobility, and an intoxicated people, by the mere votes of the States-General.

The example of France is so extremely and exactly applicable to our changes—the pacific and applauded march of its innovations was so precisely similar to that which has so long been pressed upon the Legislature in this country, that it is not surprising that it should be an extremely sore subject with the Reformers, and that they should endeavour, by every method of ingenuity, misrepresentation, and concealment, to withdraw the public attention from so damning a precedent. It is fortunate, therefore, for the cause of truth, that at this juncture a work has appeared, flowing from the least suspicious quarter, which at once puts this matter on the right footing, and demonstrates that it was not undue delay, but over rapidity of concession, which brought about its unexampled horrors.

M. Dumont, whose "*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*" is prefixed to this article, was the early and faithful friend of that extraordinary man. He wrote a great proportion of his speeches, and composed almost entirely the *Courier de Provence*, a journal published in the name of Mirabeau, and to which a great part of his political celebrity was owing. The celebrated declaration on the Rights of Man, published by the Constituent Assembly, was in great part composed by him. He was the intimate friend of Brissot, Garat, Roland, Vergniaud, Talleyrand, and all the leaders of the popular party, and his opinion was deemed of so much importance, that he was frequently consulted by the Ministers as to the choice of persons to fill the highest situations. In this country he was the intimate and valued friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr Whitbread, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, and all the party at

Holland House. Latterly, he was chiefly occupied in arranging, composing, and putting into order the multifarious effusions of Mr Bentham's genius; and from his pen almost all the productions of that great and original man have flowed. Half the fame of Mirabeau, and more than half that of Bentham, rest on his labours. He was no common person who was selected to be the coadjutor of two such men, and rendered the vehicle of communicating their varied and original thoughts to the world.

Before quoting the highly interesting observations of this able and impartial observer on the French Constituent Assembly, and comparing them with the progress of Reform in this country, we shall recall to our reader's recollection the dates of the leading measures of that celebrated body, as, without having them in view, the importance of M. Dumont's observations cannot be duly appreciated. Such a survey will at the same time bring to the test the accuracy of Mr Macauley's and Sir John Hobhouse's assertion, that it was not the concession, but the resistance, of the privileged orders, which precipitated the fatal cataract of their revolution. The abstract is abridged from Mignet, the ablest historian on the republican side of which France can boast, and Lacretelle, the well-known annalist of its events.

In Aug. 1788, Louis, in obedience to the wishes of the nation, agreed to assemble the States-General, which had not met in France since 1614.

In Sept. 1789, the King, by the advice of Neckar, by a royal ordinance, doubled the number of the representatives of the Tiers Etat; in other words, he doubled the House of Commons of France,\* while those of the clergy and nobles were left at their former amount.

The elections in April 1789 were conducted with the utmost favour to the popular party. No scrutiny of those entitled to vote took place; after the few first days, every person decently dressed was allowed to vote, without asking any questions.†

When the States-General met in May 6, 1789, the King and his minister Neckar were received with cold and dignified courtesy by the nobles and clergy, but rapturous applause by the Tiers Etat, who saw in them the authors of the prodigious addition which the number and consequence of their order had received.‡

May 9. No sooner had the States-General proceeded to business, than the Tiers Etat demanded that the nobles and clergy should *sit and vote with them in one chamber*; a proceeding unexampled in French history, and which it was foreseen would give them the complete ascendancy, by reason of their numerical superiority to those of both the other orders united.§

May 10 to June 9. The nobles and clergy resisted for a short while this prodigious innovation, and insisted that, after the manner of all the States-General which had assembled in France from the foundation of the monarchy, the orders should sit and vote by separate chambers; and that this was more especially indispensable since the recent duplication of the Tiers Etat had given that body a numerical superiority over the two other orders taken together.||

June 17. The Tiers Etat declared themselves the National Assembly of France, a designation, says Dumont, which indicated their intention to usurp the whole sovereignty of the State.

June 21. The King, terrified at the thoughts of a collision with the Commons, and thinking to put himself at the head of the movement, first persuaded, and at length, through the medium of Marshal Luxembourg, commanded the nobles to yield to this demand of the Tiers Etat.¶

The nobles and clergy gradually yielded. On the 19th June 1789, one hundred and forty-seven of the clergy joined the Tiers Etat, and on the 25th, the Duke of Orleans, with forty-seven of the nobles, also deserted their order, and adhered to the opposite party. The remainder finding their numbers so seriously weakened, and urged on by their

Mignet, i. 25.  
Ibid, i. 57.

† Dumont.  
¶ Lacretelle, Pr.

‡ Mignet, i. 30.  
Hist. p. 3.

§ Mignet, i. 37.

Reforming Sovereign, also joined the Tiers Etat, and sat with them in one assembly on 27th June.\* "On that day (says Dumont) the Revolution was completed."

On the 23d June 1789, the King held a solemn meeting of the whole estates in one assembly, and while he declared the former proceedings of the Tiers Etat unconstitutional, granted such immense concessions to the people, as never, says Mirabeau, were before granted by a king to his subjects. All the objects of the Revolution, says Mignet, were gained by that royal ordinance.†

July 13. The King ordered the troops, who had been assembled in the vicinity of the capital, to be withdrawn, and sanctioned the establishment of National Guards.‡

July 14. The Bastille taken, and all Paris in an insurrection.

July 16. The King appointed Lafayette commander of the National Guard, and Bailly, the president of the Assembly, mayor of Paris.

July 17. The King visited Paris in the midst of a mob of 200,000 revolutionary democrats.

Aug. 4. The whole feudal rights, including tithes, abandoned in one night by the nobility, on the motion of the Duke de Npailles.

Aug. 13. Decree of the Assembly declaring all ecclesiastical estates national property.

Aug. 20. The Declaration of the Rights of Man issued.

Aug. 23. Freedom of religious opinions proclaimed.

Aug. 24. The unlimited freedom of the press established.

Aug. 25. Dreadful disturbances in Paris on account of famine.

Sept. 13. A new decree on account of the extreme suffering at Paris.

Oct. 5. Versailles invaded by a clamorous mob. The King and Queen nearly murdered, and brought captives by a furious mob to Paris.

Nov. 2. Decree passed, on the motion of the Bishop of Autun, for the confiscation and disposal of all ecclesiastical property.

Feb. 24, 1790. Titles of honour abolished.

Feb. 26. New division of the king-

dom into departments; and all appointments, civil and military, vested in the people.

March 17. Sale of 400 millions of the national domains authorized, and assignats, bearing a forced circulation, issued, to supply the immense deficiency of the revenue.§

It is unnecessary to go farther. Here it appears, that within *two months* of the meeting of the States-General, the union of the orders in one chamber, in other words, the annihilation of the House of Peers, was effected, the feudal rights abolished, and the entire sovereignty vested in the National Assembly. In *three months*, the church property was confiscated, the Rights of Man published, titles annihilated, and the unlimited freedom of the press proclaimed. In *five months*, the King and royal family were brought prisoners to Paris. In *six months*, the distress naturally consequent on these convulsions had attracted the constant attention of the Assembly, and spread the utmost misery among the people; and in *ten months*, the total failure of the revenue had rendered the sale of church property, and the issuing of assignats bearing a forced circulation, necessary, which it is well known soon swallowed up property of every description throughout France. We do not know what the reformers consider as *tardy* concessions of the nobility and throne; but when it is recollected that all these proceedings were agreed to by the King, and passed by the legislature at the dates here specified, it is conceived that a more *rapid* revolutionary progress could hardly be wished for by the most ardent reformer.

The authority of Madame de Stael was appealed to in the House of Commons, as illustrative of the vain attempts of a portion of the aristocracy to stem the torrent. Let us hear the opinion of the same great writer, as to who it was that *put it in motion*. "No revolution," she observes, "can succeed in a great country, *unless it is commenced by the aristocratical class*. The people afterwards get possession of it, but they cannot strike

\* Lacroix, Pr. Hist. i. 42.

† Ibid. i. 43.

‡ Ibid. i. 3.

§ See Ibid. Pr. Hist. p. 1—9, Introduction.

the first blow. When I recollect that it was *the parliaments, the nobles, and the clergy of France*, who first strove to limit the royal authority, I am far from insinuating that their design in so doing was culpable. A sincere enthusiasm then animated all ranks of Frenchmen—public spirit had spread universally; and among the higher classes, the most enlightened and generous were those who ardently desired that public opinion should have its due sway in the direction of affairs. But *can the privileged ranks, who commenced the Revolution*, accuse those who only carried it on? Some will say, we wished only that the changes should proceed a certain length; others, that they should go a step farther; but *who can regulate the impulse of a great people when once put in motion?*\* These are the words of sober wisdom, and coming, as they do, from the gifted daughter of M. Neckar, who had so large a share, by the duplication of the Tiers Etat, in the raising of the tempest, and who was so devoted a worshipper of her father's memory, none were ever uttered worthy of more profound meditation.

This is the true principle on the subject. The aid of the Crown, or of a portion of the aristocracy, is indispensable to put the torrent of democracy in motion. After it is fairly set agoing, all their efforts are unavailing to restrain its course. This is what we have all along maintained. Unless the French nobility had headed the mob in demanding the States-General, matters could never have been brought to a crisis. After they had roused the public feeling, they found, by dear-bought experience, that they were altogether unable to restrain its fury. In this country, the revolutionary party could have done nothing, had they not been supported in their projects of reform by the ministers of the Crown and the Whig nobility. Having been so, we shall see whether they will be better able than their compeers on the other side of the Channel to master the tempest they have raised.

It has been already stated, that a

large portion of the nobility supported the pretensions of the Tiers Etat. Dumont gives the following picture of the reforming nobles, and of the extravagant expectations of the different classes who supported their favourite innovations.

"The house of the Duke de Rochefoucauld, distinguished by its simplicity, the purity of its manners, and the independence of its principles, assembled all those members of the nobility who supported the people, the double representation of the Tiers Etat, the vote *per capita*, the abandonment of all privileges, and the like. Condorcet, Dupont, Lafayette, the Duke de Liancourt, were the chief persons of that society. Their ruling passion was to create for France a new constitution. Such of the nobility and princes as wished to preserve the ancient constitution of the States-General, formed the aristocratic party against which the public indignation was so general; but although much noise was made about them, their numbers were inconsiderable. The bulk of the nation saw only in the States-General the means of diminishing the taxes; the fundholders, so often exposed to the consequences of a violation of public faith, considered them as an invincible rampart against national bankruptcy. The deficit had made them tremble. They were on the point of ruin; and they embraced with warmth the hope of giving to the revenues of the state a secure foundation. These ideas were utterly inconsistent with each other. The nobility had in their bosom a democratic as well as an aristocratic party. The clergy were divided in the same manner, and so were the commons. No words can convey an idea of the confusion of ideas, the extravagant expectations, the hopes and passions of all parties. You would imagine the world was on the day after the creation."—Pp. 37, 38.

We have seen that the clergy, by their joining the Tiers Etat, first gave them a decided superiority over the other orders, and vested in their hands omnipotent power, by compelling the nobles to sit and vote with them in an assembly where they were numerically inferior to the popular party. The return they met with in a few months was, a decree confiscating all their property to the service of the state. With bitter and unavailing anguish did they then look

\* *Revolution Française*, l. 125.

back to their insane conduct in so strongly fanning a flame of which they were soon to be the victims. Dumont gives the following striking account of the feelings of one of their reforming bishops when the tempest they had raised reached their own doors.

"The Bishop of Chartres was one of the Bishops who were attached to the popular party; that is to say, he was a supporter of the union of the orders, the vote by head, and the new constitution. He was by no means a man of a political turn, nor of any depth of understanding; but he had so much candour and good faith that he distrusted no one; he never imagined that the Tiers Etat could have any other design but to reform the existing abuses, and do the good which appeared so easy a matter to all the world. A stranger to every species of intrigue, sincere in his intentions, he followed no other guide than his conscience, and what he sincerely believed to be for the public good. His religion was like his politics, he was benevolent, tolerant, and sincerely rejoiced to see the Protestants exempted from every species of constraint. He was well aware that the clergy would be called on to make great sacrifices; but never anticipated that he was destined to be the victim of the Revolution. I saw him at the time when the whole goods of the church were declared national property, with tears in his eyes, dismissing his old domestics, reducing his hospitable mansion, selling his most precious effects to discharge his debts. He found some relief by pouring his sorrow into my bosom. His regrets were not for himself, but he incessantly accused himself for having suffered himself to be deceived, and embraced the party of the Tiers Etat, which violated, when triumphant, all the engagements which it had made when in a state of weakness. How grievous it must have been to a man of good principles to have contributed to the success of so unjust a party! Yet never man had less reason, morally speaking, to reproach himself."—*l'p.* 66-67.

This spoliation of the clergy has already commenced in this country, even before the great democratic measure of Reform is carried. As usual also, the supporters of the popular party are likely to be its first victims. We all recollect the decided part which Lord Milton took in supporting the Reform Bill, and the long and obstinate conflict he maintained with Mr Cartwright, and the

Conservative party in Northamptonshire, at the last election. Well, he gained his point, and he is now beginning to taste its fruits. Let us hear the proclamation which he has lately placarded over all his extensive estates in the county of Wicklow—

"Grosvenor Place, March 10.

"I was in hopes that the inhabitants of our part of the country had too deep sense of the importance of respecting the rights of property, and of obeying the laws, to permit them to contemplate what I can call by no other name *than a scheme of spoliation and robbery*. It seems that the occupier proposes to withhold payment of tithe, &c.; but let me ask, what is it that entitles the occupier himself to the land which he occupies? Is it not the law which sanctions the lease by which he holds it? The law gives him a right to the cattle which he rears on his land, to the plough with which he cultivates it, and to the car in which he carries his produce to the market; the law also gives him his right to nine-tenths of the produce of his land, but the same law assigns the other tenth to another person. In this distribution of the produce of the land, there is no injustice, because the tenant was perfectly aware of it when he entered upon his land; but in any forcible change of this distribution there would be great injustice, because *it would be a transfer of property from one person to another without an equivalent—in other words, it would be a robbery*. The occupier must also remember that the rent he pays to the landlord is calculated upon the principle of his receiving only nine-tenths of the produce—if he were entitled to the other tenth, the rent which we should call upon him to pay would be proportionably higher. All our land is valued to the tenants upon this principle; but if tithes, &c. are swept away without an equivalent, we shall adopt a different principle, and the landlord, not the tenant, will be the gainer.

"MILTON."

There can be no doubt that the principles here laid down by Lord Milton are well founded; but did it never occur to his lordship that they are somewhat inconsistent with those of the Reform Bill? If the principle be correct, "that the transfer of property from one person to another without an equivalent is robbery," what are we to say of the disfranchising the electors of 148 seats in Parliament, and the destruction of

property worth £2,500,000, now vested in the Scotch freeholders? Lords Eldon and Tenterden, it is to be recollected, have declared that these rights "are a property as well as a trust."\* They stand therefore on the same foundation as Lord Fitzwilliam's right to his Irish tithes. No more injustice is done by confiscating the one than the other. But this is just an instance how clear-sighted men are to the "robbery" of revolutionary measures when they approach their own door, and how extremely blind when it touches upon the freeholds of others. Lord Milton was a keen supporter of schedule A, and disregarded the exclamations against "robbery and spoliation," which were so loudly made by the able and intrepid Conservative band in the House of Commons. Did his lordship ever imagine that the system of spoliation was to stop short at the freehold corporations, or the boroughs of Tory Peers? He will learn to his cost that the radicals can find as good plunder in the estates of the Whig as the Conservative nobility. But when the day of reckoning comes, he cannot plead the excuse of the honest and benevolent Bishop of Chartres. He was well forewarned of the consequences; the example of France was before his eyes, and it was clearly pointed out to his attention; but he obstinately rushed forward in the insane career of innovation, which, almost under his own eyes, had swallowed up all the reforming nobility and clergy of that unhappy kingdom.

The vast importance of *words* in revolutionary convulsions, of which Napoleon was so well aware when he said that "it was by epithets that you govern mankind," appears in the account given by this able and impartial writer on the designation which the *Tiers Etat* chose for themselves before their union with the other orders.

"The people of Versailles openly insulted in the streets and at the gates of the Assembly those whom they called *Aristocrats*. The power of that word became magical, as is always the case with

party epithets. What astonishes me is, that there was no contrary denomination fixed on by the opposite party. They were called *the Nation*. The effects of these two words, when constantly opposed to each other, may readily be conceived.

"Though the Commons had already become sensible of their power, there were many opinions on the way in which it should be exerted, and the name to be given to the Assembly. They had not as yet all the audacity which they have since evinced; but the men who looked into futurity clearly saw that this determination would have been of the most important consequences. To declare themselves the National Assembly was to count for nothing the king, the noblesse, and the clergy; it was equivalent to a declaration of civil war, if the government had had sufficient vigour to make any resistance. To declare themselves the Assembly of the Commons, was to express what undoubtedly was the fact, but what would not have answered the purpose of compelling the clergy and nobles to join them. Many denominations were proposed which were neither the one nor the other of these; for every one as yet was desirous to conceal his ultimate pretensions; and even Sieyès, who rejected every thing which tended to preserve the distinction of orders, did not venture to table the expression, National Assembly. It was hazarded for the first time by a deputy named Le Grand; there was an immediate call for the vote, and it was carried by a majority of 500 to 80 voices."—Pp. 73-74.

This is the never-failing device of the democratic party in all ages. Trusting to the majority of mere numbers on their side, they invariably represent themselves as the whole nation, and the friends of the constitution as a mere fragment, utterly unworthy of consideration or regard. "Who are the *Tiers Etat*?" said the Abbé Sieyès. "They are the French nation, *minus* 150,000 privileged individuals."—"Who are the Reformers?" says the Times. "They are 24,000,000 of men, *minus* 200 boroughmongers." By such false sweeping assertions as these, are men's eyes blinded not only to what is honourable, but to what is safe and practicable. By this single device of calling the usurping Com-

\* In debate on Reform Bill, Oct. 8, 1831.

mons the National Assembly, the friends of order were deterred from entering into a struggle with what was called, and therefore esteemed, the national will; and many opportunities of stemming the torrent, which, as Dumont shews, afterwards arose, irrecoverably neglected.

This matter is worthy of the serious consideration of the Conservative leaders in this country. We frequently hear it said that "the people" are for Reform, and therefore it is in vain to strive against them. The fact is not so; and the expression should never be used by any one who is a friend to his country. Say, if you please, that the whigs are for Reform; that the radicals are for Reform; that the reformers are for Reform; but do not let the sacred word, "the people," be prostituted to the mere purposes of a faction, or the revolutionists be permitted to keep out of view the vast and powerful party who support constitutional principles by the mere device of calling themselves the nation. The opinion of Napoleon is never to be forgotten, that it is by nicknames and epithets that mankind are governed. It is of the highest importance, therefore, to adopt and permanently affix to the revolutionary party some epithet which shall at once distinctly shew that they are *not* the nation, but only a part of the nation, and in what light the other part regard their extravagant proceedings.

Of the fatal weakness which attended the famous sitting of the 23d June, 1789, when Louis made such prodigious concessions to his subjects, without taking at the same time any steps to make the royal authority respected, the opinion of Dumont is as follows:—

"Neckar had intended by these concessions to put democracy into the royal hands; but they had the effect of putting the aristocracy under the despotism of the people. We must not consider that royal sitting in itself alone. Viewed in this light, it contained the most extensive concessions that ever monarch made to his people. They would, at any other time, have excited the most lively gratitude. Is a prince powerful? Every thing that he gives is a gift, every thing that he does not resume is a favour. Is he weak? every thing that he concedes is considered

as a debt; every thing that he refuses, as an act of injustice.

"The Commons had now set their heart upon being the National Assembly. Every thing which did not amount to that was nothing in their estimation. But to hold a Bed of Justice, annul the decrees of the Commons, make a great noise without having even foreseen any resistance, or taken a single precaution for the morrow, without having taken any steps to prepare a party in the Assembly, was an act of madness, and from it may be dated the ruin of the monarchy. Nothing can be more dangerous than to drive a weak prince to acts of vigour which he is unable to sustain; for when he has exhausted the terrors of words he has no other resource; the authority of the throne has been lowered, and the people have discovered the secret of their monarch's weakness."—P. 87.

The Reformers in this country say, that these immense concessions of Louis failed in their effect of calming the popular effervescence, because they came *too late*. It is difficult to say what they call *soon enough*, when it is recollected that these concessions were made *before the deputies had even verified their powers*; before a single decree of the Assembly had passed, at the very opening of their sittings; and when all their proceedings up to that hour had been an illegal attempt to centre in themselves all the powers of government. But, in truth, what rendered that solitary act of vigour so disastrous was, that it was totally unsupported; that no measures were simultaneously taken to make the royal authority respected; that the throne was worsted from its own want of foresight in the very first contest with the Commons, and, consequently, unbounded encouragement was afforded to their future democratic ambition.

The National Assembly, like every other body which commits itself to the gale of popular applause, experienced the utmost disquietude at the thoughts of punishing any of the excesses of their popular supporters. How exactly is the following description applicable to all times and nations!

"The disorders which were prolonged in the provinces, the massacres which stained the streets of Paris, induced many estimable persons to propose an address of the Assembly, condemnatory of such

proceedings, to the people. The Assembly, however, was so apprehensive of offending the multitude, that they regarded as a snare every motion tending to repress the disorders, or censure the popular excesses. Secret distrust and disquietude was at the bottom of every heart. They had triumphed by means of the people, and they could not venture to shew themselves severe towards them; on the contrary, though they frequently declared, in the preambles of their decrees, that they were profoundly afflicted at the burning of the chateaux and the insults to the nobility, they rejoiced in heart at the propagation of a terror which they regarded as indispensable to their designs. They had reduced themselves to the necessity of fearing the noblesse, or being feared by them. They condemned publicly, they protected secretly; they conferred compliments on the constituted authorities, and gave encouragement to license. Respect for the executive power was nothing but words of style; and in truth, when the ministers of the crown revealed the secret of their weakness, the Assembly, which remembered well its own terrors, was not displeased that fear had changed sides. If you are sufficiently powerful to cause yourselves to be respected by the people, you will be sufficiently so to inspire us with dread; that was the ruling feeling of the Cote Gauche."—P. 134.

This is precisely a picture of what always must be the feeling in regard to tumult and disorders of all who have committed their political existence to the waves of popular support. However much, taken individually, they may disapprove of acts of violence, yet when they feel that intimidation of their opponents is their sheet-anchor, they cannot have an insurmountable aversion to the deeds by which it is to be effected. They would prefer, indeed, that terror should answer their purposes without the necessity of blows being actually inflicted; but if mere threats are insufficient, they never fail to derive a secret satisfaction from the recurrence of examples calculated to shew what risks the enemy runs. The burning of castles, the sacking of towns, may indeed alienate the wise and the good; but alas! the wise and the good form but a small proportion of mankind;

and for one whose eyes are opened by the commencement of such deeds of horror, ten will be so much overawed, as to lose all power of acting in obedience to the newly awakened and better feelings of his mind.

"Intimidation," as Lord Brougham has well observed, "is the never-failing resource of the partisans of revolution in all ages. *Mere popularity is at first the instrument by which this unsteady legislature is governed*; but when it becomes apparent that whoever can obtain the direction or command of it must possess the whole authority of the state, parties become *less scrupulous about the means they employ for that purpose*, and soon find out that *violence and terror are infinitely more effectual and expeditious than persuasion and eloquence*. Encouraged by this state of affairs, the most daring, unprincipled, and profligate, proceed to seize upon the defenceless legislature, and, driving all their antagonists before them by violence or intimidation, enter without opposition upon the supreme functions of government. The arms, however, by which they had been victorious, are speedily turned against themselves, and those who are envious of their success, or ambitious of their distinction, easily find means to excite discontents among the multitude, and to employ them in pulling down the very individuals whom they had so recently elevated. This disposal of the legislature then becomes a prize to be fought for in the clubs and societies of a corrupted metropolis, and the institution of a national representation has no other effect than that of laying the government open to lawless force and flagitious audacity. It was in this manner that, from the *want of a natural and efficient aristocracy to exercise the functions of hereditary legislators*, the National Assembly of France was betrayed into extravagance, and fell a prey to faction; that the Institution itself became a source of public misery and disorder, and converted a civilized monarchy first into a sanguinary democracy, and then into a military despotism."\* How exactly is the progress, here so well de-



scribed, applicable to these times! "Take this bill or anarchy," says Mr Macauley.—"Lord Grey," says the Times, "has brought the country into such a state, that he must either carry the Reform Bill or incur the responsibility of a revolution."\* How exactly is the career of democratic insanity and revolutionary ambition the same in all ages and countries!

Dumont, as already mentioned, was a leading member of the committee which prepared the famous declaration on the Rights of Man. He gives the following interesting account of the revolt of a candid and sagacious mind at the absurdities which a regard to the popular opinion constrained them to adopt:—

"Duroverai, Claviere, and myself, were named by Mirabeau to draw up that celebrated declaration. During the course of that mournful compilation, reflections entered my mind which had never before found a place there. I soon perceived the ridiculous nature of the undertaking. A declaration of rights, I immediately saw, may be made after the proclamation of a constitution, but not before it; for it is laws which give birth to rights—they do not follow them. Such general maxims are highly dangerous; you should never bind a legislature by general propositions, which it afterwards becomes necessary to restrain or modify. 'Men,' says the declaration, 'are born free and equal'; that is not true; they are so far from being born free, that they are born in a state of unavoidable weakness and dependence: Equal—where are they? where can they be? It is in vain to talk of equality, when such extreme difference exists, and ever must exist, between the talents, fortune, virtues, industry, and condition of men. In a word, I was so strongly impressed with the absurdity of the declaration of the Rights of Man, that for once I carried along with me the opinions of our little committee; and Mirabeau himself, when presenting the report to the Assembly, ventured to suggest difficulties, and to propose that the declaration of rights should be delayed till the constitution was completed. 'I tell you,' said he, in his forcible style, 'that any declaration of rights you may make before the constitution is framed, will never be but a *one year's almanack*.' Mirabeau, always sa-

tisfied with a happy expression, never gave himself the trouble to get to the bottom of any subject, and never would go through the toil to put himself in possession of facts sufficient to defend what he advanced. On this occasion he suffered under this: this sudden change became the subject of bitter reproach. 'Who is this,' said the Jacobins, 'who seeks to employ his ascendant over the Assembly, to make us say Yes and No alternately? Shall we be for ever the puppets of his contradictions?' There was so much reason in what he had newly advanced, that he would have triumphed if he had been able to bring it out; but he abandoned the attempt at the very time when several deputies were beginning to unite themselves to him. The deplorable nonsense went triumphantly on, and generated that unhappy declaration of the Rights of Man which subsequently produced such incredible mischief. I am in possession at this moment of a complete refutation of it, article by article, by the hand of a great master, and it proves to demonstration the contradictions, the absurdities, the dangers of that seditious composition, which of itself was sufficient to overturn the constitution of which it formed a part; like a powder magazine placed below an edifice, which the first spark will blow into the air."—Pp. 141-2.

These are the words of sober and experienced wisdom; and coming, as they do, from one of the authors of this celebrated declaration, are of the very highest importance. They prove, that at the very time when Mirabeau and the popular party in the Assembly were drawing up their perilous and highly inflammatory declaration, they were aware of its absurdity, and wished to suppress the work of their own hands. They could not do so, however, and were constrained, by the dread of losing their popularity, to throw into the bosom of an excited people a fire-brand, which they themselves foresaw would speedily lead to a conflagration. Such is the desperate, the hopeless state of slavery, in which, during periods of excitement, the representatives of the mob are held by their constituents. The whole purposes of a representative form of government are at once destroyed; the wisdom, experience, study, and reflection of the superior class of

statesmen are trodden under foot; and the enlightened have no chance of keeping possession of the reins of power, or even influencing the legislature, but by bending to the passions of the ignorant.

This consideration affords a decisive argument in favour of the close, aye, the nomination boroughs. Their existence, and their existence in considerable numbers, is indispensable towards the voice of truth being heard in the national councils in periods of excitement, and the resistance to those measures of innovation, which threaten to destroy the liberties, and terminate the prosperity, of the people. From the popular representatives during such periods it is in vain to expect the language of truth; for it would be as unpalatable to the sovereign multitude as to a sovereign despot. Members of the legislature, therefore, are indispensably necessary in considerable numbers, who, by having no *popular constituents*, can venture to speak out the truth in periods of agitation, innovation, and alarm. The Reformers ask, what is the use of a representative of a green mound, or a ruined tower, in a popular Parliament? We answer, that he is more indispensable in such a Parliament than in any other. Nay, that without such a class the liberties of the nation cannot exist five years. Representatives constantly acting under the influence or dread of popular constituents, never will venture, either in their speeches to give vent to the language of truth, nor in their conduct to support the cause of real freedom. They will always be as much under the influence of their tyrannical taskmasters, as Mirabeau and Dumont were in drawing up, against their better judgment, the Rights of Man. It is as absurd to expect rational or independent measures from such a class, as it is to look for freedom of conduct from the senate of Tiberius or the council of Napoleon. We do not expect the truth to be spoken by the representative of a mound, in a question with its owner, or his class in society, nor by the representatives of the people, in a question which interests or excites the public ambition. But we expect that truth will be spoken by the representatives of the people, as against the interests

of the owner of the mound; and by the representatives of the mound, as against the passions of the people; and that thus, between the two, the language of reason will be raised on every subject, and that fatal bias the public mind prevented, which arises from one set of doctrines and principles being alone presented to their consideration. In the superior fearlessness and vigour of the language of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, to what is exhibited in the House of Commons, on the Reform question, is to be found decisive evidence of the truth of these principles, and their application to this country and this age.

Of the fatal 4th August, "the St Barthelemy of properties," as it was well styled by Rivarol, and its ruinous consequences upon the public welfare, we have the following striking and graphic account:—

"Never was such an undertaking accomplished in so short a time. That which would have required a year of care, meditation, and debate, was proposed, deliberated on, and voted by acclamation. I know not how many laws were decreed in that one sitting; the abolition of feudal rights, of the tithes, of provincial privileges; three articles, which of themselves embraced a complete system of jurisprudence and politics, with ten or twelve others, were decided in less time than would be required in England for the first reading of a bill of ordinary importance. They began with a report on the disorders of the provinces, chateaux burnt, troops of banditti who attacked the nobles and ravaged the fields. The Duke d'Angillon, the Duke de Noailles, and several others of the democratic part of the nobility, after the most disastrous pictures of these calamities, exclaimed that nothing but a great act of generosity could calm the people, and that it was high time to abandon their odious privileges, and let the people taste the full benefits of the Revolution. An indescribable effervescence seized upon the Assembly. Every one proposed some sacrifice: every one laid some offering on the altar of their country, proposing either to denude themselves or denude others; no time was allowed for reflection, objection, or argument; a sentimental contagion seized every heart. That renunciation of privileges, that abandonment of so many rights burdensome to the people, these multiplied sacrifices, had an air of magnanimity which withdrew the atten-

tion from the fatal precipitance with which they were made. I saw on that night many good and worthy deputies who literally wept for joy at seeing the work of regeneration advance so rapidly, and at feeling themselves *quæry* instant carried on the wings of enthusiasm so far beyond their most ardent hopes. The renunciation of the privileges of provinces was made by their respective representatives; those of Brittany had engaged to defend them, and therefore they were more embarrassed than the rest; but carried away by the general enthusiasm, they advanced in a body, and declared in a body, that they would use their utmost efforts with their constituents to obtain the renunciation of their privileges. That great and superb operation was necessary to confer political unity upon a monarchy which had been successively formed by the union of many independent states, every one of which had certain rights of its own anterior to their being blended together.

"On the following day, every one began to reflect on what had been done, and sinister presentiments arose on all sides. Mirabeau and Sieyès, in particular, who had not been present at that famous sitting, condemned in loud terms its enthusiastic follies. This is a true picture of France, said they; we spend a month in disputing about words, and we make sacrifices in a night which overturn every thing that is venerable in the monarchy. In the subsequent meetings, they tried to retract or modify some of these enormous concessions, but it was too late; it was impossible to withdraw what the people already looked upon as their rights. The Abbé Sieyès, in particular, made a discourse full of reason and justice against the *extinction of tithes*, which he looked upon with the utmost aversion. He demonstrated, that to extinguish the tithes, was to spoliage the clergy of its property, solely to enrich the proprietors of the lands; for every one having bought or inherited his estate *minus* the value of the tithe, found himself suddenly enriched by a tenth, which was given to him as a pure and uncalled for gratuity. It was this speech, *which never can be refuted*, which terminated with the well-known expression: — 'They would be free, and they know not how to be just.' The prejudice was so strong, that Sieyès himself was not listened to; he was regarded merely as an ecclesiastic, who could not get the better of his personal interest, and paid that tribute of error to his robe. A little more would have made him be hooted and hissed. I

saw him the next day, full of bitter indignation against the injustice and brutality of the Assembly, which in truth he never afterwards forgave. He gave vent to his indignation, in a conversation with Mirabeau, who replied, '*My dear Abbé, you have unchained the bull; do you expect he is not to gore with his horns?*'

"Those decrees of Aug. 4, were so far from putting a period to the robbery and violence which desolated the country, that they only tended to make the people acquainted with their own strength, and impress them with the conviction that all their outrages against the nobility would not only not be punished, but actually rewarded. Again I say, every thing which is done from fear, fails in accomplishing its object; *those whom you expect to disarm by concessions, only redouble in confidence and audacity.*"—Pp. 146-149.

Such is the conclusion of this enlightened French Reformer, as to the consequences of the innovations and concessions, in promoting which he took so large a share, and which it was then confidently expected, would not only pacify the people but regenerate the monarchy, and commence a new era in the history of the world. These opinions coming from the author of the Rights of Man, the preceptor of Mirabeau, the fellow-labourer of Bentham, should, if any thing can open the eyes of our young enthusiasts, who are so vehement in urging the necessity of concession, avowedly from the effects of intimidation, who expect to "let loose the bull and escape his horns."

It is on this question of the effects to be expected from concession to public clamour, that the whole question of Reform hinges. The supporters of the bill in both Houses have abandoned every other argument. "Pass this bill, or anarchy will ensue," is their sole principle of action. But what says Dumont, taught by the errors of the Constituent Assembly? "Pass this bill, and anarchy *will ensue.*" "Whatever is done," says he, "from fear, fails in its object; those whom you expect to disarm by concession, redouble in confidence and audacity." This is the true principle; the principle confirmed by universal experience, and yet the Reformers shut their eyes to its application. The events which have occurred in this age are so decisive on this subject, that nothing

more convincing could be imagined, if a voice from the dead were to proclaim its truth.

Concession, as Dumont tells us, and as every one acquainted with history knows, was tried by the French government and Assembly, in the hope of calming the people, and arresting the Revolution. The monarch, at the opening of the States-General, made "greater concessions than ever king made to his people;" the nobles abandoned, on their own motion, in one night, all their rights; and what was the consequence? The revolutionary fervour was urged into a fury; the torrent became a cataract, and horrors unparalleled in the history of the world ensued.

Resistance to popular ambition, a firm opposition to the cry for Reform, was at the same period, under a lion-hearted King and an intrepid Minister, adopted in the midst of the greatest dangers by the British government. What was the consequence? Universal tranquillity—forty years of unexampled prosperity—the triumph of Trafalgar—the conquest of Waterloo.

Conciliation and concession, in obedience, and with the professed design of healing the disturbances of that unhappy land, were next tried in Ireland. Universal tranquillity, contentment, and happiness, were promised from the great healing measure of emancipation. What has been the consequence? Disturbances, massacres, discord, practised sedition, threatened rebellion, which have made the old times of Protestant rule be regretted.

Conciliation and concession were again put in practice by the Whig Administration of England. What was the result? Perils greater than assailed the monarchy from all the might of Napoleon; dissension, conflagration, and popular violence, unexampled since the great rebellion; a falling income and an increasing expenditure; the flames of a servile war in Jamaica; and general distress unequalled since the accession of the House of Brunswick.

Resistance, bold determined resistance, was made by the barons of England to the fatal torrent of innovation, and what has been the consequence? A burst of fury excited

and kept alive by the partisans of Reform to support a sinking administration, followed by a torpor and indifference to the objects of popular ambition, from which all the fury of the reforming journals has sought in vain to arouse the great body of the people. Within six months after the concessions of Louis and the French nobility, the whole institutions of the monarchy were overturned, and the career of revolution rendered inevitable; within six months after the rejection of the bill by the House of Peers, in October last, the public fervour, and with it the public danger, has so much subsided, that you can hardly believe you are living in the same age of the world.

The character of Mirabeau, both as a writer and orator, and an individual, is sketched with no ordinary power by this author, probably better qualified than any man in existence to portray it with accuracy:—

"Mirabeau had within his breast a sense of the force of his mind, which sustained his courage in situations which would have crushed a person of ordinary character: his imagination loved the vast; his mind seized the gigantic; his taste was natural, and had been cultivated by the study of the classical authors. He knew little; but no one could make a better use of what he had acquired. During the whirlwind of his stormy life he had little leisure for study; but in his prison of Vincennes he had read extensively, and improved his style by translations, as well as extensive collections from the writings of great orators. He had little confidence in the extent of his erudition; but his eloquent and impassioned soul animated every feature of his countenance when he was moved, and nothing was easier than to inflame his imagination. From his youth upwards he had accustomed himself to the discussion of the great questions of erudition and government, but he was not calculated to go to the bottom of them. The labour of investigation was not adapted to his powers; he had too much warmth and vehemence of disposition for laborious application; his mind proceeded by leaps and bounds, but sometimes they were prodigious. His style abounded in vigorous expressions, of which he had made a particular study.

"If we consider him as an author, we must recollect that all his writings, without one single exception, were pieces of

Mosaic, in which his fellow-labourers had at least as large a share as himself, but he had the faculty of giving additional éclat to their labour, by throwing in here and there original expressions, or apostrophes, full of fire and eloquence. It is a peculiar talent, to be able in this manner to disinter obscure ability, entrust to each the department for which he is fitted, and induce them all to labour at a work of which he alone is to reap the glory.

"As a political orator, he was in some respects gifted with the very highest talents—a quick eye, a sure tact, the art of discovering at once the true disposition of the assembly he was addressing, and applying all the force of his mind to overcome the point of resistance, without weakening it by the discussion of minor topics. No one knew better how to strike with a single word, or hit his mark with perfect precision; and frequently he thus carried with him the general opinion, either by a happy insinuation, or a stroke which intimidated his adversaries. In the tribune he was immovable. The waves of faction rolled around without shaking him, and he was master of his passions in the midst of the utmost vehemence of opposition. But what he wanted as a political orator, was the art of discussion on the topics on which he enlarged. He could not embrace a long series of proofs and reasonings, and was unable to refute in a logical or convincing manner. He was, in consequence, often obliged to abandon the most important motions, when hard pressed by his adversaries, from pure inability to refute their arguments. He embraced too much, and reflected too little. He plunged into a discourse made for him on a subject on which he had never reflected, and on which he had been at no pains to master the facts; and he was, in consequence, greatly inferior in that particular to the athletes who exhibit their powers in the British Parliament."—P. 277.

What led to the French Revolution? This question will be asked and discussed, with all the anxiety it deserves, to the end of the world.—Let us hear Dumont on the subject. •

"No event ever interested Europe so much as the meeting of the States-General. There was no enlightened man who did not found the greatest hopes upon that public struggle of prejudices with the lights of the age, and who did not believe that a new moral and politi-

cal world was about to issue from the chaos. The *besoin* of hope was so strong, that all faults were pardoned, all misfortunes were represented only as accident; in spite of all the calamities which it induced, the balance leaned always towards the Constituent Assembly.—It was the struggle of humanity with despotism.

"The States-General, six weeks after their convocation, were no longer the States-General, but the National Assembly. Its first calamity was to have owed its new title to a revolution; that is to say, to a vital change in its power, its essence, its name, and its means of authority. According to the constitution, the commons should have acted in conjunction with the nobles, the clergy, and the king. But the commons, in the very outset, *subjugated the nobles, the clergy, and the king.* It was in that, that the *Revolution consisted.*

"Reasoning without end has taken place on the causes of the Revolution; there is but one, in my opinion, to which the whole is to be ascribed; and that is, *the character of the king.* Put a king of *character and firmness in the place of Louis XVI., and no revolution would have ensued.* His whole reign was a preparation for it. There was not a single epoch, during the whole Constituent Assembly, in which the king, if he could only have changed his character, might not have re-established his authority, and created a mixed constitution far more solid and stable than its ancient monarchy. His indecision, his weakness, his half counsels, his want of foresight, ruined every thing. The inferior causes which have concurred were nothing but the necessary consequence of that one moving cause. When the king is known to be weak, the courtiers become intriguers, the factious insolent, the people audacious; good men are intimidated, the most faithful services go unrewarded, able men are disgusted, and ruinous councils adopted. A king possessed of dignity and firmness would have drawn to his side those who were against him; the Lafayettes, the Lameths, the Mirabeaus, the Sieyes, would never have dreamed of playing the part which they did; and, when directed to other objects, they would no longer have appeared the same men."—Pp. 343, 344.

These observations are of the very highest importance. The elements of discord, rebellion, and anarchy, rise into portentous energy when weakness is at the head of affairs. A reforming, in other words a de-

mocratic, administration, raise them into a perfect tempest. The progress of time, and the immense defects of the ancient monarchical system, rendered change necessary in France; but it was the weakness of the king, the concessions of the nobility and clergy, which converted it into a revolution. All the miseries of that country sprung from the very principle which is incessantly urged as the ruling consideration in favour of the Reform Bill.

No body of men ever inflicted such disasters on France, as the Constituent Assembly, by their headlong innovations and sweeping demolitions. Not the sword of Marlborough nor the victories of Wellington—not the rout of Agincourt nor the carnage of Waterloo—not the arms of Alexander nor the ambition of Napoleon, have proved so fatal to its prosperity. From the wounds they inflicted, the social system may revive—from those of their own innovators recovery is impossible. They not only destroyed freedom in its cradle—they not only induced the most cruel and revolting tyranny; but they totally destroyed the materials from which it was to be reconstructed in future,—they bequeathed slavery to their children, and they prevented it from ever being shaken off by their descendants. It matters not under what name arbitrary power is administered: it can be dealt out as rudely by a reforming assembly, a dictatorial mob, a Committee of Public Safety, a tyrannical Directory, a military despot, or a citizen King, as by an absolute monarch or a haughty nobility. By destroying the whole ancient institutions of France—by annihilating the nobles and middling ranks, who stood between the people and the Throne—by subverting all the laws and customs of antiquity—by extirpating religion, and inducing general profligacy, they have inflicted wounds upon their country which can never be healed. Called upon to revive the social system, they destroyed it: instead of pouring into the decayed limbs the warm blood of youth, they severed the head from the body, and all subsequent efforts have been unavailing to restore animation. It is now as impossible to give genuine freedom, that is, complete protection

to all classes, to France, as it is to restore the vital spark to a lifeless body by the convulsions of electricity. The balance of interests, the protecting classes, are destroyed: nothing remains but the populace and the Government: Asiatic has succeeded to European civilisation; and, instead of the long life of modern freedom, the brief tempests of anarchy, and the long night of despotism, are its fate.

The Constituent Assembly, however, had the excuse of general delusion: they were entering on an untrodden field: the consequences of their actions were unknown: enthusiasm as irresistible as that of the Theatre urged on their steps. Great reforms required to be made in the political system: they mistook the excesses of democratic ambition for the dictates of ameliorating wisdom: the corruption of a guilty court, and the vices of a degraded nobility, called loudly for amendment. But what shall we say to those who ventured on the same perilous course, with their fatal example before their eyes, in a country requiring no accession to popular power, tyrannized over by no haughty nobility, consumed by no internal vices, weakened by no foreign disasters? What shall we say to those who voluntarily shut their eyes to all the perils of the headlong reformers of the neighbouring kingdom; who roused passions as impetuous, proposed changes as sweeping, were actuated by ambition as perilous, as that which, under their own eyes, had torn civilisation to pieces in its bleeding dominion? What shall we say to those who did this in the state where freedom had existed longer, and was at their accession more unfettered, than in any other country that ever existed; where prosperity unexampled existed, and virtue uncorrupted was to be found, and glory unparalleled had been won? Who ventured on a course which threatened to tear in pieces the country of Milton and Bacon, of Scott and Newton, of Nelson and Wellington? History will judge their conduct: no tumultuous mobs will drown its voice: from its decision there will be no appeal, and its will be the voice of ages.

## TORY MISRULE.

SIR,—Among the artifices extensively used by the adherents of the present Ministers, is the attempt to familiarize an unthinking people with this notion,—that all the evils with which, in the midst of many blessings, this country is afflicted, are to be attributed to the misrule of Tory governments. The allegation is usually made without any precision as to persons, time, or measures; though we sometimes hear of forty years, and Mr Pitt; and occasionally of seventy years, to embrace the whole reign of George the Third. This glance at names and periods is just sufficient to procure for the allegation, from those who will not read history, the merit of a foundation in fact; and thus to dispose them to receive favourably the second part of the story, much the more important to those who spread it, wherein the present Ministers are represented as Whigs, differing, and having always differed from the Tories, professing principles opposed to those of Tory misrule; guiltless, therefore, of all their country's wrongs, and likely to redress them!

I propose, with your permission, to expose the fallacies of this representation, which might, indeed, with some truth, be styled "the whisper of a faction;" because no man ventures to enunciate it in an audible voice, still less to justify it by facts.

The first fallacy—indeed that is a very mild word—consists in the assumption, that there have been, for the whole period under consideration, two parties of Whig and Tory, totally distinct and opposed, in person, principle, and conduct; that the measures adopted or espoused by the two have been totally different—that the Tories have had the government of the country, uninterruptedly, through a long period, and that their Tory measures have been uniformly unsuccessful and ruinous; and, above all, that the present Ministers inherit and represent all the virtues of the Whig party, while their opponents, consisting of the late Ministers, are in like manner responsible for all the alleged misdeeds of the Tories. The greater part of all this is a mere fancy!

I will take the more remote of the periods assigned for Tory misrule; namely, the commencement of the reign of George the Third, when the Jacobites were conciliated, and a good-hearted king endeavoured to get rid of those unmeaning names, which had been during four reigns the watchwords of faction. I will admit, that from this period there has been in the government of the country a greater portion of those who would not respond to the name of Whig, and were not ashamed of that of Tory; perhaps, it would be more correctly said, that during this period the distinction did not exist, but I will, for the present argument, consent to describe as Tories the several Ministers who governed the country in the reigns of George the Third and George the Fourth. On the same principle, we must assume, as we may much more correctly, that the Ministers of George the First and George the Second were Whigs.

Now, then, for the "misrule" of the Tories. I must be permitted to demand, in the name of justice and of accuracy, that this "misrule" be tried *by comparison* with something which has had actual existence. If we were merely lamenting the infirmity of human nature, or the limitation of human wisdom, we might try former Ministers by a standard of perfection furnished by the heroes of imagination, or (which is much the same) of antiquity; but as the very point in dispute is the comparative merit of two parties in this state, we cannot appreciate the misdeeds of the one, without estimating the worthier actions of the other.

Now, who will say that the Whigs, who were superseded in the government by the Tories about the middle of the last century, had distinguished themselves by their sympathy with the people; by the absence of corruption; by religious toleration; by freedom in commercial regulations; by the mildness of their criminal code; by the declaration, or the patronage, of liberal sentiments in political science?

The revolution of 1688, undoubtedly, was a very strong and success-

ful measure in behalf of the Protestant religion, and in opposition to the arbitrary power of the crown. And the memorable declaration then made, assumed, in its reference to "the original contract," and in other expressions, an air of republican theory. But nothing was done for the people, in the sense in which their rights and interests are now understood; and the arrangement was any thing but "liberal." The king's power to dispense with laws, as it had been lately exercised, was denied. That recent exercise consisted in a declaration of liberty of conscience; and the revolution, so far from establishing that liberty of conscience which the Whigs are supposed to love, marked even more peremptorily and distinctly the line of separation between the old religion and the new; and denied to those who professed the religion of their forefathers, even the right of carrying arms for their defence. I remind you of these doings of 1688, because the Whig is perpetually referring to that epoch, for the principles which give him a superiority over the Tory.

But the truth is, that the Whigs have no right to the Revolution of 1688. In that measure the Tories had their full share. I shall be told, then, that it was the Tories who gave to the Revolution the character which I have ascribed to it. Be it so. I am not ashamed, as a Tory, of acknowledging descent from those who, impelled by the necessity of the occasion to resist and drive away their King, studiously made the smallest possible change in the laws, and adhered as closely as possible to the forms and principles of the constitution. I do not deny that if the Whigs had on this occasion been left to themselves, the Revolution—if, without the Tories, effected at all—might, perhaps, have been a little more republican in appearance; all that I deny is, that the Whigs displayed any sort of inclination to any one practical measure on behalf of the people, either by giving a more liberal tendency to the laws, or by extending the basis of Parliamentary representation.

But it was well observed by Sir Robert Inglis, that the Tories of the present day are the true descendants

of the Whigs of the Revolution; the remark is assuredly just, if you separate such Whigs as Lord Somers from the republicans with whom the occasion compelled them to associate and co-operate.

I shall not pursue the history of Whigs and Tories through the reigns of William and of Anne, during which they held the government alternately; or during which, I should say more correctly, two factions assuming those names, and fluctuating much in their composition, frequently succeeded each other in the administration of affairs. For it is only by a pure fiction that we say, that there have been for a century and a half two parties in the state, so distinct in person and in principle, that no man who had belonged to one could be afterwards found in the other, without an avowed or imputed dereliction of principle. My observation is just, as applied to the Harleys and Godolphins of Anne. I will not now name the Whigs of William the Fourth, who must feel much obliged to me for making it. Perhaps it was in matters of religion that there was the more real and marked difference of principle. The Tories, in and out of office, were less disposed than the Whigs towards indulgence to Protestant dissenters;—but the Whigs cannot have credit for liberality in their favour to the dissenters, seeing the bondage in which they held the professors of the ancient faith.

As for the now popular topics of reform and retrenchment, it would be idle to discuss the merits of either party; in all these points Whigs and Tories were, as we say in Devonshire, *much of a muchness*. It happened that when party ran high in Queen Anne's reign, the Whigs, who were in office, were in the midst of an extensive war; the Tories, out of office, found this war a useful topic of opposition, and, among the evils which they imputed to it, they naturally included the expense. The general was a Whig, and they objected to the amount of his reward, and even to his integrity in pecuniary matters. I shall certainly not, on these grounds, claim for Lord Bolingbroke or Dean Swift the character of economical reformers, but neither, surely, can the Whigs appeal



to those times as exhibiting their superiority in conducting a war, without profusion, favouritism, or corruption! I might make the same remark as to political honesty. If in one page of Dalrymple or Macpherson, a zealous Whig should shew me the double correspondence of a Tory with Hanover and St Germain's, I would only beg him to turn over the leaf, where he will find perhaps his own ancestor professing equal attachment to James and to George.

But let us now come to those times of the first Georges, in which the practice of our Constitution, especially Parliamentary, began to work with a little more similarity to present practice.

The Riot Act and the Septennial Act were the earliest measures of the triumphant Whigs, after the accession of the House of Hanover. By the first, all persons were exposed to capital punishment who should remain assembled one hour after having been called upon by a magistrate to disperse; by the other, a House of Commons, elected by the people for three years, prolonged, with the aid of the more aristocratical branches of the Legislature, its own existence to seven years. These were strong measures; the last a most outrageous one. Still, I mention them only that they may be ascribed to the right authors.

The most eminent Minister, in both of these reigns, was Sir Robert Walpole. I am curious to know, whether it is to be the administration of this celebrated Whig that we are to be referred to, for the excellent and pure system of administration which Tory misrule has superseded? Are we to look to this period for a government, liberal, cheap, successful, popular, incorrupt? I am no enemy to Sir Robert Walpole; he had great qualities as a Minister; and many of his faults were those of the times. But the most bigoted Whig will not pretend that he or any Whig of that age, shewed any disposition to improve it.

It may, perhaps, be owing more to the long duration of this administration, than to any real eminence of evil, that it is always named as the era of bad government and corruption.

Perhaps the aphorism attributed to Walpole—"every man has his price"—if ever uttered by him, might not have been true; or it may have only meant, that there is a degree of temptation, whether in the shape of wealth, flattery, or concession, which no man is stout enough to resist. But it is certain that Walpole had more ample means of corruption than exist now; and he is indeed much belied, if they were not applied directly among Members of Parliament as well as electors. Numerous placemen, even down to clerks in the Treasury, sat in the House of Commons. Officers in the army lost their commissions for votes in Parliament. Elections were avowedly determined upon considerations of party. In short, every thing connected with the abuse of Ministerial influence, that is now doubtfully insinuated and suspected, was in those days extensively practised and avowed;—always for carrying on the King's government, never for procuring any advantage to the People!

In religion, in commercial policy, in law, there was no relaxation of restraint or severity. And what was our foreign policy? Certainly, under Walpole in particular, it was pacific; his disposition, and the circumstances of France, and the remembrance of bloody and expensive wars, produced a long interval of peace. But was there in this policy a character peculiarly whiggish? Was it the policy of the People?

I am not going to tell you the story of Captain Jenkins and his ear, or to call Hosier's ghost from the vasty deep; but I will ask any candid Whig, whether the occasions on which the People have called for war, and the Government have remained at peace, are not more numerous than those in which a Government has undertaken a war against the opinions or feelings of the People? The period is even now recent, when, if not the People, those at least who pretended to be their peculiar representatives, exhorted the House of Commons to enter upon a war, when a Minister no less energetic than Mr Canning counselled peace.\*

One word more as to finance. Unquestionably the greater portion,

by much the greater portion, of the existing national debt has been incurred under administrations which, in the present discussion, must be designated as Tory. But it was with the Whigs that the system of borrowing on anticipated funds commenced, and the foundation thus laid of the enormous mass of debt. Amounts of debt, like every thing else, are comparative. It might, perhaps, not be easy to point out in the good old Whig times, a period in which the debt, the revenue, and the resources of the country, bore a more satisfactory relation to each other, than when a Tory government handed over the country to the Whigs in November 1830. But I must not anticipate.

Having enumerated the circumstances under the Whig government of George the Second, which, according to all reformers of the present day, constitute *misrule*, I will ask, whether there is any one of them, any single one, which has not, under Tory governments, been mitigated or destroyed?

Do I therefore contend, that the Tories are more inimical than the Whigs to these abuses and encroachments? No. Out of office, I know, they exposed and attempted to remove many of them; but I give to the Bolingbrokes, the Wyndhams, and the Pulteneys of those days, no more credit for the denunciations of abuse, or their advocacy of the supposed interests of the people, than I give to the Tierneys, the Broughams, and the Greys of modern times, for their opposition to Mr Pitt and Lord Liverpool. Nor do I claim for the Tories any peculiar merit for the remedies which they applied to many of the Whig abuses. I am satisfied, that the alteration which took place under Tory governments, must have been brought about under any government whatever, with the progress of intelligence and discussion. All that I maintain is this, that, except as to representation alone, which both parties left nearly as they found it, the last seventy years, and more particularly the last forty years, have been much more free from the abuses imputed to all governments, than the period of Whig domination.

I may be told, that during the seventy years, or during the forty, the

Tories have not, in fact, held continual sway—that the Whigs have been occasionally in office, and that they have during those periods done much, and suggested more. As to their suggestions I have already said enough; they have the merit of the opposition Tories of George the Second, and nothing more. But if it be true, which it is, that during the period which they assign to the Tory misrule, the Whigs have sometimes had the upper hand as a party, and have some of them held office individually; and if, therefore, the correction of Whig abuses which I have claimed for this Tory period, is properly to be in part ascribed to the Whigs, be it so. But then, away with the designation of the period, as one of Tory misrule! Let the Whigs have, and welcome, their share of the improvements and glories of the reigns of George the Third and Fourth; but let them take with it their portion of the obloquy, and abandon their attempt at invidious contrast.

Let us now endeavour to ascertain, though it must be rather guesswork, wherein has consisted this imputed misrule of the Tories.

Does not the imputation rest upon the allegation of those abuses and corruptions which I have noticed in considering the government of the Whigs? So far it is disposed of; but there appear to be two important additions, war, and burdensome taxation; and I should perhaps add, the mismanagement of Ireland.

In truth, the only point of political conduct in which there is a plausible ground for imputing to high Tory principles an erroneous and unsuccessful policy, is the American War.

I know not with what accuracy Lord North, under whom the war began, is designated as a Tory. But, did the contest begin with him?

The first resolution to tax America was adopted by the Ministry which took its name from the head of the house of *Russell*, though George Grenville, also a Whig, was the efficient leader. The declaration (by which the repeal of the stamp act was accompanied) of the right to tax unrepresented America, was passed by the administration of *Lord Rockingham*; after an interval of deliberation, which will not be cited for proofs of the manliness and effi-

ciency of Whig government. And it was under the administration of Lord Chatham, who had censured Lord Rockingham for insufficient concession, that those acts were passed which led to the proceedings in Massachusetts, and afterwards to the resistance of Boston. The subsequent measures of Lord North may have been unwise; but surely the *misrule* of America is not to be imputed altogether to the Tories. I will only add, that except some petitions from Manchester, complaining of the commercial effects of the troubles in America, there was not, at the commencement of the war, any indication of strong popular feeling against it.

And how was it in 1793? Was ever war more popular, or undertaken with a more complete concurrence of the gentry, tradesmen, and all those on whom we are told to depend as the legitimate representation of the wisdom of the people? So much, indeed, did this war appear just and necessary, that of a large portion of the Whigs, some who had been the most violent opponents of the American War, parted from their friends in opposition, in order to co-operate with Mr Pitt in carrying on this war. Mr Fox, it is true, the able and eloquent leader of the Whigs, denounced the ministerial policy. Admit, for a moment, that he was right, you raise his character as a great and sagacious statesman, or a politician fortunate in his opposition, but you destroy him as the representative of the People's Will.

The war ceased, and recommenced in 1803. Was the renewal popular? So much so, that fresh defections from the Whig party took place; and at the commencement of this, the most expensive of our wars, that Whig party, whose function it is, according to the theory which we are considering, to preserve the nation from war, was neither numerous nor popular. Was this the fault of the Tories? Certainly not; it might be the fault of the Whigs themselves, it might be the fault of the People; and, indeed, the cause *was* in the People. There was at the time a government peculiarly weak and open to factious attack, but the People willed war, and there was no

support for the opposition of a popular party.

There was one more renewal of war. Was the war of 1815 unpopular? Assuredly not.

I shall rest no longer upon this ground so often trodden in the debates on Reform; but I must make a remark, which, obvious as it is, is often neglected—if the popular voice is responsible for the war, it must answer, too, for all its consequences. A war may be conducted with more or less extravagance; but a cheap war, upon a large scale, is an impossibility. If the taxes occasioned by the French wars have produced distress, those who approved the wars are as much answerable for the taxation, as if they devised the taxes. It is in vain to say, that the war was politic, and worthy of Whig approbation, but that the cost was the result of Tory misrule.

I cannot advert to war and its consequences, without alluding to the currency. Most assuredly the bank restriction, the commencement of all the evils, and imputed evils, connected with currency, was a consequence, necessary or otherwise, of the war. Let it be deemed unnecessary and unwise. To be ascribed to Tory misrule, it must be shewn to be connected with some principle peculiarly Tory. The attempt would be absurd. In fact, that close connexion with the monied men of the city, which some persons thought wrong in Mr Pitt, and to which some ascribed many errors in finance, was certainly rather an attribute of Whigs. And if the evil consequences of the restriction are to be ascribed chiefly to its continuance, the Whigs are not quite guiltless, who in office availed themselves of the facilities which it afforded to the government. But there are those who have persuaded themselves into a belief, that a great portion of the expensiveness of these wars arose from a desire of patronage; I have even read somewhere of wars undertaken by the Tories, to enrich themselves and their dependants. I can hardly make a serious answer to this ridiculous charge. The origin of Lord North's war is well enough known. Mr Pitt began life an economical reformer; he made great reductions in time of peace, and was constantly employed during

the war, into which he most unwillingly entered, in devising new checks upon expenditure; but it is true enough that the tendency to profusion, especially in distant regions, got the better of all his efforts, and there was unquestionably great extravagance. Great fortunes were made, many in the fair way of trade, some perhaps less honestly; but in neither way, more particularly by persons whom government wished to favour; a full share went to their political enemies. And a systematic alteration which he made in the mode of effecting loans and contracts, made it impossible to be otherwise. Nor was Mr Pitt at any time so pressed by opposing members as to call for the increase of corruption; he had always a majority of country gentlemen and independent members. Perhaps in proportion to the extent, the skilfulness, and the success of the exertions made, the war of 1803 was less extravagant; and the one campaign of 1815, was really the cheapest of all.

In the course of these wars, the Whigs were only once in power. Does this little era of 1806-7 distinguish itself from the dark years of Tory misrule among which it fell? Let any man, who happens to have forgotten dates, read the history of twenty years without the names of the actors, and lay his finger upon this period of Whig ascendancy! Except that, of several warlike expeditions which they sent forth, it did so happen that not one was successful, and that they were more than ordinarily unfortunate in being defeated upon their taxes, he will find nothing whereby he may know that at one favoured period Tory misrule was superseded by Whig excellence!

I have hitherto gone upon the assumption, that the Whigs and Tories have been definite and distinct parties in the state; and have compared their respective merits, as if they were really represented by the leaders on the two sides. But it is time to enquire how far the argument in favour of the Whigs, supposing it to be supported, can serve the present

Ministers;—how, therefore, they can claim the merit of all that has been done under the name of Whiggery for the last century and a half; and in what degree they are entitled to the confidence of those who profess an attachment to the rights, and a deference to the wishes, of the people; and, above all, how reasonably they can be expected to deliver the country from the effects of “Tory misrule!”

The Ministers are in number fifteen.\* Of these, *two* only have any right to be considered as Whigs equally uncontaminated by union with Tory Ministers, and uncompromised by the adoption of Tory measures. Lord Durham and Lord John Russell were too young for office in 1806, and in 1827 did not join the anti-reforming administration of Mr Canning. If, therefore, I have successfully combated the argument drawn from the history of the Whig party; if it *be* true, that your pure Whig is the only man by whom the country can be saved, I admit that the Lords Durham and John Russell have a right to demand our confidence. If, indeed, we were dealing with Parliamentary Reform, the case of Lord John Russell would *not* be quite clear, since he has condemned and ridiculed, with a strength of argument and power of sarcasm, which he has on no other occasion displayed, propositions of Reform similar in principles and extent to that now before Parliament. Strictly speaking, therefore, the country has only Lord Durham, upon whom to rely in this dangerous exigency.—I beg pardon, Sir James Graham is also pure, and may be associated with Lord Durham in the mighty task of renovation!

Lord Grey and Lord Althorp are equally guiltless of participation in the resolution of 1827, against Reform, and against a repeal of the Test Act; but *they* were in office in 1806; Lord Althorp, I admit, was only a subordinate; but Lord Grey was a Cabinet Minister, and leader of the House of Commons. His administration, as we have seen already, did *nothing* to correct the evils of Tory

\* Lord Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Durham, Duke of Richmond, Lord Carlisle, Lord Grey, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Melbourne, Lord Goderich, Lord Althorp, Lord Holland, Mr Grant, Mr Stanley, Sir James Graham.

Misrule; the only measure which might be classed under the modern head of liberality, was no corrective of the misrule peculiarly *Tory*, unless the Whigs disclaim the laws against popery, which were formerly their favourite reliance. And even this slight approach to a liberal system, in admitting the Roman Catholics to the army and navy, was abandoned when put in competition with their offices;—for, however boldly the partisans of Lord Grey, and the Whigs of 1807, have since asserted, that they resigned because they could not carry this measure, it is a fact, quite undeniable, that they did abandon the measure; and only shrank when pressed, perhaps too hardly, for a pledge against its re-introduction at any future period.

Lord Brougham, on the other hand, is guiltless of 1806, at which period he was neither in Parliament nor in office, but *he* was a participator with Mr Canning in 1827. True, he held no office known in the red book, but he was dictator over the adhering Whigs, and was a party to all their pledges, or rather to their forfeitures.

Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle, Lord Melbourne, Mr Stanley, were all members of the government of 1827; Lord Holland was an adherent of the government of Mr Canning, and was near becoming a member of the government of Lord Goderich.

I do not wish to push beyond truth and propriety, the argument drawn from their junction with Mr Canning in 1827. I do not identify all those who belonged to it, with all the measures of all the governments in which Mr Canning had had a principal share. But I do contend that those Whigs, who consented to serve under Mr Canning, *without obtaining any one concession to Whig principles*, but on the other hand *pledging themselves to oppose some favourite Whig measures*, have no right to talk of Tory rule, as the abomination from which Whigs delivered us. Oh! but, say they, Mr Canning was a *liberal*. Will they mention any one measure of restraint upon liberty adopted by Mr Pitt or Lord Castlereagh,—

any one measure of these which have been considered as hostile to the people's rights, of which Mr Canning was not the defender or adviser? That, in commercial policy, he was on the liberal side, I admit; read his well-known speech of 1826, and say whether *this* is part of the Whig system. To Mr Canning's exposition of the anti-liberal policy of the Whigs, I beg to add the fact, which escaped his observation, that the prohibition of Foreign Silks, the very point lately in dispute, was the work of Lord Rockingham and his Whig colleagues in 1766.\* But upon all the questions which separate Whig and Tory, he was a staunch and uncompromising Tory. The Whigs, who joined him, may be blameless, or meritorious; but they cannot, in common honesty, assert the exclusive purity of Whig principles, or flourish upon the abolition of Tory Misrule.

If this be true of these conforming Whigs, how much more so is it of the Tories, who have reciprocated the compliment, by joining the Whig government,—Lord Palmerston, Lord Goderich, and Mr Grant! I know that Lord Goderich was in the habit of calling himself a Whig; but he was the bosom friend of Lord Castlereagh, and was, as well as the other two, a steady co-operator in the measures, which, according to the position which I combat, constituted misrule. Are these three gentlemen ready to admit that they had heretofore been the advocates of a system of error? If so, the people may perhaps be satisfied to have their services as able men, but certainly will not rely upon them with confidence for the maintenance of their new principles. And really this Cabinet is a curious piece of political machinery, if one set of Ministers abandoned their Whig principles to a Tory chief, and another sacrificed their Tory predilections at the command of a Whig leader!

Let any man infer from this, if he pleases, that Whiggery and Toryism are nonsensical and fanciful distinctions; but then let us not hear of Tory Misrule.

I fear that I have omitted one Mi-

nister, who belongs to none of the classes which I have described—

“None but himself can be his parallel”—the Duke of Richmond,—but I will not expose you to the danger of a prosecution for libel!

Such being the Whig Ministers, let us consider, who and what are the leaders of the Opposition? Have they, when in power, been guilty of that misrule, which ought to place them below the Whigs in public confidence, or exclude them from the government of the country?

Sir, I ask the least candid Whig who writes for the *Edinburgh Review*, to name to me the administration, from the days of Lord Burghley to those of Earl Grey, which, judged by their acts, have stronger claim to the appellation of “Liberal,” in its most modern and extended sense, than that of the Duke of Wellington? Let me not be told, that the illustrious Duke was the associate of Metternich, that he carried into the Cabinet the discipline of the camp, that he is abrupt in his manner, or peremptory in his commands. I must not be told that he might have done this thing a little better, or carried that measure somewhat farther; my demand is for a comparison; and I would be told of the Minister, who did more for religious liberty, more for public economy; less for ministerial patronage, less for arbitrary power.

He carried the Catholic question, which no Minister, however pledged, had attempted;—he did not, it is true, until compelled by the House of Commons, repeal the Test Act. Did Lord Rockingham? did Mr Fox? and did not Lord Lansdowne, and the conforming Whigs of 1827, pledge themselves to oppose it?

He reduced salaries, and abolished places, so largely, according to the plea of his successors, as to leave *them* little to do; but certainly more largely than any of his predecessors. Was his administration marked by one arbitrary measure? Was there in practice, or in legislation, any one extension of prerogative;—one coun-

teraction of commercial freedom;—one extension of criminal law?

The Duke's most captious accuser can only rest upon East Retford, and the Navy Board pensions. I do not intend to discuss Reform, which, in truth, is not a point of comparison with *former* times; but East Retford is simply this: It was determined, of two franchises expected to be disposable, to grant one to a town, and the other to the country; the bill for disposing of the former franchise, was lost in the Lords' House, and Ministers did not change the destination of the other! This is the simple story, divested of its posthumous importance. There may have been a mistake, or an untoward event, but certainly no comparative misrule.

The other grand instance of the Tory Misrule of the Duke of Wellington, I am almost ashamed to mention among matters of importance. Trusting that the business of the navy might be conducted by a smaller number of Commissioners, he reduced two:—and to these two, according to an invariable practice, he assigned pensions, to be held so long as they should remain unemployed. No committee of enquiry had recommended the reduction; it was a spontaneous act of a retrenching government; and if these gentlemen had been left in possession of their unnecessary offices, and their full salaries, the Wellington administration would have been without reproach. But they happened to be the sons of Cabinet Ministers; that is, they were, first, persons whom a government inclined to favouritism and patronage would have left in the enjoyment of their emoluments; and, secondly, they were persons, whose pensions could not *operate* for the influence of Government—and this is an aggravation! I beg pardon for taking up so much time with this piece of trifling.

Passing to the other great leader of Opposition, I ask, wherein consists the instances of misrule exhibited by Sir Robert Peel? \* Will any member

\* The late Cabinet consisted of Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Bathurst, Lord Rosslyn, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Melville, Lord Ellenborough, Sir Robert Peel, Mr Goulburn, Mr Herries, Sir George Murray.

of the present Government, from Lord Brougham downwards, assert that his principles were otherwise than wise, liberal, and successful? Of the other members of the Cabinet, the greater part also belonged, with him, to the government of Lord Liverpool. Of the Ministers who were newer in office, one is a most respectable Whig; and, unless in respect of Free Trade, wherein there may have been a slight shade of difference, not, however, interrupting the uniformity of measures, the late Government was eminent for its unanimity. But comparison of principles between the late and the present Government is unnecessary; seeing that the more considerable among their Whig successors had certainly no indisposition to unite with them, and that they did, in fact, concur with them upon all, except small matters of detail; trivial in themselves, though important in their consequences. I cannot advert to this concurrence without one word on foreign affairs. Observing that in the administration of domestic affairs, Lord Grey's Cabinet attempted no improvement or change in the supposed misrule of the Duke of Wellington, and availing itself of the secrecy used in diplomacy, the Whig press lamented, day by day, the embarrassment occasioned by the Tory management of the affairs of Belgium; little dreaming that Lord Grey was preparing an ample though tardy acknowledgment of concurrence and approbation in the whole course of the negotiation conducted by the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen! Where, then, shall we look, in principle or in practice, for the superiority of Whiggish rule?

It may be true, that Sir Robert Peel had not, on the Treasury bench, as much assistance in debate as he himself had rendered to Mr Canning; the Tory Ministers, it is admitted, supplied but one great speaker;—how many are now to be counted among the Whigs? The present Government, in the House of Commons, is scarcely equal in oratory, and far inferior in every other sort of parliamentary qualification, to the superseded and calumniated Tories. Assuredly, there are those among the present Ministers who owe their pro-

motion to their eloquence; but it is gone! From some, because they cannot accommodate it to the change of principle and vote; from others, because, having only that low species of talent which feeds upon misrepresentation and obloquy, they are powerless in defence, and weak in explanation.

Those among the Ministers who do speak, have wisely discontinued the practice, in which they shewed, at first, some disposition to indulge, of tracing their difficulties to the misrule of former governments. But, of the absence of any real excuse for them, they have afforded evidence, more effectual than their silence. They have not proposed a single measure for correcting the supposed abuses; they have not altered the system of government, or the course of policy. A few retrenchments of expenditure, some of them of extremely questionable propriety, furnishes the whole history of their domestic administration. They have increased the forces, upon the grounds upon which former augmentations have been defended; they have upon them, and in every other topic, fallen at once into precisely the same course of argument, which for years they had reprobated or ridiculed, as the common-place of Ministers. They have even found it necessary to match what they used to call the Dundas and Bathurst job, in giving a pension of £2000 a-year to a Whig adherent, who had recently been placed in the high office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland, for which, however, *he* gave up no profession, or other office; and therefore might, much more reasonably than the dismissed Commissioners of the Navy, have been left to his own resources.

Their management of foreign affairs has been ably exposed in your pages; it is, however, rather difficult to treat this topic, because they have adopted a system of reserve, going far beyond Lord Castlereagh or Mr Canning. It is enough for me, that Lord Palmerston, so long a member of a Tory government, has not ventured to justify himself at the expense of Tory policy. I do suspect, that when we are at last informed of his proceedings in respect of Belgium, Portugal, and the Papal

legations, it will be found that a new policy has been adopted; and that he has set himself, not so much against the mismanagement of ancient Tories, as against the declarations of modern Whigs; that he has thrown aside that rule of non-intervention which Lord Grey established or avowed; and has mixed up this country in continental affairs, as intimately as when the Tories made that intermeddling a charge against the Walpoles and the Whigs. If his intervention should lead to war, the war and its consequences will not be owing to Tory Ministers or Tory politics; if war do not ensue, it will be because our high-minded Minister<sup>•</sup> have taken care, in maintenance of the "Balance of Power"—the old watchword of the Whigs—to ally themselves with the more powerful states for the oppression of the weaker. If herein they cannot shew that they have improved upon Tory policy, we shall find it, I candidly admit, quite as difficult to find their prototypes in the catalogue of Whig statesmen. It is only by the unnatural union between the disciple of Mr Canning and his bitter adversary, that this unmanly policy could have been produced.

I have already, perhaps, taken up too much space in combating a senseless notion; had I been less unwilling to occupy pages, which, but for me, might have served more usefully our great cause, I could have multiplied the proofs of that corporate self-delusion which characterises the Whigs, to which there is nothing similar on this side of the Atlantic. But I hope that the sketch which I have given of Whig and Tory history, will shew that his Majesty's present Ministers must stand or fall by their own merits. They cannot claim the honours, if any there be, belonging to exclusive Whigs; nor honestly boast of being guiltless of former misrule. Whigs and Tories have in their turn done well; and both have at times done ill. Adopting the designation of Tory, as a simple symbol of abhorrence of revolutionary measures, and of disgust with the vain pretensions of the Whigs,

I, for one, remain,

Sir,

Your faithful servant,

A Tory.

London, April 9, 1832.

#### THE SONG OF THE GIFTED.

BY MRS HEMANS.

That voice re-measures  
Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures  
The things of nature utter; birds or trees,  
Or where the tall grass 'mid the heath-plant waves,  
Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

COLERIDGE

I heard a song upon the wandering wind,  
A song of many tones—though one full soul  
Breathed through them all imploringly; and made  
All nature as they pass'd, all quivering leaves  
And low responsive reeds and waters thrill,  
As with the consciousness of human prayer.  
—At times the passion-kindled melody  
Might seem to gush from Sappho's fervent heart,  
Over the wild sea-wave;—at times the strain  
Flow'd with more plaintive sweetness, as if born  
Of Petrarch's voice, beside the lone Vacluse;  
And sometimes, with its melancholy swell,  
A graver sound was mingled, a deep note  
Of Tasso's holy lyre;—yet still the tones  
Were of a suppliant;—"Leave me not!" was still  
The burden of their music; and I knew



The lay which genius, in its loneliness,  
Its own still world amidst th' o'erpeopled world,  
Hath ever breath'd to Love.

They crown me with the glistening crown,  
Borne from a deathless tree ;  
I hear the pealing music of renown—  
O Love! forsake me not!  
Mine were a lone dark lot,  
Bereft of thee!

They tell me that my soul can throw  
A glory o'er the earth ;  
From thee, from *thee*, is caught that golden glow!  
Shed by thy gentle eyes  
It gives to flower and skies,  
A bright, new birth!

Thence gleams the path of morning,  
Over the kindling hills, a sunny zone!  
Thence to its heart of hearts, the Rose is burning  
With lustre not its own!  
Thence every wood-recess  
Is fill'd with loveliness,  
Each bower, to ringdoves and dim violets known.

I see all beauty by the ray  
That streameth from thy smile ;  
Oh! bear it, bear it not away!  
Can that sweet light beguile?  
Too pure, too spirit-like, it seems,  
To linger long by earthly streams ;  
I clasp it with th' alloy  
Of fear 'midst quivering joy,  
Yet must I perish if the gift départ—  
Leave me not, Love! to mine own beating heart!

The music from my lyre  
With thy swift step would flee ;  
The world's cold breath would quench the starry fire  
In my deep soul—a temple fill'd with thee!  
Seal'd would the fountains lie,  
The waves of harmony,  
Which thou alone canst free!

Like a shrine 'midst rocks forsaken,  
Whence the oracle hath fled ;  
Like a harp which none might waken  
But a mighty master dead ;  
Like the vase of a perfume scatter'd,  
Such would my spirit be ;  
So mute, so void, so shatter'd,  
Bereft of thee!

Leave me not, Love! or if this earth  
Yield not for thee a home,  
If the bright summer-land of thy pure birth  
Send thee a silvery voice that whispers—"Come!"  
Then, with the glory from the rose,  
With the sparkle from the stream,  
With the light thy rainbow-presence throws  
Over the poet's dream ;  
\* With all th' Elysian hues  
Thy pathway that suffuse,  
With joy, with music, from the fading grove,  
Take me, too, heavenward, on thy wing, sweet Love!

## IMPRESSIONS OF EDINBRO'. BY P. ROONEY, ESQ.

## LETTER FIRST,

TO THADEUS M'VANE, ESQ. GLO'STER STREET, DUBLIN.

EDINBURGH, April 3, 1832.

DEAR THADY,—I promised when last we parted, to send you my first impressions of "*Auld Reekie*." In the name o' God take them then, but let me beg that you will give me all credit for candour, and believe that I, at least, set down nought in malice. I am well aware that this might be doubtful to you, unaccompanied by the above profession, when you call to mind our last long talk over this subject-matter. You cannot have forgotten your incredulity on that occasion, or my half sneer over the Scotch description of the Hyperborean Athens, which we perused together, and our recapitulation, by way of comparison, of all the splendid points of our own *Duab-lin*.

I need not say to you, Thady dear, how I doat upon every foot of that most glorious amphitheatre, within whose capacious bosom our island's pride lies nestled; nor to you need I speak of the love I cherish for every green valley, dark loch, and bold hill, from Wexford to "Ould Howth;"—apropos of hills, we'll e'en begin with them, because on that head we beat this country hollow. I'm not going, mind, to say a word about elevations, or the number of feet above sea level; to the devil or any other engineer with all such formalities! When I once fix my eyes upon the mountain top, it never occurs to me to regulate my admiration, by trigonometrical survey, or calculate the sum of my admiration to a foot.

In my mind, then, Thady, these Scottish hills are tame, when compared with those tossed so plentifully about the counties of Wicklow and Dublin, lacking their rich verdure when clothed, their decided and iron aspect when naked. Here, no tall trees shoot up, as with us, green, bright, and living, from every cleft; nor do you see any of our perpendicular masses of unleavened

swart rock, glowing against the sun like walls of solid metal.

These hills, too, lack the endless variety of outline, the Asiatic aspect, which those of Wicklow so strikingly display, where one sees some, lifted towards heaven graceful and spire-like, bearing their sharp cone crowns proudly erect,—others, well canted over to one side, as if reeling from a debauch—some, saddle-backed, undulate along, green, smooth, and soft,—others, in the same group, flat and table-topped, cut the bright blue sky with their hard level lines. It occurred to me, Thady, as I compared these hills of ours, so well remembered, with those of Lothian, amongst which I journeyed in approaching Edinburgh—it struck me, I say, as I gazed upon those before me, and recalled the others so far away, that they afforded no such ill example of the widely differing characteristics of the two nations. Our hills, taken separately, offering a thousand charms, a thousand attractions, to the passing stranger, when more closely viewed are found to be unlinked and riotous, fantastic and loose in the detail, having one common origin, it is true, but seemingly but ill adjusted for any common purpose.

Those of Scotland, on the other hand, although far less pleasing, and also, on a first glance, far less imposing, being each more like the other, are yet felt, upon closer inspection, to be true part and parcel of one well-jointed design. Like their sons in their awakened might, they rise, dark, stern, and stubborn, the immovable guardians of the soil that bears them; little attractive, if taken in detail and singly viewed, but most admirable indeed, when contemplated in their banded majesty. Mind, I speak only of *my impressions*, and that these are strictly limited to what fell beneath my ken,

on the line of march I followed, which was by way of Carlisle, and across the Esk, through Ewesdale, to Hawick, &c.

One grateful word I must give in passing to the Esk, for but rarely have I looked on any more attractive river. In some places its bed is even, and its banks verdant to the very water edge; in others, a deep-cut, rugged course, strewn with the wreck of ages, giving to the stream an altered character at each short turn.

Here, it sweeps by, smooth, deep, and dark, shadowed by its antique trees; a little way further on, it ruffles hurried, and vexed, over a high bank of small round pebbles, that shine through the limpid ripple like any diamonds. Again, a few yards onward, and you meet the river rushing towards you with a changed aspect. It now foams and roars in its anger, cumbered, like other conquerors, by its own triumphs; it now boils against, and whirls about, huge masses of fallen rock, the proud trophies of many a winter war, when, in its gathered strength, it battles with the mountains, through which it ever "bear-like" must fight its seaward course.

You cannot imagine, my dear Thady, any thing more lovely, more lonely, than some bits about this river. God forgive me, but, as we journeyed by it, I caught myself inwardly wishing, more than once, that four red wheels, picked out black, had never yet rattled over its course; and truly, in this, I found that the bridges at least sympathized with my feeling, for nothing can well be more determined than the opposition they offer to these newfangled machines, for which, it is plain to be seen, they never were designed.

I involuntarily blessed their old grey *Tory* faces, for their sturdy rejection of this *Reform*, and again wished that the ground was yet debateable, and Johnny Armstrong's grey tower in his own good keeping.

Oh, Thady! man, Thady! what a glorious sight it must have been, in the wild *manfu'* days of *raid* and *rest*, to have beheld on a spring morning a band of hungry Scotch Borderers, *hurruishing* a drove of fat Saxon cattle through some ford of this same stream!

In the valley, the night dew, yet sprinkling chilly from every shaken leaf and blade, and overhead the newly risen sun, changing the lifted mist on the mountain to a mantle of silver—whilst, hurrying through the pass, come Home and Heron, Maxwell and Scott, braid bonnets and bared legs, waving plaids, and glittering pikes.

The wild *gillies*, scrambling about in the water, fiercely pricking onward the weary unwilling kine, yet looking anxious back, and lowing mournfully for their native pasture; the gentler horsemen closing up the rear, and making many a careful cast behind, well knowing that keen eyes and ready hands were on their spur.

Picture to yourself at such a moment a sudden clatter of fast coming riders, and then the shout of "a *Thirlwall*," or "an *Armstrong*," or other bold Border name, ringing from the English bank, and right promptly answered by the Scottish Horns, and the various slogan of the septs, till the mountain echoes, startled in their caves, shriek back the fierce defiance.

Fancy the—but where the devil am I galloping to? I set out by promising, and intending simply to give you my impressions of "Edinbro' town," and here I am, dashing through the waters of the Esk, yelling barbarous *cris de guerre*, and striking in, with close-set teeth, amidst a Border onslaught, where for every bullock to be knocked in the head, two tall men were presently brained.

Marry, were oxen as high-priced in these degenerate days, it would be needful to lengthen Lent, since I fear me there would be few bidders. Beef would, doubtless, be a great rarity amongst us peaceable folk; or, as Mr Hood would say, we should soon fall short of even a short-rib.

But to go onward—having paid tribute to the fair Esk, the which I could not resist. If old surly Sam o' Litchfield marched into the land by this route, I could almost pardon the learned Bear his jaundiced picture of Scotia's barrenness; for surely nothing, in appearance, can be less fertile than the succession of bare mountain and bleak valley, which, if we except the passage of

the Ettrick, is little varied from hence to "*Fushie Inn*," where, by the way of note, let me say there is to be seen a very pretty Scotch lassie, a very picturesque-looking old landlady, with Whiggery enough for the whole Covenant, devoted to posting and reform, and bearing for her sign a very quaint conceit, for painted thereon is a dog, by name "*Buch*," who is made, nothing loath, to wish Fushie "*Good-luck*," a wish which every looker-on's, at least, sure to repeat.

From the hill above this place the pulse begins to increase its action, and every added mile gives birth to some new interest. To the right towers Arthur's lofty scat, up comes on the mind, Hollywood, Anthony's Chapel, and the hundred other images they conjure in their train. To the left darkles the Castle, recalling the Bruce—the Douglas—Kirkaldy's loyal defence and luckless end.

Beyond range the Pentlands, the stern witness of Clavers' murders, and the eternal monument of his victims. I wonder did the Church's Captain ever dream that time might come when the humble Covenanters' graves would be remembered and famous, whilst that of the proud Dundee should afford a subject of dispute to the antiquary alone?

But I must pull in, and not dilate so; the fact is, Thady, a man feels fairly inspired in this region,—at least I pity him who does not so feel. It is a land of romance, and one yields helplessly and wholly to its influence.

Nearing the city, I was at first hugely reminded of dear Dublin; the low stone-cabins, cherished dirt-heaps, and duck, or pig-puddles, light-haired unkempt maidens, and sturdy shoeless urchins, all filth and frolic, together with the lofty garden-walls, and square-built houses of the better sort, all came in aid of the resemblance; but, once within the suburb of Newington, the comparison would be "*odorous*," as Mrs M. says.

Such plain good taste in design, such neatness, such *cleanliness*, such a general air of comfort, in short, is, in my mind, offered by no other entrance to any capital city it has been my lot to visit, and they have not been few. Well, from this onward

the scene gradually changed, becoming more and more striking, and also more inspiring; for it was Sabbath-day, and hitherto all had been quiet, voiceless, and even solitary; but as the *Mut* drove leisurely on, the churches were pouring forth their congregations!—Oh, Thady, my dear fellow, when shall we feast our eyes and hearts, in our own city, on such an unmixed assemblage of well clad people, as that which I then beheld crowding the wide streets of this!

I turned to all sides; I lifted my eyes from one well-dressed group, and they lighted only upon the like. I was sensibly moved by this air of general and equal ease and comfort. "Where," I asked of a person seated behind me, who had been civilly pointing out the *lions*,—"where," I asked, "are your poor?"

"They're just here, about you!" he replied, accompanying his answer, as I thought, with a smile of pride, which I at once envied and admired. "These," he went on, "are all, or mostly, artisans, and work-people of one kind or other; we are not yet come to the fashionable end of the town."

Well, on we rolled. We passed along the vast dry bridge that crosses the North Loch, connecting the Old with the New Town. We turned short by the right, halting at the Post-office.

Full before me rose the Calton-hill. My eyes swept upwards along the noble street, glanced by the monument of Dugald Stewart, and rested on the front of the Parthenon; they were feasted, filled full with beauty. Nelson's Monument I might also have seen; but, after one glance, I would not again see it—I forgot it—I shut it out from my soul's sight, and the retina refused again to reflect the only blot on a scene so perfect—so matchless. 'Twas the only fault, and, like the Recording Angel, (not to speak it profanely,) I feel that I ought to drop a tear upon the page, and blot out its remembrance for ever; but, alas, I am no angel, Ted, as you well know; besides, I promised you my *true* impressions, and false recorder you shall never call me,—tasteless you may, perchance, when one day you look on this object of my dislike. To which I answer, each man

to his humour; and perhaps I may yet return to this same monument, when in one more reasonable than at present,

Well, I at length was set down at the coach-office. I clomb the steep hill, stared at the Record-hall, wended at the heels of my *Hielan* porter up Prince's Street, looking mighty like a Kerry cow in the middle of College-green, all dust and bewilderment, and at length was safely housed at Mackay's Hotel, after bumping against several *gude folk*, through star-gazing at the near Castle, and thinking of "Oliver Cromwell, that did it so pummel," as he did poor Lady Jeffries, "till he made a great breach, right into her battlement."

So ends my first chapter; and whether I "*go an*," or no, must depend upon your gratitude, my humour, Scottish sunshine, and a few other chances, all equally uncertain and undependable.

Adieu, Thadeus, darlin'—Excuse much of this, as, in serious truth, I'm not yet quite sane; I'll strive to sober me down by my next, making this strange gay garment cleave better to me "by the aid of use."

Always yours,

PATRICK ROONEY.

*Mackay's Hotel,  
Prince's Street.*

## LETTER II.

DEAR THADY,—Since writing my last, I have become as familiar with Edinbro', as a man may well be with so large a space in so short a time. But with cities as with men, an agreeable first impression mightily facilitates intercourse, ripening the acquaintanceship of a day into an ease and cordiality which a knowledge of years fails to produce, when, on the other hand, coldness or formality chances to cloud the introduction.

It is pleasant, either in the case of men or cities, to feel that closer acquaintanceship has failed to undo the charm, which novelty at first, perchance, helped to weave; and still more pleasant to be able to assert, that familiar intercourse has but served to confirm the predilection.

Just in this humour, then, do I sit down to pen for you, my second batch of *Impressions*. I have, then, Thady, wandered about here according to my restless habit, and have seen more to admire than might justly be described under the head I have selected, as best suited to a flying traveller: comprehending a light but vigorous glance, that, aided by an imagination alive to the subject, and prepared to deal with it, snatches most of what is boldest and most attractive, and if fearlessly and fairly transferred to paper, often affords a sketch as satisfactory as more laboured efforts, checked, as these must be, by that weight of responsibility which pretension always incurs—But to my task.

In the first place, my own quarters—most happily situated—in no slight degree, as it chanced, served to keep the flame alive, which a first glance on Edinburgh had kindled. Immediately opposite my window, but at some distance, stand groups of buildings, which one might fancy belonging to some Italian city of the middle ages—when each family residence was a stout fortress, planned and raised in contemplation of a siege from Guelph or Ghibelline, where all showed solid, stern, and safe, the citizens' only aim space and security; and when the church alone, sanctified and shielded by its holy purpose, could venture safely to indulge the genius of the architect, and revel in luxuriant external ornament, fearless and fancy free—such were my first *impressions*, as, on the evening of my arrival, I stood at my window communing with all which it commanded.

The country, at this point, was wholly shut out. On my left hand the North Bridge, crossing the loch, with the tall houses which form the *tête du pont*, limited my view in that direction. Immediately in front, looking across the deep chasm of the once loch—half veiled in the growing mist of evening, and by the smoke of the houses below, whose roofs were barely visible—ran *en échélon*, a succession of towering gables, marking the course of the old High street; broken at certain distances by long lines of heavy ma-

sonry, pierced with small square windows; in many of which lights already glimmered; some, as it were, rising brightly from out the very earth, others twinkling pale and star-like, at an elevation of fifteen stories. Here and there a conical roof, together with numberless stacks of chimneys, chequered the line, and, marked against the clear sky, produced the effect of crenelled battlements.

On the extreme right, the view was flanked high overhead by the Castle, a more picturesque mass than which it would be difficult to find. Below, on the same line of sight, I could just include the building of the Society of Artists, looking like some temple of antiquity, escaped from the ravages of Goth and Frank; the solitary evidence of a happier age—all else speaking more of security than beauty, except, as I before remarked, in the church's case; for on the middle ground of this very picture, at once giving birth to, and confirming the recollection, the old Tower of St Giles proudly reared its head, imperially crowned, and rich in the most florid Gothic tracery, imparting a finish and relief to the dense group, which no single object less happily appropriate could have done. Fancy, in addition to the whole, my dear Ted, the last rays of a heavenly day yet lingering in a cloudless sky, giving brightness to the more prominent points, and investing the numerous deep shadows with a breadth and grandeur, that was most admirably in keeping with the character with which my imagination had invested this striking scene.

On these objects, of which my hasty sketch will, at best, afford you but a very meagre impression, I continued untired to speculate, until forms became gradually indistinct, and the various and brightly dotted lines of lamps alone remained, marking the singular irregularities of the site, and giving no ill idea of just such a rude city, suddenly illuminated for the night *entrée* of its feudal lord and his array.

In the morning of next day, which was happily a fine one, I strolled about the New Town, which offers a succession of nobly planned streets, terraces, and squares, all stone-built, and deriving from that circumstance

a solid air of grandeur and durability on which the eye rests with pleasure, and which mere brick and mouldy stucco never can impart.

From every point here, the blue waters of the Forth are seen rolling; beyond, a wild background of mountains, over all of which, in a fine day, the lofty Ben Lomond may be clearly distinguished, braving the sun with his snowy head, and looking down on the fleecy clouds, where they sleep upon the summits of his less ambitious compeers.

I find I must confine my notices to what most especially struck me, else you will have no end to my *impressions*, and they will weary, instead of, as I design, amusing you. One word more, therefore, only, to the New Town.

With St Andrew Square I was especially taken, as I looked across it, and along the vast line of George Street, closed by the noble dome of St George's Church, for I pass over the equivocal-looking statue standing at the head of Hanover Street, since, although it in reality cuts this fine line, it hardly interferes with the effect, the eye willingly passing it by, and reposing only on the nobler and true termination. There can be nowhere, I think, a street more finely imagined than this, and how the plague the designer contrived to select, or carve out, such a continuous level at such an elevation, does hugely perplex my simplicity. Viewed from the Church of St George, Melville's column in St Andrew's Square offers a termination equally to be admired. Near to the latter object one is less satisfied; the base appears too mean and insecure for its great office, standing as it does upon the soft green-sward, whilst the ill-looking birds which preside over the corners have plagiouly the air of attendant harpies, roosting under the auspices of the ex-great man.

But I must hurry away from this noble quarter, where all things, however presently grand, serve only to impress one with a sense of the growing greatness of the Scottish capital; the which I trust may be fairly viewed as typical of that of the whole nation; and next give you my *impressions* of that quarter, which as plainly speaks to its former, and if less

prosperous and secure, to me, far more interesting condition.

In this latter perambulation, then, Thady, it was my good fortune to be accompanied with one of the foremost of the band of worthies which Scotland has given to art. One, under whose conduct it was impossible to pass any thing admirable, unseeing, or look on, uninstructed; whose imagination seems equally regulated by truth, whether gaily luxuriating amongst the groves of the *Bachtcha serai*,\* or darkly brooding over the bleak muir of *Maugus*,† where the Covenant was irrevocably sealed in the best blood of the hierarchy.

I stood in the chamber of Mary Stuart in Holyrood; rested by her very bed, in the warm early sunbeams, streaming full in at the same window through which her bright eyes had so often greeted them. Truly, Thady, one has need here of all the sun's warmth, for the place has but a chilly effect, backed by the recollection of the deeds enacted therein. I almost, fancied, as the tapestry was lifted, and the low door heavily opened on the dark stair-head by which the murderers of Rizzio entered, that I had a glimpse of old Ruthven's scowling brows, blackened by the iron shade of his helmet; close to the door is the little closet where the Queen and the Countess of Argyle supped in company with the gentle musician. It is not above fifteen feet long, by twelve broad, and with the addition of the ruffians who burst in upon that happy party, must have been as fearfully filled as ever was the like space in any land or time. What has romance, my dear Thady, to offer, equal in horror to a tale like this, of whose verity such fearful evidences, such speaking proofs, yet exist to harrow up the blood, and make the looker-on wish for free breathing space, with his lungs panting, and his heart thumping against his ribs, as if himself under the very gripe of the noble bravoos, who so basely outraged nature, and disgraced true chivalry!

Faith, Thady, the envied privileges

of a lady's favourite were held by a desperate tenure in those days. The sword, film-sustained, was ever ripe for a fall; and, as poor Rizzio found, even the person of the sovereign was no safe shield, opposed to the will of such subjects, whose ears were as ears of adders to the commands of the Queen; their hearts, as hearts of marble to the tears of the woman.

In the Duke of Hamilton's apartments are some interesting portraits. One of Darnley, loutish, small-eyed, and brutal, affording no trace of that beauty for which he was remarkable. A smaller one of Mary, bearing every mark of authenticity. The features petite and regular; and the lines betraying the heaviness of mid-age, with a tendency to fat. Here, however, a likeness of our James the Second drew more largely on my notice than any other; it was most likely placed here by himself, when, as Duke of York, he held at Holyrood the most brilliant court probably that Scotland ever boasted, and won "golden opinions" from all sorts of people, laying the broad foundations of a love, which, cleaving to his ill-fated descendants, cost Scotland much of her best blood. It is impossible for the least imaginative person to look upon this portrait, and not marvel at the turn of fortune's wheel, which makes the once master of St Germain's a twice exiled lodger in the palace of the once master of Holyrood.

Anthony's Chapel was the next point I made; and in walking to it, I was truly surprised by the deep solitude into which five minutes plunges one. Look towards the city, and every object bespeaks the refinement of culture and civilisation; turn your back, and all is uncultured, natural, and savage. You might as well be in a desert: not a sound, not a soul; not a sign of husbandry, not a domestic animal within ken; dark glens and rocky heights stretch in unbroken lines as far as the sight can penetrate. The ruined Chapel only speaks of man, and looking on this, you might fancy it the mouldering altar of some Cenobite of the wilderness, and yourself the first modern discoverer.

\* Garden of the seraglio, in the Crimea.

† *Maugus-moor*, where Sharpe was slain.

The day was fitful, the wind east by north, loose banks of fog rose from the sea, and kept flitting landward, wholly veiling many objects, and leaving others hard by in bright sunshine. My companion, with the feeling of a painter, was regretting this—a regret in which I joined. Yet do I owe to this chance the most unalloyed long look on the Calton Hill I have enjoyed at all, and Thady, my boy, what a soul-stirring sight it was! The Parthenon and the Monuments stood out bright and clearly defined in dazzling sun-light, whilst on the intervening space rested a thick cloud, enveloping and concealing that tea-garden tower, to which I cannot be reconciled, whilst it is left standing in such a place and so companioned.—What an idea was that of a sailor, whom my friend one day encountered, *brought-up* close by this Nelson's tower, and looking quietly upon it.

"What do you think of the Admiral's Monument?" enquired the artist, attracted by the thoughtful air of the old tar.

"Not much, master; it's a queer sodger-looking place, in my mind," was the cool reply.

"Why, what would you have for his monument?"

"What would I have!" cries Jack, musing for a little, with a quiet smile; "Why, I'll tell you, I'd have som'at a leetle more ship-shape—I'd a took one them taunt pillars, stuck it up like the main-lower-mast of the Victory, rigged a thing like the main-top on to it, and clapped the old boy over all, bow-on to the Firth, his right arm adrift, a cannon-ball in his left hand, and his one eye looking well-up among the scud, flying across his bare head."

It was a grand, a generous thought, to make this hill the site of their monuments who have deserved well of their country; and what a perpetuity of fame does a man bid for, who fights to gain place thereon! What would a Scotchman not attempt, to earn one foot of a soil hallowed to such an end—to stand boldly out an honoured landmark in the eyes of generations—to feel that your children, come they east or west, or north or south, may stretch forth their hands, and proudly say, "There stands the monument of our father!" What the devil is a hole in St Paul's

to this, Thady? Only think of having your shell crushed within a month after your burial by the huge carcass of some stinking alderman, and your bit of shining marble shewn by a beef-fed rascal, in a red gown, to curious country schoolboys, at a charge of "only twopence a-piece!" Faugh on such fame, when compared to an urn based by the free mountain!

But my *impressions* gain on me, I find, and must not be let to circle in such wide flights. The subject is, in fact, over much for me, Thady, and the recollections linked with the subject throng upon my imagination, confounding and bewildering it.

Of the Canongate I shall only remark, that it is a street of romance, one long line of ancient poetry telling in imagery, rude, but rich and true, of memorable bygone times, and of the actors therein. One thing I must name to you;—fancy the house of John Knox, tenanted by a Dryden, that Dryden a Barbatic, and one who swears by the covenant, and, maugre idolatry, worships the grim bust of the Scotch Reformer, stuck in a niche by his door, as his patron saint.

What a book is "the Heart of Mid-Lothian!" Follow in this book the Porteous mob, and you have every house yet standing, from St Giles down to the Grassmarket. These made the less impression on me, for I already knew, and, in those pages, had often looked upon them.

On the extent and beauty of the prospects from the Castle, and every other elevation, I am silent for the like reason; the same graphic pen, the only one which could truly image forth such scenery, having already made most of them familiar to all lovers of nature. Alas! that her faithfulest painter should have forsook his honoured function to play the truant in far off sunny lands! Yet so it is!—The weary Magician has cast his wand aside, bequeathing, like his mighty wizard namesake, his achievements to the wonder of coming ages, and like him, too, bearing to the unrevealing silent tomb, the secret of the spell by which he wrought his wonders.

Adieu, dear Thady, yours always,  
abroad or at home, dead or alive,

PATRICK ROONEY.

*Mackay's Hotel,  
April 14th, 1832.*



## THE CASTLE OF THE ISLE OF RUGEN.

THE traveller who looks for wonders always turns his face to the south. There he first finds among the Swiss hills, romance, and the *Ranz de vaches*. Still onward he finds Roman ruins, Etruscan fragments, the dust of the Scipios, and the living Lazaroni. Still onward, if he has the hardihood, which Horace professes that *he* had not, he throws himself and his curiosity on board a *sparonaro*, rests on his oars in the centre of the Bay of Naples, drinks in sea-air and sunshine, discovers that the sky "never produced such a sun before," nor the breeze filled his organization with such a superfluity of aromas; and lingers there, sketching Vesuvius in his portfolio, recording his raptures in his tablets, or describing the undescribable, until he catches the night dew, which, to a novice, is as fatal as a cannon shot; or is carried out of the bay by the current that insidiously steals round Capræa, and finds himself at once in breakers, in the dark, and in the hands of a row-boat full of Algerines. All this many a Roman lover has enjoyed within the course of his first Neapolitan twelve hours; and all this he may enjoy still, notwithstanding the presence of General Savary and his French heroes in the ancient seat of the Dey. Piracy is too native to the Algerine, to be eradicated by even the vigorous *surveillance* of the first police officer of Napoleon himself. The Algerines still launch their row-boats, sweep across the glassy Mediterranean, float along the Italian shores, and carry off priests and princesses in the original style. Whether the French *braves* are cognizant of this revival of the national habits, is not clear. But France is a nation of such infinite good-breeding, that, while it uniformly respected the manners of its allies in America too much to prevent them from roasting or eating each other, whenever they thought proper, we can scarcely conceive that its legislators, who still honour the slave-trade, and the warriors, who wither in the fires of a land of the most intolerable sunshine with merciless *ennui*, that ever made

Frenchmen miserable, would altogether extinguish the only intercourse with European faces, which visits his soul with a recollection of human nature.

The more profound traveller pushes still to the south; mounts a camel, breakfasts with the Bashaw of Benin; is robbed by the majesty of the Mandingoes; is bastinadoed, flogged, starved and dungeoned, by a relay of kings, at every five miles, until he reaches the "empire of Timbuctoo;" finds, as usual, that there is no empire; gets a *coup de soleil*; finds his liver *Bulamized*, his pulses in the black fever; lives just long enough to see himself robbed to the last scrap of his journal and his wardrobe, and thus bequeathing his example to a posterity whom he is sure of finding blockheads enough to emulate his absurdity, and long to share a shred of his fame.

On setting out upon my travels, I neither looked for wonders, nor turned my horse's head to the south. My way was to the north, where I had some concerns of both study and business with St Petersburg. I went through Mecklenburgh, famous for the best-humoured people and the worst highways in the world; and after seeing the Sovereign Prince and the *other* curiosities of the place, I followed the shore of the Baltic, through Pomerania, and in due time passed through Wismar, renowned for the best beer in Germany, and reached Rostock, equally renowned for having the worst; two characteristics which go a prodigious length in the land of the Cimbric and Teutones.

But Rostock had better things for me than its beer. I there found my excellent friend, Major Von Hermand, with whom I had made half a dozen campaigns in the Lichenstein hussars, in the Napoleon wars, and who, after gaining honours and wounds in very different proportion, had retired Major from the service of Mars to matrimony, and was now husband of a handsome Mecklenburgher, and father of a little corporal's guard of boys and girls.

My old Major welcomed me with

soldierly hospitality; but it was soon clear enough that the household was in some state of confusion. And when we were left to take our bottle of Rhenish after supper, the story came out in the shape of a reluctant apology for the necessity of leaving me next morning. "The awkwardness of this breach of good fellowship is increased," said he, "by my being scarcely able to say where I am going, or for what object. But the truth is, that I think my family have been grossly insulted in the person of one of my sisters by an adventurer, as I pronounce him, but by a sort of angel in disguise, as all the women here have resolved, with one voice, including my unlucky sister, who took him for better for worse a year ago, and who will now probably have time enough to repent of relying on the plausible tongue, of what I must acknowledge to have been a very showy scoundrel."

"Where did he come from?" was my question.

"Oh, from Berlin, of course," was the answer; "all our Cupids in the north come from the German Paris." "His name?"—"Steinfort—a good travelling name. He gave himself out for a Captain in the Zieten husars; knew everybody everywhere—received perpetual letters with fine names on them—talked as if he had been presented in every court of Europe—spoke half-a-dozen languages—fiddled, fluted, and sang, till he drew all the brains out of the women's heads; and when he led my sister to church, was reported to have left, I can't tell how many hundreds of our belles in a state of despair."

"But how went on the matrimonial year?" I asked.—"Nothing could be better," was the reply; "all adoration for the first month, as is the etiquette. Then came fondness; friendship followed; every thing was done with the regularity of a master of the whole ceremonial. Then came paternity; a new revival of his raptures; never was father fonder—never was infant so caressed—never was wife so worshipped. It must be owned that the fellow performed his part to perfection."

"But the explosion, the catastrophe—How did they occur?" said I.—"That I can scarcely tell," said

the Major. "He received a letter by an odd-looking courier about a fortnight ago, and from that time he became prodigiously fond of staying at home. His wife at length urged him out, for the mere benefit of a morning's shooting in the fir groves round the town. He suffered himself to be persuaded; took his gun and his dog, and from that time to this no soul in Rostock has seen his face. The dog came duly home, the gun was found in the wood, but the sportsman was gone. We were about to send out our people to scour the country, but the knave, not to be deficient in politeness to the last, contrived, how I know not, to dispatch a letter to his unfortunate wife, apologizing, with the grace of a Berlin coxcomb, for the delay of his return, stating some nonsense about business, &c., promising that he should 'throw himself at her feet at the earliest opportunity,' and in fact clapping his wings, and quitting his wife and the country for life, I suppose. There is the fellow's billet-doux. It smells so confoundingly of perfumes that I cannot bear to touch it. See if you can make any thing more of it than we can."

His note was produced; it had all the guilt of the perfumes strong upon it; but it was an eloquent, and, as I should have conceived, a strikingly sincere performance. It was long, and seemed to have been written under great depression of mind; but there was evidently some story in the matter which the writer had not the power to disclose. "And your journey is to find the letter-writer?" I asked. "I know of nothing else to be done," was the answer. "On gathering up a few scraps of his papers, for he seems to have spent all his late retired hours in destroying his correspondence, I found an account of some kind, Swedish, with the Scania postmark, and to Sweden I make my first movement, though probably the fellow is by this time fighting, fiddling, or marrying, among the heroes and heroines of South America."

For my part, I had nothing better to do in my three months' leave from my regiment; Sweden was new to me, and I might as well go there as any where else; I had also seen the bright eyes and pale cheeks of

the deserted wife; gallantry, novelty, and old friendship, were all engaged in the affair: I offered to accompany Von Hernand; and my offer, after some deprecatory civilities, was accepted.

Between soldiers who have stood the fire of a French battery together, there is not much ceremony; and the hussar, who is a wild man by profession, and sleeps oftener in a bush than a bed, seldom requires much preparation. Von Hernand and I were accordingly on horseback by six the next morning, and, with a pair of stout valets, if not very accomplished ones, they being old dragoons who had received their discharge and retired with the Major, we galloped off, followed by prayers, sighs, and tears enough to have wafted an army of crusaders.

Pomerania is, as but few of the world know, excepting the Baltic smugglers, a rough country, though as flat as a Tartar's face; its roughness consisting in roads axle-deep; in a most prodigious fertility of thorns and thistles, and in, I think, an unrivalled scorn of all civility among its people. I am not ultra-aristocrat, but heaven defend me from eating, drinking, or sleeping, from living or dying, among a nation of peasants! After having tried the towns, from Demmin to Usedom, and being half starved in them all, our next experiment was the country. Here we had the barbarism of manners, united to the barbarism of solitude. And here we might have roved till the great day which finishes all things, without getting a civil word, or an ounce of white bread. The Major was beginning, I saw, to be rather weary of the adventure. The valets, honest fellows as they were, were all but in a state of mutiny; nothing but my military adroitness in supplying them with double rations of tobacco, on the first symptoms of discontent, could have prevented them from dropping the reins on their chargers' necks; which would, in that case, have inevitably turned their heads home. But what German, from the Tyrol to Holstein, could ever resist tobacco, the national ambrosia, the original temptation of the German Eve? They followed; I drew up our order of march,

put the Major in the centre, the dragoons in the rearguard, and took upon myself the parts of outpost, vidette, general patrol, and universal purveyor. In this campaigning style we ranged the whole coast of Swedish Pomerania, intending to make our next incursion into the Prussian part of the province, and then regularly proceeding over our human hunting-ground.

From time to time we had received some of those encouragements to pursue the chase, which, though the most frivolous things imaginable in the sight of common reason, yet, to men embarked in any peculiar pursuit, always seem to give such prodigiously solid encouragement for going on and continuing to be fooled. We seldom attempted to give a hint of our object without finding that shewy swindlers were a commodity rife in the coldest corners of the north; nor described our adventurer, without hearing that his very counterpart had "passed through the town the night before," and was at that moment supposed to be sitting at breakfast, dinner, or supper, at some village within the next half dozen miles. Of course, while we were yet novices, on these occasions we put spurs to our steeds, and had the simple advantage of the exercise for our trouble. It was, however, a season in which a gallop across a wild country might not be reckoned among the severest trials of human philosophy. It was the close of autumn; and the last days of autumn in the north are not to be undervalued beside its finest and fairest hours in the south. Even the weeds put on their robe of colours, the pines and thickets were regally invested with gold and purple, and the skies were all in grand gala. The Baltic is but a salt water lake at best, and in its days undisturbed by Odin and his chariot of the whirlwind, is as fine a mirror for the sunsets and evening stars of the Pole, as the waters of Italy for the hanging forest and the clustering vineyard.

Nature, rich, lovely, and luscious, in the south, is calm, solemn, and superb in the north; but, like the fair sex, she is fair every where: and the eye must be singularly dim that

would not bow to her autumnal beauty, even on the shores of Pomerania.

But one of those loveliest of evenings exhibited the caprice of beauty; a breeze, soft as ever breathed in Paphos, suddenly swelled into a gale; clouds that lay floating on the west in pavilions of vermeil and violet, suddenly congregated into pillars of rolling smoke, mountains of conflagrations, and chaoses of flame, wind, water, and thunderbolts. The trumpet of Odin was sounded over the horizon, and all his windy legions came flocking on all their watery wings. We were drenched in a moment; our horses reared, groaned, and ran wherever it liked them best; mutiny was again in the camp, and the Major gravely declared his thorough conviction that swindler-catching was out of his department. But, however wise the determination might be for the future, the only thing worth thinking of for the present was, where to find a roof for ourselves and our horses.

No spot in the province could have been worse calculated to give a man comfort in a storm. We were riding along the shore of the Kleino Hoff, in which nothing but an oyster could live, and nothing but an otter could find a place to hide its head. As far as the eye reached landward was weed, yellow, blue, and green, perfectly picturesque, but the picturesque unbroken by any vestige of the dwelling of man. Seaward, to the extremity of the horizon, all was a bed of dim-coloured billows, rolling and tossing before a tough and rough northwester. The earth was a deluge, and the sky was a reservoir from which the deluge poured. Night, too, fell rapidly. The good old times when we should have wrapped ourselves up in our cloaks, kindled the first tree we met, roasted the first sheep, and lain down beside our chargers to sleep out the night, till sunshine or an enemy's shot broke our slumbers, were passed away. The excitement of campaigning,—and there is no excitement on earth that can be its equal for making men forget every thing of personal annoyance,—was not to be

found on the shores of this sandy armlet of the brown Baltic. I began fully to coincide in the logic of the Major, and to think with a fondness fatal to heroism of all kinds, of the delights of a fireside, a supper to eat, and a bed to lie on.

While I was soliloquizing on this vexatious contrast, one of our valets, whose horse had probably grown tired of his rider's grumblings or his tobacco, dropped him over his ears into a streamlet, now swelled to a torrent, which rolled into the sea. The old dragoon rolled with it, and had nearly found a fatal result from adopting the old courtier policy of following the stream. Through all the howling of the tempest we heard his roar for help, or for the loss of his pipe, I forget which; the meerschäum being in all probability as dear to his Keyzerslautern soul as any part of his configuration. We lost sight of him for a moment; till, by a flash of the blue flame that was darting about us in a thousand spiky fantasies, we saw him and his horse climbing up the opposite bank; and heard him, in another moment, crying out that he saw a light in a hut, but how many leagues off he could not venture to guess. The news, so far as it went, was cheering. We all plunged into the stream, found it fordable, saw the light, and pushed our tired steeds gallantly through moss and mire, towards this new harbinger of bed and board.

The hut turned out to be a kind of country inn, or large farm-house; and if we were to judge from the blaze through the windows, which gave signs of a good fire in the kitchen, and the roar of song and laughter that echoed along this windy wilderness, we had fallen in with some place of remarkably festive entertainment in a remarkably festive time. The prospect cheered us infinitely, and the Major fairly outstripped me in a race for the door. But there our charge was brought to a full stop;—the entrance was as fast shut up as the dungeon of Spandau. The Major knocked, all in vain; vociferated, equally in vain; threatened to break every casement in the house, still in vain; swore by the shade of Marshal Daun, and the beard of the Grand Turk, equally in vain; and

at length, like all puzzled generals, had no alternative for it but to hold a council of war. The very name is, in all instances, but another word for despair; and though the two dragoons were invited to the council, the only expedient that our united wisdom could devise, was either to storm the house, to set it on fire, or to ride away and take the chances of the world, which probably meant, being drowned in some quagmire, or beaten to pieces by some falling forest, before the next half hour.

I confess I heard this decision with more repugnance than became due notions of military obedience; and the prospect of quitting this world, when I had got three months' leave from the parades and patrolings of garrison life, of all lives the most tiresome, or of cutting short the vow that I had made, of spending that night in particular over a good fire and a better bottle, made me a revolter at once. I accordingly, in my character of vidette, lingered a few hundred paces behind our retreating force, and pondered on the possibilities of finding the bed and the bottle after all. One of the oddities of the affair was, that the moment of our knocking at the inexorable door, seemed to have the effect of sudden mortality on all within. It was the knock of death, and the Major the ministering angel. Every sound had sunk at once—every light had perished; there was neither song nor shout, fire nor candle, in the tenebrous; and the suddenness of the change from boisterous merriment to silence worthy of an assembly of mummies, had undoubtedly been among the more secret motives which moved our two dragoons to acquiesce so submissively in the order for bivouacking on the moor. Fond as the German is, whether soldier or citizen, of the good things of this world, he is not disposed to buy them at more than their value. He will venture his brains against a battery, for the buttons of the artilleryman that points the guns at him; he will run the chance of the rope in the most friendly country, for a pullet; but he will have nothing to do with skirmishers recruited from the world of ghosts. The dire impression on our valets was, that the farmyard was some outpost of Beelze-

bub, and that it was not in their orders to attack any of his pickets. Von Hermand himself, though as brave as his own sword, had seemed particularly struck with the extraordinary change from Bacchanalianism to dumbness; and his philosophy, for the time, was evidently not of a very different altitude from that of the dragoon school. However, while I gazed on the mansion, I perceived a renewed twinkle through one of the shutters; the view considerably cheered the gloominess of my speculations, and taking post in silence under a projection of the wall, I drew the reins tight, and waited for further developments. Presently the shutter opened a little more widely; and this was soon after followed by the projection of a head and neck. As I was still in my saddle, I was just on the elevation which gave me an opportunity of seizing both the head and the opportunity. I did both, and, notwithstanding a vigorous struggle, held fast my prize. We were pretty evenly matched, for the prisoner, though meagre, was tall and bony, and his fixed position gave him a manifest advantage over my moving one. My horse, too, soon began to make himself a party in the *mêlée*, and in another moment I should have been hanging in mid air; when perceiving I had lost one chance for victory, I plucked out a pistol, and ordered my captive to surrender without loss of time. Whether the result would have been that I should have shot him, or he hanged me, was still unsettled, until another party was involved, to which soldiers and philosophers alike lay down their arms.

Roused, I presume, by my most solemn protestations that I should fire, a form rushed out of the chamber nearest the casement in an instant, and implored mercy for "her dear uncle." Feeble as the light was, I could discover that the suppliant was an uncommonly pretty creature, who spoke German with the purest accent of Saxony, had the bluest eyes shaded with the most luxuriant auburn curls, and that I should be a monster of the blackest dye to withstand her opinion on any subject under the stars. I instantly released my prisoner, leaving it to his honour and the lady's feelings,

whether it were becoming that a soldier of the Zieten should be left to die supperless on such a tremendous night.

The uncle was still disposed to be sullen enough, but the niece was still irresistible; and whether she thought that there might be some variety in the news of the world, which might be brought even by me, or moved by the compassion that belongs to the whole sex, but which I have found at all times especially vivid in proportion to their beauty, she at length prevailed on the dearest of uncles, and most reluctant of landlords, to unbar his doors, and give me shelter for the night. But now a fresh cause of parley arose. I demanded quarters for the whole party. The commandant of the garrison would allow entrance to none but the attacking force. The presence of the lady prevented a return to hostilities on my side. But the Major, either more unsusceptible of the deference due to the finest of blue eyes, and the most luxuriant of auburn curls, or infuriated by bodily fear of being starved or drowned in the course of the night, made a rush at the half-opened gate, carried it in full charge with the force of a petard, and was master of the place before a preliminary syllable could announce his appearance and possession.

We were ushered into an apartment, or rather ushered ourselves, for ceremony was at an end. But where were the jovial fellows who had made the desert ring; and where was the supper that had inspired them with such festivity? Or were they indeed spectres, and the uncle of the fairest of nieces but the magician who called them up to their revels, and sent them down again to the place from which they came? The house looked the very dwelling of loneliness. There was not a vestige of the long table, where we had fancied that some score of smugglers, or bandits, must have been drinking their deep potatoes of Rhein-wine or Mecklenburg beer. A dying brand or two were in the fire-place, a crazy table lay in a corner, a few stools were scattered through the room; there was furniture enough for a ghost, but no more. We began to fear that our

supper would be on the same ghostly scale. But the entrance of the *Zung frau*, basket in hand, happily relieved us from this share of the catastrophe. Bread, some fragments of one of the sheep that grazed the weeds of the moor, and a couple of flasks of tolerable wine, which seemed to constitute the family cellar, stood between us and death by famine for the time; and the Major, in his exultation, panegyricized my capture of the fortress as an exploit worthy to eclipse half the *coups-de-main*, from the storm of the lines of Weissenburg to the assault of Smolensko.

As the flasks went their rounds, and the brands blazed, both essential to the recovery of our good-humour, we began to enquire into the causes which could have fixed any human being in so unpalatable a spot. But the hermit was superior to all hints; and we were at length forced to try the simpler mode of direct questioning. "The stars," was at length the wild answer. Von Hermand and I glanced at each other; and I could see in the Major's face that the solemnity of tone in which this was pronounced, was not lost upon my gallant, but very spectre-hating friend. I burst into an involuntary laugh. The grim lord of the mansion turned his eye on me; and whether it was the illusion of the moment, or that some strange lustre shot from it, the emanation of an inflamed mind, I think that I never saw an eye so difficult to sustain.

"Yes, the stars!" exclaimed the enthusiast. "You, and beings like you, the children of clay, untaught the sublime mysteries of these glorious lights, scoff at their science; but it is true, proudly, splendidly true, though it be hid in clouds and the veil of impenetrable darkness to the eyes of the multitude."

The energy with which he poured out this tirade, gave, it must be owned, a singular force to his countenance. His features, which had been hitherto dim and withered, now seemed to fill out, and shape into an expression, which was all but overpowering, and at last had the look of singular mental vigour. His voice had lost its hollowness. It was now powerful and full volumed. But those are the usual miracles of en-

thusiasm, let the subject be what it may. The wine, too, or the time, for it was now fully the witches' hour, or the natural excitement of finding that he had human beings to listen to him, and possibly to be converted into stargazers like himself, increased his animation, and we found in this wild man of the woods a highly informed, though undoubtedly an extremely eccentric companion for the hour.

Our flasks were already traversing the table with a much lighter freight, than when we began disburdening them; perhaps some glances exchanged between Von Hermand and myself, certainly less in regret for the low state of the Rhenish, than for the omen which it gave, and our breaking up for the night, caught the astrologer's eye in the midst of a harangue mixed of all sorts of topics, from the discovery of the longitude to the length of the Queen of Sheba's slipper; or the etiquette of the court of Vienna at the last imperial birth-day. A touch on a bell conjured up another flask without delay; but not self-moved, but brought in by what, in my poetic days, I should have dreamed into a sylph, or a fairy princess. It was a pretty being, dressed in some wild but uncommonly picturesque costume, with a wreath of lilies, or white roses, or some such pretty emblem of her own innocence, in her ringlets, a light veil floating behind, an embroidered girdle round her slender waist, and youth, beauty, and archness enough in her countenance to have made Socrates himself marry a second time. She came in with a solemn step, and singing, in a sweet voice, but scarcely above a whisper, the Incantation from Faust. Her sparkling eye was sufficiently at war with the gravity of the strain; but the pantomime was too graceful for us to disturb it. She made an obeisance to the table and the guests, then turned to the astrologer, and, with a bending of forehead worthy of an attendant spirit to the Lord of Solomon's seal, paid her homage, and instantly glided out of the room. The whole movement was too expeditiously over for us to have the power of doing any thing but looking and wondering, whatever might have been our wish to

secure the sylph as an ornament to our board. There was something too visionary in the entire, to leave us in the ordinary state of honest hussars over the table; and I am not sure that Von Hermand, to this hour, is perfectly satisfied that the little flask-bearer was not a creature of the elements, made for the occasion by a whirl of the magician's wand.

However, when the first surprise was over, I ventured to ask, whether our landlord was fortunate enough to have many such attendants in his establishment. But the question was too late; he was absorbed in higher fantasies. He had thrown open one of the casements, and was gazing with a pair of eyes that flashed with either frenzy or inspiration on the face of the night. The storm had passed off, or lived only in the deep murmurs that told, from time to time, of the thunder-clouds that floated away over the Baltic. The air breathed in deliciously cool, and with the living freshness and fragrance of the wild plants after rain; but the heavens wore the true pomp of the scene; the clouds and mists had been swept away alike, and the skies were like a Turkish beauty that had suddenly dropt her veil to enamour the daring gazer. Beautiful at all times, they were more beautiful still from their sudden display after such an envelopement. The whole horizon was one splendour,—planet and fixed star burned side by side in every coloured brilliancy, and the meteors of the north flashed and darted among them, like showers of gigantic pearls and rubies. The astrologer continued gazing, as if his eccentric soul was in his gaze; then dropping on one knee, and lifting his hands to their highest stretch, he burst into a long invocation of Sirius, Aldeboran, and the hundred other presidencies of the hemisphere, into whose names my inferior science could not presume to follow him.

"There," said he, in a tone of genuine adoration; "there; ride on in your fiery cars, ye kings of the destinies of nations! Abused as your mighty science long has been to the purposes of base artifice, of low illusion, of popular folly, ye ride on still unstained, still the sovereigns of the high things of empire. But the time of your glory is at hand. Ye are al-

ready no longer insulted by being supposed the arbiters of the trifling fates of individuals. The age of superstition is past; the age of science is come. Ye bear in your courses the message of the King of All through all his dominions. Ye write in letters to be read only by the favoured sons of philosophy, the solemn events by which thrones are raised or subverted; by which the armies of the oppressed are created out of the dust, and the armies of the oppressor are turned into the grave. Even now the hour is striking in the turrets of that temple, whose foundations are as deep as the centre, and whose pinnacles sparkle in the heavens, the temple of Virtue, Holiness, Strength, and Freedom."

Von Hermand and I involuntarily exchanged looks at these words. We had heard something like them before; and the editors of certain of our northern journals had been sent to study them, for the benefit of posterity, behind the bars of Spandau and Magdeburgh. Were we in company with a madman or an impostor? with a regular illuminé or a professional spy? was our voyage to end in being astrologers, or in trying the atmosphere of a Prussian dungeon?

By the instinct that belongs to every man who has no appetite for writing a second part of the *Memoirs of Trenck*, we made up our minds to be as silent as we could, and choose another billet for our next night, let the *Kleine Haff* rage as it may.

But the astrologer was in the full flight of his science still. "Divine Regent of Kebir!" he exclaimed, with his thin and quivering finger pointing to a star of the first magnitude, that blazed in the front of the host, "thou knowest in what the throes and troubles of the earth will end; pour some of thy effulgence on the soul of him who now prostrates himself in all humility before thy immortal knowledge!"

He stooped his forehead to the ground, and remained there, like a Persian, worshipping. Then suddenly springing on his feet, and taking a hand of each, he led us to the casement. "What is this world," said he, "but a mist, a fleeting cloud, a gathering of darkness,

that wraps the man and the mind, and, after a few years of doubt and difficulty, of thankless toil, and feverish trouble, consigns him to the bed, where he lies down with the worm? But what is he without futurity? but what is he not *with* futurity? And there is the book in which the golden words of all time to come are registered by the hand that holds the universal sceptre. Yes," he exclaimed with still wilder solemnity, "if man *will* know what is to be known, let him seek it, not in the impure and frail records of human intellect, but in the imperishable page of Heaven. Let him read the volume written from all eternity, living with splendour and instinct with wisdom. Let him worship the astral spirits, whose form is intelligence, and whose essence is truth. If all be a dream, is this not a dream worth all the waking knowledge of earth? Is it nothing to see the spirits of those mighty orbs each throned on his own sphere, and through that eternal day, which is not measured by sun or shade, flooding the surrounding heavens with light, sending the higher summons of uncreated wisdom from world to world, penetrating the infinite kingdom of space with their own essence, which is light, and pouring out their knowledge through all sentient things, which is joy? If this be a crime, is it not worthy to be the crime and ambition of angels! if it be a virtue, is it not the fitting employment of the soul made for immortality!"

He paused for a moment, evidently exhausted by the ardour of his contemplations. Neither of us felt much inclined to interrupt him. Von Hermand was already half a convert, and as for me I was at least amused by the wild animation of the orator. A brilliant globe that shot across the horizon, suddenly rekindled all his enthusiasm. "There," he exclaimed, "is one of the astral messengers flying with the speed of light to some world whose distance is unmeasured and immeasurable by mortal numbers. Height and depth, space and time, to its powers are alike nothing; it rushes by the gates of paradise, hearing the hymns of the blest; it rushes through the mingled dominion of light and darkness, surveying the wonders that there every



hour summon up beneath the creating hand ; it rushes by the gates of the kingdom of evil and woe, listening to the echoes of punishment that would throw all but its essential glory into eclipse ; still it speeds onward, bearing the mandate of Omnipotence to the nations of eternity !”

By a curious coincidence, immediately on the departure of the meteor below the horizon, double darkness fell, the storm howled across the *Kleine Haff* ; the soft air came impregnated with the powerful smells of all things belonging to the sea ; thunder again bellowed, lightning swept in trains of yellow and scarlet across the sky ; the pomp of the stars was lost in tenfold cloud, and the Astrologer’s night was utterly at an end. The meteor had been the parting spirit of the scene, and the glory had departed with it. The Astrologer stood for a while gazing, half in despondency, and half in homage, on the closing of the gates of his temple. Then, suddenly turning from the casement, made us a profound bow, and with a gesture towards the door of an apartment, by which we presumed he intimated our quarters for the night, solemnly, and without a word, stalked from the room.

It might not be true to say, that all this performance had produced any very permanent impression upon either of us ; but it would be idle to say that we did not feel very differently disposed with reference to both the mansion and its lord, from any thing that we had expected to feel when we entered. We lingered for some time in the room, not quite satisfied as to the incivility of our having originally taken the house by assault, and as little satisfied as to the actual character of our entertainer, though he was evidently a man of polished life, of certain attainments, and of extraordinary enthusiasm. The little sylph, too, ran in my head—I was then five-and-twenty—and I felt some curiosity to know whether she and the lovely niece were one, or a pair of beneficent genii, or a part of a tribe of those pretty phantoms which the master of the spell had the power of calling from the clouds or the waters at will, to hand him his sherbet. The thought was of the very nature to perplex one,

for it brought in the head and the heart together, and two more puzzling counsellors never embroiled a question in any court of Teutschland. I had even begun to imagine that I saw the bluest eyes in the world twinkling through the many crevices of the wainscot, and that I heard sweet accents, which, though the merest whispers, I should have sworn to in any breathing of rose and balm bowers in Christendom.

But Von Hermand had his senses more about him, and he brought me to mine, by the undeniable observation, that our week’s tour had produced nothing in the way of discovery of the object of our pursuit ; that all we had hitherto reaped from it was a great deal of hard riding, hard language, and hard living ; that even the hospitality of the Astrologer, whether he were veritable stargazer or actual spy, whether mad magician or established smuggler, was not altogether sufficient to atone for the thorough taste of the Pomeranian climate which that night had supplied ; that winter was coming on ; that we might be robbed, or shot, with complete impunity, in any five hundred yards of the whole province ; that we had been saved to-night from famine by little short of miracle ; and that he would be safe in betting his three chargers, dragons and all, that we should not find three more such flasks of good sound hock within the borders of the principality.

To this logic I had nothing to answer. My hopes of catching the gallant fugitive had not been ardent from the beginning ; I had seen full as much of the Pomeranian landscape as I ever desired to see ; and I acknowledged that I thought the wisest act of both would be to make our way back to Rostock by the shortest road.

When men have little to talk about they generally talk the longest, and we examined the bearings of the question with such deliberation, that the only sound audible in the mansion was the snoring of the two dragons. The Major at length moved an adjournment of the debate till breakfast, if we should be fortunate enough to find any thing of the kind in this house of moonshine. “ One thing, however,” said I, “ is settled.

We turn our horses' heads home?" The Major gave his full consent in the most hussar-like form. But at the instant of our parting, I heard a sound which threw the organs of the dragoons quite out of the field; and stopped us both at the foot of the steps up to our chamber. It was neither distinctly voice nor instrument, but a compound of each, and singularly sweet. The tone was in complete accordance with the visionary nature of all that we had seen and heard in the course of the night; it flashed up and down the room, as if it had been travelling on some post fairy's wing, or been dropt from the strings of some troubadour sylph's guitar. It was above our heads, it was under our feet, it was lingering beside our ears, it was gushing against our faces. It was everywhere and nowhere, wild, sweet, and fluctuating as the wave of a rosebud, or the glancing of a sunbeam through the shade of a vine. While we were listening in some perplexity and high delight to this midnight minstrelsy, my eyes were caught by an odd change in the lineaments of a portrait some centuries old, and displaying the graces of one of the great-grandmothers of the mansion, I presume. The brown visage began to look fresh and fair-coloured, the fur and ruff, each of which had probably seen the days of Gustavus Adolphus, spread, grew more glossy, and presented a more shewy contrast of white satin and Siberian sable; the whole costume, from the studded stomacher, stiff as the walls that once enclosed Danæ herself, to the coroneted wreath of pearls that stood in grave dignity on the summit of her massive wreaths of hair all grew more costly and captivating; in short, the magician, who stole Tycho Brahe's famous mill, and offered to pay off the national debt of all Germany, for a year's patent of its use, in restoring faded beauty and ancient limbs to their original charms, seemed to have been working his wonders upon the venerable lady in her frame. But while we were amusing ourselves with this pretty phantasmagoria, for such we could have no doubt that it was, we saw a motto, which had hitherto lurked among the shades of the picture, assume a touch of light; it

gradually grew clearer, and at length presented to our eyes the distinct words, "*Steinfors, Jaxmund.*" Our astonishment was undisguised. How the object of our mission could have been ascertained,—for, among the hundred subjects which had passed over the bottle that night, this had never been touched on,—gave us a new problem to resolve, and certainly by no means diminished my old Major's reliance on his original theory, that our entertainer had dealings with forbidden things. However, as the Castle of Jaxmund was a well-known spot, though every turret of the fortress had been a ruin for a hundred years back; and as it was not above a dozen miles from the place where we were, though separated by the arm of the sea which runs between the Duchy and Rugen, the hint was not to be thrown away; and for Jaxmund accordingly we made up our minds to move at the first dawn.

But what are the resolutions of mankind? The first intimation I had of daylight on the following day was from the view of a superb sunset, flourishing the whole multitude of western clouds with colours that would put a hundred Sultan Solymans, in all their glory, to shame. I started up. We were all in the same condition. The Major was in a slumber so deep that it was difficult, and so delicious that it was almost a crime to awake him; our two old valets were like two valets in Elysium, and equally unwilling to be roused from their paradise. The next thing to ascertain was, whether our entertainer was equally enchained with ourselves. But not a soul was to be found within the walls. The whole house was tenantless; and had evidently been evacuated in the most military style, without beat of drum. Yet we had not been forgotten. The magician, or his attendant genii, were clearly not untouched with a sense of mortal weaknesses; and in the room which had witnessed our symposium the night before, we found a table laid out by airy hands, and laid out with a prodigality which supplied us at once with breakfast, dinner, and supper. We drank the ghost's health; I filled an additional bumper to the sylph of the brown ringlets. The

dragoons pledged the memory of their night's repose, in some incomparable mixture of beer and brandy, and, with three buzzas for the honour of the necromantic giver of such *schnapps*, and slumbers, we moved in procession from the Mansion of the Moor.

The sun was still above the horizon, when we reached the strait that separates Rugen from the mainland. It was calm, and the skies were reflected so nobly in the blue waters of the Baltic, that I could have turned astrologer for the half hour of the passage. But terra firma always humbles my ethereal speculations. Our horses, too, no sooner felt their feet on the grass, than they became irrestrainable, snuffed up the air, galloped through wood and brake, and before total darkness had fallen, brought us in sight of the famous Castle of Jaxmund. Nothing could be more delightful to a lover of ruins, or more alarming to a lover of a night's rest. On right and left, for a space that deepened into night, the ground was covered with fragments of arches and buttresses; caverns that seemed profound enough to have held all the biers of ten generations of Vandal kings; pillars, solid enough to have served their centuries in Odin's hundred and thirty thousand piles of the Palace of Valhalla; remnants of turrets, that frowned the traveller into terror, before falling on him; immense masses of stone, rising here and there from the general heap of ruins, like pyramids in the desert, all covered, carpeted, and coloured over with lichens, weedy hangings, and branches of the weeping birch, of all trees the most graceful, with a richness that must have enraptured the most fastidiously picturesque eye; but terribly ill-looking to the tired, the sleepy, and the famishing. A broad, wild palace, of forgotten times, which nature had claimed for her own, in default of other tenants, and had furnished in the most sumptuous manner, at her leisure, during a hundred and fifty years of undisturbed possession.

But for us, and our dragoons, there was evidently not the slightest preparation. We reconnoitred the whole *enceinte*, with a glance as keen, perhaps, as ever engineer cast his the hornwork that was destined

to blow him and his caissons into the limbo of Vanity before morning. But nothing was to be got by our gallop, but the certainty that our bivouac, for the next half dozen hours, must be under the polar star. There still rose, spread, waved, and frowned before us, the same huge, picturesque, interminable, and inextricable desert of stone, weeds, and weeping birch, with inhospitality legibly inscribed on every stone of the structure. Night, too, was falling rapidly. Another quarter of an hour would leave us bewildered, in the midst of a labyrinth, that it was an achievement of no small delicacy to wind through by day. Our last night's storm, also, gave symptoms of its revisiting us with no diminished vigour. The north-wester spoke many a cutting promise, through the branches that overshadowed the grand avenue of this temple, where Desolation might have set up her high altar, and been worshipped by the ghosts of a hundred courts, and a thousand chambers. The mists began already to sparkle in frosty embroidery round our furs. The billows of the Ruganische sea, which here spread out a sullen sweep of ocean, with nothing between us and Lapland, rolled, topped with liver-coloured foam, from the whole round of the horizon, and never did the Astrologer himself draw a surer conclusion from the luminaries above, than that we were perfectly likely to spend as uncomfortable a night as any Tartar on this side of the Ural.

In this dilemma I heard a loud knocking at a distance, accompanied by tones which told me that our valets had slipped away under cover of the dark, and, probably, inspired with no very high conception of their officers' sagacity, were endeavouring to make terms for themselves. A blaze of lightning, that tore up the bosom of a cloud just over our heads, and filled the horizon with a flood of scarlet flame, showed us the two old soldiers laying siege to a hovel, which had, by some unaccountable oversight, escaped all my sagacity. Von Herrmand and I were on the spot in an instant. But all the information which we could get there was, that a lamp had been seen moving either on the roof, or on the ground, but

on which was by no means decided, and that on its being hailed, it had suddenly disappeared. Philosophy would have said, that it was one of the meteors that so often glide round old houses; superstition would have given the lamp, at least, a ghost to carry it. But there is nothing so hostile to meditations of this kind, as necessity; and we were resolved, one and all, to ascertain the full value of the phenomenon before we stirred from the spot. As all our usual means of invocation were found useless, we began a regular cannonade of the fragments of stone, which strewed the ground in every direction. But the hovel, though dilapidated, was strong, and our artillerymen grew tired before they could effect any thing in the shape of a practical breach. Another expedient was still to be tried. Von Hermand had remembered the effect of my pistol the night before; and advancing close to the door, he fired into the lock, an old contrivance among hussars for saving the trouble of carrying keys. The lock was heard tumbling off within, but no opening followed. All was despair. But all was rejoicing again, when what seemed a huge stone in the side of the hut, but what was in reality a window, was drawn back, and a head as wild as a Russian bear's, looked down upon our group. We all assailed this grim porter at once. Lodging for the night, supper, fire, bed—let him charge his own price; but all those we must have, on pain of storming his castle.

"You are welcome to do your worst," said a voice not unworthy of the head, "but this is no inn."

We looked blank at each other. But the case admitted of no delay.

"Inn or not, my good fellow," shouted the Major, "we will not lie in the open air to-night, while such hounds as you have a roof to lie under. Fair means or foul; take your choice. Here's a rixdollar a-head for clean straw; be a rogue and make your fortune."

"If I am to be turned into a rogue, I don't know an uglier tempter than a hussar," said the voice. "But, for to-night, I defy Satan and all his works, Major Von Hermand and all his rixdollars."

Our astonishment was theatrical. How could this caiff have known

the name? The Major proposed blowing up the house. I tried the softer art of eloquence. The grim visaged fellow still hung out of the window, evidently watching our motions. "You are the first man in all the duchy," said I, "who ever refused our rixdollars. But if you are too high for silver, we have gold."

"I never doubted it," said he, with a laugh. "You are too quick at your pistol firing not to pick up whatever is going on the road; and too well mounted to be caught all at once. But the time will come to all in turn; and there were just five highway robbers hanged last week in Scania."

"What, in the name of all that is impudent, are you?" said I, nearly losing my temper. "If this hovel is *not* an inn, and you are not an inn-keeper, are you to leave gentlemen to lie in the open air, when all they ask is shelter for a few hours?"

"I am a gentleman myself," said the fellow; "and to show you that I am, I have given my word of honour to myself, that not one of you shall enter this door within the next twenty-four hours, and I shall keep it."

With these words, and a loud laugh, he closed the window. But our blood was now up; and what is equal to anger in awaking the invention? I recollected to have seen a pile of brushwood among the ruins. I communicated my idea to our troop. The dragoons were instantly on the track, and in three minutes we had a bundle of brambles heaped against the door, that would have made a Swedish beacon. In half the time, we had stuck a light, laid it in the heart of our combustibles, and had the whole in a blaze. It was evident that the operation was not unobserved, for the first gush of flame that curled up the door, was followed by screams, entreaties, and a struggle within. In the mean time the crazy door began to blaze, and the crazy house would have speedily followed the example, but for the opening of the window, where the grim fellow, who had kept garrison so sturdily, now craved a capitulation. A treaty was concluded, just in time for both parties, for the fortress would have been a cinder in a quarter of an hour; and the skies began to perform their promise to us in the most energetic manner. First came a few drops of rain, large as

grape-shot, then a blue twinkle that looked the very spite of fire; then came the slow, solemn roll of thunder; then a column of chilling wind, that made the old walls round us shake and shiver; then lightning again, but of ten times the keenness, the red malignity, and the ragged forkiness; then groans, peals, and roarings of the thunder; then a cataract of rain, as if the fountains of the firmament were let open once more. Then a general field-day of the whole artillery of tempest; a mingled howl, hiss, flash, burst and bellow of fire, air, earth, and water, the whole four elements each and all in full and furious collision.

But fortunately we were now on the right side of affairs, and, with whatever distrust of our guide, we followed into the penetralia of this extraordinary dwelling. And extraordinary it was. On the outside it was a low half ruin; in the inside it was a succession of low passages, obstructed by fragments and bars, but leading to apartments which evidently had once seen the brave and fair. The hovel was the broken down portal of a palace, or a succession of palaces, such seemed the loftiness of the halls, and the general costliness, though long faded, of their scattered furniture. Our curiosity was awake, of course, but our guide had all the merits of a mute; and from him we could extract nothing but the discovery of a stable large enough to have held a regiment of cavalry, and in which we tied up our tired horses. The next consideration was naturally for ourselves. "Suppose now," said Von Hermand, slipping a couple of Frederics d'or into his swarthy hand,—“Your money is of no use here, gentlemen,” was the reply. “You have got what I promised to give you, shelter, and you are entitled to no more. Even if you were, I have nothing more to give”—He turned round his lantern full on the party—“except a piece of advice, that you would keep as quiet as you can—for though you are five or maybe fifty, you may be matched here, and with all your pistols you may find the house too hot to hold you.” We all burst into a laugh at this high style from a figure between bandit and pauper, but the fellow never heeded our opinions on

the point; but slowly threading his way through half a dozen more caverns, which, from the roar above, seemed to be actually dug under the sea, he threw open a heavy door, and shewed us our *salle de reception* for the night.

The place was huge, dreary, and totally unfurnished with any thing better than a deal table and a few benches; the fire-place, in which our whole party might have sat, seemed not to have had a blaze in it since its foundation; and the excessive chill of the whole establishment struck to our bones. The Major was again vociferous for food, fire, and something that at least resembled a bed. I joined in the cry with all my soul, and the old dragoons were evidently on the stretch for a signal to force hospitality from our rugged host by any thing short of strangling him. At length we tried the foraging plan again, divided our party, explored some of the passages through which we had already dragged our weary limbs, found here and there a broken chair, a shattered door-post, or a dilapidated pike-shaft, converted them by Hussar law to our own behoof, and succeeded in making such a fire as our grim hotel had not seen in the memory of marauders. But this night, we resolved, “was to be the last.” Human exploration could go no farther; and Von Hermand easily brought the house to his opinion that Steinfors's capture, in the best of times, was not worth another such bivouac. The place, too, looked suspicious. It was evidently never meant for the dwelling of the single poor devil who held the garrison. A hermit would have died of its loneliness, and a community of monks would have been lost in its magnitude. It was quite clear that the hovel by which we entered had communication, probably subterraneous, with the famous castle, and that we were now in one of the castle halls, by whatever means we got there. The moon too assisted our lucubrations. The storm had blown off to the Arctic; and the skies were left to all their frosty beauty. The moonlight rather flashed than gleamed through the old high windows of the hall, and its light streaked with silver the wild sculptures and flourished escutcheons of a hundred knights and princes,

long since gone where neither blood nor banquet disturbs them in their caparison. Between the blaze from the fagots, and the lustre from the skies, lighting up those grotesquely carved walls, and storied roofs, the whole might have been taken for one of the Indian caverns, with all its gods quivering on the walls; and with ourselves for the worshippers at the altar fire, or the victims to be thrown into it.

Time and place make half the mind of every man. The time was late, the place was phantomish. The two dragoons were, as usual on all emergencies, as fast asleep as if they had been two Berlin watchmen, and, stretched upon the ground at a little distance, looked like two corpses waiting for transmission to their last bed.

We ourselves were at least solemn. Hussars, though they are gallant fellows, *par metier*, yet have a curious natural propensity to ghost stories; a thing to be accounted for from their being so often posted in lonely places, so often half asleep there, and so often half hungry and half drunk. Those causes of the imaginative faculty in the hussar brain may not be the most sublime, but the theory is not the less true. Von Hermand, a capital fellow in his way, and who would have taken a lion by the beard in the plains of Bilidulgerid, firmly believed in a variety of these phantasms which would have done honour to the invention of Wieland. The music of the last night came upon the tapis, the sylph that made it received my most animated panegyric, and at the moment of my expressing a wish, possibly made more potent by a lover-like sigh, for its return, lo, came the music, the very strain that we had heard twenty-four hours before, and twenty-four miles off! We looked at each other in blank astonishment. But we had other surprises. The wall against which the Major had fallen back, as a sort of rearguard, in case of a preternatural attack, proved treacherous to his hopes, and suddenly giving way, slipped him, completely *culbutted*, down a passage, where I lost sight of him at once. I of course sprang after my vanished comrade; but the fall was short, the mischief was no-

thing, and we discovered that we had both descended half a dozen steps, and were lying lovingly together against a door. The Major was first on his feet, and in his indignation he gave the invisible enemy a kick furious enough to have broken down half the ancient doors of Jaximund.

More of the sylph's wonders still.

The door flew back, and a hall was opened before us, the very scene for a spell; it was of striking size, but filled and furnished as if the touch of decay had never been felt there. A long table stretched down the centre, covered with a princely entertainment; plate and ornaments in profusion glittered on the board; the walls were hung with fine folds of tapestry, old, but retaining the fresh dyes of yesterday, with the lavish richness and stately flourishes of the lovely looms of Arras and Artois. Lamps of silver and crystal were hung from the roof, and a whole constellation of them threw life among the pictures of a whole genealogy of Teutonic knights and sovereigns, loaded with chains of gold and jewels, and frowning through the bars of helmets that had been the terror of the Saxon infidel and the Saracen five hundred years before. All was magnificence; but all was solitude. That guests either had been there, or were to be there, was certain; for chairs were placed down the length of the table, and on the back of each was hung a sword, one of the large, old, two-edged blades of the Teutonic knights, in a belt of blackened steel.

All this was the very costume of necromancy, and the Major's honest countenance was obviously lengthened prodigiously. However, the beauty and richness of the hall, the equipment, and the entertainment, satisfied us that the ghosts, however feudal and formidable on other occasions, meant us no harm in the present instance. The wine, too, was true wine; no demon started from the flask of Johannisberg, of which my presumptuous hand dared to pluck out the gilded stopper. The huge covers concealed nothing more spiritualized than fish and venison; and, after a brief recognisance of the supper, I felt myself justified in pronouncing, that the shades of our an-

cestors cultivated hospitality in very good style, and kept excellent cooks. Von Hermand also rapidly dropped from his spiritualities into a mere human creature, took his place in the pompous velvet-covered and lion-clawed chair, at the head of the table, and did the honours with the skill of a court chamberlain.

The change was incomparable, from the hungry cell in which we had expected to pass the night, to this rich-cushioned, crystal-lighted, proudly pictured, and banquet-laid gallery; and before our progress could have been perceptible through the wilderness of good things which rose in glorious impediment upon our table, we had infused a courage into our souls that would have done battle against a whole army of electors, sworded and shrouded as haughtily as Charlemagne.

But we were recalled from this Elysium of heroism to a sense of the shortness of mortal enjoyments, by another wonder. The music floated round us again, and through a mingling of words, wild as an invocation, we heard the name of *Steinfurt*, and a summons to follow the invisible minstrel. I cordially wished the scoundrel in the fosse at Magdeburgh for the interruption, and Von Hermand, now proof to all interferences from the clouds, loudly seconded my resolution. But then came the music again, floating so tremblingly, stealing with such sweet and dying cadences, melting round us with such bewitching tenderness of entreaty, such preternatural melody of supplication, that my heroism gave way, and in the full expectancy of catching the sylph and her guitar, in *propria persona*, in the next apartment, I silently laid down the glass that I had just filled to her health, whatever she might be, stole to the door, opened it, stole along a passage, where a faint light glimmered, whether from earth or heaven; and before I had made three steps, felt the ground shake under me, give way, slip down, I do not know how many feet or fathoms, and myself, with a cord twisted round my arms, and a handkerchief tied across my mouth, by a whole bevy of invisible hands, but strong as ever were flesh and blood.

I must confess that I was not pre-

pared for this catastrophe; and that in the uncertainty whether I was to be dungeoned for life, or murdered and thrown among the lumber of the hundred and one caverns of Jaxmund, I cordially wished for the time that my love of music and swindler-hunting had stopped on the other side of the walls. But where was the use of penitence now? I could not move a limb, I could not utter a word. I gathered the fragments of my fortune about me once more; made a virtue of necessity, and tried to persuade myself, that as I was made to be shot, I might as well meet my natural fate by a bandit's bullet as a French *tirailleur's*. While I was thus pondering, a pale light began to creep along the wall, distended, grew brighter, gleamed through the dungeon—for dungeon it evidently was; and, finally, rested upon something fixed high up in the rack, but which soon appeared to be a large mirror. The wonder grew, the mirror was peopled with figures, sitting apparently in some kind of legislature, and in deep deliberation. All were wrapped in cloaks and furs, and in the old costume of Germany, but all with their caps drawn over their brows; and so far as countenance was concerned, completely concealed. What their deliberations might be, was equally hidden from all ears, but those of the world of spirits, of which they seemed to be a privy council. But they were evidently by no means passively employed. Individuals rose from time to time, gesticulated with great earnestness, and on certain gestures, the whole session seconded their sentiments by a general rising, and a drawing and brandishing of swords. But what was my alarm and astonishment, when I saw my unlucky friend Von Hermand dragged forward, in the arms of a group of masks, bound hand and foot, and forced to the foot of this formidable table, evidently to answer with his life. A dozen swords were hanging over his head, and it was soon clear that the unlucky Major, no great orator by nature, and amazingly puzzled by the novelty of his situation, was making a disastrous business of the defence. All movement on my part was impossible. I was inexpressibly grieved at the imminent peril of my old friend,

But there stood I, tied hand and foot, and, not unconscious that my own defence was to come next, though without the slightest possible idea of the nature of our crime. The trial was soon closed. Von Hermand was forced out. A few words from the President collected the opinions of the assembly. My friend was dragged in again, a crape tied over his eyes, and a block brought to the foot of the table, before which he was compelled to kneel. A mask, with a naked two-handed sword, now advanced; and in another instant I should have seen the horrible spectacle of his death, when a shriek, a struggle, and a door bursting open, shewed me the apparition, for so it looked, of one of my most gallant comrades in the Tyrolese war—Frederic Von Walstein, rushing in, tearing the crape from the kneeling man's eyes, throwing its arms round him, and flinging the sword of death to the farthest end of the hall.

All was instant confusion. All rose, and every sword was out of its sheath; but there was palpably a division of sentiment in the struggle; for while the majority crowded round the president, and seemed disposed to assert his sentence, a considerable number formed a circle round the culprit and his protector, and held the court at bay. The tumult grew high, and while not a sound could reach my ears, yet passions, by no means spiritual, were clearly making wild work with the gravity of the tribunal. Swords began to be busy, and a sweep of a huge blade that fell on the President's cap, and narrowly escaped shearing the head off his shoulders, developed his face, and shewed, to my immeasurable surprise, the actual features of the Astrologer! Another wonder—the necromancer's danger brought in another party, in the shape of a beautiful girl, fantastically dressed, who threw her arms round his neck, disarmed him of the sword with which he was about to return the blow, and led him from the chair.

In the midst of the vision a sudden explosion shook the cell around me. Utter darkness veiled all to my eyes. I was again seized, again led through a passage of many steps, and dark as Erebus, where, however, my fetters were cut away, and

the handkerchief untied from my mouth, and, with stern injunctions of silence while on the spot, and of secrecy for ever after, I was ushered from dungeon to dungeon, until I found myself once more under the open sky, which I had, I will acknowledge, almost given up the idea of ever seeing again.

My horse was there tied to a pillar, but I could discover no vestige of my friends. The Major and the two old dragoons were vanished from the face of the land. Had they vanished from the face of the earth, too? The question was beyond my powers of settlement. I yet resolved not to leave the place without doing all that could be done, by scrutinizing every spot where any sign of them might be discoverable. But nothing was to be seen for miles round but ruin heaped on ruin; and of whom was I to ask questions but of the hawks and cormorants that screamed round me, and often stooped so close that they evidently took me for some vagrant grampus dallying on shore?

I gave a week to the search, galloped miles without number, fretted myself into a fever, and rode my horse into a skeleton. Still all was as dark as the riddle of the Sphinx; and, in deep vexation and serious fear of meeting the faces of my unhappy friend's household, I at length turned my horse's head towards Rostock. The last day of my journey was actually one of the most depressing I had ever experienced, and I prolonged my journey late into the evening, that I might leave as little leisure to tell my melancholy tale on this night as possible. But to my utter surprise, I found his house lighted up, as if for a grand gala. It struck me that the widow was making the earliest use of her liberty. I made my way into the house. The first man I met was Von Hermand himself; the next Walstein; then came the two wives. But the enigma was still unexplained and inexplicable. I could get not a syllable on the subject from any pair of lips in the room. But Von Hermand took me aside, and made it his gravest request, that nothing of our castle adventure should be mentioned until I had his permission.

All this was infinitely perplexing



but there was no time for quarrelling with the world, for Madame Von Hermand summoned me to hand one of her fair friends to the supper table. I was angry with man, though scarcely knowing why, and my wrath was rapidly extending to the better portion of the species; but, after all, was I to be discontented because, instead of sorrow and sables, I met good humour and cotillions; and, instead of being summoned to follow somebody's funeral, I was only ordered to join the general procession to supper? I was introduced to the lady in question, and at the first glance instantly forgot my wrath, my reflections, and, I am afraid, my prudence. The sylph, the niece, the fairy queen—the, I know not what—the being of the blue eyes and chestnut curls, stood laughing, blushing a little, and looking the brilliant picture of life and loveliness before me! I was fairly entranced, and for the first time in my long admiration of beauty, I felt no inclination to be free. I felt, by fatal instinct, that the true enslaver was come at last, and that my day of liberty was done. Before the hour was over, I had made my confession, and found that my fair saint was Madelina Steinfort, sister of the lost lover, the invisible fugitive, the returned husband.

But, further than this knowledge, no adjuration could force a word from her coral lips. My destiny, however, was decided. As to leave Madelina I found to be utterly impossible, and to continue sighing and making fine speeches to her was *hors de mode*, I offered her, without circumlocution, all the good or ill that was contained in a captaincy of cavalry, a little Silesian domain, and a heart in a state of the most furious conflagration. The sex are compassionate, and she had compassion. We were married within the month, and from that hour I found her more tyrannical than ever in her commands, that I should never, by word, glance, or even by thought, ask her a syllable about mask, cavern, or castle. At the end of a year, and a year of as much happiness as I suppose is generally to be found in this round and wicked world, she made me the father of a beautiful boy, and offered to tell me the whole true history of Jaxmund and its wonders.

The castle had been the rendezvous of a number of Prussian officers and men of rank, who had fallen into the new theory of constitutions and charters. The solitude of the place allowed of their meeting in security, and the formalities of the old Teutonic knighthood were carried on as a disguise for the changes of the state. Von Walstein, who had taken the name of Steinfort for a Brandenburg estate, had been enamoured of their opinions, and dispatched to carry on their correspondence in Rostock. There, however, he had fallen in love, forgot his commission, and married. A menace from the Secret Council recalled him, and he was spirited off to Jaxmund. The Astrologer was his uncle, a man of rank and fortune, but wild with extravagant science, a real enthusiast, and full of fantasies of freedom. My sylph had followed him, partly to reclaim him from his visions, and partly to recall her brother. Our arrival had given her additional hopes of effecting both purposes, and by a magic lantern, fairy music, and the common contrivances of her uncle's apparatus for discovering what they were doing in the stars, she had contrived to draw us on. The seizure of Von Hermand was the consequence of his having been deemed a spy; and, as the nature of their deliberations laid them at the mercy of government, my poor friend was very near paying for his knowledge with his head. In the critical moment Steinfort had recognised him, rushed forward, and attempted to save his life. On his liberation, an oath had been exacted from all the parties, that the whole transaction should be kept in the strictest secrecy for a time. The time was now elapsed; the seal was now taken from the bond, by the reconciliation of the leaders of the Council to Government, and the discovery, as being safe for the principals, now became common property.

The banquet in Jaxmund had been prepared for the reception of some distinguished converts on that night, and the whole tissue of mystery, magnificence, harmony, and repulsion, was the natural work of a design at once to keep away all intrusion, and to impress the new initiated with the mysticism that turns the German into a hero.

## THE GREAT WEST INDIA MEETING.

PUBLIC meetings are one of the most important parts of the British constitution. We allude not to those meetings, where large masses of the lower and ignorant classes of the community are brought together, for no other objects but to excite still farther their already inflamed minds, or poison by additional falsehood their already perverted judgments; not to those in which artificers and mechanics are called on to dictate to legislatures on subjects requiring as profound study, and as extensive information, as the *Principia* of Newton, or the *Calculus* of La Grange; not to those in which ambition is to be awakened by flattery, and truth stifled by violence, and prejudice confirmed by applause. From such meetings no good can be anticipated; and the nation which has the misfortune to be governed or overawed by their dictates, is on the high-road to perdition. But the meetings we allude to are of a totally different character; those in which the relative situation of the different classes of society to each other is not inverted but preserved; in which men assemble, headed by their natural leaders, under the influence of a common feeling, or the pressure of a common necessity, to deliberate on matters in which they have a common interest; in which the object in view is not to awaken passion, but to state facts; not to flatter ambition, but to draw attention to suffering; not to overawe the will, but to convince the understanding, or melt the heart. Public meetings of such a character are the true resource of a free people; they are the great instrument in which the public voice is sounded, when it requires to speak in its loudest tones; the means by which the interests and the calamities of the remoter parts of the empire may be made known at its centre, and the prejudices or local interests of the governing legislature moulded according to the wants or necessities of its remote dependencies.

Meetings of this description are in a peculiar manner required in regard

to our colonial, and especially our West India possessions. Such is the disposition of mankind to be governed by what they *see*, in preference to what they *hear*; by clamour at home, rather than suffering abroad; by prejudiced or impassioned declamation from the depositaries of power in the centre of the empire, rather than the strongest facts, or the most convincing appeals, from mere individuals in its extremities; so that it is impossible that the colonies should not be sacrificed, when they come in collision with domestic prejudice, if their cause is not occasionally supported by the united influence of rank, wealth, information, and talent, at such great assemblages. This position, true of all our distant colonies, is, in an especial manner, applicable to the West India islands. The cause of the planters there has to contend, not only with the natural inattention to their interests, which arises from their being wholly unrepresented in Parliament, situated at a great distance from this island, and placed in circumstances of civilisation, industry, and climate, wholly different from what is here known, and utterly unintelligible to a great proportion of its inhabitants; but, with the additional and far more formidable, because more sincere and respectable feelings, arising from the love of freedom and the influence of religion.

Slavery in itself, and considered without regard to the slow changes and imperceptible progress by which its abolition is prepared in the economy of nature, is a state of society so abhorrent both to the feelings of freemen, and the spirit of Christianity, that it is not surprising that a numerous and sincere, though ill-informed and mistaken, party in this country should regard it as an evil, which should at all hazards, and without vouching a reply to the West India proprietors, be at once extinguished. The true answer to this argument is, that the West India proprietors are as desirous as any sectarians in this country for the extirpation of slavery; that they wait

only for the time, and claim only delay, to make the preparation which is necessary to prevent it from being the destruction of the slaves themselves; and that, when the burden of the slave population can be taken off their hands, without anarchy, conflagration, and murder being its necessary consequence, they will be the first to get rid of it for their own interests, if not from a more generous motive.

Few are aware of the *vast length of time*, however, which is indispensable to prepare society for the emancipation of a numerous slave-population; of the slow acquisition of the habits, the gradual growth of the middling class, the necessary acquisition of artificial wants which are indispensable towards the safe removal of this coercive system on the lower ranks of society; and that, wherever any attempt is made to outstep the progress of nature, and hasten the changes of time, horrors unutterable are the consequence, and centuries of additional slavery are necessarily imposed upon the people. To those who are acquainted with historical facts, it is sufficient to mention that slavery never could be got rid of in the Greek and Roman empires; that it subsisted till within these three centuries both in France and England, as well as all over Europe; that its ultimate eradication was so gradual, that it was imperceptible; and that, wherever sudden emancipation was attempted, it led to horrors similar to the Jamaica revolt; the atrocities of the Jacquerie in France, in the reign of Edward III.; the insurrection of the Boors in Germany, in the time of the Emperor Charles V.; and the revolt of Wat Tyler in England, in the reign of Richard II.

Three months ago, while yet Jamaica, so far as we knew in this country, was in a state of undisturbed tranquillity, we foretold that the mingled tempest of political and religious fanaticism which had lately overspread these Islands, would soon involve the West Indies in servile revolt, and all the horrors of conflagration; and that unless a remedy was speedily applied by Govern-

ment, that right arm of British wealth and power would be severed from the Empire.\* It is needless to say, how completely, to the very letter, our prophecy has been verified. We founded our opinion on the experience of what the fumes of philanthropy and the transports of reform had done to St Domingo at the commencement of the first French Revolution; and we predicted that the same causes would produce the same results, if a total change of system was not immediately adopted in regard to those invaluable colonies. The efforts of "*Les Amis du Noirs*," headed by Brissot and the leading Revolutionists at Paris prepared the soil for the explosion in St Domingo, exactly in the same manner as those of the friends of Negro emancipation have done in Jamaica within these few years; and the spark was communicated to both colonies by the same cause, viz. the extravagant hopes of immediate emancipation, excited by the accession of a reckless and reforming administration to the head of affairs in their respective kingdoms.

Those who will take the trouble to look back in the journals of the day to the speeches of the leading popular orators in the spring and summer of 1830, will be at no loss to discover the remote cause of the late deplorable insurrection. Negro emancipation, *speedy unconditional Negro emancipation*, was then the ladder by which the Whigs endeavoured to scramble into power; the lever by which they expected to shake the Duke of Wellington's administration, and work on the generous and inconsiderate feelings of the English peasantry. Petitions so numerous on the subject flowed into both Houses of Parliament, that a resolution was passed applicable to them alone, that they should not be printed. To speak to any of these fervid orators, of time, of changes in character, compensation to the planters, ruin to the negroes, was as hopeless as it would be to speak to the present Reformers of the consequences of the Reform Bill. If any man had foretold to the numerous and enthusiastic petitioners to Par-

\* See No. 191. Feb. 1832. The West India Question,

liament at that period, that in less than two years 50,000 Negroes should be in open revolt, an hundred plantations in flames, and damage to the extent of several millions sterling incurred from their rash and ignorant measures, he would have been stigmatized as a cold-blooded tyrant, who was desirous only to wring their last drop of blood out of his suffering fellow creatures.

This extravagant passion for immediate and unconditional Negro emancipation, arrived at a perfect climax in July 1830, when the speeches preparatory to a general election were in the course of delivery. Emancipation of the slaves was the incessant cry of all the popular party at that time: Lord Brougham thundered on the fruitful theme in the Palace-Yard at York, and found in the sympathy of the religious freeholders of that great county, the means of securing his return to Parliament as its representative. The most moderate of the friends of the Negroes only urged the propriety of putting off the commencement of the system of emancipation till the *end of* 1831, and they were looked upon by their more ardent brethren as somewhat lukewarm, and indifferent in the cause.

It was in the midst of this tumult of emancipating frenzy that the three glorious days at Paris arrived, which was so soon followed by the fall of the Duke of Wellington's Administration, and the accession of our present rulers to office in this country. Since that time nothing has been heard of Negro emancipation. Popular ambition having got a new and more alluring object of ambition, the poor slaves have been neglected, and the seeds of conflagration transferred from the West India Islands to the heart of the Empire.

But while this change in the phantom of popular ambition entirely drew the attention of this country from the condition of the Negroes, it nourished in these simple and deluded men the most fatal expectations as to the deliverance which speedily awaited them. They saw their former and steadfast advocates raised to the highest offices in the state; heard the voice which had so

long and eloquently pleaded their cause in the Chapel of St Stephen's and on the Hustings, on the Wool-sack, and were told from every quarter, that under the auspices of a reforming King, and a popular administration, a new constitution was to be given to the Empire, and a new era of freedom and happiness to arise upon all its vast possessions—what conclusion could they draw from this? what conclusion would any man have drawn in the same circumstances, but that Reform was to be to them emancipation, and that the same sublime patriotism which extricated the inhabitants of Great Britain from the tyranny of the borough-mongers, was to snatch them from the lash of the slave-driver?

The speeches of ministers when the West Indies were brought forward, were so extravagant and violent that it is no wonder that the West Indies were fanned into a flame. On 15th April 1831, Lord Howick, Under Colonial Secretary of State, said in his place in the House of Commons:—"The honourable and learned gentleman (Mr Burge, the agent of Jamaica) asks, if we mean to abandon the policy of 1823, and to sacrifice property? For myself, I have no hesitation in answering in the negative. I would, unquestionably, preserve the rights of property, but I would not preserve them *at the expense of the rights of the slave*. I object to immediate emancipation, for the sake of the slaves themselves; but were I convinced that immediate emancipation could be effected with safety to the slaves, I should say, *let it take place at once*; the planter might then, indeed, have a just claim on the British nation, by whose encouragement and sanction he has been induced to acquire the property of which he would be deprived. It would be unjust that the whole penalty should fall on those who have only shared the crime by which it has been incurred. But, however large the claim of the West Indian for compensation may be, I do not hesitate to say that it should not stand in my way for a moment, as weighed against the importance of putting an end to the sufferings of the slaves. I consider the whole system of slavery one of such deep

oppression, and iniquity, and cruelty, that, 'if I could be satisfied it was safe to emancipate the slaves now, I would say, *'Do so, and do it at once ; and we will settle scores among ourselves afterwards, and determine in what proportion the penalty of our guilt is to be paid ; but the victim of that guilt must not continue for one hour to suffer, while we are haggling about pounds, shillings, and pence.'*" When such sentiments were uttered by the organs of government, is it surprising that the West Indies caught fire ?

The imminent danger of this delusion gaining ground, which was precisely the cause of the great revolt of the St Domingo slaves in 1789, which at length destroyed that noble colony, was fully explained to government, and they, in consequence, prepared the following proclamation, calculated to extinguish such chimerical expectation.

" By the King.—A proclamation.—William R. Whereas it has been represented to us, that the slaves in some of our *West India colonies*, and of our possessions on the continent of *South America*, have been erroneously led to believe, that orders have been sent out by us for their emancipation : and whereas such belief has produced acts of insubordination, which have excited our highest displeasure : We have thought fit, by, and with the advice of our privy council, to issue this our royal proclamation : And we do hereby declare and make known, that the slave population in our said colonies and possessions will forfeit all claim on our protection if they shall fail to render entire submission to the laws, as well as dutiful obedience to their masters : And we hereby charge and command all our governors of our said *West India colonies and possessions*, to give the fullest publicity to this our proclamation, and to enforce, by all the legal means in their power, the punishment of those who may disturb the tranquillity and peace of our said colonies and possessions.

" Given at our court at Saint James's, this third day of June, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, and in the second year of our reign.—God save the King."

But what did Government do at the same time ? Afraid during the reform struggle of injuring themselves in the eyes of their emancipating supporters in this country, they sent out along with this declaration

an injunction, "*that it should not be made use of unless a case of necessity arose.*" And, accordingly, Lord Belmore did not feel himself authorized to publish it till the 24th December, when the insurrection was just breaking out. This delay, Sir Willoughby Cotton justly remarks, was "*most astonishing*, as it would appear to have been known on almost all the estates that it was the determination of the Negroes not to work after New Year's day without being made free." Now what, in the name of justice, of humanity, of common sense, can be urged in favour of this prohibition ? If the proclamation was not required, why issue it ? If it was, why send it to the colonies with an injunction not to use it ? "*A case of necessity*" must arise, it seems, before it is to be used. Is the burning of an hundred plantations, the slaughter of thousands of Negroes, the loss of four millions, the "*case of necessity*" to which it alludes ? It sets out with stating that it had been represented to them in June 1831, that the slaves in the *West India Colonies* "*have been erroneously led to believe*, that orders have been sent out by us for their emancipation, and whereas such belief has produced acts of insubordination, which have excited our highest displeasure." Here then the existence of commenced insurrection, and the causes to which it was owing, are admitted ; the governors are ordered "*to give the fullest publicity to this our proclamation ;*" and yet private orders are sent out not to publish the proclamation ; not to dispel the illusion under which the slaves laboured, but to allow them to go on, infatuated by the idea that their emancipation had been granted to them, and was withheld by the local authorities ! One would imagine from such conduct, that it was the design of government to entice the slaves on to commit themselves to acts of insurrection, in order that they should be subjected to the severer and prompter punishment,—in the same way as when intelligence of an intended housebreaking is received by the police, they frequently allow the offenders to get into the house, and commit the capital felony, before they rush from their hiding-places and arrest the

delinquents. From any such nefarious design we fully acquit our well-meaning and sincere, but weak and ill-informed Colonial Ministers; but from whatever motive their conduct proceeded, certain it is that it had precisely this effect, and led on the slaves to insurrection as effectually as if they had purposely designed to deliver over these once flourishing islands to rapine and conflagration.

The slaves, it is to be recollected, are not the ignorant body which they once were. Forty thousand emancipated Negroes, chiefly in respectable stations in society, are to be found in Jamaica alone, the greater part of whom can read and write; and though the conduct of this body during the late trying disturbances has been exemplary in the extreme, yet it is evident that they formed a certain channel of communication by which the rash and ignorant efforts of the emancipating party in this country were speedily made known to their enslaved brethren in the West Indies. Without ascribing to these freedmen any but the most benevolent and philanthropic motives, it is impossible to conceive that they would not read with avidity the inflammatory harangues in favour of speedy or immediate emancipation with which Great Britain resounded, and the popular journals were filled, during the whole of 1829 and 1830; nor is it surprising that these emancipated Africans, on the threshold of civilisation, were misled as to the effects of rapid emancipation, when, with the example of St Domingo before their eyes, they were overlooked by such men as Lord Brougham, Lord Goderich, and Mr Charles Grant.

A large proportion of the Negroes themselves are now able to read and write, and doubtless this opened an additional and wide channel for the reception of seditious and inflammatory doctrines, either from reckless and ambitious popular leaders in this country, or ignorant and fanatical Missionaries in the West Indies. It is from the efforts of such men, however, not the mere diffusion of religious instruction, that any danger is to be apprehended—it is not Christianity, but Christianity *used as the organ of revolution or fanaticism*,

which is to be dreaded. That the Gospel itself is perfectly consistent with a due subordination on the part of slaves to their masters, is evident, not only from its precepts, which every where enjoin a scrupulous discharge of their duty by the slave as well as the master, and no where give the slightest encouragement to insurrection or revolution, but from the historical fact that it co-existed with slavery for fifteen hundred years without any disturbance further than what occasionally arose from the frenzy of democracy; and that it is now to be found, side by side, with the Evangelists in one half of the Christian world.

Religion, indeed, is fitted *ultimately* to effect the greatest changes in society; but the mode in which they are effected is, as Guizot has justly remarked, by coercing the passions, and softening the feelings of the human heart, not by any changes in the elements of civilisation. Prescribing no changes for the frame of society; enjoining no innovation in the relation between man and man; convulsing nations by no sudden alterations in their government and institutions, it confines all its efforts to purifying the life and the conscience; and effects great *ultimate* changes in society by the improvement which it has effected in the disposition of its members. Such changes are necessarily extremely gradual and perfectly safe; because they imply that the necessary change is effected in the human mind *before* any alteration is attempted in society, and measures of severity rendered unnecessary by the altered ideas of those who are subjected to them. Under the influence of this blessed and Christian spirit, the bonds drop from the hands of the slave without his being conscious of it; the number of manumissions enlarges gradually from the conscientious scruples of the slave-owners, and the increased habits of order and industry in the labouring population; a numerous *mixed* class arises, partly servile and partly free; the advantage of free labour becomes obvious, from the spread of artificial wants among the slaves having induced them to submit to the severe and unceasing toil which is the attendant of freedom, by the unvarying decree of Provi-

dence; and by common consent and a sense of mutual advantage, slavery gradually dies out, like an ancient and now forgotten language, in a few remnants of the people. Such was the pacific and unobserved extinction of slavery in Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, in the sixteenth century, under the silent influence of Christianity on the human heart. But very different have been the results, in every age and country, from all attempts to combine religion *with revolution*, and convert the unseen spirit, which walks in the silver robe of innocence through the human heart, into the armed and reckless innovator, which, by the aid of sovereign or sacerdotal power, at once effects great and perilous changes in the frame of society. From all such attempts utter ruin both to master and servant have arisen in all ages of the world; and by such attempts, the *silent and pacific* process of emancipation has been more retarded than by any other events which history records. There is but one lesson of experience on this subject, and it is told in characters of fire in the *Jacquerie* of France, the great slave revolt of Germany, the ashes of St Domingo, and the flames of Jamaica.

We are unwilling to prejudice even in the remotest degree, and in any quarter where it may prove injurious to them, the cause of the Baptist and Missionary priests, who are to stand their trial for seditious practices, and instigations tending to produce revolt. The matter will be investigated by the legal tribunals; and it will soon be seen whether well-meaning fanaticism has had as large a share as political ambition, popular enthusiasm, or ministerial weakness, in producing the desperate suffering, the deplorable scenes, the heart-rending punishments, which have been the unavoidable consequence of the late insurrection. When this matter is elucidated by the proper evidence, we shall return to the subject.

But there is another topic of still greater importance, in which the conduct of government appears in equally deplorable colours, and that is, the tyrannical use which they have made of the distresses of the West India islands, to endeavour to force

upon their local legislatures *an Order in Council* totally unsanctioned by Parliament, and which, in the opinion of all those possessed of any local information, will prove fatal to all the West India estates, by the extravagant, ruinous, and useless stipulations in favour of the Negroes which it contains. The oppressive means which were to be adopted to force this obnoxious Order in Council upon the refractory Colonial Legislatures, were thus detailed by Lord Howick, Under Colonial Secretary of State, on 15th April, 1831, in the debate above alluded to.

"Such an Order in Council is now in preparation, embodying every improvement which has already been tried with success, either in our own colonies or in those of any other power, and, without adopting any new principle, supplying any defects which have been discovered in the manner of carrying into execution what has already been attempted. This Order in Council will be sent out to the colonies with the intimation that, *to entitle them to the indulgence which it is intended to hold out, they must adopt it word for word, without addition or alteration.*"

Now, observe what this amounts to. The government say to the Colonial Legislatures, who *alone possess the legal power of legislating for their respective islands*, "We know you are ground to the dust by long continued and overpowering distress; we are aware of your necessities; we know that you are threatened with an insurrection among your slaves, and crushed by burdensome taxes on every part of your produce; but unless you will surrender your chartered liberties, and *adopt an Order in Council*, a royal ordinance, *as an act of your own parliament*, we will not give you the relief which we know you indispensably require." And this is the conduct of Whig statesmen, the descendants of the opponents of Lord North, the champions of North American freedom, the vehement condemners of the royal ordinance of Charles X.; and the advocates of Parliamentary legislation and the representative system all over the world!

This intention was too completely carried into execution. The proposed Acts in Council were issued

on 20th June, and 2d November, 1831, and immediately sent out to all the colonies, accompanied with the intimation, that "government had resolved to adopt certain fiscal regulations for the relief of the colonies, but that they would do so only on condition of the regulations of this Order in Council being explicitly complied with, and that, to avoid all dispute as to what might or might not be deemed compliance, nothing would be deemed sufficient by government, *but an act of the local legislature, declaring the Act in Council to have the force of a law.*"

The way in which this outrageous attempt to elude the rights of the local legislatures in the colonies has been received, will appear from the following extracts :

The inhabitants of Dominica have unanimously signed a protest, bearing among other statements,

"That the inhabitants of this colony challenge the minutest investigation into the treatment of their slaves, provided that recourse is not again had to the grossest system of intimidation, and a harassing cross-examination of witnesses, to make out a case in accordance with the views of those persons in the mother country who so unremittingly seek the destruction of these colonies.

"That the surprise is only equalled by the indignation with which the inhabitants of this colony have heard published, by the voice of a *policeman*, in the marketplace, two documents purporting to be Orders of his Majesty in Council—one subverting their dearest rights and privileges as British subjects, and the other robbing them of the miserable wreck of their already wasted fortunes.

"That the said Order in Council of the 20th of June, constituting a judicial system, as stated to be for improving the administration of justice, must have been framed in mockery of the unfortunate inhabitants, whose lives and fortunes it has placed at the mercy of salaried judges, holding office only during the pleasure of a saintly cabal, who notoriously rule the colonial department, and whose creatures appear thrust into office in the colonies as spies and informers, to calumniate and traduce the unfortunate slave-holder.

"That the Order in Council of the 2d November is utterly destructive to our rights and property in our slaves; vests an individual in the character of a slave protector, with an inquisitorial and despotic power over every free inhabitant,

which they have never exercised over the slaves; deprives the planter of the means of reaping the produce of his land, yet compels him to furnish his labourers daily with double the quantity of provisions supplied to the King's troops, and to give them clothing such as their masters are in many instances destitute of.

"That the inhabitants, convinced of the impracticability of carrying into effect this unjust and ruinous measure, find themselves forced to oppose, by every constitutional means, the execution of these enactments.

"That they can yield obedience only on compulsion, protesting solemnly before God and man against this most gross and shameless spoliation, and carrying with them into poverty and privation the consolation that they have not lent themselves to their own destruction."

The feeling in St Kitts is equally strong:—

ST KITTS.—"This House, after a long period of forbearance and suffering, deem it an incumbent duty to declare their firm determination to withhold any grant of money whatever, nor adopt any recommendation of his Majesty's government, until such government not only evidences a desire to, but actually does, adopt some measure for our relief, and enables us to know that in future our properties are to be held sacred and inviolable."

DEMERARA.—"We, the undersigned, proprietors or representatives of the several plantations set opposite our names respectively, and owners of slaves in this colony, do hereby solemnly declare, each for himself, that we consider the Order in Council, dated the 2d of November, 1831, and published in the Royal Gazette of this colony on the 12th day of this present month of January, 1832, by his Excellency the Governor of British Guiana, purporting to alter and modify the relations heretofore existing between the slaves in this colony and their lawful owners, and the rights under which we have lawfully possessed and enjoyed the services of our slaves—to be wholly ruinous to the just interests of each of us the said persons, and to be a direct violation of the sacred rights of private property—rights which were and are sacred by law, and ought to be inviolable.

"We declare that the necessary effects of the said Order will be to inflict an irreparable and extensive injury on all the agricultural and other interests of this colony—will lead to the rapid decay of its sugar plantations in particular—and will inevitably cause the speedy ruin of a large proportion of the present proprie-



tors—which the undersigned are prepared to prove.”

At St Lucie the following Resolutions were unanimously passed :—

“ One only opinion can be entertained respecting the Order in Council of the 2d of November : It must be the final ruin of the whole colony—it is the miserable residue of our rights and properties that it seeks to annihilate.

“ The Inhabitants of this colony are convinced that the ministers of the Crown who have counselled their Sovereign to sanction such a law have exceeded the power vested in them ; that they appeal to the Parliament of Great Britain for the decision of this important question. But if they were even disposed to set aside the question of right, and weakly to yield up their properties and all guarantee for their creditors, by entering into the views of their present rulers, it is clear, from the preceding statements, that it is impossible for the inhabitants to carry into effect these unjust and ruinous measures.

“ Under these circumstances, as the Order in Council of the 2d November is to come into operation on the 8th instant, your committee consider it necessary to make this public declaration of the line of conduct they have decided on adopting.

“ They will oppose a passive resistance to the various enactments contained in the two Orders in Council of the 20th June and 2d November, 1831 ; will continue to govern themselves in the treatment of their slaves by the Order in Council of 2d February, 1830, and the two supplementary local ordinances of the 26th April and 3d May, 1830, on every point.

“ That they will pay no taxes voluntarily for the support of public officers, whom they consider illegally charged on the colony ; that they will refuse every employment under government, tending in any way to assist in the execution of these Orders in Council ; and that they will contribute to the extent of their means to the expenses that may be incurred in carrying these measures into effect.”

[Here follow the signatures.]

At Trinidad, the orders were received in the same manner. The protest of the inhabitants bears,—

“ That the Inhabitants of this island, in concurrence with all the other proprietors of West India property, have called upon his Majesty's ministers to institute a parliamentary enquiry into the condition and treatment of Negro slaves under the existing laws, in order that the necessity for further legislative interference between the master and slave might

be fairly examined, and the principles and extent of such interference, if judged to be necessary, exactly determined :

“ And considering—That his Majesty's government have refused to institute or to encourage the institution of such parliamentary enquiry, and in the stead thereof have adopted the false and exaggerated statements, and are proceeding to act on the unjust and injudicious principles, of a party who avowedly aim at the destruction of all West India property :

“ And considering—That his Majesty's ministers have obtained and promulgated in this colony an Order of his Majesty in Council, whereby a vexatious and most injurious interference with the authority of the master over his slave is authorized and encouraged, whereby the proprietor is prevented by unnecessary restrictions from exacting such a portion of labour from his slaves as is consistent with their health and comfort, and whereby he is obliged to furnish them with more clothing than they require, and to provide for them more food than they can consume, while the regulations in respect thereof will be productive of the utmost dissatisfaction amongst the slaves, and that by the said Order in Council his Majesty's faithful subjects in this island are subjected to the jurisdiction of extraordinary tribunals, and are deprived of their undoubted right of appeal to his Majesty in cases of fines exceeding £.100 sterling ; and that for these reasons and to this extent the enforcement of the said Order in Council, without the consent of the proprietors, and without any previous compensation to them, will be an unlawful exercise of the power intrusted to the government, and a direct violation of the rights of private property :

“ Therefore we, the capitulants, proprietors, merchants, planters, and others, whose names are here underwritten, for the purpose of protecting ourselves and our properties from the evil consequences which might ensue from a silent and unopposing obedience to the said Order in Council, have solemnly protested, and do hereby most solemnly protest, against the several clauses in the said Order in Council herein before mentioned, and the enactments and provisions therein contained, protesting and solemnly declaring the same to be a direct violation of our rights, and a forcible and unlawful invasion of our properties, inconsistent with the treaty of capitulation, contrary to the first principles of natural justice, and totally null and void in law.”

[Here follow the signatures.]

Such is the spirit which these ty-

ranical Orders in Council have excited in the Leeward Islands.

Antigua also has rejected the Order, assigning as a reason that they have it not in their power to comply.

Jamaica is equally firm.

"Resolved, That the means devised by a faction in the House of Commons to deprive us of our property, if carried into effect, cannot fail to create a servile war of too horrible a nature to contemplate, and that any person who attempts to produce or promote such war is an enemy to his country.

"Resolved, That the conduct of the British government in taxing us higher than other subjects; in fostering our enemies, and listening to their falsehoods against us; in rejecting statements from impartial persons in our favour; in allowing designing men, under the saintly cloak of religion, not only to pilfer our peasantry of their savings, but also to sow discontent and rebellion amongst them; in threatening to withdraw troops, for whose protection we have doubly paid, and which we might claim as our right, at a time a servile war may be apprehended; is most heartless, and in violation of justice, humanity, and sound policy."

The resolutions proceed to state, that "thrown," as they are about to be, "as a prey before misguiding savages, we have no other alternative than to resist;" and to pray the King "that we may be absolved from our allegiance, and allowed to seek that protection from another nation which is so unjustly and cruelly withheld from us by our own."

It is not surprising that the Orders in Council should have been so received. Besides authorizing a constant and ruinous interference between the master and slave, they compel the latter to receive double the rations daily of a British soldier, and that under the sun of the tropics!

All the other Colonies have received the obnoxious ordinances in the same manner.

Thus it appears that Ministers have combined to accumulate upon our West India Colonies the evils at once of the St Domingo revolt, and the war of North American independence. By their rash and vehement speeches, both in and out of office, in favour of immediate or early emancipation, coupled with their inexplicable suppression of the Proclamation, calculated to put down

the dangerous hopes which their speeches and the rash efforts of the Missionaries had occasioned, they have precipitated Jamaica into massacre and conflagration; while, by their tyrannical and unconstitutional promulgation of an Order in Council, which is to be thrust down the throats of the local legislatures like a royal ordinance, as the price of their receiving any relief from the Parliament of Great Britain, they have awakened in these colonies a spirit of resistance, which must ultimately, as in the case of the North American Colonies, lead to the dismemberment of the empire.

The question on which the West Indies are now at issue with the mother country, is one of the utmost moment, and in which the colonies are agitated by the most vital of all interests. It is substantially the same as that which, under Lord North, lost for this country the whole of its North American colonies, with this difference, that, instead of its being an *act of Parliament*, which is now sought to be imposed, it is an order of the *King in Council*, which the local Parliament are to be compelled to adopt *literatim*, as the price of their receiving the assistance, without which their existence would not be worth preserving. This is a stretch of power which has never yet been exhibited in this country, nor indeed by any other having the remotest regard for the preservation of their colonial possessions. The *Crown colonies*, that is, such of the islands that have no local legislature, are ordained at once to adopt this royal ordinance, and those which have Parliaments of their own, are ordered to do so under pain of receiving no relief whatever from the mother country, at the time when it is dealt out to the more obsequious colonies, which give to the royal proclamation the force of law.

Ministers, therefore, stand committed to a contest with the West India Islands, far more formidable, because their pretensions are incomparably more unjust, than those of Lord North with North America. And what is the time which they have selected to agitate our colonial empire by such an unprecedented stretch of power? That, when, according to their own confession

contained in the royal proclamation of June 3, 1831, they were aware that delusive hopes of immediate emancipation pervaded the slave population, and acts of insubordination had commenced, requiring the sharpest coercion; when a jealous and watchful potentate, in the close vicinity, is eagerly watching the progress of British insanity, to lay his hands on that fair portion of the British dominions; when the revenue and resources of the empire are daily sinking under the stagnation of domestic danger, and the flames of servile revolts, provoked by a similar course of conciliation and mismanagement, are breaking out in the Irish provinces!—"Quos Deus vult perdere prior dementat."

We are aware that all statements of the ruin which is likely to ensue to our West India possessions, is a matter of no sort of concern either to our fanatics in religion, or our zealots in reform; but possibly they may be somewhat more alive to the dangers which threaten themselves, the perils to the very existence of the British empire, in consequence of the measures which are now in progress in the West India Islands. To such persons we cannot do better than earnestly recommend the consideration of the two first of the admirable resolutions of the great West India meeting, lately held in the city.

"2. That the value of the West India colonies to the revenue, manufacturing industry, and mercantile marine of Great Britain, may be at once ascertained by reference to Parliamentary documents, whereby it will appear that the duties annually collected from West India produce, amount to *seven millions sterling*; that the annual official value of British manufactures exported to the colonies is about £5,500,000; and the amount of shipping employed in the direct trade, about 250,000 tons; altogether exhibiting a branch of commerce, almost unequalled in point of extent, and peculiarly important on account of its national character; the whole emanating from British capital, being conducted by British subjects in British vessels, and finally returning the whole value of cultivation in the colonies into the general resources of the mother country, while the cultivator is suffering the extremity of distress.

"3. That, in addition to the direct intercourse of Great Britain with her West

India colonies, an extensive cross trade is maintained between those colonies and the British possessions in North America, which affords employment to upwards of 100,000 tons of British shipping; and, by furnishing a market for the fish, corn, salted provisions, and lumber of British America, contributes essentially to the prosperity of that other vast branch of colonial dominion, on which, jointly with the West India trade, Great Britain depends for the employment of at least one-third of her whole mercantile marine, and, consequently, for her station amongst the nations of the world.

"4. That the loss of the colonies, or the abandonment of interests thus powerfully contributing to the resources of the mother country, would inflict upon numerous branches of manufacturing industry, as well as upon the revenue, an injury of incalculable magnitude, which would never be compensated by foreign trade. So great a destruction of commerce, essentially domestic in all its relations, must not only entail ruin upon numberless private families, but would withdraw from the manufacturers of copper, iron, mill-work, hardware, woollen and cotton goods, the fisheries, the collieries, the salt provision trade of Ireland, and all the various trades connected with shipping, a source of employment on which these industrious classes have been accustomed to rely in war as well as in peace. A great commercial convulsion must follow this loss of employment, while, at the same time, the revenue would be seriously affected by a great diminution of consumption, arising out of the diminished ability of the people to purchase taxable commodities, and the enormous advance of price of all colonial articles which must attend the abstraction of the produce of the British West Indies from the general market of Europe."

These facts speak volumes. It is evident that a great proportion of our revenue, a large part of our export trade, the best nursery for our seamen, is on the point of being lost. And lost for what? for more arbitrary stretches of power than lighted the fire of North American independence, and more reckless innovations than kindled the flames of the St Domingo revolt. The thirteen provinces of America were lost to Britain in consequence of adopting one part of this system; St Domingo was lost to France, and has been precipitated into the lowest stage of

misery and barbarity, by adopting another; our present rulers have combined at the same time *both*!

No idea can be more absurd than that which is frequently brought forward by those who are favourable to early emancipation, viz. that even if we lost the colonies as dependencies on ourselves, we would derive the same benefit from them by laying an impost on their produce, and their consumption of our manufactured industry, as we now do, without being subjected to the burden of their maintenance or defence. Experience proves the reverse. The sum total of British exports is about L.44,000,000. Of these, to the colonies, L.32,000,000; all the rest of the world, L.12,000,000.

And while the shipping employed to Canada, with a population little exceeding a million, is 400,000 tons, or a *sixth* of the whole British tonnage, that to the United States, with a population of twelve millions, is only a *seventh* part of that amount, or 59,000 tons.

The reason is obvious, and was long ago explained, with perfect clearness, by Mr Brougham, in his able and well informed work on Colonial Policy. Colonies are distant provinces of the empire. The industry they put in motion, encourages domestic labour at *both ends of the chain*; that with an independent state, *at one end only*. Trade with Jamaica encourages British industry, and adds to British wealth, *both* in the West Indies, and at Glasgow, or Manchester; that with New York or Baltimore encourages *that half only*, which is resident only in the British isles. The whole trade to Canada, and the West Indies, is carried on in British bottoms: that to North America for the most part encourages the shipping of a rival power. Hence, while the tonnage engaged in the North American trade is only 60,000 tons, that to Canada, and the West Indies, taken together, is 650,000 tons, being above *ten times as much*, though their united population is hardly a *sixth* of that of the United States.

It is the same with the exports of Britain to these distant dependencies.

The exports to the West Indies, are,	L.5,500,000
Those to Canada,	2,400,000

Together,	L.7,900,000
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So that two millions of souls, in our own colonies, take off nearly L.8,000,000 worth of manufactures; whereas the twelve millions in North America only take off L.6,000,000. The reason obviously is, that independent nations early adopt the system of encouraging their *own fabrics*, and loading, by heavy duties, all imports from foreign states. The Americans have vigorously commenced this system of self-defence; while we, proceeding on the vague idea of free trade with nations who will give us no corresponding return, are daily losing our exports to independent states, and saved from complete stagnation at home, only by the rapid growth and increasing wants of our colonial dependencies.

But this is not all. A most important fact, as regards the shipping interests, was stated by Mr Palmer, which demonstrates how necessary practical knowledge is to correct the conclusions drawn from mere custom-house returns. As a shipowner, and conversant with shipping business from his earliest years, he was probably able to say as much upon the importance of that subject as any other man.

“He meant to draw the attention of the meeting particularly to the comparative importance of the West India shipping with that of the shipping of the country to every other part. Upon this he would refer to the returns which had been made lately to the House of Lords—returns in themselves requiring a great deal of explanation to render them at all intelligible to the community at large. By those returns it appeared that the whole amount of tonnage which had entered the various ports of the United Kingdom in the course of last year was 2,367,322 tons; of which that from the British West India ports was 249,079—in this way appearing to be little more than a tenth part of the tonnage engaged in the foreign trade. This was not accurate; because the two millions and a fraction of a tonnage included the entry of *every vessel, from whatever port* in the world she might have arrived. To the East Indies a ship could scarcely make one voyage within the twelve months, whilst from the ports in Belgium she was able to make no less than from six to eight in the course

of the year. In each case the vessel was entered as many times as she made voyages. Therefore, an entry of 700 tons from Belgium, by a ship making seven voyages in the course of the year, gives, in reality, but the employment of 100 tons, and six or seven men; whereas, a vessel from the East Indies employs 700 tons during the year, and 50 seamen. Upon this principle, he had dissected the whole of the returns made to Parliament, and the result was, as regarded the West India trade, that instead of there being 2,367,322 tons of British shipping employed in the foreign trade, the whole did not exceed 1,324,780 tons, of which the West India trade composed *one-sixth part*, and which undoubtedly was a most important consideration. Whatever political economists might say, no one attending this meeting would deny that such a difference in viewing the returns was of importance to this country. In the time of war it was to the foreign trade the country had to look for seamen. It was the foreign trade and long voyages which alone made perfect seamen."

Thus, it is a sixth part of the whole foreign trade which is at stake in the West Indies: another sixth is at stake in Canada: in other words, *one-third* of the whole foreign trade is involved in the intercourse with these two colonies alone. And it is the whole of this immense branch of our wealth and strength which Ministers have brought into jeopardy, first by their demand for the revenue, manufacturing industry, and mercantile marine of Great Britain, may be at once ascertained by their absurd proposals, their staple trade to Canada by the timber duties; then by their rash and despotic acts in regard to the West India colonies.

When Mr Canning, in 1823, undertook to legislate for the West India Colonies, his Resolutions were as follows, which breathe the cautious spirit of a British statesman.

"That it is expedient to adopt effectual and decisive measures for meliorating the condition of the slave population in his Majesty's Colonies.

"That through a determined and persevering, but at the same time judicious and temperate, enforcement of such measures, this house looks to a progressive improvement in the character of slave population, such as may prepare them for a participation in those civil rights and privileges which are enjoyed by other classes of his Majesty's subjects.

"That this house is anxious for the accomplishment of this purpose at the earliest period that shall be compatible with the well-being of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property."

Such were the principles on which Parliament proceeded, such the faith to which they were pledged in the most liberal days of Lord Liverpool's administration. Contrast this with the despotic act of our Whig rulers, forcing an Order in Council at once on the Crown Colonies, and leaving to starvation and ruin all those possessed of a local legislature, who would not adopt this Royal Proclamation as equivalent to an act of Parliament! Mr Warrington truly stated what every one who recollects the occasion, or will turn to the Parliamentary debates, will find to be strictly true.

"Mr Canning at the same time declared, that the legislature and the government would be ever accessible to fair argument, and would never close their ear upon strong facts, feeling convinced that it was almost impossible for the British Parliament to legislate satisfactorily for the economy of colonies, so different in the moral and physical relations of their inhabitants as the West Indies from those of the mother country. And yet, in the teeth of these resolutions, and of the explicit comment which accompanied them, ministers had issued several orders in council, each more contradictory and unpurchase-taxable and only enormous advance of price of all articles which must attend the abstract of the British West constitutional than the other, agreeing in being directly opposed to resolutions which had received the solemn sanction of Parliament. Each Order in Council was a censure upon the preceding, and afforded strong grounds for questioning the policy of the last issued, and for doubting whether it would not shortly be superseded by one if possible more uncalled for and mischievous. He said those Orders in Council were unconstitutional, being directly opposed to the resolutions of 1823, to which Parliament, in the name of the nation, had pledged itself. He would add, that they were cruelly mischievous in their tendency." (Hear.)

Earl St Vincent, with a spirit worthy of the name, immortal in British fame, which he bore, put the matter in the true light. "He would

entreat those who had any interest in the West Indian Colonies to consider one moment the general calamity that would ensue, if any property of any description whatever, which had been consecrated by the laws, should be invaded and broken down. (Hear.) If colonial property were thus to be sacrificed, what property would be safe? (Applause.) If one species of property were to be invaded, on account of some peculiar shade of distinction, who could say where such invasion would stop? (Hear.) If, upon the doctrine of original rights, or abstract principles, West India property, consecrated by law, was to be invaded, every man might approach them with the same argument. In adverting to these Orders in Council, I am led to a resolution of Parliament in the year 1823, and I must say, that those who were parties to that resolution, and to the decision of the House of Commons in 1823 respecting the slave management, ought not to be parties to the Order in Council of 1831. We were living in times of great colonial distress—we were living in times when great colonial agitation was on foot—when it would have been policy and wisdom to have conciliated rather than to have inflamed. But what has been the effect of the Orders in Council of 1821, bearing on the face of them irritation towards the colonies and injustice to the proprietors? (Hear.) To dictate to the Colonial Assemblies, *not from Parliament, but from the Council*, is unjust and illegal, and to state what appears to me very extraordinary, to say the least of it, is that they shall say to these legislatures, ‘We have certain benefits to confer on those islands, and if you do not agree to what we dictate, you shall not receive the benefits, even in the distressed and sinking condition of your interests.’ But to say on one side, this is the reward of your non-obedience, and we will sink the Co-

lonies if you do not do so; and on the other, here is the premium on your sycophancy, is the height of injustice. Can you sink the Colonies without sinking also the interests of the mother country? It was saying, if you don’t follow this advice, we will punish the mother country through the medium of the colonies.”

The point at issue between the colonies and the mother country is very clear, and as simple as that for which John Hampden contended with Charles I. The colonies say, “we are overwhelmed with a tax of 100 per cent on our produce; threatened with insurrection among our negroes; devoured by mortgages which the prodigious fall in the value of our produce has rendered overwhelming; we have done every thing consistent with our own existence for the amelioration of our slave population, but the injudicious interference of government, and the Orders in Council recently issued, threaten us with instant destruction, and will ruin both the slaves and ourselves, and are directly contrary to the faith of Parliament, solemnly pledged in 1823; and *all this we offer to prove at the bar of the House of Commons.*”—The government reply, “We know your distresses; we are aware of your dangers; but we will not allow you to prove your allegations; and unless you adopt our regulations, framed on this side of the Atlantic, and give to a royal proclamation the force of law, we will allow you to sink in the ocean of perdition.” This is the justice and equal measure of a Whig administration. Unless the investigation demanded by the West India proprietors is granted by Parliament, there is an end of the fair rule of British justice; and if relief is much longer delayed, there will speedily ensue, as the righteous retribution of Providence, the dismemberment and fall of the British empire.

## THE JEWESS OF THE CAVE. A POEM IN FOUR PARTS.

## PART I.—THE RECOGNITION.

MANASSEH wakes ; a lamp's soft light is shed,  
 But where he knows not, on his humble bed.  
 The fight remembered—at the close of day  
 Sore wounded he amidst the slaughtered lay.  
 His fiery swoon recalled ; his melting dream  
 Of flowing waters and the moon's mild beam,  
 That struck cold healing through his flaming throbs,  
 And thrilled his bosom to delicious sobs,  
 Recalled, suggests that man with pitying glance ;  
 But who unknown, had seen his thirsty trance ;  
 His brow had bathed, his lips with drops so dear ;  
 Had borne him thence ; refreshed had laid him here.  
 As now his eye to his conjecture gave  
 The walls around him of a rock-ribbed cave,  
 Came muffled steps ; an aged man in view  
 Was seen, a virgin nearer to him drew.  
 Above him bowing, where he lowly lay,  
 Soft as the Night and beautiful as Day,  
 Cold oil she poured into his wounded breast ;  
 Then went they both, and left him to his rest.  
 Had he those faces unremembered seen,  
 That by his couch had now so kindly been,  
 In days foregone ? He knew not ; yet to him,  
 Becalmed in soul midst scenes of childhood dim,  
 Forgetting courts, forgot th' obdurate strife  
 Of war, and manhood's sternly-governed life,  
 Those looks still rising, softening to his view,  
 The pleasing dreams of boyhood still renew.

Healed by their care, that damsel for his guide,  
 He left their cavern in the mountain's side :  
 A space she forth will walk with him, and find  
 The aged prophet by the tombs reclined ;  
 He o'er the mountain with the youth he loved,  
 His onward path, in his own path shall go,  
 industry, and mercantile marine, in each shall go,  
 Britain, near the path to Babylon to shew.  
 " Behold him yonder," said the maid, " but stay,  
 Not now can he conduct you on your way ;  
 The fit is on him, but th' unfailing shower  
 Of tears shall heal his spirit in an hour."  
 They paused as, looking to the vale below,  
 They saw that old man striding to and fro.  
 Then turned Manasseh with enquiring eyes,  
 And thus the Virgin answered his surprise :—  
 " Jared his name, my mother's father he ;  
 And grieved were I that you his pangs should see,  
 Did not our God with fury or control  
 Of madness check or fire his prophet's soul.  
 In youth, the shaggy deserts were his range,  
 Unscathed by all the seasons in their change.  
 Where bare red suns on sandy mountains beat,  
 'Midst fiery dust he braved the strokes of heat.  
 On stubborn hills of frost, when winter came,  
 With storms he wrestled, yet unhurt his frame.  
 Nor when the harsh wild withs of frenzy bound  
 His naked body to the naked ground,  
 Long days and nights in caverns murk and rude,  
 His vigour languished ; up he sprung renewed.

But, lo! he goes into yon grove : the tombs  
 Are there : subdued aye comes he from their glooms.  
 Oft even at hollow midnight does he dare  
 Death's caves ; the dull trees ; the infested air ;  
 The shuddering ground ; the ghosts uprising through  
 In hoary, bloodless, thin-compounded dew,  
 With baleful blots, whose shivering lips emit  
 A feeble whistling as around they flit.  
 But let us down ; thou waiting, from the wood  
 To thee I'll bring him in his softened mood :  
 Thine the desire to thank him ; his the will  
 And power to guide thee safely o'er the hill."

She said, and left him. From the doleful trees  
 With her advancing Jared soon he sees ;  
 Forth stepping meets them ; near the old man came,  
 Woe in his aspect, trembling in his frame.  
 "Sire," said the youth, "my blessing be on you  
 For all the care to which my life is due !  
 My name Manasseh ; as that blood is thine,  
 So is the sacred blood of Israel mine.  
 With Cyrus high in favour, me he sent  
 To conquer this Chaldean discontent  
 Amidst these hills, that love not yet his reign  
 Since he their city, Babylon, has ta'en.  
 The foe fled routed ; on the field I fell ;  
 Nor, save for you, had lived my name to tell,  
 To bless you both, to pray you but to shew  
 What Cyrus' favour shall on you bestow :  
 Mean gold you scorn ; yet something you may ask,  
 Glad were your servant if you him would task."  
 "Your name Manasseh ?" Jared thus exclaimed,  
 "How know you this ? By whom thus were you named ?  
 The blood of Judah yours ? It should be he !  
 How came you midst these Elamites to be ?"  
 "Scarce," said the youth, "remembered is the day  
 When horsemen bore me from green hills away,  
 I guess not why. My name perchance I knew,  
 My birth, and told them ; I was styled a Jew.  
 As such I lived, to Persia borne afar.  
 God gave me valour and renown in war.  
 Too late I learned that me a Persian band  
 Stole from the mountains of some western land,—  
 Too late, since slain in war each soldier who  
 Could take me back to where my life I drew.  
 Grief made me bold ; thus gained my orphan fate  
 The love of Cyrus which has made me great.  
 But speak—you tremble ! ha ! you know me then ?  
 Nor vain my visions, laid within your den ?  
 What means all this ? Stay ! stay, a form comes back ;  
 I see her comb her tresses long and black."  
 "Who but thy mother, famed for beauteous hair ?  
 Her name," cried Jared, "could you but declare !  
 Think—was it Esther ?"

"O! my God! the same.

And tell me now, is Jared not thy name ?  
 Sweet Virgin ! thee I know not ; O ! if Heaven  
 In thee a sister to my heart has given !"

Silent, the prophet bares with trembling hands  
 Manasseh's neck, as passively he stands.  
 "Bathsheba, look," the old man whispered, "see  
 Thy brother's scar oft spoken of to thee !"  
 Shrieking, she kissed it, kissed her brother's face ;  
 And sobbed for joy within his dear embrace.



## PART II.—THE CONFESSION.

LIKE one, the purpose of whose life was o'er,  
 No more to look for, and to do no more,  
 Since found that brother, with an altered eye,  
 The stricken prophet laid him down to die.  
 Came madness, came wild penitential fears;  
 Till calm he lay with spirit-cleansing tears.  
 Bathsheba soothing him, Manasseh near,  
 Joy should be his for those young watchers dear.

They o'er him bowed. Uprising with a groan,  
 "Why here?" he cried: "From me ye should be gone,—  
 Me, ne'er your mother's father, nought to you  
 Save one to whom your curse alone is due.  
 My sins untold, I dare not look to heaven;  
 I cannot die till you have me forgiven:—  
 In youth I Sarah loved; denied my prayer,  
 She wed my foe, she left me to despair.  
 Crime came not first, that darkly came at last:  
 In guiltless speed let me my heart exhaust!  
 Swift plans I named, our Council liked them not;  
 Then be the traitor's hurried life my lot!  
 Dash Sarah's bliss! Let Judah's general ill  
 Within wide vengeance special hate fulfil!  
 I sought, I stirred the King of Babylon,  
 Once more against Jerusalem set him on;  
 Within our walls I helped him. In the gate,  
 Unseen, I slew my rival in my hate.  
 The city won, I sought his widow'd wife;  
 Too late, forestalled by the victorious strife:  
 The war had reached her in her ransacked hall;  
 There slain—'twas well—she saw me not at all.  
 Not knowing death, her daughter by her side,  
 With infant arts, to wake her mother tried.  
 With pity struck, with horror for my deed,  
 The babe upsnatch'd away I bore with speed;  
 And, knowing Zion should be captive led,  
 Far to these mountains of the East I sped.

"Fair grew the child—your mother—in this cave.  
 To her a name I, deemed her father, gave.  
 Till to a noble hunter of our race  
 She went a wife from out this dwelling-place.

"Wild wax'd my life: O'er seas and lands away,  
 I bore my penance many a weary day;  
 Long periods dwelling on the cold-ribbed piles  
 Of desolation far in stormy isles;  
 Surviving oft the shipwrecked miseries  
 Of ghastly sailors on benighted seas;  
 Still building up, oh! never making less  
 The vast proportions of my wretchedness!  
 Back driven, I sought our prophets; changed my name,  
 (Remorse had altered well my face and frame,)  
 So shall I not be known, if known my sin;  
 And thus my new career did I begin:—  
 I learned the visions of Ezekiel's soul;  
 To me he gave each prophet's written scroll.  
 Long in the hidden deserts I abode  
 To be a Seer, waiting for my God:  
 For much I longed to issue from my den,  
 To tell great judgments to the sons of men  
 For I was tired of peace. In madness' hour  
 I felt or feigned the prophet's awful power.

Lord God, forgive! I dread that I have been  
The dupe of pride, or swift denouncing spleen.

"Yet guilt, distraction, fear, could ne'er remove  
My spirit, settled with paternal love,  
Here, on your mother, who, her husband slain,  
With you, sweet pair, was back to me again.  
Here bloomed your childhood. In that vale below  
You strayed, Manasseh, doomed from us to go.  
Stolen from her heart, for you your mother pined;  
For you to death her comely head resigned.

"O! had she lived! this night, O! had she met  
Her lost one, doubtful o'er her long regret;  
Till the assurance of her own found boy  
Filled all the vessels of her heart with joy!  
And then so found! for he high fame has won,  
Each noblest warrant to be styled her son.

"Fierce was my grief for her, as for a child,  
Till you, Bathsheba, left, my pangs beguiled.  
Sweet daughter, ever dear! I am a man  
Of blood, and nought for thee my blessing can;  
Yet fain, fain would I bless thee! I would give  
My very soul in joy to make thee live!  
Blessed be that battle! blessed that prompted night,  
When we, Bathsheba, sought the field of fight;—  
By thy sweet pity prompted, that our aid  
Might help the wounded, in our cavern laid!  
We saw you lie, Manasseh, in that place,  
And such th' effects of pain upon your face,  
So like your mother's sire, I pitied you  
For him whom fiercely in my wrath I slew.  
Thence borne, we healed you. Joy! you live the stay  
Of that dear virgin when I go away.  
I go! I go! forgive my bloody hand,  
My guilt that keeps you from your father's land!  
I look to you! O save me! ease the load  
That draws my spirit downward from her God!  
Am I not here a very poor old man?  
What would you more? You view my closing span.  
No more the men and women shall I see  
Walk in the world; their beauty's dark to me.  
No more shall I the sacred light of noon  
Behold, or the fair ordinance of the moon.  
Dear is your mother's tomb; O, children, swear,  
When I am dead, to lay my body there!"

They swear. But chiefly o'er him bowed with tears,  
With filial love his soul Bathsheba cheers.  
He died in peace, forgiven. His body they  
Laid down to mingle with their mother's clay.

#### PART III.—THE PICTURES OF THE PROPHETS.

God lifts his prophets up! O, their's a power  
Honoured and great beyond an angel's dower!  
If, mortal still, their spirits must descend,  
To dwell with things of earth their will must bend;  
Yet have they borne th' Almighty's counsels: hence  
To them a new, a keen intelligence,  
Nature to know; for they have learn'd to scan  
Its great relations to the fate of man.  
They see the hosts of stars, young, fresh, and pure;  
No old familiarities obscure

The moon : its beauty's more than beauty. They  
 See types and symbols in the opening day.  
 They knew the soul that melts spring's gracious cloud.  
 They hear vast terrors in the thunders loud,  
 Unheard before : the lightnings round their path  
 Fly out like written sentences of wrath.  
 War and the pestilence tell them their design ;  
 The earthquake shews the secrets of her mine ;  
 To them the comet his wan hair unbinds ;  
 They know the errands of the mighty winds,  
 Hail, rain, and snow, and meteors of the storms,  
 That plough the dark night with their fiery forms.  
 Though dread their visions oft, their power austere,  
 Their hearts enlarged o'ermaster human fear.  
 Then, then they wait not through Time's dull delay,  
 They see the glories of the future day ;  
 Their spirits taste the first-born things of joy,  
 Yea, bliss unborn, unmix'd with Earth's alloy.

But bring the balance. Here wide-glorious Crime  
 Slays half the kingdoms of man's mortal time.  
 There Pleasure's form belies the ancient pest,  
 For whom in sackcloth must the worlds be dress'd.  
 She drugs the earth ; then by fierce gleams of haste,  
 The false allurements of her eye displaced  
 By scorn, by cruel joy her prey to win,  
 The hoary shape of disenchanted Sin,  
 Above the nations bowed beneath her spell,  
 Seals the pale covenant of Death and Hell.  
 Hence wo to man, all evils : Oh ! they be  
 Too many for the good which Earth must see.  
 Hence joy is his, o'erbalanced far by pain,  
 Whose spirit kens the future's coming train ;  
 Unblessed by hope where certainty appears :  
 And knowledge saddens through protracted years.  
 For he is human still. Then scorn and hate  
 Too oft the prophet's warning voice await .  
 From those for whom the awful charge he bears,  
 'T' instruct his spirit in their future cares :  
 So fierce their hate, he scarcely can repress  
 Unhallowed joy at their ordained distress.  
 If right his heart, yet his the growing wo,  
 Their ills increasing with their scorn to know ;  
 Whilst new commissioned threats from God on high  
 Still tell their worth, who turn not, but will die.  
 A giant's strength is o'er him in the ties  
 That bind to man his yearning sympathies,—  
 To man sublime in his uncertain fate,  
 So linked to God and Hell's inglorious state :  
 And thus his large heart's but prerogative,  
 With deeper awe, with trembling still to live.

Those solemn pleasures, these majestic woes,  
 Beseem the forms that young Bathsheba shews,  
 Pourtrayed in tapestry round a far recess,  
 Within that cavern of the wilderness :  
 Torch-lit, she leads her brother by the hand,  
 And points the prophets of his father's land.

Moses he saw, come down from Sinai dread,  
 Throughout the vail was seen his burnish'd head ;  
 As streams the sun, when mist his forehead shrouds,  
 Tumultuous glory through the scatter'd clouds.

Young Samuel there, with lustrous feet, abroad  
 Walks on the holy mountains of his God ;

No stain of fear or sin his clear eye mars,  
As ether pure, that feeds the vivid stars.

Here Judah's Shepherd-King : he bore with grace  
A golden harp ; high looked his regal face ;  
As if, before his sceptre made to bow,  
The gaze of empires glorified his brow.

Winged with prophetic ecstasies, behold  
The Son of Amos, beautifully bold,  
Borne, like the scythed wing of the eagle proud,  
That shears the winds and climbs the storied cloud,  
Aloft, sublime ! And through the crystalline  
Glories upon his lighted head down shine.

But near him, wrapp'd upon a sombre hill,  
Stood Jeremiah, sad for Zion's ill.  
She, far removed upon the mountains back,  
Was faintly seen beneath the heavens of black.  
Crushed thunders loud, the lightning's throat blue stroke,  
Those seemed to roll, this o'er her summits broke.  
Red mortal fires are in her sainted towers ;  
A wild reflection forth her temple pours,  
There darkly ruddy, and here dimly brightening,  
Like Tophet's ancient melancholy lightning :—  
" Lord, God ! how long ? When shall that better morn  
Shine on salvation's high-exalted horn ?"  
Thus pray'd the prophet's eyes : And patriot shame,  
And patriot grief, his manly brow became.

Behold ! behold, uplifted through the air,  
The swift Ezekiel by his lock of hair !  
Near burn'd th' Appearance undefinedly dread,  
Whose hand put forth upraised him by the head.  
Within its fierce reflection cast abroad,  
The prophet's forehead like a furnace glow'd ;  
From terror half, and half his vehement mind,  
His lurid hair impetuous stream'd behind.

But lo ! young Daniel, in a twilight dim !  
And round that den the lions glared on him.  
Seemed one, as headlong plunged he to devour,  
In difficult check caught by a viewless Power :  
Bowed his curbed neck, his wrenched head subdued,  
Half turned he hung in dreadful attitude.  
Another slept ; but still his front was racked  
With lust of blood, his form was still unslacked ;  
As if at once his hungry rage had been  
In slumber quenched by that dread Power unseen.  
The rest, with peace upon their massive brows,  
Gaze on the prophet as in prayer he bows.

Nor had an instant sympathy forgot  
Those noble brethren of his captive lot.  
Within the burning bars, Manasseh saw  
The three who scorned a monarch's impious law.  
Around their limbs unloosed, and scatheless hair,  
Was seen a cloud of soft and lucid air.  
Beyond, the red and roaring haze but showed  
More beautiful these children of their God.  
A fourth was with them : glowing were his feet  
As iron drawn from out the boiling heat :  
An angel form : And white was his attire,  
As with them walk'd he on the stones of fire.  
In solemn beauty more young seers he saw ;  
And ancients laden with prophetic awe,  
O'er whose old heads, with snows upon them cast,  
Had many a visionary winter passed.

The name, the theme, the character of each  
 How to her brother joyed that maid to teach !  
 Joyed to believe, to doubt not, in his eyes  
 That people's glory would exalted rise,  
 For whom Jehovah in his ceaseless care  
 Inspired those men his dread will to declare !  
 "Such," said Bathsheba, "such my work for years,  
 My heart beguiling of a thousand fears,  
 When far from me his madness Jared swept,  
 And I our flocks upon the mountains kept.  
 Those prophet shapes conceived, I wrought to please  
 His spirit yearning for their ecstasies ;  
 Yea more, to keep before our scattered race,  
 That in these wilds have their abiding-place,  
 Our sins, that forth those seers commissioned sent  
 To tell our judgments, and to cry 'Repent ;'  
 That we no more might sin, might humbled be,  
 If we would hope our land again to see.  
 Nor less, the prophets' scrolls, that Jared brought,  
 I joyed to read to those our rock who sought."  
 "My sister now," Manasseh said, "would shew  
 The same to me, that I the Lord may know ?  
 Fear not, dear One ! my lineage early known,  
 I sought, learned, loved our fathers' God alone.  
 O ! sweet those tears of joy within thine eyes,  
 To have me with you to Jehovah's skies !"

With silent love thence led, she shewed to him  
 The Prince forenamed to raise Jerusalem,  
 Predestined Cyrus, saviour of their land,  
 Wrought by the skill of her pourtraying hand.  
 Within the west, a mountain based in night,  
 And robed with shadows, rises to the sight.  
 Thence lies a mighty Angel, swift to bear  
 A wreath of light from Judah darkened there  
 Towards the steed-borne prince ; his farther hand  
 Back points to Salem with a glittering wand.  
 And now—you see it now—from Heaven one beam  
 Has touched her summit with the faintest gleam.  
 But now your kindred sympathy can see  
 That touch of light shall soon a splendour be,  
 Shall blaze, devour that darkness, shall disclose  
 Mount Zion's pomp of beauty and repose.  
 And nearer look, before its darkling base  
 A choral band of virgins you may trace :  
 Still nearer—'tis Bathsheba in the van ;  
 And they with timbrels greet the godlike man.  
 Dark are they all, yet seems one moment more,  
 To floods of glory shall the scene restore.  
 O ! such shall be the crown of living light  
 For him illumined o'er a kingdom's night,  
 Who yet shall save Jerusalem ; for this  
 Her stag-eyed daughters forth in grateful bliss  
 Shall come, with songs shall their deliverer meet ;  
 Bathsheba first to kiss his kingly feet.

#### PART IV.—THE INTERVIEW WITH CYRUS.

Now Spring, the leafy architect divine,  
 Was in the woods, and built her green design.  
 Forth walked Bathsheba with her brother : they  
 From memory piece the scenes of childhood's day.

Much asks he of his mother: still in vain  
 They try their father's image to regain  
 From memory's blank. Her youth to him she told;  
 To her his life he hastened to unfold:  
 Together wandering still in broad green ways,  
 Dear was their love, and happy were their days.

But he must go: Her fears first prompted this:  
 Him recognised, destruction shall not miss  
 From those Chaldeans routed: They may meet,  
 Thus know, thus slay him in that dear retreat.  
 Yes, he must go: Though slighting not her fear,  
 A loftier motive prompts his higher sphere:  
 The time is come for Judah's help decreed,  
 And Cyrus but his favoured hints may need;  
 Nor such a sister long must languish there,  
 For glory fashioned, and for duties rare.  
 Would he could take her with him! but the way,  
 Beset with toils, demands her present stay,  
 Till he with pomp of safety back shall come  
 To take her with him to a fitter home.  
 It but remains to be assured that she  
 The while may safely in these mountains be:  
 O! yes; for even the robber of the wild  
 Unharm'd would pass, would guard the prophet's child  
 Such awe had Jared, in his strange distress,  
 Even on the children of the wilderness.  
 Yea more, a few of Israel's people near  
 Will let her be no lonely liver here:  
 For Jared's sake, her own, they love her well;  
 Or they with her, or she with them, shall dwell:  
 No fears for her! With joy he'll come anon!  
 Yet Oh! she weeps—her dear Manasseh gone.

She climbs the mountains; far for him she strains  
 Her eye at morn, at noontide, o'er the plains;  
 Till wind the white sheep, when the dew distils,  
 In pearly strings around the twilight hills.

Here standing now on her accustomed height,  
 O'er many lands she casts her longing sight.  
 The sun down burns among the western trees;  
 The windings she of old Euphrates sees  
 Far in the south unrolled. But, ha! her eye  
 A company coming northwards can descry.  
 It left the flood; as on it swiftly drew,  
 Forth came detached two horsemen to her view.  
 Adown the mountain hastes she: from his steed  
 The nearer springs—it must be he indeed!  
 He meets her fast; his arms around her pressed,  
 She weeps glad tears upon her brother's breast.

Her hand he took, with dignity the maid  
 He led to where that other horseman stay'd,  
 Dismounted, them to greet, yet pausing he,  
 That unrestrained their meeting joy might be.  
 "Great Cyrus! see the sister by our God,  
 From out the deserts, on my heart bestowed."  
 Manasseh thus, forth leading her: But she,  
 With youthful reverence, knelt upon her knee.  
 "Rise!" Cyrus said, and raised her; "Honoured maid,  
 We come to have thee to our court conveyed.  
 Judean virgins, high their excellence,  
 Are in our train to wait upon thee hence.

Thy presence well shall dignify our state;  
Great is thy beauty as thy heart is great.  
But first, instructed by thy brother, we  
The figured arras of your rock would see :  
Come to your cave ; there night shall o'er us go :  
Our tents shall wait us in the vale below."

Her grateful eyes upraised, Bathsheba saw  
His form majestic, and his head of awe.  
With manlier gifts of tenderness and grace  
He led the damsel to her dwelling-place.  
Her brother near walked softly in his joy,  
As if he fear'd some glad dream to destroy.

With scented lights, the maiden round her cave  
To Cyrus' eyes the pictured prophets gave ;  
Forbearing not, at his command, to tell  
Their words commissioned unto Israel.  
With holy hope, she, eloquently bold,  
Jehovah's doings for his people told :  
Early he chose them his peculiar care ;  
From Egypt bore them with his arm made bare ;  
Came down on Sinai with devouring fire,  
And thundered o'er them in preventive ire ;  
The nations melted in his wrath away,  
That stablished Judah in their land might stay ;  
Till, sin-provoked, despised his day of grace,  
He drove her forth a captive from her place.

Now smiles the monarch, as Bathsheba shews  
Himself prepared to end that captive's woes.  
But he with awful dignity demands  
Isaiah's book, when mentioned, from her hands ;  
Till, pointed out, he saw his name ordained,  
His power, for Zion's sake, by God sustained.  
Whence came this book ? She told : He, pleased, declared  
'Twas rightly writ, with Daniel's scrolls compared.  
"Great Sovereign !" thus the Jewess of the cave,  
"Thy grace has given me leave a boon to crave :—  
Approved by thee, these hangings worthy are  
To deck thy palace or thy tent of war.  
Deign, let thy handmaid in thy kingly sight  
Keep long memorial of this honoured night !"

"Wise virgin dignified ! it shall be so ;  
They with us hence to Babylon shall go :  
The Queens of earth shall see the fair design,  
Shall imitate thy needle-work divine.  
This greater hope to thy exalted heart  
'Tis mine this moment freely to impart :—  
God-given to me ~~the~~ kingdoms, I to him  
Will build a house in his Jerusalem.  
His people lifted from their exiled woe,  
Thou up with them a princely one shalt go.  
Retire, till with Manasseh here we trace  
The planned redemption of your ancient race."

He said. But she glad nature could not check ;  
She rushed, she sobbed upon her brother's neck.  
Abashed she turned. But her the King of men  
Supported trembling from that inner den.

T. A.

## DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE AMERICANS.\*

WERE any one to regard the mere quantity of matter which has been published during the last quarter of a century concerning the United States, he might be led hastily to conclude, that ample foundation had been laid for the gratification of all liberal curiosity in relation to that interesting people. Verily the name of American travellers is Legion, for they are many; but looking rather to the value than the volume of their works, we are forced to confess, that in regard to most of the higher and more important objects of enlightened enquiry, the United States are yet unvisited, and that the wide field they present for philosophical observation has hitherto yielded no harvest. All this, however, may easily be accounted for. The Americans are a young people, full of energy and enterprise, but necessarily subject to a variety of disadvantages, which the older communities of Europe have long since overcome. They have little to boast of native literature or science; nothing of splendour or antiquity to captivate the imagination, and, bating a few objects of unrivalled natural grandeur, in a country the scenery of which is in general tame and monotonous, there exist few of the ordinary inducements of travel, to lead men of education and refinement to select the United States as the sphere of their observation. Then their appliances for the comfort and convenience of travellers are understood to be deficient; their roads are confessedly detestable; their social habits rough and unfinished; their love of democracy perhaps too obtrusive and exuberant; and their contempt for kings and courtiers somewhat more openly expressed, than is quite consistent with a charitable regard to the prejudices of their European visitors. The consequence of this has been, that few English gentlemen have visited the United States, and of these few the greater portion have left no record of their impressions, being unwilling, perhaps, to incur the certainty of giving offence

to a people of whose hospitality they entertain a grateful sense, and to whose morbid sensibility to censure there can be found no parallel in other nations.

The great body of our information, therefore, has been derived from persons of narrow minds and limited acquirements, who have generally visited the United States, with views rather connected with pecuniary profit, than the gratification of liberal curiosity. It has thus happened, that men, whose opinions on the condition, moral, literary, or political, of any European nation, would be treated with incriminated contempt, have yet been greedily listened to, when discoursing of a country, in no point of view less interesting, and with which our commercial relations are even more widely extended. The result of this has been, a vast mass of exaggerated and inconsistent statement—of truth answered by denial—falsehood exposed by blunder—prejudice on one side accusing prejudice on the other—of conclusions without premises, and premises that admit of no conclusion,—in short, such a jumble of folly, ignorance, stupidity, and perversion, as makes it very clear, whatever may be the case with counselors, that in the multitude of such travellers there is *not* wisdom.

Merchants, Farmers, Manufacturers, Bagmen, Half-pay Officers, broken-down Radicals, impatient of the restraints of English morality and English law, have all visited the United States, and favoured the world with the result of their observations. Of these different classes, the three first have, perhaps, done all we were entitled to expect. They have communicated a great deal of valuable information relative to soil and climate, railroads and canals, steamboats and stagecoaches, wages of labour, prices of provisions, facilities for commerce, and other matters which, in a country situated like Great Britain, are very essential to be understood. The lucubrations of the Bagmen on manners, politics,

\* By Mrs Trollope. 2 vols. London, Whittaker, Treacher, and Co. 1832.



and morals, have been less available. They are, perhaps, somewhat too indignant at the national deficiency of polish and refinement, to be considered altogether impartial in their reports. They cannot bring themselves to pardon the transatlantic innovation of picking teeth with a pocket-knife instead of a table-fork, according to ancient and recognised precedent in the hostleries of Leeds and Birmingham. Then English "commercial gentlemen" excrete in spit-boxes; those of America discharge their saliva on the carpet, or their neighbour's boot, or, in short, wherever it may happen to suit their convenience. Then in an American hotel, a Bagman of the most imposing aspect, with "a voice like Mars to threaten and command," may actually bellow for Boots and Chambermaid for an hour on end, without creating the smallest sensation in any one individual from the garret to the cellar. Should he at length lose patience, and go in search of the delinquents, ten to one he will find Boots lolling in a rocking chair, and coolly smoking a cigar, with his legs on the kitchen dresser; while the coffee-coloured chambermaid, taking advantage of the twilight, is in the back-yard arranging matters of importance with black Cæsar, jack-of-all-trades to Lyncurgus F. Tompkins, storekeeper on t'other side of the street. Such differences of habit are no doubt quite sufficient to divert the whole current of human sympathies, and annihilate all charities, national and particular.

Next come the Radicals, whose associations with the memory of their own country are those of jails and gibbets, and who, comparing the realities of the United States with their former anticipations of Botany Bay, are naturally well satisfied with their change of prospect. Believe these political philosophers, and America is a heaven upon earth, a region of flowers and fruits, and of sweet airs, where corruption is unknown, and man lives in a state of primeval innocence and unbroken happiness. The rulers of this delightful country are, of course, all virtue, wisdom, and strength, and the people by whose free voices they are elected, distinguished above all experience in degraded Europe, by honour, high prin-

ciple, sagacity, and talent. Your Tory travellers, on the other hand, who consider nothing good that is not founded on British precedent, deny altogether the justice of these praises. They tell you, and are ready to swear to it, that the United States are a mere Pandemonium of brutal manners and bad government; that the soil is barren and unfruitful, the climate sickly and detestable, the rulers time-serving and corrupt; and the people, made up of the sweepings and refuse of Europe, are fickle and turbulent in politics, mean and fraudulent in their dealings, ignorant, yet puffed up with the conceit of knowledge; and, in short, the most unfit possible depositaries of political power.

While by the successive and opposite impulses of these contradictory statements, our wavering opinions are driven from pillar to post, to be reimpelled with equal vehemence and velocity from post to pillar, we are glad to call in the weight of female testimony, to give permanence to our convictions, and decide, if possible, whether the Americans are a nation of angels or of demons, something more than men, or less than brutes. Women, thank Heaven, are no politicians, or life would be unbearable. They are gifted, too, with a finer observation, and more delicate discrimination of character, than nature has thought proper to bestow on the coarser sex; and therefore their evidence, as to every thing connected with manners or domestic morals, is not only more likely to be unbiassed, but is intrinsically more valuable. It was with pleasing anticipation, therefore, that we directed our attention to the volume of Miss Frances Wright, a lady whose fame is already so widely spread on both sides of the Atlantic, as to be incapable of receiving additional extension, even from emblazonment in the pages of this Magazine. Some dozen years ago, we believe, Miss Wright, having directed her talents to the stage, produced a tragedy, which the London managers had the bad taste to reject. This insult determined the offended damsel at once to repudiate her country; and she accordingly lost no time in crossing the Atlantic, to enrol her name among those of the fairest citizens of

this nobler, younger, freer, and more discriminating community. Miss Wright came prepared to be pleased, and she naturally finds the people all that youthful poets fancy, when they visit a foreign country with a play in their pocket. Nor are the Americans on their part ungrateful. They act her tragedy, and, as in duty bound, admire its captivating author. Every thing goes on smoothly. The New York porters refuse to take money for carrying her portmanteaus, and we are consequently assured that these high-souled operatives toil in their laborious vocation, uninfluenced by vile thirst of lucre, and animated by the sole and disinterested object of conferring obligation on their wealthier neighbours.\* Being a lady of considerable fortune, Miss Wright finds suitors in every city, and even receives offers in steamboats and stagecoaches; but having, as Leigh Hunt says, "stout notions on the marrying score," and being in principle somewhat of a polygamist, and adverse to monopolies of all kinds, she consistently declines the unjust appropriation of a whole free-born American, for her own exclusive use and behoof. Like a timid speculator in the lottery, she has no objections to a sixteenth, but cannot be induced to venture "the whole hog." It becomes us not to say, whether, in spite of all the insinuating gallantries of her numerous and gifted admirers, this fair republican

—"vot'ress pass'd on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy free."

We only know that her virgin appellation remained unchanged, and that however individually cruel, her collective gratitude was assuredly very great. The men of the United States, she assures us, are noble, manly, generous, and intelligent; the women tender, elegant, beautiful, and accomplished. Of course, such a population require little government; but what they have, realizes all her ideas of perfection. Indeed, the only fault she can discover in the whole coun-

try, is, that the people are somewhat too religious,—a failing which, by delivering public courses of lectures against Christianity in most of the cities, it is only justice to confess, she did her utmost to abate.

Thus far, then, the influence of female testimony was decidedly in favour of the *angelic* character of the Americans; and notwithstanding the weight of Captain Hall, who jumped very boldly into the opposite scale, there was every prospect of its kicking the beam, when out pops Mrs Trollope with her two very entertaining volumes, and produces as great and sudden a change on the aspect of events, as the appearance of old Blucher and his troops did on the field of Waterloo. We now learn that Mrs Trollope's own personal friends constitute the only portion of the population who can advance the smallest claim to the character of gentlemen. The rest are a mere set of brutal barbarians, filthy, immoral, and disgusting, and carrying the most sordid selfishness into all the relations of life. The United States, she informs us, is a country yet ignorant of the blessings of civilized society; and the European who would live there, must cast off the memory of all the delicacies, and even decencies, which he may previously have considered as forming part of the very condition of existence.

Such is a short, though tolerably accurate *précis*, of the inconsistent and conflicting statements of British travellers, in regard to the condition, moral, social, and political, of the Americans. But the Americans themselves have not been backward in urging their own claims to admiration and respect. In turning to their works, we can no longer complain of irreconcilable discrepancies of fact and opinion, which puzzle and distract the judgment. The unanimity of these gentlemen is really quite wonderful, and reading their pages is like listening to a concert of musical snuff-boxes of the same precise mechanism, an hundred of

\* We wish we could procure a cross of this breed of American porters, to improve that of our Edinburgh caddies, whose motives, we regret to say, are of the very basest description, but fear, from the silence of recent travellers, they must have become extinct. Such porters are evidently too good for this wicked world.

which being wound up, start off with the same cuckoo tune, pitched in the same key, to the utter exhaustion of ear and patience. They are all loud in their praises of themselves, and their institutions,—of their prowess by sea and land,—of their achievements in science, literature, and philosophy,—of the intelligence, high principle, and sagacity of their population,—of the beauty and salubrity of their climate, and the unrivalled fertility of their soil. It is the fashion with these writers to speak of Europeans as men of pigmy stature and besotted minds; and, as a proof of their own incontestable superiority, they appeal to the magnitude of their lakes and rivers, and find cause of triumph in their exuberance of timber and fresh water. In short, whatever virtues may attach to the American character, it is abundantly clear that modesty is not of the number; and it is scarcely possible, we fear, to form a very high estimate of the good sense of a people, whose judgment of themselves and others is so egregiously at fault.

But be the merits of American writers what they may, their works on politics and legislation have had little circulation in this country, and certainly have not at all contributed to direct the current of opinion with regard to the United States. It is not probable that English readers, who would assuredly be set asleep by any long-winded panegyric on their own institutions, could discover much attractive matter in a dull and dogmatical eulogium on those of a distant republic. Mr Cooper and Mr Walsh, therefore—we mention these as the Coryphæi of the band—had the mortification of beholding their works drop still-born from the press, and John Bull had still the good fortune to escape from the unpleasant conviction, that another country was in any respect more happily situated than his own. From the tone of bluster and bravado, however, in which the American champions considered it becoming to indulge, it was abundantly evident that they had no overweening confidence in their own pretensions. The great and distinguishing mark of strength is tranquillity; its other attributes may be counterfeited, this cannot. Meaner animals may put on

the skin of the lion, and imitate his roar, to the great terror of the forest, but the deception is soon found out. The impostors will inevitably make inordinate display of tusk and claw; there will be too much bristling of the mane, and brandishing of the tail; in short, an utter absence of that repose which can alone result from the security of conscious strength. This we doubt not is trite enough, but still we wish the Americans would remember it. They may rest assured, that should the day ever come, (and we are far from sneering at those who consider it to be approaching,) when the United States shall assume the leading station among the great powers of the world, her pretensions will be urged in a tone very different, from any which her advocates have yet felt strong enough to adopt. In exact proportion to the strength of her claims, will be their calmness in supporting them; and we venture to prophesy, that as their own conviction of superiority becomes more confident and assured, that fluttering sensibility to foreign censure, and that inordinate vanity which exposes them to present ridicule, will cease to tarnish the American character.

Though the discrepancies of statement in the works of British travellers with regard to the United States, be confessedly irreconcilable with fair and impartial observation, still there exist few instances in which we feel disposed to attribute the blunders and inconsistencies of these writers to intentional misrepresentation. There is no other country in the world, perhaps, in which, to the eye of an Englishman, a little prejudice may so easily pervert the whole colouring and proportions of the picture which it presents. He finds in America so much that is admirable mingled with so much that is offensive, so much that contributes to the physical necessities of man, and so little that can be made to minister to his higher enjoyments, and is alternately shocked and gratified by so much arrogance, energy, intelligence, weakness, folly, wisdom, and impertinence, that the character of the impression produced by this apparently incongruous aggregate, must depend in a great measure on the peculiar temperament of the observer. By

merely throwing out of view one class of qualities which distinguish this singular people, and fixing attention on another, it becomes abundantly possible to communicate an impression of the national character which is utterly unjust, though every statement from which conclusions have been drawn be substantially correct. The charge, therefore, to which those travellers who have inordinately praised the Americans, are quite as obnoxious as those who have followed an opposite course, consists less in the *suggestio falsi*, than in the *suppressio veri*. Yet even this crime, we are charitably inclined to believe, has not often been wilfully committed. For so constituted is the mind of man, so much is the judgment of the wisest among us influenced unknown to itself by prejudice and feeling, that we are rarely able to take a wide and impartial view of all the circumstances and relations of a question, essential to a sound conclusion. But instead of dealing in wise saws, let us illustrate our meaning by a modern instance. Two armies fight a battle. It shall be Maida, Barossa, Talavera, or any other you may like better. The affair is no sooner over, than each commander seizes the pen, and transmits to his government a full, true, and particular account of the engagement. These afterwards appear in the Gazette, and having read both, we ask whether any thing can be more utterly and hopelessly irreconcilable either in fact or inference. If Lieutenant-Gen. Sir Frizzle Pumpkin "have writ his annals right," then have the Frenchmen received a complete drubbing. But unless Soult or Junot lie most egregiously, this is far from the case; for they assure us, that the attack of John Bull was gallantly repulsed, and that all the honours of the engagement, including three brass guns and a howitzer, remain on their side. In short, each general claims the victory, and each brings forward the particular details by which his pretensions are substantiated; yet both are men of high honour, and either would sooner die than suffer his fair fame to be tarnished by the imputation of a falsehood. What, then, is the key to all this, and how are we to escape from the apparently inextricable maze of

contradictory assertion? The key is this. Neither of the accounts are positively false, and neither absolutely true. Looking at the engagement *as a whole*, neither Soult nor Sir Frizzle give an impartial narrative of all its circumstances. Both bring forward some favourite passages in prominent relief, while others, equally important, are either thrown into the background, or kept altogether out of view. Yet we do consider it as highly probable that each commander, at the moment of committing his account to paper, wrote under the delusion, that nothing could be more full, fair, and impartial than his own statement. The truth is, that both were anxious to regard the battle as affording ground for certain favourable conclusions, and, by a very trifling and unintentional perversion of vision, they are both successful. Thus intimate is the connexion between our judgment and our feelings, and thus it is, that

———" things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them," and we propagate deception in others, from having first achieved it in ourselves.

Were we disposed to philosophize, it would be easy, by an extension of this simple hypothesis, to account for those differences in politics, religion, and philosophy, by which the waters of the human mind have been stirred into a troubled activity, and mixed up with the sediment of passion, which might well be suffered to remain at the bottom. But our present concern is exclusively with travellers in America, about whom, and whose works, we have still a few observations to make. In the first place, it is only justice to confess, that there exists no other people, whose advantages, prejudices, and foibles come so directly and provokingly into collision with our own. An Englishman may traverse Europe from Moscow to Cadiz, and encounter nothing, in the whole course of his journey, which does not tend to confirm the justice of his own previous convictions, in favour of those institutions, and that condition of society, to which he has been accustomed in his own country. On the continent, he finds the government of

England uniformly mentioned by enlightened men with admiration and respect; and the evils of despotism, whether political or religious, are so manifest and pervading, that few points of similarity can be discovered, to afford footing even for comparison. He therefore speaks and thinks of these countries with perfect impartiality,—their defects he is disposed to consider less as crimes than misfortunes,—and he regards them generally with those feelings of charitable benevolence, which men conscious of their own strength can afford to extend to the failings of their weaker brethren. In short, he sees nothing in the condition or structure of society which can excite jealousy; he is not called upon to resign a single prejudice or opinion, and the slumber of his self-love remains unbroken. But in the United States, the case is very different. For the first time he mingles with a people, who, so far from possessing any reverence for the British Constitution, do not hesitate to pronounce it a very bungling and unworkmanlike contrivance, while they point to their own institutions as the proudest effort of human genius, and to their own laws as embodying every thing of excellence in legislation which human wisdom has yet been able to devise. It is an old proverb, that he who claims too much stands a fair chance of getting too little. The Englishman feels little disposed to accord a praise, somewhat too imperiously demanded, by men who scruple not to express their contempt for all that from his very infancy he has been accustomed to hold sacred. His prejudices and self-love are up in arms. He not only sees all the defects in the American character, but he becomes blind to its virtues. He writes a book, and represents them as a nation of disgusting savages; and, under the semblance of love of country, gives vent to the whole volume of his spleen and bigotry. The Americans, on their part, are by no means patient under such inordinate chastisement. They have recourse to recrimination, rake up all the filth from British newspapers, and array it in the form of national charges, and thus is the foundation laid, for a rooted antipathy between two countries, whose

mutual interest it is to regard each other with affection and esteem.

This is but poor work at best; yet truth compels us to say, that however impartial a traveller may be in recording his impressions of American society, he will find it impossible to avoid giving desperate offence to that most sensitive people. The Americans demand unqualified praise; they require, most unreasonably, that every foreigner on visiting their country, should cast off the prejudices and opinions of his former life, and at once appreciate the full and unrivalled excellence of their national character and institutions. The monstrous inconsistency of this, it is unnecessary to expose. The Americans are, *par excellence*, a free people. Unlimited freedom of opinion forms the very corner-stone of their constitution, and yet the liberty which constitutes their national boast, they would willingly deny to others. What right have the Americans to expect that an Englishman should prefer their institutions to those of his own free, great, and glorious country, which he has been taught to reverence from his very cradle, and under which the whole habits of his life have been formed? When an American visits England, no one is so unreasonable as to demand any such sacrifice of opinion. He is left free as air, to approve or disapprove, to praise or censure, to applaud or condemn; and though his opinions may possibly be received with something of mortifying indifference, he will assuredly excite no prejudice, in any quarter, by their most public expression. No man in this country could regard as a matter of charge against an American, that he does not think like an Englishman; and why such liberty of thought and expression should not be enjoyed by travellers from this side of the water, as well as those from the other, we own ourselves somewhat puzzled to understand. We Englishmen, it will be confessed, are accustomed to write and speak freely enough about our own government and institutions; through France, Italy, or Germany, we travel yet ungagged; and it really seems too much to expect that we should keep our mouths shut, when pleasure or business may lead us to the United States.

The fact is, that, wince under it as she may, America must learn to hear the truth. Falsehood and exaggeration she may despise; and in this respect, if in no other, she may advantageously take a lesson from John Bull. Let her only observe how wonderfully cool John is, under the misrepresentations of foreign travelers. The Chevalier Pillet has declared to the world, that the domestic relations of Englishmen are made the cover of the most disgusting and degrading pollution, and that every English lady keeps her private brandy bottle, on the contents of which she gets drunk at least once a-day. A Monsieur Charles Nodier, of whose book we remember to have written a review many years ago in this very Magazine, among other statements equally veracious, scrupled not to assert, *seipso teste*, that Scottish ladies always go barefoot; and that though, on occasions of ceremony, shoes are certainly to be seen, the toes of a northern spinster feel exceedingly awkward under their compression, and she uniformly seizes the earliest opportunity of kicking them off. But to come to the present day, let any American take the trouble of reading the travels of Prince Puckler Muskaw, and then glance over the different reviews of the work in the various periodicals, and he will find, we think, that the Prince, whose strictures on our manners and failings are by no means lenient, gets quite as much credit as he deserves. We are at least certain that the book has awakened no feeling approaching to that intense and extravagant indignation which has been excited in America by the work of Captain Hall, and which, we doubt not, in at least equal measure, is destined to follow the still more amusing volumes of Mrs Trollope, to which it is our present object to direct the attention of our readers.

Mrs Trollope, then, we beg leave to intimate, is an English lady, who, being instigated by the devil and Miss Fanny Wright—(we imagine she will not deny the agency of either)—was induced, with the approbation of her husband, to accompany that lady to the United States, with what precise object we are not informed, but apparently with the intention of establishing part of her family in these western regions. It

appears that Miss Wright—to whom, in spite of all her failings, it is impossible to deny the praise of active benevolence—had embarked in some visionary project for emancipating negroes; and with this view, had formed an establishment in the state of Tennessee, in which, by judicious preparation, the slaves were not only to become free, but to astonish the world by issuing forth in the character of scholars and gentlemen. Towards the scene of this interesting experiment were the steps of the fair wanderers directed; and accordingly, after a tedious voyage, we are glad to find them safely landed at New Orleans, where Mrs Trollope commences her task of observation. The disgusting immorality by which this city is distinguished above all others in the Union, would, of course, remain in a great measure invisible to the eye of a lady. New Orleans is not French, and it is not American, but a *melange* of both—and the result is, something worse than either. Mrs Trollope is exceedingly struck, however, by the scene of wild desolation which distinguishes the delta of the Mississippi. Nothing but interminable brakes appear on either side, covered by forests of tall canes; and the broad muddy river, with its vast masses of drift wood, completes a picture more sombre and depressing to the heart and imagination, than can well be conceived by any one who has not felt its effect. The city stands upon a bed of diluvial matter some dozen feet below the level of the river, so that should the *levée* which at present confines its waters give way, New Orleans, “with all its bravery on,” may probably, some fine morning, make an aquatic excursion into the Gulf of Mexico. Mrs Trollope admires the Quadroon ladies very much—and no doubt many of them are very pleasing to the eye; but we remember once being present at what is called “a Quad ball,” with the thermometer above 90, and we returned with the full conviction that there are worse odours in the world than that of sanctity. Should any of our readers be led to visit New Orleans, we caution them to beware of crawfish, which they will meet in many tempting forms, at almost every table. These animals are carnivorous, and in vast numbers burrow in the churchyards. *Verb. sap.* Tho

Creole ladies are handsome, though Mrs Trollope does not think so. They are indebted for their beauty, we imagine, to the admixture of Spanish blood, and are certainly, in a great measure, exempt from that prematurity of decay which makes sad havoc with the charms of the northern ladies.

Having remained long enough at New Orleans to recover from the fatigues of their voyage, Mrs Trollope and her party proceed up the Mississippi in one of those magnificent steamers which are to be found only in the western world. The accommodations of these vessels are on the most superb scale, though, being furnished with high-pressure engines, a trip in them is not unaccompanied with danger. On an average, two or three explosions take place in a season, so that travellers are at least exempt from the dulness of perfect security. The manners of the passengers, however, appear by no means captivating in the eyes of Mrs Trollope. How should they? Slave-dealers, traders from the Western States, land-jobbers and cotton-growers, are no doubt very far from being polished gentlemen. But we shall allow the fair traveller to speak for herself, which she always does far better than we can do for her.

"On the first of January, 1828, we embarked on board the *Belvidere*, a large and handsome boat; though not the largest or handsomest of the many which displayed themselves along the wharfs; but she was going to stop at Memphis, the point of the river nearest to Miss Wright's residence, and she was the first that departed after we had got through the custom-house, and finished our sight-seeing. We found the room destined for the use of the ladies dismal enough, as its only windows were below the stern gallery; but both this and the gentlemen's cabin were handsomely fitted up, and the former well carpeted; but oh! that carpet! I will not, I may not describe its condition; indeed it requires the pen of a Swift to do it justice. Let no one who wishes to receive agreeable impressions of American manners, commence their travels in a Mississippi steam-boat; for myself, it is with all sincerity I declare, that I would infinitely prefer sharing the apartment of a party of well-conditioned pigs to the being confined to its cabin.

"I hardly know any annoyance so deeply repugnant to English feelings, as the incessant, remorseless spitting of

Americans. I feel that I owe my readers an apology for the repeated use of this, and several other odious words; but I cannot avoid them, without suffering the fidelity of description to escape me.

"We had a full complement of passengers on board. The deck, as is usual, was occupied by the Kentucky flat-boat men, returning from New Orleans, after having disposed of the boat and cargo which they had conveyed thither, with no other labour than that of steering her, the current bringing her down at the rate of four miles an hour. We had about two hundred of these men on board, but the part of the vessel occupied by them is so distinct from the cabins, that we never saw them, except when we stopped to take in wood; and then they ran, or rather sprung and vaulted over each other's heads to the shore, whence they all assisted in carrying wood to supply the steam-engine; the performance of this duty being a stipulated part of the payment of their passage.

"From the account given by a man-servant we had on board, who shared their quarters, they are a most disorderly set of persons, constantly gambling and wrangling, very seldom sober, and never suffering a night to pass without giving practical proof of the respect in which they hold the doctrines of equality, and community of property. The clerk of the vessel was kind enough to take our man under his protection, and assigned him a berth in his own little nook; but as this was not inaccessible, he told him by no means to detach his watch or money from his person during the night. Whatever their moral characteristics may be, these Kentuckians are a very noble-looking race of men; their average height considerably exceeds that of Europeans, and their countenances, excepting, when disfigured by red hair, which is not unfrequent, extremely handsome.

"The gentlemen in the cabin (we had no ladies) would certainly neither, from their language, manners, nor appearance, have received that designation in Europe; but we soon found their claim to it rested on more substantial ground, for we heard them nearly all addressed by the titles of general, colonel, and major. On mentioning these military dignities to an English friend some time afterwards, he told me that he too had made the voyage with the same description of company, but remarking that there was not a single captain among them: he made the observation to a fellow-passenger, and asked how he accounted for it; 'Oh, sir, the captains are all on deck,' was the reply.

"Our honours, however, were not all military, for we had a judge among us.

I know it is equally easy and invidious to ridicule the peculiarities of appearance and manner in people of a different nation from ourselves; we may, too, at the same moment, be undergoing the same ordeal in their estimation; and, moreover, I am by no means disposed to consider whatever is new to me as therefore objectionable; but, nevertheless, it was impossible not to feel repugnance to many of the novelties that now surrounded me.

"The total want of all the usual courtesies of the table, the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured, the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth; and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the old world; and that the dinner hour was to be any thing rather than an hour of enjoyment.

"The little conversation that went forward while we remained in the room, was entirely political, and the respective claims of Adams and Jackson to the presidency were argued with more oaths and more vehemence than it had ever been my lot to hear. Once a colonel appeared on the verge of assaulting a major, when a huge seven-foot Kentuckian gentleman horse-dealer, asked of the heavens to confound them both, and bade them sit still and be d—d. We too thought we should share this sentence; at least sitting still in the cabin seemed very nearly to include the rest of it, and we never tarried there a moment longer than was absolutely necessary to eat."

Though devoid of every thing akin to beauty, there is no scenery more striking than that of the Mississippi. The dreary and pestilential solitudes, untrodden save by the foot of the Indian; the absence of all living objects, save the huge alligators which float past, apparently asleep on the drift wood, and an occasional vulture attracted by its impure prey on the surface of the waters; the trees, with a long and hideous drapery of pendant moss fluttering in the wind; and the giant river flowing onward in silent grandeur through the wilderness—form the features of one of the most dismal and impressive landscapes on which the eye of man ever rested. Mrs Trollope's voyage con-

cludes at Memphis, where she arrives without accident from "snags" or "sawyers," or, in other words, trees rooted in the bottom of the river, by striking on which, steamboats are not unfrequently lost. With some difficulty she reaches Miss Wright's settlement at Nashoba, which she finds very different from the woodland paradise she expected. The situation being unhealthy, and her friend's accommodations by no means tempting to a longer residence, Mrs Trollope determines on proceeding to Cincinnati, in the state of Ohio, with the intention of there awaiting the arrival of her husband.

The scenery on the Ohio, up which her course was directed, though possessing few very striking features, yet appears beautiful to eyes for weeks accustomed to gaze on that of the Mississippi. There is a pleasure in being wafted along on clear water, to say nothing of the still greater enjoyment of being enabled to swallow the pure element, instead of the muddy compost furnished by the "father of rivers." Our travellers reach their destination without moving accident by flood or field, and after some difficulty, get established in a house. Of the extent of its appliances for cleanliness or comfort, a tolerably vivid notion will be conveyed by the following passage:—

"We were soon settled in our new dwelling, which looked neat and comfortable enough, but we speedily found that it was devoid of nearly all the accommodation that Europeans conceive necessary to decency and comfort. No pump, no cistern, no drain of any kind, no dustman's carts, or any other visible means of getting rid of the rubbish, which vanishes with such celerity in London, that one has no time to think of its existence; but which accumulated so rapidly at Cincinnati, that I sent for my landlord to know in what manner refuse of all kinds was to be disposed of.

"Your Help will just have to fix them all into the middle of the street, but you must mind, old woman, that it is the middle. I expect you don't know as we have got a law what forbids throwing such things at the sides of the streets; they must just all be cast right into the middle, and the pigs soon takes them off."

"In truth, the pigs are constantly seen doing Herculean service in this way through every quarter of the city; and



though it is not very agreeable to live surrounded by herds of these unsavoury animals, it is well they are so numerous, and so active in their capacity of scavengers, for without them the streets would soon be choked up with all sorts of substances in every stage of decomposition."

Then commence all the torments of housekeeping, in a country where subordination of any kind is unknown. The servants insist on doing exactly as they please, and of course the master and mistress cannot. The liberty, it appears, is all on one side, a sort of Irish reciprocity, which one of the parties generally discovers to be unpleasant.

"The greatest difficulty in organizing a family establishment in Ohio, is getting servants, or, as it is there called, 'getting help,' for it is more than petty treason to the Republic, to call a free citizen a servant. The whole class of young women, whose bread depends upon their labour, are taught to believe that the most abject poverty is preferable to domestic service. Hundreds of half-naked girls work in the paper-mills, or in any other manufactory, for less than half the wages they would receive in service; but they think their equality is compromised by the latter, and nothing but the wish to obtain some particular article of finery will ever induce them to submit to it. A kind friend, however, exerted herself so effectually for me, that a tall stately lass soon presented herself, saying, 'I be come to help you.' The intelligence was very agreeable, and I welcomed her in the most gracious manner possible, and asked what I should give her by the year.

"'Oh Gimini!' exclaimed the damsel, with a loud laugh, 'you be a downright Englisher, sure enough. I should like to see a young lady engage by the year in America! I hope I shall get a husband before many months, or I expect I shall be an outright old maid, for I be most seventeen already; besides, mayhap I may want to go to school. You must just give me a dollar and half a-week, and mother's slave, Phillis, must come over once a week, I expect, from t'other side the water, to help me clean.'

"I agreed to the bargain, of course, with all dutiful submission; and seeing she was preparing to set to work in a yellow dress paracmé with red roses, I gently hinted, that I thought it was a pity to spoil so fine a gown, and that she had better change it.

"'Tis just my best and my worst,' she answered, 'for I've got no other.'

"And in truth I found that this young

lady had left the paternal mansion with no more clothes of any kind than what she had on. I immediately gave her money to purchase what was necessary for cleanliness and decency, and set to work with my daughters to make her a gown. She grinned applause when our labour was completed, but never uttered the slightest expression of gratitude for that, or for any thing else we could do for her. She was constantly asking us to lend her different articles of dress, and when we declined it, she said, 'Well, I never seed such grumpy folks as you be; there is several young ladies of my acquaintance what goes to live out now and then with the old women about the town, and they and their gurls always lends them what they asks for; I guess you Inglish thinks we should poison your things, just as bad as if we was Negurs.' And here I beg to assure the reader, that whenever I give conversations they were not made *à loisir*, but were written down immediately after they occurred, with all the verbal fidelity my memory permitted.

"This young lady left me at the end of two months, because I refused to lend her money enough to buy a silk dress to go to a ball, saying, 'Then 'tis not worth my while to stay any longer.'

I cannot imagine it possible that such a state of things can be desirable, or beneficial to any of the parties concerned. I might occupy a hundred pages on the subject, and yet fail to give an adequate idea of the sore, angry, ever wakeful pride that seemed to torment these poor wretches. In many of them it was so excessive, that all feeling of displeasure, or even of ridicule, was lost in pity. One of these was a pretty girl, whose natural disposition must have been gentle and kind; but her good feelings were soured, and her gentleness turned to morbid sensitiveness, by having heard a thousand and a thousand times that she was as good as any other lady, that all men were equal, and women too, and that it was a sin and a shame for a free-born American to be treated like a servant.

"When she found she was to dine in the kitchen, she turned up her pretty lip, and said, 'I guess that's 'cause you don't think I'm good enough to eat with you. You'll find that won't do here.' I found afterwards that she rarely ate any dinner at all, and generally passed the time in tears. I did every thing in my power to conciliate and make her happy, but I am sure she hated me. I gave her very high wages, and she staid till she had obtained several expensive articles of dress, and then, un *beau matin*, she came to me full dressed, and said, 'I must go.' 'When

shall you return, Charlotte?" "I expect you'll see no more of me." And so we parted. Her sister was also living with me, but her wardrobe was not yet completed, and she remained some weeks longer, till it was."

A thousand other vexations assail our new settler, which, how flesh and blood could stand, surpasses our imagination to conceive. That Mrs Trollope did not die is remarkable; that she returned in health and undiminished attractions to her own country, is a fact which almost transcends the utmost verge of credibility; yet here we have her book, full of grace, talent, and vivacity, to speak for itself and its fair author. It appears that the unanointed Christians of Cincinnati thought proper to distinguish her by the title of "the old English woman," on the principle, we presume, of *lucus a non lucendo*, for Mrs Trollope, we believe, is yet under middle age, and in point of bloom might certainly stand competition with any lady of five-and-twenty in the United States. Thus one day when she calls at a farmhouse in search of poultry, the farmer's son or daughter, we forget which, somewhat uncereemoniously calls out, "Mother, here's an old woman as wants chickens;" and the very wayfaring beggars, who march into her house, and take possession of the arm-chair, have the impudence to adopt the same disgusting address. Alas, the sun of chivalry has evidently not yet dawned in the horizon of the United States!

Before proceeding further with our extracts, however, we think it necessary to caution our readers against adopting the representations of this gifted lady, as a fair criterion of the manners of the American people. Let it be remembered that by far the greater portion of these volumes relates to the Western States, in which the standard, both of manners and morals, is decidedly lower than in those which border the Atlantic. Then fully admitting the accuracy of all the facts which Mrs Trollope alleges to have come within the sphere of her own personal experience, we confess ourselves by no means prepared to join in the very sweeping conclusions she is often disposed to draw from them. Nor ought it to be forgotten that of nine-

tenths of the United States she saw *nothing*; that of the Central Atlantic States she saw little; and that within the boundaries of the New England States, which may emphatically be called the very heart of the Union, her foot was never planted. The only three cities of which Mrs Trollope's personal observations entitle her to speak, are New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; and we presume to say, that her experience of the best society in either of these, or in Washington, was very limited. Nor ought we, in candour, to lose sight of the fact, that these volumes are the production of a lady whose hopes in visiting the country had been grievously disappointed, and who, suffering from a thousand unforeseen vexations, was perhaps naturally led to view every thing connected with it in a less favourable light, than that in which it might have been presented to a more indifferent observer. In the two volumes before us, Mrs Trollope has unquestionably made out a very strong case against the high praise which is so often lavished on American society, and the advantages, real or pretended, which the country holds out to European emigrants; and had she only written two more, containing the facts and arguments on the other side of the question, urged with equal talent and sincerity, the reader would have been in possession of full materials for a sound and impartial judgment on the American character. But this she has not done. We have at present only the *ex parte* statement of one who is evidently not an unprejudiced witness, and who, though far above the imputation of intentional falsehood, is yet often led, unconsciously perhaps, to give a colouring to facts which tends grievously to distort their fair and natural proportions.

Once for all, therefore, we desire our readers to bear in mind, that though the volumes of Mrs Trollope are by no means to be considered as embodying the conclusions of a disinterested and enlightened observer, they contain much truth, undoubtedly, but truth very palpably varnished and exaggerated for the purpose of impression. Nor, perhaps, is this to be regretted. Had the work been written in a more cautious spi-

rit, and under a deeper sense of responsibility, it would undoubtedly have been far less amusing, and probably have lost much of that grace, freedom, and vivacity of description, which constitute its present charm. Most happy are we, therefore, to take Mrs Trollope as she is, for better and for worse. She is not a philosopher in petticoats, like Miss Fanny Wright; and when considered as a traveller, we are very sure that

"If to her share some female errors fall,  
Read but her book, and you'll forgive them  
all."

Mrs Trollope's residence in Cincinnati was not unenlivened by moving accidents by flood and field, which are very spiritedly detailed. She and her whole family narrowly escape drowning in a forest swamp; and on their way home, are nearly devoured by mosquitoes. Then she falls sick of a fever; and, notwithstanding the treatment of an American doctor, recovers. Had her manuscript fallen in his way, during the course of his visits, we have no doubt matters would have been ordered differently. By the by, these western sons of Galen deal somewhat inordinately in calomel. Thirty, and even forty grains, are no uncommon dose. Thirty grains of calomel to an European constitution, are about equal, we should imagine, to ten of arsenic.

From our author's description, we pronounce Cincinnati to be, next to Berwick-upon-Tweed, the stupidest town on the surface of the habitable globe. There are no balls, no billiards, no cards, no concerts, no dinner parties. Gentlemen and ladies go to church of an evening, as people in less barbarous regions to the theatre or opera. Methodism prevails to a great extent, and the influence of the ministers of the innumerable sects throughout America, is great beyond example in this country. The modification of hospitality most in vogue at Cincinnati, is "tea and prayers;" and the feelings of a pious hostess, fortunate enough to have secured a favourite itinerant preacher for her party, very much resemble those of a first-rate London *Blue*, equally blest in the presence of a fashionable poet. Mrs Trollope was often present at these parties, and appears to have found the even-

ings pass heavily, notwithstanding the appliances of stuffing and psalm-singing. There is annually a sort of religious festival called a Revival, which is found very instrumental in making converts. Our author was an eye-witness of the following extraordinary and disgraceful scene in one of the churches:—

"It was in the middle of summer, but the service we were recommended to attend did not begin till it was dark. The church was well lighted, and crowded almost to suffocation. On entering, we found three priests standing side by side, in a sort of tribune, placed where the altar usually is, handsomely fitted up with crimson curtains, and elevated about as high as our pulpits. We took our places in a pew close to the rail which surrounded it.

"The priest who stood in the middle was praying; the prayer was extravagantly vehement, and offensively familiar in expression; when this ended, a hymn was sung, and then another priest took the centre place, and preached. The sermon had considerable eloquence, but of a frightful kind. The preacher described, with ghastly minuteness, the last feeble fainting moments of human life, and then the gradual progress of decay after death, which he followed through every process, up to the last loathsome stage of decomposition. Suddenly changing his tone, which had been that of sober accurate description, into the shrill voice of horror, he bent forward his head, as if to gaze on some object beneath the pulpit. And as Rebecca made known to Ivanhoe what she saw through the window, so the preacher made known to us what he saw in the pit that seemed to open before him. The device was certainly a happy one for giving effect to his description of hell. No image that fire, flame, brimstone, molten lead, or red-hot pincers could supply; with flesh, nerves, and sinews quivering under them, was omitted. The perspiration ran in streams from the face of the preacher: his eyes rolled, his lips were covered with foam, and every feature had the deep expression of horror it would have borne, had he, in truth, been gazing at the scene he described. The acting was excellent. At length he gave a languishing look to his supporters on each side, as if to express his feeble state, and then sat down, and wiped the drops of agony from his brow.

"The other two priests arose, and began to sing a hymn. It was some seconds before the congregation could join as usual; every turned-up face looked pale

and horror struck. When the singing ended, another took the centre place, and began in a sort of coaxing affectionate tone, to ask the congregation if what their dear brother had spoken had reached their hearts? Whether they would avoid the hell he had made them see? 'Come then!' he continued, stretching out his arms towards them, 'come to us, and tell us so, and we will make you see Jesus, the dear gentle Jesus, who shall save you from it. But you must come to him! You must not be ashamed to come to him! This night you shall tell him that you are not ashamed of him; we will make way for you; we will clear the bench for anxious sinners to sit upon. Come then! come to the anxious bench, and we will shew you Jesus! Come! Come! Come!'

"Again a hymn was sung, and while it continued, one of the three was employed in clearing one or two long benches that went across the rail, sending the people back to the lower part of the church. The singing ceased, and again the people were invited, and exhorted not to be ashamed of Jesus, but to put themselves upon 'the anxious benches,' and lay their heads on his bosom. 'Once more we will sing,' he concluded, 'that we may give you time.' And again they sung a hymn.

"And now in every part of the church a movement was perceptible, slight at first, but by degrees becoming more decided. Young girls arose, and sat down, and rose again; and then the pews opened, and several came tottering out, their hands clasped, their heads hanging on their bosoms, and every limb trembling, and still the hymn went on; but as the poor creatures approached the rail, their sobs and groans became audible. They seated themselves on the 'anxious benches;' the hymn ceased, and two of the three priests walked down from the tribune, and going, one to the right, and the other to the left, began whispering to the poor tremblers seated there. These whispers were inaudible to us, but the sobs and groans increased to a frightful excess. Young creatures, with features pale and distorted, fell on their knees on the pavement, and soon sunk forward on their faces; the most violent cries and shrieks followed, while from time to time a voice was heard in convulsive accents, exclaiming, 'Oh Lord!' 'Oh Lord Jesus!' 'Help me, Jesus!' and the like.

"Meanwhile the two priests continued to walk among them; they repeatedly mounted on the benches, and trumpet-mouthed proclaimed to the whole congregation, 'the tidings of salvation,' and then from every corner of the building

arose in reply, short sharp cries of 'Amen!' 'Glory!' 'Amen!' while the prostrate penitents continued to receive whispered comfortings, and from time to time a mystic caress. More than once I saw a young neck encircled by a reverend arm. Violent hysterics and convulsions seized many of them; and when the tumult was at the highest, the priest who remained above, again gave out a hymn as if to drown it.

"It was a frightful sight to behold innocent young creatures, in the gay morning of existence, thus seized upon, horror-struck, and rendered feeble and enervated for ever. One young girl, apparently not more than fourteen, was supported in the arms of another, some years older; her face was as pale as death; her eyes wide open, and perfectly devoid of meaning; her chin and bosom wet with slaver; she had every appearance of idiotism. I saw a priest approach her, he took her delicate hand, 'Jesus is with her! Bless the Lord!' he said, and passed on.

"Did the men of America value their women as men ought to value their wives and daughters, would such scenes be permitted among them?

"It is hardly necessary to say, that all who obeyed the call to place themselves on the 'anxious benches' were women, and by far the greater number, very young women. The congregation was, in general, extremely well dressed, and the smartest and most fashionable ladies of the town were there; during the whole Revival the churches and meeting-houses were every day crowded with well dressed people."

Mrs Trollope, we must confess, is a great deal too severe in her censures of the American ladies. They are often handsome, and generally modest, delicate, and retiring. Highly educated they are not, and cannot be; but with all the peculiar and endearing attributes of women, they are eminently gifted. As wives and mothers, they are exemplary. Nowhere are the domestic moralities less frequently violated than in the United States. Yet true it is, that a mistaken delicacy is often carried so far as to indicate latent grossness of imagination. At Cincinnati, for instance, picnics are discountenanced, because it is considered *indicate* "for gentlemen and ladies to sit down together on the grass." At Philadelphia, it is considered highly improper, should ladies be present, to ask at table for the *leg* of a fowl. No young lady is supposed to be aware

of the existence of such members. In that quaker city, the common dinner question of "leg or loin," would cause every spinster's flesh to creep with horror and amazement. The apophthegm is old as the days of Dean Swift, that "a nice man is a man of nasty ideas," and we fear that the overstrained delicacy of some American ladies, is scarcely reconcilable with a high degree of genuine purity. The following anecdote is worth extracting, though we protest against its being made the foundation of any extended inference—

"A young married lady, of high standing and most fastidious delicacy, who had been brought up at one of the Atlantic seminaries of highest reputation, told me that her house, at the distance of half a mile from a populous city, was unfortunately opposite a mansion of worse than doubtful reputation. 'It is abominable,' she said, 'to see the people that go there; they ought to be exposed. I and another lady, an intimate friend of mine, did make one of them look foolish enough last summer; she was passing the day with me, and, while we were sitting at the window, we saw a young man we both knew ride up there; we went into the garden and watched at the gate for him to come back, and when he did, we both stepped out, and I said to him, 'Are you not ashamed, Mr William D., to ride by my house and back again in that manner? I never saw a man look so foolish!'"

As illustrative of the female character, we must give one more anecdote, which is told with infinite spirit and carries with it intrinsic evidence of being a sketch from the life. We wish we could also transfer to our pages the admirable illustration by which it is accompanied—

"Among other instances of that species of modesty so often seen in America, and so unknown to us, I frequently witnessed one, which, while it evinced the delicacy of the ladies, gave opportunity for many lively sallies from the gentlemen. I saw the same sort of thing repeated on different occasions at least a dozen times; e. g. a young lady is employed in making a shirt, (which it would be a symptom of absolute depravity to name), a gentleman enters, and presently begins the sprightly dialogue with 'What are you making, Miss Clarissa?'"

"'Only a frock for my sister's doll, sir.'

"'A frock? not possible. Don't I see that it is not a frock? Come, Miss Clarissa, what is it?'"

"'Tis just an apron for one of our negroes, Mr Smith.'

"'How can you, Miss Clarissa! why is not the two sides joined together? I expect you were better tell me what it is.'

"'My! why then, Mr Smith, it is just a pillow-case.'

"'Now that passes, Miss Clarissa! 'Tis a pillow-case for a giant then. Shall I guess, Miss?'"

"'Quit, Mr Smith; behave yourself, or I'll certainly be affronted.'

"Before the conversation arrives at this point, both gentleman and lady are in convulsions of laughter. I once saw a young lady so hard driven by a wit, that to prove she was making a bag, and nothing but a bag, she sewed up the ends before his eyes, shewing it triumphantly, and exclaiming, 'there now! what can you say to that?'"

After about two years residence, Mrs Trollope quits Cincinnati, without regret implied or expressed, and visits Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, and part of Virginia. This change of scene is not unaccompanied by a diminution of interest in her work, for the Atlantic states have been so often described, and the general features of their society are so much less striking, that we should willingly have detained our fair traveller on the banks of the Ohio. In Washington, the singular capital of an extraordinary people, and its anomalous society, she does not seem to have discovered much interesting matter for observation. Baltimore receives high credit for the beauty of its women, a praise in which all travellers agree. Philadelphia is a stupid place, and Mrs Trollope finds it so. How we detest these regular and unchanging parallelograms of decent houses, the succession of streets as like each other as leaves on a tree, the utter absence of life and bustle, and the quaker-like dulness, coldness, and insipidity of the inhabitants. Then their empty claims to science, their great men of whom nobody ever heard, and their eternal water-works, the praises of which are never-ending, still beginning. We trust no English traveller will ever visit them; and should any one dare to indulge in a description of their miraculous mechanism, we

promise, on the honour of an editor, to cut up his book, without mercy, in this our magazine.

On the offensive and brutal custom of spitting, Mrs Trollope is very eloquent. There can be no distinction of ranks in a country where a habit so filthy is even tolerated. Spitting is your true leveller; it reduces high and low, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, to the same equality of degradation. No traveller can be expected to smother his disgust and abhorrence at a practice, which, from the moment of his arrival in the United States to that of his departure, is continually obtruded on his observation. An American may be philosophically distinguished as a spitting biped. He spits from the cradle to the grave, at all times, in all places, in all circumstances, in youth and in age, in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, in prosperity and adversity, at sea and on land, in storm and in calm, on foot and on horseback, in town and in country, in the house of his father, at the board of his friend, in the drawing-room of his President, at the feet of his mistress, at the altar of his God. The discharge is as necessary to him as the air he breathes; he salivates for some three-score years, and when the glands of his palate can secrete no longer, he spits forth his spirit, and is gathered to his fathers, to spit no more. Mrs Trollope, we think, rather inclines to the opinion, that this extraordinary peculiarity is the effect of some physical idiosyncrasy, nor do we see on what other hypothesis it is possible to account for the phenomenon. We regret, however, that on a subject so important, her zeal for science did not lead her to ascertain, by careful enquiry, whether the other secretions of this interesting people, including the lumbar, alvine, biliary, and pancreatic, exist in equal profusion. Certain we are, that in the present age of enlightened research, this great physiological problem can not long remain unsolved, and that an anomaly of the animal economy so striking, will soon cease to be ranked among those unaccountable mysteries of nature, which excite enquiry in the wise, and astonishment in the ignorant.

We have already said something of American ladies, but we must now

return to the subject, and add, that in no country in the world, are women treated with greater respect than in the United States. In steam-boats and stage-coaches the best places are uniformly assigned them; and the man would excite indignation who, under any circumstances, should hesitate to prefer their convenience to his own. Notwithstanding this deference, it is unquestionably true, that their influence in society is far less than that of our fair countrywomen. In America the lot of husband and wife seems to have been cast apart. Both have their peculiar sphere of usefulness and exertion, and choice seldom leads either to encroach on the province of the other. Few women know any thing of the peculiar pursuits, pleasures, or pecuniary transactions of their husbands; and, content with the undivided management of their domestic concerns, they are unenquiring, unparticipating, in all beyond. Thus it is, that society is more effectually divided by difference of sex, in America, than in England; and the wholesome influence which women exercise in all social relations in the latter country, is comparatively unfelt in the former. We give the following journal of the day of a Philadelphia lady, in illustration of our remarks.

"Let me be permitted to describe the day of a Philadelphia lady of the first class, and the inference I would draw from it would be better understood.

"It may be said that the most important feature in a woman's history is her maternity. It is so; but the object of the present observation is the social, and not the domestic influence of a woman.

"This lady shall be the wife of a senator and a lawyer in the highest repute and practice. She has a very handsome house, with white marble steps and door-posts, and a delicate silver knocker and door-handle; she has very handsome drawingrooms, very handsomely furnished; (there is a sideboard in one of them, but it is very handsome, and has very handsome decanters and cut glass water jugs upon it); she has a very handsome carriage, and a very handsome free black coachman; she is always very handsomely dressed; and, moreover, she is very handsome herself.

"She rises, and her first hour is spent in the scrupulously nice arrangement of her dress; she descends to her parlour, neat,

stiff, and silent; her breakfast is brought in by her free black footman; she eats her fried ham and her salt fish, and drinks her coffee in silence, while her husband reads one newspaper, and puts another under his elbow; and then, perhaps, she washes the cups and saucers. Her carriage is ordered at eleven; till that hour she is employed in the pastry-room, her snow-white apron protecting her mouse-coloured silk. Twenty minutes before her carriage should appear, she retires to her chamber, as she calls it, shakes, and folds up her still snow-white apron, smooths her rich dress, and with nice care, sets on her elegant bonnet, and all the handsome *et cetera*; then walks down stairs, just at the moment that her free black coachman announces to her free black footman that the carriage waits. She steps into it, and gives the word, 'Drive to the Dorcas Society.' Her footman stays at home to clean the knives, but her coachman can trust his horses while he opens the carriage door, and his lady not being accustomed to a hand or an arm, gets out very safely without, though one of her own is occupied by a work-basket, and the other by a large roll of all those indescribable matters which ladies take as offerings to Dorcas Societies. She enters the parlour appropriated for the meeting, and finds seven other ladies, very like herself, and takes her place among them; she presents her contribution, which is accepted with a gentle circular smile, and her parings of broad cloth, her ends of ribbon, her gilt paper, and her minikin pins, are added to the parings of broad cloth, the ends of ribbon, the gilt paper, and the minikin pins with which the table is already covered; she also produces from her basket three ready-made pincushions, four ink-wipers, seven paper-matches, and a pasteboard watch-case; these are welcomed with acclamations, and the youngest lady present deposits them carefully on shelves, amid a prodigious quantity of similar articles. She then produces her thimble, and asks for work; it is presented to her, and the eight ladies all stitch together for some hours. Their talk is of priests and of missions; of the profits of their last sale, of their hopes from the next; of the doubt whether young Mr This, or young Mr That should receive the fruits of it to fit him out for Liberia; of the very ugly bonnet seen at church on Sabbath morning, of the very handsome preacher who performed on Sabbath afternoon, and of the very large collection made on Sabbath evening. This lasts till three, when the carriage again appears, and the lady and her basket return home; she mounts to her

chamber, carefully sets aside her bonnet and its appurtenances, puts on her scalloped black silk apron, walks into the kitchen to see that all is right, then into the parlour, where, having cast a careful glance over the table prepared for dinner, she sits down, work in hand, to await her spouse. He comes, shakes hands with her, spits, and dines. The conversation is not much, and ten minutes suffices for the dinner; fruit and toddy, the newspaper and the work-bag succeed. In the evening the gentleman, being a savant, goes to the Wister Society, and afterwards plays a snug rubber at a neighbour's. The lady receives at tea a young in missionary and three members of the Dorcas Society.—And so ends her day."

Mrs Trollope's favourite city is evidently New York, and in this respect her taste squares pretty accurately with our own. There is more literature in Boston, but literature in the United States is seldom quite untinctured by pedantry; and if the pedantry of *great* scholarship be disagreeable, that of *little* scholarship is detestable. New York is full of bustle and animation, and the pulse of life seems to beat there more strongly than in the other cities of the Union. Society, too, is less exclusive, and less broken into petty coteries; and there is consequently less of that mannerism, and those provincial modes of thinking, which strike somewhat unpleasantly on the observation of a traveller in the United States.

One great peculiarity of all the American cities, is their boarding-houses, to which strangers resort for temporary convenience, and in which young married persons, without means to set up an establishment of their own, take up a more permanent abode. Many families have private apartments for the reception of visitors, but all assemble at meals, which are dispatched as compendiously as possible. The mode of life imposed on all the inmates of these establishments, is dull, formal, and monotonous. We agree perfectly in Mrs Trollope's observations.

"For some reason or other, which English people are not very likely to understand, a great number of young married persons board by the year, instead of 'going to housekeeping,' as they call having an establishment of their own. Of

course this statement does not include persons of large fortune, but it does include very many whose rank in society would make such a mode of life quite impossible with us. I can hardly imagine a contrivance more effectual for ensuring the insignificance of a woman, than marrying her at seventeen, and placing her in a boarding-house. Nor can I easily imagine a life of more uniform dullness for the lady herself; but this certainly is a matter of taste. I have heard many ladies declare that it is 'just quite the perfection of comfort to have nothing to fix for oneself.' Yet, despite these assurances, I always experienced a feeling which hovered between pity and contempt, when I contemplated their mode of existence.

"How would a newly-married Englishwoman endure it, her head and her heart full of the one dear scheme—

'Well-ordered home *his* dear delight to make?'

She must rise exactly in time to reach the boarding table at the hour appointed for breakfast, or she will get a stiff bow from the lady president, cold coffee, and no egg. I have been sometimes greatly amused upon these occasions by watching a little scene in which the by-play had much more meaning than the words uttered. The fasting, but tardy lady, looks round the table, and having ascertained that there was no egg left, says distinctly, 'I will take an egg if you please.' But as this is addressed to no one in particular, no one in particular answers it, unless it happen that her husband is at table before her, and then he says, 'There are no eggs, my dear.' Whereupon the lady president evidently cannot hear, and the greedy culprit who has swallowed two eggs (for there are always as many eggs as noses,) looks pretty considerably afraid of being found out. The breakfast proceeds in sombre silence, save that sometimes a parrot, and sometimes a canary bird, ventures to utter a timid note. When it is finished, the gentlemen hurry to their occupations, and the quiet ladies mount the stairs, some to the first, some to the second, and some to the third stories, in an inverse proportion to the number of dollars paid, and ensconce themselves in their respective chambers. As to what they do there it is not very easy to say; but I believe they clear-starch a little, and iron a little, and sit in a rocking-chair, and sew a great deal. I always observed that the ladies who boarded wore more elaborately worked collars and petticoats than any one else. The plough is hardly a more blessed instrument in America than the needle. How could they live without it? But time

and the needle wear through the longest morning, and happily the American morning is not very long, even though they breakfast at eight.

"It is generally about two o'clock that the boarding gentlemen meet the boarding ladies at dinner. Little is spoken, except a whisper between the married pairs. Sometimes a sulky bottle of wine flanks the plate of one or two individuals, but it adds nothing to the mirth of the meeting, and seldom more than one glass to the good cheer of the owners. It is not then, and it is not there, that the gentlemen of the Union drink. Soon, very soon, the silent meal is done, and then, if you mount the stairs after them, you will find from the doors of the more affectionate and indulgent wives, a smell of cigars steam forth, which plainly indicates the felicity of the couple within. If the gentleman be a very polite husband, he will, as soon as he has done smoking and drinking his toddy, offer his arm to his wife, as far as the corner of the street, where his store, or his office is situated, and there he will leave her to turn which way she likes. As this is the hour for being full dressed, of course she turns the way she can be most seen. Perhaps she pays a few visits; perhaps she goes to chapel; or, perhaps, she enters some store where her husband deals, and ventures to order a few notions; and then she goes home again—no, not home—I will not give that name to a boarding-house, but she re-enters the cold, heartless atmosphere in which she dwells, where hospitality can never enter, and where interest takes the management instead of affection. At tea they all meet again, and a little trickery is perceptible to a nice observer in the manner of partaking the pound-cake, &c. After this, those who are happy enough to have engagements, hasten to keep them; those who have not, either mount again to the solitude of their chamber, or, what appeared to me much worse, remain in the common sitting-room, in a society cemented by no tie, endeared by no connexion, which choice did not bring together, and which the slightest motive would break asunder. I remarked that the gentlemen were generally obliged to go out every evening on business, and, I confess, the arrangement did not surprise me.

"It is not thus that the women can obtain that influence in society which is allowed to them in Europe, and to which, both sages and men of the world have agreed in ascribing such salutary effects. It is in vain that 'collegiate institutes' are formed for young ladies, or that 'academic degrees' are conferred upon them. It is after marriage, and when these young



attempts upon all the sciences are forgotten, that the lamentable insignificance of the American women appears; and till this be remedied, I venture to prophesy that the tone of their drawing-rooms will not improve."

There is no country in the world, perhaps, in which a *gourmand* would find a greater abundance of the elements, or raw material, of good living. Several kinds of fish are excellent, but the oysters are each as large as a breakfast plate, and without flavour. Venison is a lottery. It is often admirable, but sometimes dry and lean and stringy, as the cutlets of horse flesh, which, in the course of our campaigning, we were, on one occasion, driven by hunger to devour. Mutton the Americans never eat; their veal is perhaps inferior to that of England, but the beef is first-rate. The forests and waters of the United States afford great variety of game, some kinds of which are entitled to high praise, but the true glory of America is bestowed by the canvass-back duck. These exquisite birds are found only in Chesapeake Bay and the neighbouring waters. In regard to their natural history, ornithologists differ, some asserting that the canvass-back is a distinct variety of the duck, others that it is indebted for its delicious peculiarities solely to the nature of the food in which the Chesapeake abounds. *Non nostrum est, tantas componere lites*. We never saw the bird until divested of its plumage, and subjected to a rotatory motion of fifteen minutes before the kitchen fire. But in that state we feel we should be guilty of gross injustice, were we to compare its merits as an esculent with those of any other of the feathered tribe, which wing the upper or nether atmosphere, or float upon the surface of the deep. No. The canvass-back stands alone, in proud and unapproached pre-eminence. It is

"Like to a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky."

And never surely did created substance float so meltingly in the mouth, or leave an impression on the palate so luxurious and imperishable. The occasion when he first received this new and exquisite sense of the beneficence of nature forms an era in the life of every American traveller. The place, the day,

the hour, nay the very minute, remain for ever imprinted on his memory. It will form a lasting point for reference and comparison. It will mingle unbidden with all his sympathies and affections. It will enlarge and elevate his views of the dignity of his own nature, and he will cherish the proud conviction that the man who has feasted on canvass-back ducks, cannot philosophically be said to have lived in vain.

Entertaining these opinions, it has always appeared to us somewhat extraordinary that the Americans should prefer resting their national claims to the envy and admiration of the world on matters of science, literature, and accomplishment, which, to say truth, afford but slender footing for their pretensions, instead of arrogating the higher and more incontestable praise, that the country of their nativity is likewise the country of canvass-back ducks. Though our intercourse with Americans has been very considerable, we do not remember even one individual who, in discoursing on the favourite subject of his country, included this high and unparticipated honour in the long catalogue of its perfections. Looking, however, to the rapid progress of intelligence on both sides of the Atlantic, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt that the time is rapidly approaching when this prosperous and favoured people will be led to the adoption of juster views of national distinction, and estimate the glory of their country by a more enlightened criterion.

The travels of Mrs Trollope conclude with an excursion in the State of New York, during which she visits the Falls of Niagara. She has too much taste to fall into the ordinary blunder of travellers, who attempt a minute description of this transcendent wonder of nature. In truth, neither the pen nor the pencil can convey to the imagination any true or adequate idea of the stupendous and overwhelming sublimity of a spectacle which makes the muscles of the strong man to quiver, and his heart to be still and motionless as that of the dead. We know not, however, that we can leave our readers with a more favourable impression of the powers of this accomplished lady, than by proving, by our parting quotation,

that she possesses a mind which, though perhaps too keenly alive to the annoyances of petty vulgarity, is yet eminently endowed with sensibility to the beauties and sublimities of nature.

"At length we reached Niagara. It was the brightest day that June could give; and almost any day would have seemed bright that brought me to the object which, for years, I had languished to look upon.

"We did not hear the sound of the Falls till very near the hotel which overhangs them; as you enter the door you see beyond the hall an open space, surrounded by galleries, one above another, and in an instant you feel that from thence the wonder is visible.

"I trembled like a fool, and my girls clung to me, trembling too, I believe, but with faces beaming with delight. We encountered a waiter, who had a sympathy of some sort with us, for he would not let us run through the hall to the first gallery, but ushered us up stairs, and another instant placed us where, at one glance, I saw all I had wished for, hoped for, dreamed of.

"I wept with a strange mixture of pleasure and of pain, and certainly was, for some time, too violently affected in the *physique* to be capable of much pleasure; but when this emotion of the senses subsided, and I had recovered some degree of composure, my enjoyment was very great indeed.

"To say that I was not disappointed, is but a weak expression to convey the surprise and astonishment which this long dreamed of scene produced. It has to me something beyond its vastness; there is a shadowy mystery hangs about it, which neither the eye nor even the imagination can penetrate; but I dare not dwell on this, it is a dangerous subject, and any attempt to describe the sensations produced must lead direct to nonsense.

"Exactly at the Fall, it is the Fall and nothing else you have to look upon; there are not, as at Trenton, mighty rocks and towering forests, there is only the waterfall; but it is the fall of an ocean, and were Pelion piled on Ossa on either side of it, we could not look at them.

"The noise is greatly less than I expected; one can hear with perfect distinctness every thing said in an ordinary tone, when quite close to the cataract. The cause of this, I imagine to be, that it does not fall immediately among rocks, like the far noisier Potomac, but direct and unbroken, save by its own rebound. The colour of the water, before this rebound hides it in foam and mist, is of the

brightest and most delicate green; the violence of the impulse sends it far over the precipice before it falls, and the effect of the ever-varying light through its transparency is, I think, the loveliest thing I ever looked upon.

"We descended to the edge of the gulf which receives the torrent, and thence looked at the horseshoe fall in profile; it seems like awful daring to stand close beside it, and raise one's eyes to its immensity. I think the point the most utterly inconceivable to those who have not seen it, is the centre of the horseshoe. The force of the torrent converges there, and as the heavy mass pours in, twisted, wreathed, and curled together, it gives an idea of irresistible power, such as no other object ever conveyed to me.

"The following anecdote, which I had from good authority, may give some notion of this mighty power.

"After the last American war, three of our ships, stationed on Lake Erie, were declared unfit for service, and condemned. Some of their officers obtained permission to send them over the Niagara Falls. The first was torn to shivers by the rapids, and went over in fragments; the second filled with water before she reached the fall; but the third, which was in better condition, took the leap gallantly, and retained her form till it was hid in the cloud of mist below. A reward of ten dollars was offered for the largest fragment of wood that should be found from either wreck, five for the second, and so on. One morsel only was ever seen, and that about a foot in length, was mashed as by a vice, and its edges notched like the teeth of a saw. What had become of the immense quantity of wood which had been precipitated? What unknown whirlpool had engulfed it, so that, contrary to the very laws of nature, no vestige of the floating material could find its way to the surface?"

We have now done; and having already so fully stated our opinion of the present work, we have little to say in conclusion. Its faults are those of hasty induction and prejudiced observation; yet even these, we think, will contribute to its popularity; and it is impossible not to admire the spirit with which this literary Amazon throws down the gauntlet, and defies a whole nation to the combat. At all events, she has given ample proof with what vigour and effect she can wield her lance, and assuredly the American will be something better than a carpet knight, who shall come off victor in the contest.

## THE REFORM DEBATE IN THE LORDS.

This debate, which has concluded in a manner so little creditable to the Upper House of Parliament, did not excite the extreme attention, either within or without the House, which, from the high importance of the occasion, and the expressions of the London papers, those at a distance may have imagined. Whether it was that the Lords were weary of the question, and that many of them were ashamed of the parts which they had, nevertheless, made up their minds to play; whether the public had ceased to feel the vivid interest in the decision of the question which once they felt, or were satisfied, that enough of the pliancy and cowardice of the House had been found out by the keen scent of the Minister, to make the decision certain, it is undeniable, that neither among the Peers within, nor among the people without, was any thing like the same eagerness and anxiety displayed which marked the discussion of last October. It was whimsical enough to hear Peer after Peer on the Government side of the House, and some waverers on the other, rising up and continually repeating the same dull fiction of the irresistible and overwhelming popular anxiety for this Bill, when, if one might judge from appearances in Palace Yard and Whitehall, the populace felt no more concern in the matter, than if their Lordships had been debating a clause in a turnpike act, touching the breadth of waggon wheels. The whole argument, in favour of the Bill, from the beginning to the end of this great discussion, was simply this, that the populace were so fearfully urgent for the Bill, that nothing less than a violent and general convulsion was to be apprehended, not only from refusing to grant, but even from delaying the proposed measure; but when the evidence of this terrible passion for the Bill was sought for out of doors, it was only to be found in two or three more policemen than usual, and sundry porters who strayed about, waylaying country-looking people, and seducing them into the gallery of the House of Lords, at the

small charge of half-a-crown. The meanest object of Parliamentary discussion that ever excited popular attention, was not suffered to go on with apparently so little notice by the populace, as this late debate in the House of Lords; and yet men of deliberative habits, such as the Peers of England, have allowed themselves to be so clamour-stricken by the newspapers, so bawled and bothered out of their senses by the perpetual iteration of egregious falsehood, that, in the midst of perfect tranquillity, they have voted away the ancient representative system of the country, through fear of the yells and brickbats of the mob.

It is very humiliating to have to trace the progress of a discussion, in which on one side was all the reasoning, and almost all the eloquence, supported by the authority of the most eminent men of our time; and on the other, pitiful subserviency to a supposed will of the populace; with the recollection, all the while, that the victory has been to the latter. But it is desirable to preserve in these pages, some record of a discussion having so important a result; and we must to our task of a rapid sketch of the debate, and a remark here and there of what occurs to us as we go along.

It may be as well to observe, that before the regular debate upon the discussion of the second reading of the Reform Bill began, the Duke of Buckingham gave notice, that if that Bill were not read a second time, (a consummation devoutly wished by his Grace,) he would propose a bill of a moderate and reasonable description for their Lordships' consideration. This circumstance is necessary to be kept in mind, in estimating the reasonableness of certain Peers, spiritual as well as temporal, who avowed their intention to vote for the Ministerial Bill, not that they approved it, or in the least doubted that a much more moderate would be a much better reform; but that as some reform was necessary to satisfy the people, they would vote for the Bill, which they acknowledged to be bad, and would not wait for that

which would in all probability exactly meet their wishes. It would be a pity to omit a trait so highly creditable to the patience and reasoning faculties of those who made up the glorious majority of Nine in favour of the Bill.

Lord Grey's opening speech was "prosy, dull, and long," and devoid of that sharp seasoning of threats which gave piquancy to his opening harangue upon the same subject last session. He did not denounce the Bishops to the mob; (perhaps he thought of the "setting in order" of the Bishop's palace at Bristol, which had taken place in the interim,) nor did he indulge in much fierceness of any kind. He talked lengthily of the principles of disfranchisement, enfranchisement, and extension of the suffrage, and seemed to persuade himself, that whoever consented to the admission of these in any degree must consent to his Bill. He might with as much reason argue, that the man who allows the wayfaring traveller to shelter in his barn for the night, and repose himself upon good straw, is bound, by the same principle of concession, to let his best bed-chamber be violently taken possession of by an unbidden guest, while he himself is driven to the garret, or the great arm-chair in the hall. The inference is absurd, as are almost all the inferences of those theoretical politicians who, when they find a proposition suggested as applicable in a particular degree, or to a particular state of circumstances, treat it as though it were given out for an abstract, universal principle. After three hours of very unentertaining discourse, concluding with a hope, for which we give his Lordship all imaginable credit, that if any misfortune should follow the measure, it might fall only on himself, he sat down, to the marked satisfaction of all present.

Lord Ellenborough replied. His lordship, without much pretension to oratory, is a clear, straightforward, and shrewd speaker; he is a hard bitter in debate, with but little ornament or flourish; and he shewed, with great force and spirit, the combination of factions by which the Reform Bill had been promoted, and the various practical benefits which, under the present system of representation,

were actually enjoyed; and which, under the proposed system, must be relinquished.

When Lord Ellenborough concluded, it seemed that there was no champion ready on the other side, and it was not until the third sound of the trumpet, singing out the awful notes, "divide, divide," in a very unmistakable manner, that Lord Melbourne stepped forward with apparently the same sort of willingness that a man comes out to be hanged. He stated that he was extremely unwilling to trouble the House, an avowal which, we believe, met with universal credence. This candour he pursued throughout the most part of his speech; he would not delude the people, he said, by expressing a belief that this Bill would afford relief to the distresses which they experienced, but that he was for the Bill, "*because the people demanded it.*" He added, that "the Government were not responsible for the measure, but the people who required it." This is, indeed, a notable method of shifting responsibility. So scandalous an acknowledgment of the subserviency of a Minister to the voice of the multitude, was never made by a British Minister. We might be as well without any Government at all, and save Lord Melbourne's salary, and that of his colleagues, if the people are to dictate to Government what they shall do; and the responsibility is to lie with the multitude, and not with those whose especial office it is to govern and control them. The Bishop of Durham followed, in an excellent speech, full of dignity and wisdom; and these were the principal speeches of the evening. There were, however, very good, but short speeches from the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Bathurst, the Earl of Wicklow, and Lord Londonderry; a common-place mob speech from Lord Stourton, and a feeble defence of semi-rattery from the Earl of Haddington, who avowed his intention of voting for the second reading of what he called the "unhappy Bill."

The prevailing characteristic of the first night's debate was languor and heaviness, of which the dull impression lasted until the following evening, when a preliminary skirmish, in which the Duke of Rich-

mond and the Marquis of Cleveland affected indignation at their *consistency* being questioned, occasioned some excitement and amusement. No doubt they are very worthy and consistent personages, and a high honour to the Ministry they support. The noble Duke was a professed ultra-Tory, and is a Minister in the Whig mobocratic cabinet of Lord Grey; the noble Marquis has been, as Lord Londonderry told him, the earnest supporter of *all* the various and conflicting governments since March, 1827. The adjourned debate on the Reform Bill was commenced in a speech from the Earl of Shrewsbury, a Roman Catholic Lord, who was introduced to the House by the bill of 1829, the supporters of which thought they foresaw, in the gratitude of the Roman Catholics, the best guarantee for their earnest support of the Protestant Church and State. This worthy Papist abused the British Constitution as the parent of national discontents, civil wars, anarchy, revolution, and commercial embarrassment. Crime and starvation were also to be laid to its charge. The government, in his popish Lordship's opinion, was formerly carried on by robbery (this compliment referred to the government which carried Catholic Emancipation.) The Bishops were allied with the worst enemies of the country; they concurred in profligacy, and participated in spoliation. After a series of remarks in a similar spirit of gratitude, fairness, and gentlemanly propriety, his Lordship sat down, and immediately received such a castigation from the Earl of Limerick (himself one of the many who voted for Roman Catholic Emancipation, and who now repent it), as will, we trust, cause him to bridle his tongue, and keep his insolence for some more congenial assembly in future.

The Earl of Mansfield followed in an admirable speech, full of energetic reasoning, clothed in the most correct language. He shewed the suddenness of the demand which had sprung up for Reform, proving thereby that it had not arisen out of any growing necessity. He dwelt upon the means taken by the Government to excite the people—the inadmissibility of the doctrine that the decision of the House of Lords was to

be governed by the will of the people—the extravagance of the measure proposed as contrasted with that of previous Reformers, and the various practical injuries to the public business which must inevitably flow from this measure, were it to become law. After a short speech from Lord Colville, Lord Harrowby commenced his justification of his change of vote upon the question, while he admitted, not only the brilliancy of the eloquence, but the soundness of the logic of Lord Mansfield, who had just argued in favour of the views from which he (Lord Harrowby) had changed. The argument of his Lordship's speech was to this effect, that though it was right to resist clamour and intimidation *once*, it was not prudent to do so *twice*, and that no Government could go on without Reform; wherefore he was of the mind to support this Government in a very bad Reform, though he knew that it was by the great misconduct of this Ministry, that the state of things had been brought about which had made it impossible that a government could be carried on without Reform. This is a degree of complaisance which it is not easy either to understand or to forgive.

The Duke of Wellington, in a very powerful speech, answered Lord Harrowby, by quoting his own arguments of last Session against himself, and then entered into an examination of the measure, shewing the inconsistency of its various provisions, and the danger arising from the extent of change which it contemplated—a change which involved nothing less than a complete subversion of the present system of representation in the country.

Lord Grantham spoke against the Bill; he objected to it as having been pushed on with violence, and supported by intimidation.

Lord Wharcliffe delivered a speech, which, as might have been expected, was in every respect more objectionable than that of his brother waverer. It was in many passages, which referred to the Duke of Wellington, and what had been said by him, not a little impudent. Lord Wharcliffe has such a convenient estimation of himself, that he does not feel ashamed for that which

would produce a sense of shame in almost any other man. He seemed, however, very anxious to reserve his right of turning round again upon the third reading, and we may presume, that having tried the vote in favour of the Bill, by way of variety, he may, on the next division, go back to the old way again, unless pains are taken to shew him that he will make himself of more consequence by continuing a Reformer.

On the third evening Lord Winchelsea commenced the debate, avowing himself still a reformer, as he had formerly declared himself, but opposed to the present Bill, from the violent manner in which it had been proceeded with, and the erroneous provisions it contained.

The Duke of Buckingham followed him, and opposed the Bill, in a speech full of eloquence, of lively and graceful allusion, and of point and circumstance. He came to the conclusion, that it was impossible to keep up the present form of legislature with such changes as were proposed. There were to be found in the House of Commons the representatives of every interest and almost every feeling in the country, and what more could be required?

The Earl of Radnor supported the Bill with less folly than most of its supporters; he chiefly laboured to prove that some mistakes had been made in the statements of the noble Lords who opposed the Bill, and he referred, as he unfortunately does but too often, to his own borough of Downton, and his reforming magnanimity as connected therewith. He did not attempt to shew any good which was to arise from the Bill.

The Bishop of Lincoln, although disapproving of the Bill, stated his intention of supporting the second reading, because the people were becoming indifferent to Reform! He explained, that had they last Session sent the Bill into committee, the enthusiasm of the people was such, that they would not have been able to have made it a good bill with the people's assent, but now they might do what they pleased with it, and the people would not care. What strangely conflicting reasons drive men into the same course! One man votes for the second reading because the people's desire for the

Bill is too strong to be resisted; another, because the people have become passing indifferent about the matter.

Lord Falmouth made a speech of great vigour and vivacity, in which he raked the Earl of Radnor and the Lord Wharncliffe fore and aft, in a style much more agreeable to us, than we are persuaded it was to them. The Marquis of Bristol also made a very powerful speech against the Bill, and the Bishop of London a very feeble one in its favour—it was so extremely dull that it defies criticism; there is nothing in it even to wage war with.

The Bishop of Exeter followed in a speech, which, since the best days of Sheridan, has not been surpassed for striking impressiveness. It were in vain to attempt to detail here the various points which told with such wondrous effect against the authors and promoters of the Bill, and the plans by which they supported their own influence, and inflamed the public mind. The speech may be best judged by its effects. It excited the very warmest admiration of the opponents of the measure, and the bitterest enmity of all the Government and their friends. It was the *knout* in good earnest, and they felt it into their very marrow.

The Bishop of Llandaff said he would support the second reading, because the excitement was *less* now than it had been six months before, when he voted against it, but he would not pledge himself to vote for *any clause whatever* of the Bill in Committee. This is a wise legislator! The Marquis of Lansdowne concluded the debate of the third evening by a very able speech in favour of the Bill. In direct opposition to Lord Melbourne's statement, he admitted that there lay upon his Majesty's government a mighty responsibility in this matter, and he argued that there was an estrangement, rapidly approaching to alienation, between the higher, and the middle and lower classes of society, which this Bill was an attempt to avert. He further argued generally, that a change had taken place in society which required a change of institutions. We do not agree with the noble Marquis, either as to the fact, or the efficacy of the remedy, if the fact were as he

represents it; but we look upon his argument with some respect, as he made no foolish assertions about the "enlightenment," and "advancement," and so on, of the mass of the people, which is abominable cant, and very false to boot; nor did he advance the cowardly doctrine of the necessity of yielding to the popular will. We think him wrong; but then he talked like an erroneous Marquis, not like Mr Place the tailor, nor Lord Durham, nor any one of that set.

The debate of the fourth evening was opened by Lord Wynford, who displayed his industrious study of the Bill in all its various bearings, by a forcible and detailed exposition of the public evils and inconveniences which were likely to grow out of it. After him arose Lord Durham, with his saffron-hued juvenility of countenance, and hair parted on his forehead like a milk-girl, or like the engraving of Leigh Hunt in his book of "Reminiscences." He did not long keep the ripper that lives and moves within him down. Out it came with forked tongue, and hissed and spit its venom against the Bishop of Exeter. As soon as it reached the climax of "false insinuation" and "pamphleteering slang," (the last a singularly elegant flower of invective,) the House interfered—the words were taken down, and after a little, his lordship was permitted to resume his discourse, when he repeated the same hackneyed rigmarole about improvement of the middle classes, and necessity of yielding to their demands, which Mr Place & Co. have so often repeated at the meetings of the Political Union in Leicester Square. As to his attack on the Bishop of Exeter, it was merely biting against a file. To call such writing as that of Doctor Philpotts' pamphleteering slang, is too absurd for any commentary save that of loud laughter. When Lord Durham can produce such English composition, he will, in this respect, be as far above what he is at present, as the most admirable writer in England of sarcastic prose, is above the most puny whipster who practises bitter speaking in a public place. Lord Caernarvon opposed the Bill in a speech of power, of various information, and vivacity of style, only to be surpassed by

his own speech on the same subject, and on the same side of the question, last session. We mention the latter particular, because some friends of his, who last session vied with him in the excellence of their speeches, thought fit, in the present, to try the other side of the question, perhaps for the sake of the evident advantage of variety which it afforded.

The next speaker was Lord Goderich, who devoted his eloquence to another attack on the Bishop of Exeter. It did not appear that the Bishop was any the worse.

Then came Lord Eldon, the greatest of equity lawyers, and Lord Tenterden, the greatest of common-law lawyers, both steadily testifying against the pernicious Bill. The Bishop of Gloucester next opposed it, and administered a rebuke to the Earl of Shrewsbury, of which we wish we could believe he was capable of feeling the dignity as well as the force.

The Lord Chancellor next arose, concerning whose speech, in common charity, let us be silent. He has been a great orator; and if, as we have heard, indisposition of body or sadness of mind have rendered him unable to be what he was, it is meet that we notice his falling off with silence and a sigh.

The speech of Lord Lyndhurst, which followed, was beyond question the finest speech delivered during the debate. In sterling sense, and close convincing argument, clothed with all the graces of elegant language, and graced with a certain courteous dignity, which Lord Lyndhurst more than any other speaker of our day possesses, he outshone even the best of the excellent speeches which had previously been made against the Bill.

It seemed to rouse the slumbering rhetoric of Lord Grey, whose concluding speech was much abler than that with which he commenced. He resented the assault of the Bishop of Exeter in elegant language, and expressed his vexation in the manner of an indignant gentleman of the old school. It was a brave effort for a man of his years, at five o'clock in the morning.

The result of this debate is sufficiently notorious. The Peers, who had six months before rejected a

Bill essentially the same as that now before them, by a majority of forty-one, now accepted it by a majority of nine. There was nothing in the progress of the debate to account for this. It was, upon the whole, a less able, and a less spirited debate than the former one; but the falling off was more conspicuous on the side of the supporters of the Bill, than on the side of its opponents. The cause of so remarkable a change must be sought for in circumstances which preceded the discussion, and unfixed the determination of men whose principles were sufficiently pliable for adaptation to a real or fancied alteration of circumstances. It is not our purpose here to venture an essay upon Reform; but in viewing this debate, and its important results, some remarks have occurred to us connected with them, which may not be unacceptable by way of commentary and explanation.

By the previous division and majority against the Bill, it was doubtless the expectation of many of those who voted, that the Ministry of Earl Grey would have been demolished, and that another Ministry would arise, from whom a reasonable Reform, and not a sweeping revolution, would have come. But Earl Grey, having the populace on his side, and thirteen relatives in good places, held fast, in spite of the "standing or falling" pledge, and gave every indication of determining to hold fast as long as there was any thing left to surrender to the mob, and thereby earn their "hoarse applause." It is not to be denied, that this had a prodigious effect; there are many men whose political valour (when in the opposition) is like the courage of Acres in the play, which brought him to the place of combat, but began to ooze away very fast, when he was obliged to *wait*:—it is one thing to be brave in the onslaught, and another to behave well during the whole course of a long pitched battle. Those who shrunk from the prospect of long warfare with men whose friendship is at times so convenient as that of Cabinet Ministers, were not indisposed to give way on the subject of the Bill. But in so respectable an assembly as the British House of Lords, these would have hardly been enough to convert a

majority of forty-one into a minority, were it not that they were assisted, as well as furnished, with a decent excuse, by the turning round of a man of Lord Harrowby's reputation. This nobleman seems to have been panic-struck by the non-conversion of the mobs, after his speech was spoken; and by the belief, which, on the representation of Lord Grey, he received as an incontrovertible certainty, that if *he* did not turn round, the House of Peers would be swamped by the degradation of many respectable Commons to the situation of Lordship, and subserviency, in the Upper House.

He certainly persuaded himself, and endeavoured to persuade others, that it would be a less dangerous course to vote for the second reading, than to continue to oppose it, and his example and his argument were taken advantage of by those who, finding the Ministry not disposed to evacuate, felt themselves disposed to rat. In the House of Lords are a good many persons, who, half from constitutional timidity and love of quiet, and half from the effect of years, are mightily afraid of any thing like a stiff battle upon any subject whatever. Their nerves were more sensible to the immediate turmoil of resistance to the Reform Bill, than the remote resistance to the democracy which must one day or other be undertaken, if it pass; they would have been glad had the Ministry gone out; but as they remained in, it seemed to those easy persons, that, perhaps, things would go on smoothly enough with this Reform Bill, notwithstanding all the reasons which appeared to the contrary—at all events, they might vote for the second reading, and then "see what could be done—they might still vote against it on the third reading." So they availed themselves of the opportunity of Lord Harrowby making a move, and went off with him.

Thus was the disgraceful complement of deserters made up. And this brings us to the consideration of the most remarkable circumstance attending this curious Ministerial majority. The second reading is carried by those who are notoriously and avowedly hostile to the Bill. It is composed of men who are reluctantly dragged by what is, or



what appears to them to be, the irresistible force of unfortunate circumstances. They vote with the Minister whom they abhor, because he is the author of the measure for which they vote. The Minister triumphs in the support of those who detest his measures. His majority give their assent, as a traveller assents to let his pockets be rifled by a highwayman, rather than be shot through the head. It is "the lesser of two evils" which are forced upon him for his choice. The parallel may be carried a little farther. As men have been known to take purses by the threat of firing a pistol which had nothing in it, or would not go off, Lord Grey has prevailed by talking of doing that which it now seems pretty certain he could not have done, if left to the alternative. If the Irishman's reply to the footpad, "Fire away, and be damned to you," had been made to the Premier, when he talked of gazetting Peers, it would have been found, as it was by the Hibernian, that the threatened pistol was only a painted stick.

Among those who have deserted, there are none whose personal weight upon such a question ought to avail much. The great men of the Conservatives have remained firm. Those whose opinion upon a subject so closely interwoven with constitutional law should be paramount to other men, remain unmoved from their former decision. Two Ex-Chancellors of Great Britain, and one of Ireland—the late Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas—the present Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, are among the most conspicuous opponents of the Bill. Those arrayed in its favour are men who have never been distinguished for judgment, nor discretion, nor success. Their highest praise is that of eminence in Parliamentary speaking, and even there they are distanced by their opponents. Considered as pieces of Parliamentary eloquence merely, there were no speeches made in favour of the Bill, on the late occasion, which were not surpassed by Lord Mansfield and Lord Lyndhurst.

What prospect does the debate hold out for the Bill in committee? We should say a very doubtful one, though we are fully aware of the

strong hold which, in ordinary cases, the second reading gives to any bill in Parliament. It would be ridiculous to deny that, by the late division, the Ministry have gained a great advantage, if they can be said to gain by that of which the success would soon undo themselves and the country together: but the circumstances under which the majority for the second reading has been obtained are so peculiar, that except by the renewed operation of the influences which produced the ratting of so many in the late division, the Minister will find himself in a minority on some clauses which hitherto the Government have affected to consider essentially important to the measure.

But it is unquestionable that the main thing still wanting is a sure and certain hope of a powerful *protecting* party to take up the reins of Government, in the event of turning out the present men. We want a Tory Government, identified in principle, in feeling, and in spirit, with the Tory *people*—with a hope of this, the people would bestir themselves, and would make the babble of the Revolutionists, about the "resistless demands of the multitude" for this Reform Bill, *practically* ridiculous in a very short time.

Judging from the principles of human nature, and the experience of history, we have all along been clearly of opinion, and we are more than ever so now, that the safer as well as the braver course would have been to have rejected the Bill on the second reading. Knowing that the revolutionary spirit feeds on concession, and becomes more impetuous with every advantage it gains, nothing is clearer than that a bold front and a determined resistance was the way to have met the danger. Dumont has told us that the whole French Revolution was brought about by the concessions and weakness of the King; and that down to his imprisonment in the Temple, if he had ever put himself at the head of the Conservative party, he would have stemmed the torrent. If any man doubt the truth of this, let him consider how manifestly the Revolutionary spirit drooped in England after the rejection in October, and how hopeless the cause

of Reform would have been, but for the democratic legislature created during the frenzy of April 1831, and the possession of power by an administration dependant for its existence on its success.

But it was a wise maxim of Napoleon Bonaparte's—"Il ne faut pas nous facher des choses passées." To the historian will belong the consideration of the causes which forced on the English Revolution at a period when the nation had ceased to be solicitous about the matter; and a more instructive lesson for future ages never was presented to mankind. It will be found all to consist in one circumstance, the unhappy weakness which created *revolutionary interests*: the elevation to power and importance of a body of men on the passions of the moment, whose interests and power were dependant on forcing on innovating measures. This it is which in all ages has rendered the progress of democracy, when *once it gains a place in the legislature*, irresistible. The people speedily tire of changes which bring them only misery: but while passion is fleeting, interests is permanent; and the masters they have chosen for themselves never cease to struggle for the maintenance of a system which, though it has desolated their country, has elevated themselves.

To us belongs a different task. We have to consider how the mischief done may be repaired: how the vantage ground lost may be regained.

That it *may* be done, if the Peers have the courage, or the firmness to engage in the conflict, is self evident. When the Bill was carried by a majority of two present Peers in the House, where there was formerly a majority of forty-one against it, it is clear that their Lordships *have the means* of stemming the torrent and saving the country, if they are not wanting in the inclination. Victory is in their hands, if they will only use it. If the nation is to be ruined; if the long line of British splendour is about to set; if the waves of democracy are to overwhelm the country of Alfred, history will know on whom to fix the infamy of having occasioned it.

What the Conservative Peers have

to do, therefore, is clear. They must extract all the democratic clauses from the Bill in the committee; they must render it a Bill consistent with existing rights; they must mould it into the Duke of Buckingham's Bill. Nothing short of this will do. It would not do to make a few nominal changes; it would not do to reject the metropolitan members, change the L.10 clause into a rate instead of a rent, or cut off the whole of schedule B. All these are improvements, but they leave the Bill substantially the same as before. If schedule A and the L.10 clause stand, there is an end of the Monarchy, the Aristocracy, the Church, and the Funds. Universal misery must ensue, if these portals of Pandemonium stand open. No existing rights must be extinguished without compensation, or the King's title to his throne may, on the same principle, be destroyed. No mob of electors in the great towns must be permitted to banish every man of respectability from the poll; none of the existing avenues to colonial representation must be closed. The only changes which can safely be made, plainly are, the consolidation of the decayed boroughs in proportion to the extension of the franchise to great towns now unrepresented, upon making full compensation to the subsisting freemen for the contraction or diminution of their rights, and the formation of a class of freemen in the new places at a different rate according to the size of the town. Ten pounds would be a high franchise in some small boroughs; forty pounds would be too low in most of the great towns. All the other boroughs must be allowed to stand on the subsisting rights, or the colonies will cease to be represented, and the empire will be dismembered.

The Conservative party, all those who, in October 1831, voted against the second reading, must strike at these pillars of democratic ascendancy, the L.10 clause, and schedule A, or they do nothing. If these stand, all they may now gain is not worth contending for. It will all be rescued from them in the first session of a Reformed Parliament.

No danger, no threats must be permitted to stand between them and the discharge of this great duty to their descendants, their country, and

the human race. No threatened creation of Peers must be allowed to shake their resolution. What does it signify, if the bill is carried with these clauses, whether it is carried by a creation of five, or five hundred? There will be no Peerage in existence in five years. The result will be the same, with this difference, that if they yield they will receive the lasting execrations of mankind for their pusillanimity: if they hold out, they may yet regain the day, by the admiration which their firmness will excite.

Nothing could be imagined so favourable to the *ultimate* restoration of British freedom, as that the Reform Bill, if it is to be carried at all, should be thrust upon the country by such a violent act. That at once commits the reformers into an illegal course: it stamps usurpation and tyranny upon their colours. Let them thus go on, then, with the flag of usurpation flying: we shall see whether British feeling do not at last recoil against the loss of their liberties; and when the day of legal and constitutional reaction comes, the creation of Peers will point to the period from which the work of demolition is to commence. Every thing following on it may be swept from the statute-book, and the constitution will be restored to its ancient freedom.

We do not *now* arraign the motives of the vacillating Peers, whose con-

version has opened the flood-gates of the constitution to the torrent of democracy. We shall judge of them, as history will do, by their actions. If they succeed in new-modelling the Bill in its essential parts in Committee, they may yet deserve well of their country; if they do not, they will incur the infamy of having betrayed it. But let them recollect, their countrymen and their descendants will judge of them by a sterner rule than they apply to those who always supported Reform. *They* have shewn by their speeches and their conduct that they were fully aware of the dangers of passing the Rubicon; their opponents have all along been insensible to their existence. If the Bill passes, history will have no mercy for the men, who, seeing the danger, would not resist; who, appreciating the misery, would not avert it. It will stigmatize the reformers as rash and insane, but the waverers as weak and wicked men. It will condemn them out of their own mouths; and hold them up to the latest posterity as those who, gifted with talent, polished by rank, and enlightened by knowledge, were seduced by ambition, or intimidated by imagination; who yielded when the danger was over, who volunteered to man the breach, and fled upon the assault; who might have saved England, and by their weakness were overwhelmed in its ruins.

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JUNE, 1832.

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CHRISTOPHER AT THE LAKES.

## FLIGHT FIRST.

THE time was when we could describe the Spring—the Spring on WINDERMERE. But haply this weary work-day world's cares “have done our harp and hand some wrong;” and we must leave that pleasant task now to Hartley Coleridge, or some other young Poet of the Lakes. Were we not the best-hearted human beings that ever breathed, we should hate all the people that dwell in that Paradise. But we love while we envy them; and have only to hope that they are all grateful to Providence. Here are we cooped up in a cage—a tolerably roomy one, we confess—while our old friends, the North of England eagles, are flying over the mountains. The thought is enough to break a weaker heart. But one of the principal points in Christopher's creed is—“Pine not nor repine;” and perfect contentment accompanies wisdom. Three lovely sisters often visit the old man's city-solitude—Memory, Imagination, Hope! 'Twould be hard to say which is the most beautiful. Memory has deep, dark, quiet eyes, and when she closes their light, the long eyelashes lie like shadows on her pale pensive cheeks, that smile faintly as if the fair dreamer were half-awake and half-asleep; a visionary slumber which sometimes the dewdrop melting on its leaf

will break, sometimes not the thunder-peal with all its echoes. Imagination is a brighter and a bolder Beauty, with large laming eyes of uncertain colour, as if fluctuating with rainbow-light, and features fine, it is true, as those which Grecian genius gave to the Muses in the Parian marble, but in their daring delicacy defined like the face of Apollo. As for Hope—divinest of the divine—Collins, in one long line of light, has painted the picture of the angel—

“And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved  
her golden hair!”

Thus is the old man happy as a humming-bird. He sits on the balcony of his front parlour, dimly discerned by the upward eye of stranger, while whispers Cicerone—“this is the house”—dimly discerned through flowers; while the river of his spirit “wandereth at its own sweet will” through all the climes of creation. At this blessed moment he is sitting, at the leaf-veiled, half-open window, pen in hand—pen made of quill of Albatross, sent him from afar by one whom Maga delighteth beyond the Great Deep,—and lo! Edina's castled cliff becomes the Langdale-Pikes—Moray Place, Windermere—Stockbridge, Bowness—and No. 99 the ENDEAVOUR, on the

First of May re-launched from her heather-house on the bay-marge, her hull bright as Iris, and yellow her light-ringed raking masts, now hidden on a sudden by the unfolding of her snow-white wings, as Condor-like she flies to meet her mate, the Victory, coming down along the woods of the Beautiful Isle under a cloud of sail!

What! can this be Regatta-day, and is there to be a race for a cup or colours? Not for that radical rag, the Tricolor, but for St George's Ensign, or the

"Silver Cross, to Scotland dear"—

bright mimicry woven by lovely hands of the famous Flag, that

———"has braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze."

Bowness Bay is the rendezvous for the Fleet. And lo! from all the airts come flocking in the sunshine flights of felicitous wide-winged creatures, whose snow-white lustre, in bright confusion hurrying to and fro, adorns, disturbs, and dazzles the broad blue bosom of the Queen of Lakes. Southwards from forest Fell-Foot beneath the Beacon-hill, gathering glory from the silvan bays of green Graithwaite, and the templed promontory of stately Storrs, before the sea-borne wind, the wild swans, all, float up the watery vale of beauty and of peace. Out from that still haven, overshadowed by the Elm-grove, where the old Parsonage sleeps, comes the EMMA murmuring from the water-lilies, and as her mainsail rises to salute the sunshine, in proud impatience lets go her anchor the fair GAZELLE. As if to breathe themselves before the start, cutter and schooner in amity stand across the ripple, till their gaffs seem to cut the sweet woods of Furness-fells, and they put about—each on less than her own length—ere that breezeless bay may shew, among the inverted umbrage, the drooping shadows of their canvass. Lo! Swinburne the Skilful sallies from his pebbly pier, in his tiny skiff, that seems all sail; and the Norway NAUTILUS, as the wind slackens, leads the van of the Fairy squadron which heaven might now cover with one of her small clouds, did she choose to drop it from the sky.

The squadron enters the Straits—and we see now but here and there gaff-topsail-peak, or ensign, gliding or streaming along the woods of the Isle called Beautiful; while hark, the merry church tower-bells hail the Victory, gathering the green shore round rushy Cockshut-point; and lo! ere you could count your fingers, the whole Southern Fleet is in Bowness Bay, now filled with light, music, and motion, glorifying the day, as if meridian yet bore in its bold bosom all the beauty of morn.

But what means that exulting cheer, while all the hats and handkerchiefs of the village are waving along the beach? Ha! slips from her moorings, between garden and rock, with no other emblazonry but the union-jack at the peak of her mainsail, bold and bright as that bird when he has bathed his pinions in sun and sea, the swift-shooting OSPREY. Helm down—Garnet! if you wish not to be capsized—for ere yet the snow-wreaths have garlanded your cut-water, a squall—a squall! Bearing up withouten fear in the pitchy blackness, the Osprey suddenly shews to the sunshine the whole breadth of her wings—hark! they for a moment rustle, but they flap not—and then right in the wind's eye she goes, disdainful of the tempest that sweeps past her on her foamy path, steady as a star.

From Kirkstone and Rydal Cove, the clouds dispersing let loose the northern winds, who have been lurching in those saloons after their journey from Scotland, which they left soon after sunrise—and hovering a little while delighted over Ambleside, the Village of the Pine-Groves, they join the fresh Family of Favonius, blowing and blooming in their flight from the Great and Green Gabels, where all the summer long are singing the waterfalls. All the boats at Waterhead had been lying for hours on their shadows; but now, just as a peal of rock-blast thunder from Langdale Quarry sends a sound magnificent, by way of signal gun, the black and white buoys are all left bobbing by themselves on the awakened waves and the astonished Lakers on Lowood Bowling-green behold an Aquatic Procession of sails and serpents, as if some strong current in the middle

of the lake were bearing at ten knots the gaudy pomp along—for not a breath fans the brows of the gazers from the shade of tent or tree, the winds being all in love with Windermere, and a-murmur on her breast, leaving on either shore, without a touch, the unrustling richness of the many-coloured woods.

Broad between Bell-Grange and Miller-Ground—with no isle to break the breadth of liquid lustre—but with an isle anchored to windward, on whose tall trees are seen sitting some cormorants—broadest of all its bending length from the Giants of Brathay to the humble holms of Landing, where in mild metamorphosis it narrows itself into a river, the lucid Leven—lies the bosom of Windermere. 'Tis a tightish swim across—*experto crede Christophero*—from the chapel-like farmhouse, half-hidden among the groves that enzone Greenbank on the eastern, to the many-windowed villa that keeps perpetually staring up into Troutbeck, on the western shore. Gazing on it from some glade in the Calgarth-woods, you might say it was the Upper Lake; for the Isle called Beautiful seems to lie across the waters from Furness-Fells to the church-tower of Bowness, and intercepts all the sweet scenery beyond the Ferry-House—though there is no danger of your forgetting it—seeing that you have got it by heart. Here then is the Mediterranean—and lo! the Mediterranean Fleet! The Grand Fleet! For seven squadrons have formed a junction—and it consists of thirty sail—all of the line—the line of peace.

No shape so beautiful as the crescent—"sharpening its mooned horns." So thinks that living fleet. See how it is bending itself into Dian's bow—and gliding along too, like that celestial motion. Still liker must it seem to the eyes of the Naiads, now all looking up from their pleasant palaces through water pure as air. But you look now at the flags, and your thoughts are of the rainbow. And like the rainbow it breaks into pieces. 'Tis confusion all. No—out of momentary seeming disorder arises perfect regularity;—and in two Divisions,—with the *NIL* TIMEO and her train of barges between, lady-laden, and moving in music,—the

Grand Fleet is standing on, under easy sail, bound dreamward, so it is felt, for some port in Paradise.

We have often promised that Maga should, in a few pages, give a guide to the Lakes. All we want to do, gentle lover of Nature, is to land you in the Region of Delight, and with a few directions, from which you will deviate as frequently and as far as you please, to send you with our blessing, like pilgrims towards her shrine among the sacred mountains.

Lets us begin soberly then with WINDERMERE. For our sake, and its own, love Bowness. There is not in all the world a more cheerful old church. The tower has ceased to deplore the death of her noble pine-trees, and ever looks lovingly down on the limber larches that here and there break the line of the low laurel-wreathed churchyard wall. In the heart of the lively village, pleasant is the Place of Tombs. 'Tis a village of villas. Yet the native Westmoreland cottages keep their ancient sites still, nor, entrenched within their blossoming orchards, seem to heed the gay intruders. Lo! on every knoll above and around "the Port," proud of its own peculiar architecture, a pretty edifice. We find fault with nothing there—houses nor their inhabitants—the cut of their coats, nor the shapes of their chimneys—their faces nor their figures, though some of these are droll enough; and as for the Westmoreland dialect, it wants but to be accompanied with the Scotch accent, to be the language of gods and goddesses. Pretty nymphs peep out of latticed windows and porched doors; nor could Camilla's self, had her feet been clogged like their's, have clattered more neatly across the blue-slate floors of their parlour-kitchens. 'Tis impossible to imagine any mode more elegant than their's of tying up their hair; and the maidens, with a natural gracefulness, can put on and off their large shady bonnets, pink-lined and rosy-ribanded, without disarranging the snooded trefoil in its glossiness crowned mayhap with a comb of ivory; auburn, mind ye—not red—for though to vulgar eyes there is a constant confusion of these two colours, different in nature are they, as a bunch of carrots on a stall, and



the glow of morn beginning to brighten the crest of the golden oak.

Having strolled, but not stared, through the village,—for quiet steps should have quiet eyes, and such will see more in an hour than in a year a traveller who behaves like a surveyor of window-lights, and looks at every domicile as if he were going to tax—nay, to surcharge it—step up to the hill behind the school-house, and ask your own stilled or stirred heart what it thinks of Windermere,

“Wooded Winandermere, the river lake!”

That is a line of our own; and we cannot help feeling, even at this distance, that it is characteristic. All the islands you see lie together, as if they loved one another, and that part of the Mere which is their birth-place. No wonder. Saw ye ever such points and promontories—capes and headlands—and, above all, such bays? In lovelier undulations lay not the lands, where

“Southward through Eden went a river large,”

than the banks and braes of WINDERMERE, from Fell-foot to Brathay; but the spirit of beauty seems concentrated between Storrs and Calgarth, diffusing itself so as to embrace Elleray and Orerstead apart on their own happy hills, yet feeling themselves, and felt by others, to belong to the Lake on which glad would they be to fling their shadows; and sometimes they do so, for reflection and refraction are two beautiful mysteries, and we have ourselves twice seen, with our own very eyes, those happy hills, those happy houses, and those happy horses, and cows, and sheep, hanging among

“all that uncertain heaven received  
Into the bosom of the steady Lake;”

but that miracle must be rare—in all ordinary atmospheres those delightful dwellings are out of the reach of that Mirror, which seems not, in the midst of all the shadowy profusion, to miss the loveliness that would render more celestial still that evanescent world of enchantment.

After Christopher North, the best guide on Windermere, unquestionably, is Billy Balmer. But Billy can not, any more than a bird, be at above

half-a-dozen places at one time; and should he happen to be at Lowood, Waterhead, the Ferry, and Newby-bridge, you will be in good hands should you for the day engage Tom or Jack Stevenson. There is no such thing as a bad boat on Windermere. The SNAIL herself would have been in the superlative on the pond in your “policy;” but we entreat you just to cast your eye on these wherries. You are a Cockney, we presume, and you talk of the Thames. Why, that craft there—lying on the greensward—in Mr Colinson’s field yonder—with her bottom in the sunshine—for she is about to get a soaping—some call her the Nonpareil, and some the Grashopper—Billy’s deaf nephew’s *chef d’œuvre*—and he is the lad to lay a plank—if pulled by the Stewartsons, we would back for fifty against any thing at any of the Stairs, and you may take Campbell and Williams for your skulls. We remember the first Thames wherry that ever shewed her rowlocks in Bowness Bay—and did not Will Garnett and ourselves give her the go-by like winking round the rock of Pull-wyke, in Cowan’s Swift? But that is an old story—and the famous Swift was the precursor of a race of Rapids that now shoot like sunbeams along the Lake.

If you are so fortunate as to be yet a bachelor, take a wherry or a skiff—if a Benedick, then embark with Betsy and the brats in that bum-boat, and Billy, with a grave face, will pull you all away round by the back of the Great Island, and in among the small ones, requesting you with much suavity to pay particular attention to the Lily of the Valley, and ere long landing you at the Ferry-house, where he can be assisting at the tap of a new barrel, while in a family way your worthy woman and you are ascending the hill to the STATION, covered with laurels. But ’tis unnecessary to give you any farther instructions—for we perceive lying in the stern a three-year-old number of Ebony—and you have only to act over that “DAY ON WINDERMERE.”

We remember a man in a coach, but forget his face and name, who, of all the Lakes, asserted most strenuously that the most beautiful was CONISTON. After a few miles we

became curious to know the reason of his passionate predilection for that respectable sheet of water—when, putting his mouth close to our ear, he enunciated in a low but distinct and confidential whisper—“Char! Sir! Oh! those incomparable Char! They are the fish for my money, sir—Oh! Char! Char! Char!”

But, independently even of Char! Char! Char! CONISTON is a good Lake. Nay, the fundamental features of the OLD MAN of the Mountains, especially when seen at sunrise, may be safely said to be sublime. But you must forget Windermere, before you can feel this her sister Lake to be very beautiful, and you never will for a moment suppose them Twins. It is easy, however, to forget Windermere; for the divinest things of earth are those of which, in ordinary moods, the soul soonest loses hold; so, having crost the FERRY, lay yourself back in the corner of your carriage, and smoke a cigar. In a few minutes your mind will be in a mood of amiable and equable composure, almost approaching stupidity; and by the time you reach HAWKSHEAD you will be a fit companion for the man in the boat, and may be croaking in soliloquy—Char! Char! Char! The country between the Ferry-house and Hawkshead is of the most pleasant and lively character—not unlike an article in *Maga*—full of ups and downs—here smooth and cultivated—there rough and rocky—pasture alternating with corn-fields, capriciously as one might think, but for good reasons known to themselves—cottages single, or in twos and threes, naturally desirous to see what is stirring, keep peeping over their neatly-railed front-gardens at the gentleman in a yellow post-chay—and as he thrusts his head out of the window to indulge in a final spit that might challenge America, his sense of beauty is suddenly kindled by the sight of sweet ESTHWAITE, whose lucid waters have, all unknown to that lover of the picturesque, been for a quarter of a mile reflecting his vehicle, and the small volume of cigar-smoke ever and anon puffed forth as he moves along among the morning reek of the stationary cottages. Nothing pleasanter than

“A momentary shock of mild surprise;”

and our traveller becomes at once poetical on the stately church-tower of the clustering village, bethinking himself fancifully of Hen and Chickens. Perhaps it is market-day morning; and the narrow streets are made almost impassable by bevvies of mountain nymphs, sweet libertics, with cheeks lovely bright as the roses that are now letting slip the few unmelted dewdrops from the glow-heaps clustering in the eye of nature around the now lifeless porch of many a mountain-dwelling, deserted at dawn, but to be refilled with mirth and music at meridian; for all purchases of household gear are over long before dinner-time. This is not Hawkshead Fair, and there is no dance at evening; nay, man and wife are already jogging homewards, in the good old fashion, on long-backed Dobbin; lasses are tripping over bank and brae, unaccompanied by their sweet-hearts; and shrill laughter is wafted away into the coppice woods by the wicked, that is, innocent gypsies, as they fling a kiss to you, enamoured Cockney, wheeling along at the rate of eight miles an hour, and fifteen pence a mile, thereby shewing you how much dearer to their hearts than man's love at times is woman's friendship. The Lancashire Witches!

What's here! 'Tis a profound abyss—and for a little while you see nought distinctly—only a confused glimmer of dim objects, that, as you continue to gaze, grow into fields, and hedgerows, and single trees, and clumps, and groves, and woods, and houses sending up unwavering smoke-wreaths, and cattle in pastures green as emerald, all busy at long-protracted breakfast, and people moving about at labour or at leisure, an indolent and an industrious world—and lo! now that your eyes, soon familiarized with the unexpected spectacle, have put forth their full power of vision, distinguishable from all the material beauty, serenely smiles towards you, as if to greet the stranger, the almost immaterial being of an isleless Lake!

That is CONISTON. Now that you see the Lake, for a while you see nothing else—nothing but the pure bright water and the *setting* of its silvan shores. So soothed is the eye, that the eye itself is the same as one's very soul. Seeing is happiness; and

the whole day is felt to be, as Wordsworth finely says,

"One of those heavenly days that cannot die."

Never—never may it pass away—so profound the peace, that it is believed in the spirit's bliss to be immortal—the heavens are more heavenly in those mysterious depths—more celestially calm the clouds hang there unapproachable to sky-borne airs—alas! alas! the whole world of imagination is gone in a moment, and as a gust goes suging over the gloom that blackens above the bed of fugitive lustre, you think of the man in the coach, without face or name, and cry with that sage of bagmen,—  
"Char is the fish for my money—char! char! char!"

And you have them potted to breakfast—nay, not only potted—but one "larger than the largest size" fried—while his flesh of pink or crimson—we confuse the names of colours, but not the colours themselves—blushes like the dawning of morn through the cloudlike skin-flakes that, not only edible, but delicious, browned and buttered, make part and portion of a feast such as Neptune never granted to Apicius, though that insatiate Roman caused search for fish all the bosom-secrets of the finny sea.

The Inn at Coniston Waterhead is a pleasant Inn. Sitting in this parlour one might almost imagine himself in the cabin of a ship, moored in some lovely haven of some isle in the South Seas. But a truce to fancy—and let this brawny boatman, with breast like the back of an otter, row us down the Lake, while we keep poring on the breaking air-bells, and listening to the clank and the clank's echo of the clumsiest couple of oars that were ever stuck on pins, and which, if found lying by themselves in a wood, would puzzle the most ingenious to conjecture what end in this world they might have been designed by art or nature to serve—for not a man in a million would suspect them to be oars. Yet the barge, glad to have got rid of some tons of slate, by those muscular arms is propelled not sluggishly along; and only look! how the Inn has retired with all its sycamores far back in among the mountains. Here is an old almanack—let us see who were minis-

ters during that year. Poo! poo! a set of sumpsh. Over the many thousand names pompously printed on these pages, and not a few ennobled by numerals, setting forth the amount of their pensions, and by italics telling the dignity of their offices, the eye wanders in vain that it may fix itself on that of one truly great man!

Or, shall we peruse some poetry we have in our pocket? No, no—print cannot bear comparison with those lines of light, scintillating from shore to shore, drawn by the golden fingers of the sun, the most illustrious of authors, setting but to outshine himself, and on every reappearance as popular as before, though Dan repeats himself more audaciously than Sir Walter. All we have to do is to keep our eyes open; at least not to fall quite asleep. If the senses slumber not, neither will the soul, and broad awake will they be together, though dim apparently, and still as death. Images enter of themselves into the spirit's sanctuary through many mysterious avenues which misery alone shuts up, or converts into blind alleys; but no obstruction impedes their entrance when filled with the air of joy, and they wend their way to the brain, which sends notice of their arrival to the sentiments slumbering in the heart. Then all the chords of our being are in unison, and life is music.

But who would have thought it? we are at the very foot of the Lake—and suppose we send back our barge to order dinner at six, which most unaccountably we forgot to do—that char must have been at the bottom of our forgetfulness—and stretch our legs a bit by a walk up Coniston-water, by the eastern shore. You may take the western, if you choose—but stop a bit—let our barge gather the shore, and take us in again at any point at the waving of a signal—so that we may thus command the choice of both banks—beginning with yonder rocky knoll above Nibthwaite—that most rural of villages and farms—for from it, and several eminences beyond it, the Coniston mountains are seen in full glory and grandeur. Nobody can calculate the effects of a few promontories. From some places the shores of this Lake look commonplace enough; almost straight—and

you long for something to break the tame expanse of water. But here—are you not surprised and delighted to see those two promontories projecting finely and boldly across the Lake, changing its whole character from monotony into variety infinite, while two simple lines seem to alter the position of the far-off mountains? The broadest is our favourite—terminated nobly by steep rocks, and wearing a diadem of woods. We have seen them both insulated—and a stranger seeing them for the first time when the lake was high, would doubt not that they were permanent islands.

But they are bedimmed by the shadows of those large clouds which seem to be dropping a few hints of thunder; and see! my dear boy! beyond them, another far-projecting promontory lifting up its two eminences in the sunshine, and forming a noble bay, itself a lake. In five minutes you might believe you were looking at another Mere. Ah! we remember poor dear Green's vivid description of the scene now before our eyes, in those two volumes of his—labours of love—in which he has said a few kind words of almost every acre in the three counties. "The water here is pleasantly embayed, and Peel Island, *beyond which* little of the lake is seen, stretches boldly towards the western shore, *beyond which* green fields, rocks, woods, and scatterings of trees, harmoniously diluting into pretty clervations, are seen—a few fishermen's cottages and farmhouses give life to the scene; *above which*, an awful elevation, you see the Man-Mountain, or, as it is more frequently called, the Old Man, *beyond which* is the summit of the greater Carrs, which, with Enfoot on the right, and Dove Crag on the left, are the principal features of this admirable range;"—and heavens and earth what colouring! Nor Claude nor Poussin ever worshipped such an "aerial medium." We think we hear the spirit of the enthusiastic artist whisper in our ears his own impassioned words—"Hills and rocks, woods and trees, and the haunts of men, by the all-clarifying rays of the sun, are dragged from purple obscurity, and painted in burnished gold."

Looking long on water always

makes us exceedingly sleepy; and we have our suspicions—shrewd ones—that we have been taking a nap on this knoll—a *siesta* beneath the sycamores. Nothing so good for a rouser as a range of mountains. As the eye traverses them, the limbs feel as if they clomb, and the whole man like a shepherd starting from slumber in his plaid to seek the sheep-paths on the greensward that sweeps round the bases of the hawk-haunted cliffs. The Char of Coniston—let the anonymous man in the coach, without any particular expression of face, say what he will—are less illustrious than her mountains. *They* belong to her, and she to them—and whom God hath joined not all the might of man may sunder. She is wedded, for ever and aye, to her own OLD MAN; and bright and beauteous bride though she seem to be—not yet out of her teens—'tis thousands of years ago since their union was consummated during an earthquake.

And must we confess that Coniston may bear comparison even with Windermere? She may; else had not the image—the idea of the Queen of Lakes now painted itself on the retina of our eye-soul, till our heart beat within our bosom, as if we were but three-and-twenty, and over head and ears, in love with some angel. Such comparisons are celestial. And out of two Lakes arises a third, a perfect Poem, which, the moment the Reform Bill is Burked, we shall assuredly publish, and forthwith take our place with Thomson and Wordsworth, with our heads striking the stars.

Each Lake hath its promontories, that, every step you walk, every stroke you row, undergo miraculous metamorphoses, accordant to the "change that comes o'er the spirit of your dream," as your imagination glances again over the transfigured mountains. Each Lake hath its Bays of Bliss, where might ride at her moorings, made of the stalks of water-lilies, the Fairy Bark of a spiritual life. Each Lake hath its hanging terraces of immortal green, that, along her shores run glimmering far down beneath the superficial sunshine, when the Poet in his becalmed canoe among the lustre could fondly swear by all that is most beautiful on earth, in air, and in water, that

these Three are One, blended as they are by the interfusing spirit of heavenly peace. Each Lake hath its enchantments, too, belonging to this our mortal, our human world—the dwelling-places, beautiful to see, of virtuous poverty, in contentment exceeding rich—whose low roofs are reached by roses spontaneously springing from the same soil that yields to strenuous labour the sustenance of a simple life. Each Lake hath its Halls, as well as its huts—its old hereditary halls (Coniston Hall! Calgarth Hall! seats of the Le Flemings and the Phillipsons, in their baronial pride!) solemn now, and almost melancholy, among the changes that for centuries have been imperceptibly stealing upon the abodes of prosperous men—but merry of yore, at all seasons of the year, as groves in spring; nor ever barred your hospitable doors, that, in the flinging aside, grated no “harsh thunder,” but almost silent, smiled the stranger in, like an opening made by some gentle wind into the glad sky among a gloom of clouds.

Now, as that honest Jack Tar said of the scenery of the stage on which Parry's crew got up plays, when snugly benighted for months in their good ship among the polar snow—“I call that philosophy.” And its principle should be applied to all criticism of character—conduct—countenance—figure—and the Fine Arts. You have two friends, and you hear their respective merits discussed in a mixed company—which has always a decided leaning to the censorious. The eulogiums on the good qualities of the one are manifestly meant for libels on the supposed bad or indifferent qualities of the other; and, by and by, certain virtues of the other, or pretty points in his character, are enlarged on with accompanying candid admissions, that, on taking into account not a little vicious or repulsive about the one, there is not much to choose between the two—and thus you leave off with an equally poor opinion of Damon and Pythias. The talk turns upon two pretty girls—rival beauties; and an elderly gentleman so plays off the face of Phyllis against the figure of Medora, that the only conclusion to be legitimately drawn from his premises is, that the one is a dowdy,

and the other a rantipole. Or the prosing is about a pair of poets; and a pompous person, with the appearance of a sub-editor, perpetrates such an elaborate parallel, proving that one bard has no taste and the other no genius, that you begin to be perplexed with the most fearful suspicions that neither of them has either, and are obliged at last to set both down as a brace of blockheads. The truth being, all the while, that Damon and Pythias are not only faithful friends, but famous fellows; that Phyllis and Medora are equally goddesses—this the Venus Anadyomene, and that the Medicean; and that the poets, who had come in such questionable shapes that you felt inclined to cut them, were Spenser and Wordsworth, whom you now see sometimes sailing, sometimes rowing in the same boat—and sometimes, without aid of sheet or oar, dropping down the river with the tide, each in his own vessel, and casting anchor together amicably off the Nore, where, in the distance, they loom like Four-deckers.

We are sorry that we cannot join the dinner-party at the New Inn, Coniston Waterhead, being engaged at Penny-bridge; but before seeing you into your barge, which is crawling along there like a crocodile, and now that we have hailed her, rushing like a rhinoceros, we shall advise you how to spend the afternoon and the evening. Stroll into Yewdale and Tilberthwaite—and without a guide. The main-road is easily lost and easily found; and it is delightful to diverge—as you daunter along—into tributary paths, some of them almost as wide as the main current, which in truth is but narrowish, and still retaining marks of the wood-cart-wheels, or the cars of the charcoal-burners—and others slender as if made—which is probably the case—by hares limping along at dawn or evening—and leading you sometimes into a greenery of glade, and sometimes into a bloomery of sweet-briars, and sometimes into a brownerly beneath an aged standard's shade, where, lying down on the moss, you may dream yourself into a Druid.

True, that a rivulet winds through Yewdale; but as you have lately been rather gouty, and are still somewhat rheumatic, pray plunge in, and you will seldom find the water much

above the waistband of your expressibles—breeches. Mild as milk flows the soothing stream—in temperature so nearly the same as the summer air, that ere you are half across, you know not, but by the pressure on your knees, that you are in the water. What has become of you, my friend? Abuse not the bank for being treacherous—it has violated no trust—broken no promise; but the beautiful brown gravel,

“Mild as the plumage on the pheasant’s breast,”

has been hanging by a precarious tenure over that “shelving plum”—as says that old Scottish ballad of the Mermaid—and you are suddenly in her embraces. And now that you rise to the surface, we assure you on our word of honour, that never before saw we you so like a salmon—beg your pardon—an otter. Nankeens in less than no time dry in the sunshine. At present you are yellow as ochre—but by and by will be whitish as of yore; you are drying visibly to the naked eye; why, you are like a very wild-drake who flaps himself out from the tarn, and up into the air—crying Quack, quack, quack—as merrily as a moistened horn sounding a reveillie!

Yewdale is but a small place—a swallow, all the while catching flies, could circle it in two minutes—that hawk—do you see him—has shot through it in one—but then it is intersected by all the lines of beauty, and circumscribed by all the lines of grandeur. We have a sketch-book—of some threescore pages—filled with views of Yewdale—and they might be multiplied by threescore—nor yet contain a tithe of its enchantments. Walk for a few seconds with your eyes shut, and on opening them, you find they are kaleidoscopes. The houses are very few in number, but virtually many; and seem to have not only sloping but sliding roofs. You create new cottages at every step out of the old materials—yet they all in succession wear the grey or green garb of age, or hoary are they in an antiquity undecayed; and when the sunshine smites them, cheerful look they in their solemnity among younger dwellings, like sages smiling on striplings, and in their lifefulness forgetting all thoughts and feelings that appertain

to death. So for trees—you see at once that every sycamore-clump is cotemporary with its cottage—here and there among the coppice-woods, a noble single stem has been suffered to wear his crown sacred from the woodman’s axe—tortuous and grotesque shoots the ash from the clefts of the rocks, long ago incapable of being pollarded—beloved by blackbirds, the bright holly beats his yew-brother black and blue—and the pensile birch—say not that she weeps—looks on the gloaming like a veiled nun—as we in mid-day do like a ninny for saying so—for the truth is, that she is the mother of a fair family at her feet, at this moment waving their hair in the sunshine, on a small plot of greensward inaccessible to the nibbling of sheep, hare, or cony, but free to the visit of the uninjuring bee, that steals ere sunrise but the honey-dew that sparkles on the fragrant tresses. In spite of the associations connected with some of our earliest and most painful impressions, we all of us love the birch—and especially poets—though of all children that ever were fathers of men—they bear, in general, such impressions the deepest, and could exhibit, if need were, their most ineffaceable traces!

Of Tilberthwaite, again, “much might be said on both sides,” especially the right, as you walk up it from Yewdale. We prefer it to the Pass over the Simplon—just as we prefer a miniature picture of the Swiss Giantess to the giantess herself—an eyeful for one to an armful for ten. Our mind and its members are, like our body and its members, but of moderate dimensions—its arms are unfit for a vast embrace. No woman in humble life should be above five feet five, and a mountain ought to be in the same proportion; what that is we leave you to discover who have not yet been in Tilberthwaite. The rule to go by with respect to a precipice is, that it be sufficiently high to ensure any living thing being dashed into nothing, in the event of falling from summit to base; but not so high as to make it impossible for ordinary optics to see the commencement of the catastrophe. For these purposes, we should think fifteen hundred feet an adequate height; particularly with a rocky bottom. Hawks and kites

command cliffs of that class, as they shoot and shriek across the chasms, or soaring above them all, look down into the cataracted abysses from their circles in the sky. But when the rocky range is loftier far, to you who look up like a mouse from below, they seem like sparrows—or the specks evanish. True that an Eagle requires—demands three thousand feet at the lowest—but the Royal is a reasonable Bird, and is as well satisfied with his eyrie on Benevis as on Chimborazo. The Condor can cry where you could not sneeze—can live for ages where you could not breathe an instant—can shoot swift—er horizontally when forty thousand feet high, than you could drop dead by decades down to the highest habitation of men above the level of the sea. But the Condor is a vulture. We love him not—though he was the Roc, no doubt, of the Arabian Nights, and of Sinbad the Sailor.

Try Tilberthwaite, then, by the Test Act, and few places indeed will be found superior for the purposes of poetry. You feel yourself well shut out and in among cliff and cloud; and though a cheerful and chatty companion when the “glass is at fair”—is he, the rivulet—“down by yonder,” in some of whose pools no angler ever let drop a fly—yet, after a night’s rain, he is an ugly customer, and would make no bones of a bridge. By and by there is an end of precipices; and you get in among heights all covered with coppice-wood magnificently beautiful; ever and anon the vast debris shot from slate-quarries, still working, or worked out, giving a chaotic character to the solitude.

Some people will, on no account whatever, if they can help it, return the way they came; and such, having once turned their backs on Conistone, will pass through Tilberthwaite, impatient to get into little Langdale, half-forgotten of all the grandeur and the loveliness they have ungratefully left behind among the woods and rocks. But you are not people of that character; so right-about-face, and back with the wind in your bosom—how delicious!—along the same five multitudinous miles, “alike, but oh! how different!” enjoying the long gloaming—till again the Lake of Conistone

lies before you in undazzling lustre, and, looking upwards in your happiness, you behold rising without a halo the bright Queen of Night!

“Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

And you are up next morning at four. A cup of coffee, made in a moment of a tea-spoonful of Essence, and a biscuit, and you are broad awake, and fit to face the mountains. You set out to walk up towards heaven, as if to meet the sun.

The OLD MAN expects you to breakfast—SEATHWAITE Chapel to dinner—and supper will be ready for you in the parlour, where you have slept on a sofa-bed. For a mile you pace the lovely level of the lake, and then, leaving the church and bridge of Conistone, you commence the ascent to LEVERS WATER. The road is steep and irregular; and ere long, on turning round, you will discern, beyond the lake, stretching westward from the mouth of the river Leven, a long stripe of sea. The copper-mines are passed, and in an hour or so—after having mastered easily about two miles of ascent—you reach the north side of Levers Water, a tarn that is justly proud of its rocks. From it there is a road to Low Water, a little lake just under the Old Man; and the devil’s own road it is—only more difficult to find. But to-day you have a guide with you; and in about half an hour you bathe your forehead in the liquid gloom. We know not how it is with you, but in ascending long rough steepes we are very sulky; silence is then with us the order of the day, and we set down him who breaks it by interrogatory—ejaculations are venial—a blockhead for life. Two great slate quarries, east and west of the Old Man, are seen near its summit, and from Low Water the guide will conduct you to the eastern one, and thence to the top of the Man. We know not if either be worked now; the western quarry has been silent for fifty years—and its brother may have given up the ghost. Green, in a few words, gives the character of such a place: “It was then in high working-condition—it was one grand scene of tinkling animation, noisy concu-

sion, and thundering explosion. But now all is at rest; the aspiring cliff has tumbled to the area, and invaded it with rubbish so ponderous as to make all future attempts at profit useless." You have surveyed, not without awe, these magnificent excavations so high in heaven, so solemn but not gloomy, like temples of the sun, or sacred to the winds; and now, having reached the summit, you make your obeisance to the Old Man, and glance your eyes hurriedly over his kingdom.

We have never been able to sympathize with the luxury of that almost swooning sickness, that assails the stranger in Switzerland, some ten or twelve thousand feet up the side of Mont Blanc, as the greedy guides drag the sumph along sinking knee-deep in the snow—nor with that difficulty of breathing which alarms the above sumph with dread of his lungs being at the last gasp of that rarified air—nor with the pleasure of bleeding at nose, ears, and eyes, from causes which the poor philosopher is afterwards proud to explain—nor with that lassitude of soul and body, which terminates on the top of the achievement in pitiable prostration of all his faculties, or in a driveling delirium, in which the victor laughs and weeps like a born idiot, his cracked lips covered with sanguinary slaver, from which no words escape but "Poor Tom's a-cold!" Pretty pastime for a Cockney in the region of Eternal Snow! Commend us, who are less ambitious, to a green grassy English mountain, or a purple heathery Scotch one, of such moderate dimensions as thine—O Coniston Old Man! There is some snow, like soap on thy beard; but thy chin is a Christian chin—and that cove is a pretty little dimple, which gives sweetness to thy smile. Strong are we on this summit as a Stag—aye, we are indeed a hearty old Buck—and there goes our Crutch like a rocket into the sky. Hurra! hurra! hurra! Maga and the Old Man for ever!—hurra! hurra! hurra!

The very first thing some people do, on reaching the top of a high mountain, is to unfold a miserable map—and all maps are miserable, except Mudge's, which, we believe, will be happy—and endeavour to identify each spot on the variegated scrawl, by reference to the original.

For a while they are sorely puzzled to accommodate the cracked canvass to the mighty world, nor know they whether, in consulting the lying linen oracle, they should insult the sun, by turning their back upon him, or by affronting him in his pride of place. There is sad confusion for a long time about the airts, and the perplexed "Monarch of all he surveys" grossly errs in his guesses—partitioning England anew into provinces, according to a scheme that sets all ancient distinctions at defiance. Meanwhile, the poor man, by poring over the provinces, produces a determination of blood to the head; and alarms his friends by an appearance of apoplexy, which, however, is not permanent, but gives way to a change of posture, as soon as the topographer has been lifted to his feet. The truth is, that to make any thing of a map, on the top of a mountain, a man must have been Senior Wrangler. 'Tis as difficult as to set a Dial in a garden—an exploit which, judging by the audacious falsehoods of all such time-tellers, would appear to be impossible. The loss of time, too, in attempting to put your finger appropriately on the Isle of Man, can be ill afforded on the top of a high mountain, by a person whose usual residence is far below; life is proverbially short; and to verify Mogg by the circumference, would be the work, not of a day but a year. Pocket the northern counties then; and forget the wonders of Art in those of Nature.

"My soul leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky!"

Leaps up! Seeing the beautiful apparition from below, the soul, in the power of its love and joy, is suddenly with it in heaven. But our soul needs not to leap up now—for we are standing in close connexion with the cerulean—the celestial concave; and earth lies far below our feet. Therefore, our soul *leaps down*—not like a chamois—but like a bird—and that bird an eagle,—who, un-hungering for aught else but flight, weighs anchor from the cliff, and away—away—away—wide over his wing-commanded world.

How we glory while we gaze!  
Not in ourselves—but in all creation.  
There is expansion and elevation of



spirit, yet no pride. Self is the centre of our joy, but it radiates to the circumference, shooting out on all sides bright lines of love over the boundless beauty of earth, till imagination loses itself in what seems the obscure sublimity of the far off uncertain sea. Yes! it is the sea! sunshine brightens the blue deep into belief; and God be with her on her voyage! Yonder sails a single ship—for one moment—gone already—as white as snow! But as a blank be ocean and all her isles. And let us lavish our loves on these lakes, and vales, and glens, and plains, and fields and meadows, woods, groves, gardens, houses of man and of God—for conspicuous yet in every deep-down dwindled village is the white church-tower—and the heart blesses that one little solitary chapel, where you may see specks that must be sheep, lying in the burial-place, for there are no tombstones there, only grassy heaps!

Nine o'clock o' morning, all through the year, is a strong hour—and, be the season what it may, the best time for breakfast. It is nine now; we conjecture that we have been gazing half an hour; so four hours have been consumed in ascending the Old Man. You might ascend him from Coniston Waterhead in two, or less, were it a matter of life or death; but we have been graciously permitted to be for a month strollers and idlers on the earth; and a long day of delight is before us, ere thou, O Sun! shalt be again o'er Langdale Pikes empurpling the west.

"To-morrow for severer thought—but  
now  
For breakfast."

Jonathan—Long Jonathan—best of guides since old Bobby Partridge died—disembowel the haversack. You are a great linguist, Jonathan; you have got—the *gift of tongues*. A HAM! None of your minnikin March chicken for mountain breakfast with the Old Man of Coniston—these two are earochs—*alias* how-towdies—and the colour contrasts well with that of a most respectable pair of ducks. A fillet of veal? It is. Perhaps, Jonathan, it may be prudent to postpone that pigeon pie. Well, well, take your own way—put it down alongside that anonymous article, and distribute bread.

#### IMPRIMIS VENERARE DEOS!

Ere we commence operations, what would not we give for a smoking gurgle of ginger-beer, or of Imperial Pop! Jonathan—thou Son of Saul—are these stone-bottles? How Hunger exults in the extinguishment of Thirst! There are four of us—we believe; so let us first discuss the racklers and the quackers—a *dimidium* to each; and thus shall we be enabled, perhaps, to look without any very painful impatience on the pigeon-pie, which we ventured hesitatingly to express an opinion might be postponed—though from that opinion we retain liberty to diverge, without incurring the charge of apostasy, should we feel reason to do so from the state of Parties. There is no possibility of being gluttonous on the top of a high mountain. Temperance herself tells you to take the full length of your tether—to scorn knife and fork, and draw the spawl of the how-towdy through the shiver-do-freeze of your tusks. That tongue might have been larger, we think, Jonathan, without incommoding the mouth of the Stot. The fourth part of a tongue has an insignificant look;—aye—that's right—we prefer the root to the tip. Why, it tastes like ham! It *is* ham! You have given us ham, Jonathan—but we pardon the mistake—for now that the surprise has subsided, be the ham Westmoreland or Westphalian, a richer never bore bristle since the progenitor of all porkers descended from the Ark.

The silence—the stillness—is sublime! Broken but by the music and the motion of our jaws. Yet they too, at intervals, rest; shut—or wide open for a few moments, as our eyes, spiritually withdrawn from that "material breakfast," wander round the visionary horizon, or survey steadily the lovely landscape, to return with keener animation to the evanescent scenery immediately under our nose. Evanescent!—for tongue and towdies, haun and ducks, have disappeared! The fillet is fast going the way of all flesh; and under a fortunate star indeed must that pigeon-pie have been baked, if it escape this massacre of the Innocents.

Tin-lined is the leathern belt round the shoulders of Jonathan—and 'tis filled with water from the spring in

that old slate-quarry—and here is a “horn full of the cold north.” The Cogniac tames without killing it—miraculous mixture of Frost and Fire! And here goes the flash of preservation into our vitals to a sentiment that can be understood but on the mountain-top, *The Cause of Liberty*—all over the world.

We are all intoxicated—but not with brandy—for each took but one gulp of unchristened Cogniac and a horn of the baptized; we are divinely drunk with ether—not the ether purchased from Apothecaries’ Hall, but the ether given gratis by Apollo—the Sun-God—to all who visit his palace in the regions of Morn.

Down the stone-strewn greensward we dancingly go, and like red-deer bound over rocks. The proper place for a guide is in the rear; and Jonathan follows astonished, with the Remains. We are again at Levers Water before any of us has said Jack Robinson—no need of scaling ladders in descending precipices—but that our beards are only about an inch long—and none of us by possibility can have horns—the sheep might suppose us goats. But here let us pause. How magnificent in full view the rocks called Dove Crag rising above Goat’s Tarn! and how beautiful the wavy windings up the breast of WALNA SCAR! We have gloriously enjoyed the morn—it wants centuries yet of meridian—let us not “lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,” in pottering about on a level with the silly sea—but let’s up to the above Goat’s Tarn—to SEATHWAITE TARN too, over Walna Scar—and then down to the chapel, and see what sort of a stream that DUDDON is, to which “the Bard” has addressed an eulogistic Libel of Sonnets.

Jonathan never was at Goat’s Water, but Christopher has many a time; and this is its rivulet. The last ascent to it is very steep; but our lungs laugh now at all difficulties—and we are soon at the foot of the Tarn. In sunshine such as this, ’tis a sweet spot—nay, one might almost, without offence to the *genus loci*, call it pretty—“sweetly putta!” True, that the margin on the east is a rude assemblage of stones—and that on the opposite side the towering rocks are hushed in a sort of “grim repose.”

But then the water is clear as a well—and that knoll of birches is admiring itself in the mirror.” There are some sheep and lambs—and yonder a “bit birdie” is hopping from spray to spray, who could sing if he chose—but he has manifestly got us in his eye, and, laying his head on his shoulder, gives us a sly glance as if he was quizzing the whole party. Last time we stood here—facing these cliffs—some dozen years ago—how they frowned by glimpses through the driving rack! The tarn itself was pitch, which grew blacker still on tempest-stricken spots—while now and then a wave gave a wallop like an animal, and broke in brown foam, with a savage murmur. There was a continual hissing somewhere—and as for croaking, we could have believed that some old raven had established a croaking-school up among the hidden cliffs, and that he and his pupils were trying to sing psalms—probably to a dead horse. We declare there is one of the devils tugging at something on a ledge at the mouth of that fissure! He views us—but he won’t budge. A gruff old tyke, with a bill, no doubt, like a weaver’s shuttle. And see—a fox.

We are on our way, you know, to Seathwaite. From Coniston Waterhead, our pleasant inn, there are three ways to that vale—one by Broughton for all manner of carriages—and a noble one it is, leading over elevated ground, and commanding a view of the river Duddon, at high water itself a lake, “having the beautiful and fertile lands of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching away from its margin. In this extensive view, the face of nature is displayed in a wonderful variety of hill and dale, wooded grounds, and buildings; amongst the latter, Broughton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcoomb in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone. The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water

becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed; but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of form which the rocky channel of a river can give to water." So far Green, whose eye was ever that of a painter. The middle way deviates on the right about four miles from Broughton, and leads to Seathwaite over some fine hilly ground from Broughton Mills. The most laborious way of the three is over Walna Scar—the way of the present heroes. A fourth is up Tilberthwaite, over Wrynose, and so down Duddon, from near its source. All are good—but ours is the best—and there are few grander walks in the North of England. What is the name of that giant? Blakerigg. He seems to have drawn himself up to his full altitude to oppose our progress—but we must turn his flank. Yet his forehead is mild and placid—smooth, seemingly, as that of a small pastoral hill. But what a burly body hath the old chieftain, surnamed Ironsides! Such ribs! a park of artillery would in vain batter in breach there—'twould scarcely smite off a splinter. In what sort of scenery does he set his feet? By and by you shall see—between him and us there is a wide and a deep abyss. We have reached the summit of this long ascent, and you behold Blakerigg in all his majesty—a foreground to Scafell and its Pikes, the highest land in England, softened by some leagues distance, and belonging to another region—another province—another kingdom—another world of the sublime. For the intercepting sky sometimes divides the great objects of nature in a mountainous country, into districts so distinct, that they lie without confusion before Imagination's eyes, while of each some mighty creature seems to be by right divine the monarch, and to bear away in calm or tempest. Let us descend into the gulf profound, till we touch the foot of Blakerigg, and then shall we skirt his kingdom all the way to the head of Seathwaite Tarn.

We are now in a lonesome region—nor is it easy to imagine a much better place for a murder.

But lo! the Tarn. What should you call its character? Why, such a

day as this disturbs by delight, and confounds all distinction between the Sublime and Beautiful. These rocky knolls towards the foot of the Tarn, we should say are exquisitely picturesque; and nothing can be supposed more unassuming than their quietude, which is deepened by the repose of that distant height beyond—can it be Blackcoomb? And then how prettily rise out of the Tarn, on the farthest side, those little islands, under the shadow of the first range of rocks that may be safely called majestic; while the second—as slowly your eyes are venturing by the prodigious terraces—justify the ejaculation—magnificent!

Let's strip and have a swim. 'Tis all nonsense about danger in "dookin'" when you are hot. Besides we are not hot; for, in disapparel, the balmy breezes have already fanned our bosoms, till we are cool as leeks. Saw you ever my Lord Arthur Somerset? Here he goes.

No bottom here, gents. Where the devil are you? All gone! You have taken advantage of our absence down below for a few minutes, and descended to Seathwaite. Well, we cannot call that handsome behaviour any how; and trust you will lose your way in the wilderness, and find yourselves among the quagmires of the Black Witch. Whew! are you there, ye water-serpents, snoring with your noses towards Ill-Crag! Save us—save us—save us! The cramp—the cramp—the cramp!

Gentlemen, we confess that was an indifferent joke—and we return you our best thanks for your alertness in diving to "pull up drowned Honour by the locks." But you seem flustered; so let us land and rig—Mercy on us, what hulks!

Now for the Pigeon-Pie. Give us the crown of crust. Behold with what dignity we devour the diadem! A queer pigeon this as one may see on a summer's day—as flat's a pancake. Ho! ho! a beefsteak we perceive—about the breadth of our palm—let us begin by biting off the fingers—and the thumb. Spicy! But, friends, we must beware of dining; let us remember this is but a lunch. And a lunch, recollect, is but a whet. They must be cushats—they must be cushats; and now let us finish the flask.

We smell Seathwaite. Below that aerial blue it lies—and were this the Sabbath, we might hear—Fine ears as we are for all words of peace—the belfry of the old church-tower. We are about to descend into the vale by the access beloved by nature's bard. Here is volume fourth of Wordsworth—and since Jonathan declines "readin' oop," we shall give the passage the benefit of our silver speech. "After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful stream, neither at its source, as is done in the sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to shew the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude foot-bridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the wayside. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch-trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature every where, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a perfection and consummation of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvisited region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens

in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging 'good-morrows' as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage-chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook; *then*, he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent, passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite Brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one opposite is called WALLOW-BARROW CRAG, a name that occurs in several places to designate rocks of the same character. The *chaotic* aspect of the scene is well marked by the expression of a stranger, who strolled out while dinner was preparing, and at his return, being asked by his host, 'What way he had been wandering?' replied, 'As far as it is *finished*!'"

But before indulging our own eyes with the Duddon, let us, in view of the very scene thus beautifully painted in "Prose, by a Poet," look at its spirit as it haunts these Sonnets. The series—thirty-four—we are told, was the growth of many years. Mr Wordsworth says, he had proceeded insensibly in their composition, "without perceiving that he was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied—at least as far as intention went

—by Mr Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural poem, to be entitled 'The Brook,' of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr Coleridge may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

"May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hinderance, by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams—'one calleth to another;' and I would gladly believe, that 'The Brook' will, ere long, murmur in concert with 'The Duddon.' But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say, that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature, without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the 'Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius' of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns, (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo 'Brook,')

'The Muse nas Poet ever fand lier,  
Till by himsell he learn'd to wander,  
Adown some trotting burn's meander,  
And na' think lang."

This reminds us of the title of one of Shakspeare's plays—Muchado about Nothing. Mr Coleridge is an original Poet; but there is nothing original in the idea of "a Rural Poem, to be entitled the Brook;" and if there were, it would be hard to deter all other Poets from writing about brooks, and should they do so, to punish them as trespassers "on ground pre-occupied" by the Ancient Mariner, "at least as far as intention went, more than twenty years ago." This would be carrying com-

plaisance to Mr Coleridge, and cruelty to the rest of mankind; too far; and would subject us to transportation for our article "Streams." Were this principle of appropriation and exclusion once admitted, why, an indolent or dreaming man of genius might put an end to poetry, by imagining all kinds of subjects, and annually publishing a list which nobody else was to meddle with, on pain of death. Such tyranny far transcends even our ultra-Toryism—And we hereby declare all the rills, rivulets, brooks, streams, and rivers on the globe, free to all the poets and poetasters on its surface or in its bowels.

Neither is there any thing at all original—nothing daring—in composing a series of sonnets on the River Duddon. Many a river has been celebrated in song—and there are poems in almost all languages, on particular rivers. The difficulty, indeed, of singing of a stream from source to sea, in one continuous strain, is considerable; and Mr Wordsworth has given it the go-by, in a series of sonnets. This he states—but he puts it on strange grounds. "I have been farther kept from encroaching on any right Mr C. may still wish to exercise, (poo!) by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led." Fudge!

But some hundreds of fine sonnets have been distilled from the pen of Mr Wordsworth; and had he written nothing else—an absurd supposition—his fame had been immortal. Some of the most beautiful are to be found in this series—perfect gems.

"I seek the birth-place of a native stream,"

is a simple line in the first sonnet—and these conclude the last—

"And may thy Poet, cloud-born stream!  
be free,

The sweets of earth contentedly resign'd,  
And each tumultuous working left behind

At seemly distance, to advance like thee,  
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind

And soul, to mingle with eternity!"

What "fancied chants and noble" imbue with beauty the strains of music that float between those opening and concluding words! The river shows

"The image of a poet's heart,  
How calm, how tranquil, how serene!"

But let us have the course of the Duddon given, in the first place, in Green's plain but picturesque prose. "The Duddon is a fine river, and its feeders flow precipitously in their descent to the valley. It rises at the Three County Stones on Wrynose, from which place to its junction with the Irish Sea, it separates the counties of Cumberland and Lancashire. Mosedale, which is in Cumberland, though appearing the highest part of Seathwaite, is, from its head down to Cockly-beck, a tame unmeaning valley, and would be wholly void of interest, were it not for the grand mountains of Eskdale, which are seen over its northern extremity; but from Cockly-beck by Black Hall to Goldrill Crag, which is about two miles, the scenery improves at every step; but not the river, which, though occasionally pretty, is, upon the whole, tamely featured and lazy. At Goldrill Crag, it brightens into agitation, and, after various changes, becomes at Wallow-barrow Crag one scene of rude commotion, forming in its course a succession, not of high, but finely formed waterfalls. But these furious waters suddenly slumbering, become entranced, displaying little signs of life along the pleasant plains of Dounerdale. At Ulpha Bridge suspended animation is again succeeded by the clamorous war of stones and waters, which assails the ear of the traveller all the way to Duddon Bridge. From that place to the sea it passes on in an uninterrupted and harmonious calmness."

Nothing can be better than that—except, perhaps, some of Green's etchings, which you may purchase almost paper-cheap from his excellent widow or daughter at the Exhibition either at Ambleside or Keswick. We remember an exquisite one up the river with Wallow-barrow Crag—and another, not less so, down the river with Goldrill Crag. Here they are in words. "The river at Wallow-barrow is opposed to many rude im-

pediments, which are exhibited in an elegant diversity of rocks and stones, some of them of considerable magnitude, and all peculiarly and happily adapted as accompaniments to the many-shaped waterfalls, displayed in the short space of little more than half a mile. From this desirable bottom, the rocks on both sides ascend in individual wildness, and a beautifully undulating assemblage, to a good height; wood is not here in profusion, but it occasionally appears in picturesque association with the rocks and waters. A well-formed mountain terminates this craggy vista, by which the whole is rendered additionally interesting." Of the view down the river, again, with Goldrill Crag, Green says—"It is a beautiful scene, and different in its character to any other about the Lakes; the rocks are elegant, and the trees spring from their fissures in picturesque variety. The second distance is composed of rocks, with soft turf and trees delightfully scattered over its surface; these rocks have the appearance of rising ground considerably lower than the level of the waters in sight, which is proved by the noise produced after leaving their peaceful solitudes above." Green goes on describing away, with pen as with pencil, the vale which was the darling of his honest heart. He tells us truly, that perhaps the finest part of this vale is between Seathwaite Chapel and Goldrill Crag—about two miles; that from Goldrill Crag to Cockly-beck—about two miles—the beauties diminish every step you take northward; and that from Cockly-beck to the county-stones all is insipid. How fondly he speaks of the cottages! Especially of Throng, the hereditary property of the Dawsons, where never stranger found a scanty board. How affectionately of the trees! Almost every sort of tree, says he, is fine when aged, even the larch, and all the species of the fir. In Seathwaite, he adds, untutored nature seems to have held her dominion with a sway more absolute than in any other dale in the country; exotics have been sparingly introduced; and though there is rather a want than a redundancy of wood, the valley is better without them. From almost every point of this secluded bottom, (he is

speaking of Throng, under the shadow of its wood-covered hill,) rocky knolls of various elevation, graced with the native beauties of the country, oak, ash, and birch, rise sweetly from the lower grounds; and over them, in many waving windings, the craggy mountains swell upon the eye in grand sublimity. The passionate painter is even yet loath to leave the vision—and concludes expressively saying with fine feeling, that in every engulfed valley in this country, there is, to his mind, somewhat of a melancholy solemnity; and that, unless it be in Ennerdale-dale, in none more than in Seathwaite. Though the Vales of Langdale are narrow, yet they possess an air of cheerfulness, probably as being bounded less stupendously than Seathwaite. In diversified beauty they rival all others, even Borrowdale. Yet Borrowdale to its beauty adds an invariable grandeur, not so uniformly seen in Langdale. Seathwaite occasionally exhibits a vastness of desolation, exceeded only in Ennerdale-dale; but in magnificence of mountain-precipice,

Ennerdale-dale, Wastdale, and Eskdale, excel all others in the country. So far Green—and kind, courteous, ingenious, and enthusiastic spirit, farewell!

Let us turn now, after no undelightful delay, to Wordsworth. In the second sonnet, he says of the *Infant Duddon*,

“Child of the clouds! remote from every taint

Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;  
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste;”

and in the fourth, he speaks, we may say, of the *Boy Duddon*, playfully appearing like

“a glistening snake,  
Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,  
Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes,  
through  
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny  
brake.”

But how beautiful is the *lad Duddon* now—a stripling on the verge of virility—making almost a prime murmur, erelong from his *manly* bosom to emit a full-grown roar?

“Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played  
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound  
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound,  
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid  
The sun in heaven!—but now to form a shade  
For Thee, green alders have together wound  
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;  
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade,  
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,  
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey;  
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes  
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,  
Thy pleased associates:—light as endless May  
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.”

Then sings the Bard of old remains  
of hawthorn bowers, and all the varied sweets of the Pastoral Flora. Not like a mere botanist, the assassin of the Hortus Siccus—but like philosophical and religious Bard as he is, with whom Poetry is Piety—and the inspiration breathed from things of earth connects them all with heaven.

“There bloom'd the strawberry of the wilderness;  
The trembling eye-bright show'd her sapphire blue,  
The thyme her purple, like the blush of even;  
And, if the breath of some to no career

Invited, forth they peep'd so fair to view,  
All kinds alike seem'd favourites of heaven!”

You have seen, we dare say, Stepping-stones across a stream, and have stepped from one to the other lightly or clumsily, as it may have happened, without any other thought than that they were useful, and saved you from the necessity of being wet-shod. We have heard more blockheads than one ask the meaning of those often quoted lines in Peter Bell—

“A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.”

Such sumphs cannot conceive how  
it should be any thing more to any  
body; nor of Stepping-stones can  
they form any other opinion as to the  
excellence, than whether they are  
sufficiently close, and not *shoggly*.

But thou! slim-ankled maiden, with  
pensive face wilt peruse the first,  
and with sparkling eyes the second  
of these sonnets, entitled "STEPPING-  
STONES."

"The struggling rill insensibly is grown  
Into a Brook of loud and stately march,  
Crossed ever and anon by plank and arch;  
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone  
Chosen for ornament; stone matched with stone  
In studied symmetry, with interspace  
For the clear waters to pursue their race  
Without restraint.—How swiftly have they flown,  
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the Child  
Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,  
His budding courage to the proof;—and here  
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly  
And sure encroachments of infirmity,  
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!"

"Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance  
With prompt emotion, urging them to pass;  
A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass;  
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance,—  
To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;  
She ventures once again—another pause!  
His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws—  
She sues for help with piteous utterance!  
Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch  
Both feel when he renews the wished-for aid;  
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,  
Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.  
The frolic Loves who, from yon high rock, see  
The struggle, clap their wings for victory!"

The Fairies are sometimes seen  
yet in Seathwaite. And there is a  
sonnet on the Faëry Chasm—about  
the sky-blue stone, within the sun-  
less cleft, bearing the footmarks of  
the tiny elves. Fancy thus awaken-  
ed will not be soon set asleep; and  
in another sonnet, she sees

"Objects immense pourtray'd in minia-  
ture,  
Wild shapes for many a strange compa-  
rison!"

Niagaras, Alpine passes, and abodes  
of Naiads—

"Calm abysses pure,  
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to en-  
dure  
When the broad oak drops, a leafless ske-  
leton,  
And the solidities of mortal pride,  
Palace and Tower, are crumbled into  
dust!"

But the human heart of the poet  
longs again for human life; and, re-as-  
cending from those sunless chasms,  
hear how he sings the "Open Pro-  
spect."

"Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,  
And one small hamlet, under a green hill,  
Clustered with barn and byre, and spouting mill!  
A glance suffices;—should we wish for more,  
Gay June would scorn us; but when bleak winds roar  
Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,  
Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts that lash  
The matted forests of Ontario's shore  
By wasteful steel unsmitten, then would I  
Turn into port,—and, reckless of the gale,  
Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,  
While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,



Laugh with the generous household heartily,  
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!"

But the Duddon is a strange stream;      a thousand to one you don't know  
and should you happen to walk half      him—so sternly is he transfigured  
a mile by his side, in a reverie, on      from a sweet-singer into a Boaner-  
coming to yourself again on your      ges, or Son of Thunder.  
return perhaps from Jerusalem, 'tis

"O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot  
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;  
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude  
A field or two of brighter green, or plot  
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot  
Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast viewed  
These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed  
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.  
Thee hath some awful spirit impelled to leave,  
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,  
Though simple thy companions were and few;  
And through this wilderness a passage cleave  
Attended but by thy own voice, save when  
The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue!"

But if we go on at this rate, Jonathan—we shall soon have "read oop" the whole volume. And what better might we do, lying here, all four of us, carelessly diffused on the green-sward, far from the noisy world, enveloped in the visions of a great poet's soul? This is the way to know and feel the spirit of this lovely and

lonely, of this barren and bounteous land, where desolation lies in the close neighbourhood of plenty, and where the Hermit might find a secret cell within hearing of the glad hum of life. Let us recite two sonnets more—and then be up and going—away to the objects of which the Poet sings—how holily!

#### SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

"Sacred Religion, 'mother of form and fear,'  
Dread Arbitress of mutable respect,  
New rites ordaining when the old are wreck'd,  
Or cease to please the fickle worshipper;  
If one strong wish may be embosom'd here,  
Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect  
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,  
Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere  
That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days  
When this low Pile a Gospel Teacher knew,  
Whose good works form'd an endless retinue:  
Such Priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays;  
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;  
And tender Goldsmith crown'd with deathless praise!"

#### ULPHA KIRK.

"The Kirk of Ulpha to the Pilgrim's eye  
Is welcome as a Star, that doth present  
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent  
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky:  
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high  
O'er the parch'd waste beside an Arab's tent;  
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,  
Take root again, a boundless canopy.  
How sweet were leisure! could it yield no more

Than 'mid that wave-wash'd Churchyard to recline,  
 From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine;  
 Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar  
 Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,  
 Sooth'd by the unseen River's gentle roar."

Prevailing poet! here, among the scenes thou hast so finely sung,

"Fit audience find, though few."

Few, indeed! for the Three have vanished; and in Seathwaite Tarn, the shadows of no Christians are to be seen but those of Christopher and Jonathan. He informs us, that ere we had "read oop taa haf o't," the graceless, mannerless, fancyless, unfeeling, unprincipled, and uninitiated cubs had scampered over the knowe, and have probably been for an hour, at least, in another county! Yes, Jonathan—you say right—they are to be pitied; but we have reaped—

"The harvest of a quiet eye,  
 That broods and sleeps on its own heart."

Surely the winner will have the sense to order dinner at the Chapel Alehouse.

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer,  
 The devil always builds a chapel there."

"In this"—quoth Mr Green, who, you know, Jonathan, was the most sober and industrious of God's creatures—"Mr Daniel is not quite correct; such houses, particularly in thinly inhabited countries, are absolutely necessary to the comforts of distant parishioners." Now, we are distant parishioners; so put his volume into the haversack—and the "Bard's" we return to our bosom. Now let's be off.

Descent may be adverse to younger knees—but to ours it is natural; and,

"Smooth-sliding, without step,"

down the sward, we feel like an aged eagle skimming in easy undulations, ere he alights to fold up his wings.

Sweet Seathwaite! for, spite of all thy sternness, art thou, indeed, most sweet—may we believe from that sunny smile kindling up thy groves into greenness that obliterates the brown of thy superincumbent cliffs—that thou rejoicest to see again the Wanderer, who, in life's ardent

prime, was with thee so oft of yore in thy silvan solitudes! Much changed—thou seest—are we—in face and figure so sorely changed that haply we seem to thee a stranger, and must pass by a disregarded shadow! Alas! we feel as if we were forgotten! we, and all those dawns, morns, days, eves, and nights! Insensate Seathwaite! what art thou but an assemblage of rocks, stones, clods, stumps, and trees? Our imagination it was that vivified thee into beauty—till thou becamest symbolical of all spiritual essences, embodied Poetry of a paradisaical state of being, which, on this fair representation, transcendently returns—but overspread now, and inter-fused with a profoundest pathos that almost subdues the glory of nature into the glimmer of the grave, solemnizing life by death, and subjecting the dim past and the bright present to the mysterious future, till faith flings herself humbly at the feet of God.

And thou, too, art somewhat changed, sweet Seathwaite! Thou, too, art getting old! But with thee, age is but a change into "beauty still more beauteous." A gradual alteration, during all the while of our long absence, has been silently taking place upon the character of thy groves. Glades are gone like overshadowed sun-spots. We see rocky pastures where then the coppice-wood grew—smooth fields of barley-braird that then were rocky pastures. We miss that bright blue river—heard above the Alder Ford—where hung the nest-hiding hazels; we hear, not see, the Fairies' waterfall. Pools that of yore still slept in branchy twilight, now shine in day and picture-passing clouds. Some oaks have fallen that should have lived for ever; and strange confusion in our memory grows from the whole of these bewildering woods. But amidst all the change of unceasing growth and unceasing decay, thou art the same sweet Seathwaite still—and unaltered for ever the lines magnificent now drawn by thy multitudinous

mountains along the peaceful heavens.

The wallet is empty of all viands now—Jonathan—and in the chapel alehouse it may happen that the sole fare may be but ham and eggs. You see this crutch. We unscrew the cross, and out of the bole emerges a fishing-rod, of which the pieces may be put up so as to suit minnow, trout, grilse, or fish. Now for trout. One of the seals dangling at our watch-chain is a reel. 'Tis an ensnaring seal, Jonathan—and on all our love-letters it leaves its irresistible impress. A silk reel-line you observe, Jonathan, and gut like gossamer, to whose invisibility in water are attached the murderous midges with black half-heckle on the yellow bodies, and brown mallard-wings, adjusted by the microscopic eye and fairy finger of Margaret—that is, Mrs Widow Phin. Not a breath of air—the river is low—and bright the sun—nor will he reach for an hour to come those castellated clouds. But let us lay our lures among the lucid murmurs, and in a minute shall you see the silver-shiners in various sizes dancing on the gravel or the greensward, up from the not unsuccessful imitation of the minnow to what might seem—nay, may be—the salmon's self.

Aye—there are two to begin with—one at the tail-fly, and one at the top-bobber. We always angle with five hooks, Jonathan, on an occasion like this, when to garnish the grosser we desire some fry. Why, they seem smoulders! How can that be in the Duddon in May? Trouts. But born and bred in this gravelly shallow, their scales are as silver, and you almost suppose you see through them, as you hold up their twisting slipperiness between you and the sun. Ha! there's a two-year-old off-at-score, as if on a half-mile race with a swarm of subscribers. But he will soon lose his fastness, Jonathan—and we have him hard in hand—that he may not bolt off the course in among those birch-roots. You see that small circle of sand, "sharpening its mooned horns"—thither shall we persuade the sumph to sail;—Jonathan, don't you almost find him already wallopping in your wallet? There he has swum himself ashore—and there, like a serpent

wriggling about, his own mother would not know him, so enshrouded is he in sand. That comes of one's suffering himself to be led by the nose—even in retirement—during these troubled times. Yes, Jonathan, about a pounder.

You seem surprised, Jonathan, at our incessant sport. 'Tis the tackle as much as the touch. In such clear, warm water as this, the very sight of a great, big, fat fly, like a drowned hummer, would sicken a trout—and if tied to the end of a cable, four horse-hairs thick, 'twould frighten a pool out of its seven senses. But these flies—scarcely flies—these midges, moving like motes on the water, solicit the fishy stomach with almost airy allurements, which the largest lobbbers—as you see—even when lying indolently beneath the bank, retired from the glare of noon that stupifies their panting brethren in the unprotected channel, have not the philosophy to resist. They sail slowly up to the slow speck, and just putting out their tongues—so—lick in the inextricable barb. It gives them no pain, Jonathan—merely a puzzle; and you may well think, that, for a while, they can with difficulty believe their eyes, when they see, by the receding stones, that they are journeying towards the opposite "banks and braes o' bonnie Duddon," from which, almost before some of them have leisure to distinguish the sward from the stream, they are transferred into thy wallet, Jonathan, that seems quick with child.

You think we have killed somewhere from ten to twelve pound; and such slaughter—pretty well in a sunbright hour—will suffice to eke out the ham and eggs into no despicable dinner. Bless us—Seathwaite Chapel! and there are our friends sitting with the landlord in the honey-sucked porch of the alehouse, each with what seems a jug in his dexter hand. The scamps! that would not stay for the sonnets, though recited by an angel's tongue. Alas! there is little love of poetry left in this low life of ours—so now for the Ham and Eggs.

The kitchen clock is striking six as we stoop our anointed head beneath the slate-roofed door-way—and at six, to a second, stands our

watch, such is the sympathy between the worthies. We cheerfully confess that we have occasionally seen a clean tablecloth in a Scotch small wayside or hedgerow inn. But nine hundred and ninety-nine times in the thousand, they have shewn mustard. In England, again—the dirty is supposed to be as one to a million. April snows are tolerably white, and so are April clouds and April lambs—but they are grey in comparison with this cloth bleached in May sun and shower, whose drapery descends in graceful folds from this Round Table standing as firm on one leg as if it had four, at equal distance from hearth and door, bed and window. Such bread! baked of finest flour for the nonce in a pan-oven that raises the light-brown crust almost into the delicacy of the coating of bride-cake, while close-grained even as that “mighty magic,” *kythes*, as you break it, the crumbling inconsistency of the fair interior! Graceful from the grid-iron that crump circle of oatmeal wafers, broad as the bottom of a beehive; and what honey-comb! The scent is as of thyme, and by some conjuration, preserved has been the cellular framework all winter through, and therein lies the dewy flower-disstillment, as clear as when the treasure was taken at harvest-close from the industrious people, who in a moment hushed their hum. That is our pot of porridge; and oh! it is exquisite when supped with cream! Of all liquid lustrous, the loveliest sure is that of elder-flower wine. And delicately blending hospitality with the welcome due to all who peaceably enter here, the Mistress has placed that crystal at the Elder’s elbow, saying, with a smile, that “quality have commended it,” and ’tis in truth delightful sma’ drink, and tastes racily of the tree. Aren’t these pretty patterns of suns and sun-flowers, stars and roses, impressed on the glistening countenance of that glorious butter? Till now never saw we yellow. Put a spoon into that cream—it stands for a few moments straight—and then slowly declining, leans on the edge of the jug, like a young lady about to go into a swoon. The sight reminds us of the phial of concentrated Essence of Coffee in the fob of our jacket. There it is, and nobody must mistake it for the ketchup. All the hens in Seathwaite must have been laying to-day; else how these plates

of poached, and these bowls of boiled? Seldom to be seen such a Teapot. But for the *stroop*, you might mistake it for a Tureen. Who expected to see you here? Yes—it is *THE ROUND*—towering by himself on that chest of drawers. No—not by himself—beneath his shadow reposes an unmistakeable Brandy-bottle; nor will the froth on that ale-jug melt, till into it Christopher has dipped his Roman proboscis.

’Tis pleasing thus to compress all the meals that are usually scattered over the day into One mighty anonymous meal, in matter multiform, multifarious, and multitudinous, as in spirit the myriad-minded Shakspeare. Hark! how deliciously salutes our ears the hissing, and the fizzing, and the pabbling of the great pan in which the basted trouts are writhing as if in torments, while the gudewife herself, though she has had her tea and toast, feels herself called on now, as she values her temporal and eternal welfare, to bring household honour and conjugal pride to the aid of conscience and religion, that the Christian heroine may prove victorious over the temptation of the fish, and gain an immortal conquest over the savoury sin soliciting her, as Satan did Eve, with insidious whispers from the heart of that seducing Fry! She turns, but tastes them not—and just putting the fork to her lips, with a scientific *whawmle* empties the great pan into the great platter, and bearing the feast at arm’s length and bosom-high, makes her *entrée* into the Parlour like a Queen.

Assuredly, next to the satisfaction of a good conscience is that of a well-filled stomach. They are likewise kindred. So are hunger and remorse. We feel now that we have well performed our part in life—and are willing to leave the world to write our epitaph. Seem made for us, as if the carpenter had taken our measure, back and bottom of this easiest of all easy-chairs. Yet we see from these quaintly carved numerals ’tis a hundred years old. Contemporary with it all the rest of the oaken furniture; for we know that the wife of the landlord of New-Field was sole heiress of a statesman, and though the Hill-Farm and all its sycamores were sold to pay “ten mortgages rolled into one,” in consequence of many strange calamities that kept befalling her humble house, the “family plenish

ing" was preserved, and fortune smiles now on the worthy pair, yet in the prime of life, though with sons and daughters ripe for love or war. That was a pretty creature who now took away the cheese—and the stripping who shook hands with Jonathan, when he has filled up a bit, will be a likely lad for the Belt at Carlisle.

The scene shifts to the seat beneath the sycamore that hangs its twilight o'er the inn, ere it has touched the open atmosphere, which begins, however, to breathe of the stilly spirit of the late afternoon. Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! The mellow monotone is not unmusical—but what means Shallow-bill by that flitting cry? "With soul as strong as a mountain river," from the top of the pine beside the chapel-tower bursts out the bold blackbird into a delirium of song—and seems delighted at intervals, to listen to its echoes tinkling hurriedly among the rocks. Who shall sing a second to that song? Not Sontag's self—though surnamed the Nightingale.

"In nature," says Coleridge, "there is nothing melancholy," wisely meaning that no living thing is created for unhappiness, and that the ordinary language of inferior life is expressive of pleasure. We wish we could say that in nature there is nothing discordant; but were we to say so, the bray of that ass would give us the lie. If he be gifted by nature with a musical ear, there must be some peculiarity in his throat and lungs that prevents him from carrying his ideas into execution. The distinguished donkey has finished his solo, and we trust will not be offended by our declining to call "encore." Yet he has been unconsciously exerting his vocal powers to enhance the delight of the ensuing silence: and in the hush, how pleasant the lowing of the kine, for 'tis the season of calves; the milky mothers are musical in their affection, and seldom have we heard a more harmonious concert of cows.

But now 'tis gloaming—at least so thinks that bat—as dips the flitter-mouse fearlessly within a foot of our heads, and then keeps wavering to and fro between the sycamore and the barn. The most cheerful objects seem almost solemn in the dusk—while

"The day is placid in its going,  
To a lingering stillness bound,  
Like a river in its flowing,  
Can there be a softer sound?"

The loveliest of all light is that which precedes the moon, while yet her unseen orb is journeying up from behind the hill, and you are uncertain over what place she will raise her silver rim. Expect her rising as you will, the suddenness always adds a slight surprise to your delight, and for a moment you are doubtful if it be indeed the moon. Full seen now in slow ascension, how she deepens the whole blue serene of heaven! For a while you know not that there are any stars. But look! there is one large and lustrous—and now is the sky bedropt with diamonds, dim as if dewy; but there will be no rain to-morrow, for no aerial tresses are dishevelled along the "lift;" and the few clouds there are braided into folds of perfect peace. From heaven we withdraw our eyes, and they fall quietly on the house of God. Troutbeck Chapel—Langdale Chapel—Wythburn Chapel—Buttermere Chapel—Wastdale Chapel—Seathwaite Chapel—we bless you all! And every other holy edifice that cheers the Sabbath-silence of the mountains with its single bell. Children are ye of one mother-church, and true to her religious faith, in your humble ritual, as minster or cathedral,

"Where, through the long-drawn aisle  
and fretted vault,  
The pealing anthem swells the note of  
praise."

A sort of slumbrous softness seems as if it were dewily sealing our eyes, and sleep whispers us to steal away with her into the land of dreams. Seven long leagues of a mountain-walk are something to a man of seventy—'tis seventeen hours since Christopher and the Sun arose—and more than an hour ago "the wearied sun besook himself to rest." The remaining luminary—not the Moon—must follow the example; his age entitles him to the single-bedded-room—and his night's rest is broken by the mildest snore. Good-night, boys—and, Jonathan, see they do not get into mischief when their guardian has gone to roost.

"To-morrow for fresh fields and pastures  
new."

## ISMENE AND LEANDER. IN THREE BALLADS.

*(From the German of Hölty.)*

## FIRST BALLAD.

SINCE Adam did the fruit receive  
 Of sin, there ne'er has been a  
 More beauteous progeny of Eve  
 Than was the fair Ismene.  
 She was—just in her eighteenth year—  
 A sight that quite entrances,  
 Full-heaving breast, and auburn hair,  
 And fire in all her glances.

Her figure all the grace bespeaks  
 That was to Venus given ;  
 Two blushing roses were her cheeks,  
 Her eyes the blue of heaven.  
 Her mouth a blooming Paradisc,  
 With ceaseless smiles abounding,  
 And when she sung there seem'd the voice  
 Of angel choirs resounding.

And yet—if fame be not a liar,  
 In deeds Ismene boasted,  
 For which she now, at Old Nick's fire,  
 Is broil'd, I ween, or roasted :  
 For spawn of frogs, and hairs she threw  
 Into the parson's churn,  
 Diseased the flocks, and with mildew  
 She blasted all the corn.

And every charm, from Satan, she  
 Of witchery inherits,  
 And at her call attendant be  
 Swarms of infernal spirits.  
 Swifter she cuts the liquid air,  
 Upon her broomstick sailing,  
 While loosely streams her waving hair,  
 Than steam-coach on a railing.

And always on the first of May,  
 She danced, upon the Brocken,  
 The merry midnight hours away,  
 With scarce a muslin frock on.  
 And then, at times, was wont to rise,  
 And play the beau, Old Clooty ;  
 And feast, with lustful look, his eyes  
 On the half-naked beauty.

Then kiss'd so greedily her hand,  
 As if he would devour it,  
 And lay, ev'n on the sulphur strand,  
 With love quite overpowered.  
 And many a weary hour he spent,  
 Poor soul ! a-billet-douxing ;  
 And when, at length, to bed he went,  
 His dreams were all of wooing.

But fair Ismene scorn'd the clown,  
 And laugh'd at his effrontery ;  
 And sought her lovers in the town,  
 And sought them in the country :

And found, one day, where crystal streams  
 Through flowery meads meander,  
 Asleep, and dreaming golden dreams  
 Of future bliss, Leander.

He dreamt of lovely Adelaide  
 To him her hand extending ;  
 And blessedness the marriage bed  
 And honey-moon attending.  
 Already seem'd the priest to join  
 The loved with the lover ;  
 And marriage-ring, and vestments fine,  
 Before his fancy hover.

And bridal maids already plait  
 The garlands for the wedding ;  
 And to the dance of neighbours met  
 Are pipe and fiddle aiding.  
 What think you then ? the cunning witch,  
 As she this way did wander,  
 Approach'd and gave his ears a twitch,  
 And said, " Get up, Leander."

And she was like in every whit  
 To her whose love he courted ;  
 Leander from his dreaming fit,  
 Bewitch'd with joy, upstart ;  
 And round her neck his arms he threw,  
 And many a kiss imprinted ;  
 And " Are you here, my own love true ?"  
 He cried, like one demented.

Then hied they thence to shady trees,  
 Because the sun's heat fried them,  
 And there the swain bewilder'd sees  
 A sight that quite surprised him ;  
 A splendid car before him stood,  
 With gold and silver flashing,  
 And coachman gay, in merry mood,  
 The milk-white horses lashing.

Of ivory the car was made,  
 With purest opal blended,  
 Nor mayor nor monarch ever had  
 A chariot half so splendid.  
 They mount, and seat themselves within  
 The curricie together ;  
 The horses rush through thick and thin  
 Leander knows not whither.

'Tis strange, but authors are agreed—  
 They soar aloft to heaven,  
 And eagle's flight, with lightning's speed  
 Unto their heels is given.  
 But we will let our couple steer  
 Their airy flight together,  
 And if this ballad good appear,  
 You soon shall have another.

## SECOND BALLAD.

The ear its airy voyage steer'd  
 With never-ceasing motion,  
 Until at length an isle appear'd  
 Green glittering in the ocean.  
 In distant southern seas it lay,  
 Which never Cook sailed over,  
 Nor those so famous in their day,  
 Great Dampier and Vancouver.

And sure it was a paradise,  
 All earthly bliss unfurling ;  
 Joy murmur'd sweet in every breeze,  
 And in the streams was purling.  
 A dwelling fit for gods, I ween,  
 So famed in ancient story ;  
 In thousand dancing floods was seen  
 Bright Phœbus' golden glory.

And zephyrs bland from op'ning flowers  
 In every mead snatch'd kisses ;  
 Such love as in our youthful hours  
 Is wont at times to bless us.  
 And round about, in magic glare,  
 The hyacinths were blooming,  
 And apricots and peaches fair  
 All fragrant and perfuming.

And angel-voices in the breeze  
 Were accents sweet expressing ;  
 And turtle dovelets on the trees  
 Were cooing and caressing.  
 Beneath the shade of matted vines,  
 O magical creation !  
 Out-gush'd the most delicious wines  
 Into a golden basin.

And in the lawn was distant seen  
 A splendid palace towering,  
 All proudly built of beryls green,  
 And rays of glory showering ;  
 The windows were of purple hue,  
 All set around with garnet ;  
 Wide folding-doors of sapphires blue  
 Did mightily adorn it.

More bright than mortal mind conceives,  
 The roof with gold was cover'd,  
 And round about the drooping eaves  
 An emerald glory hover'd.  
 A magic castle, sure it was,  
 Erected by the devil ;  
 God save us ! where the fairies pass  
 Their days and nights in revel.

Within, a large saloon received  
 Ismene and her lover,  
 Where tapestries the sight deceived,  
 All gaily pictured over ;  
 Jove, changed into a milk-white swan,  
 Among the reeds was skulking,

And by the hand of Titian  
 Mars put to shame by Vulcan.

The mighty Sultan eke was seen  
 His concubines caressing,  
 And masks, array'd in motley sheen,  
 In Venice were grimacing ;  
 And Mussulmans in paradise  
 With fairest hours gambolling,  
 And Dian through the forest trees  
 With all her virgins rambling.

And here they lived a life of glee,  
 Beside the smiling ocean,  
 And every morning was bohea  
 Or chocolate their potion.  
 And when the summer sun at noon  
 Had reach'd the highest heaven,  
 A banquet in the large saloon  
 With festal pomp was given.

Ismene winks and straight appear,  
 Obedient to her wishes,  
 Before Leander was aware,  
 All sorts and shapes of dishes.  
 And sturgeons rich, and lampreys fair,  
 Were brought in at her bidding,  
 And roasted beef, and roasted hare,  
 And last of all, plumb-pudding.

And jellies bright, with seedcake baked  
 By skilful hand of fairies,  
 And more than you could well expect  
 Of currants and strawberries.  
 And glasses stood in close array  
 Of beer and ale and perry,  
 And after dinner good tokay  
 And claret made them merry.

And then they spent sweet hours of bliss  
 Beneath an arbour shady,  
 Where cards, backgammon-board, and  
 chess,  
 And lemonade were ready ;  
 And waited till the evening's red  
 Wide o'er the west was streaming,  
 And to their supper then they sped,  
 From golden dishes gleaming.

And when the groves, in silent night,  
 Selene silver'd over ;  
 Then wander'd forth in bright moonlight,  
 Ismene with her lover.  
 Beneath a branching myrtle's shade  
 They laid themselves reclining,  
 Where Phœbe's silver glory play'd  
 Betwixt the leaflets shining.

And arm in arm entwined they lay,  
 Their heart's desire indulging ;

And more they did than modest lay  
Is fitted for divulging.  
And round about were myrtle groves,  
Their sweet retreat surrounding;  
With notes of birds that chirp'd their  
loves,  
Melodiously resounding.

And softest breezes from the west  
Were through their ringlets waving,  
And o'er their gently heaving breast  
Ethereal unguents laving.

And when at length night's dewy rain  
Love's ardours had abated,  
They hid them to the house again,  
Where softer pillows waited.

And sung, instead of evening prayer,  
Were songs anacreontic,  
And loves of knights and damsels fair,  
In days of yore romantic.  
And then their weary limbs they threw  
On downy couches ample:  
We, with your leave, shall bid adieu,  
And follow their example.

## THIRD BALLAD.

Thus passed the fleeting hours away,  
'Mid every earthly joyance,  
Throughout the smiling months of May  
And June, without annoyance.  
But, like each thoughtless wight, I wot,  
In luxury that wallows,  
Leander, with the witch, forgot  
The misery that follows.

With sweetmeats and confections was so  
Disorder'd his digestion,  
That whether he would live another week,  
It was a question.  
His face was pale, and to the core  
His worn-out frame was shatter'd;  
And like a man of eighty-four,  
His palsied members totter'd.

And rubies and carbuncles play  
Upon his swollen proboscis;  
Of pimples bright, a thick array,  
His bloated cheek embosses.  
With dainty bits, and sauces rich,  
His appetite was satiated;  
The magic music of the witch  
Upon his senses grated.

Then to the lonesome strand he fled,  
His revelry atoning;  
With many bitter tears, he made  
A pitiable moaning.  
And "Adelaide," he cried, "my first,  
My true love," without ceasing,  
And wrung his hands, while sudden burst  
A flood of tears increasing.

"Perhaps yet in her mem'ry she  
Leander's name is keeping,  
With sobs and sighs most wofully  
His cruel absence weeping.  
O! could I kiss those tears away  
Approving my affection,  
And of the months of June and May  
Blot out the recollection!

"Alas! alas! who could have thought  
Of such a sad miscarriage!  
The wedding-garments all were bought,  
And waiting for the marriage.  
The bans of wedlock had been cried  
Twice in the church already;  
My bride with tenderness I eyed,  
And said, 'Next week I wed ye.'

"The day was fixed, and to the feast  
The neighbours were invited,  
And with an offering the priest  
Already was requited;  
But now our golden hopes are gone,  
Our airy vision fled is;  
My lovely bride is left alone,  
And dying, if not dead, is."

Nor were his woful cries, I ween,  
By haughty gods neglected,  
But in the distant sea was seen  
A sail, when least expected.  
The captain, pitying his case,  
With welcome summons hail'd him;  
And brought him to the selfsame place,  
Where first the witch beheld him.

Ismene stood quite petrified  
When first she set her eyes on  
The sail, whose winged flight defied  
Pursuit, in the horizon.  
And tore her hair, and beat her breast,  
And scratch'd her visage over,  
And threw her down with grief oppress'd  
Where late had slept her lover.

And spread her broomstick to the wind,  
And o'er the earth did wander,  
But never never could she find  
Again her lost Leander.  
And after many a year had pass'd,  
In many a strange adventure,  
They burnt her for a witch at last,  
And to the devil sent her.



## TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

## SCENES IN JAMAICA.

I CONFESS that I did not promise myself much pleasure from my cruise ashore; somehow or other I had made up my mind to believe, that in Jamaica, putting aside the magnificence and natural beauty of the face of the country, there was little to interest me. I had pictured to myself the slaves—a miserable, squalid, half-fed, ill-clothed, over-worked race—and their masters, and the white inhabitants generally, as an unwholesome-looking crew of saffron-faced tyrants, who wore straw hats with umbrella brims, wide trowsers, and calico jackets, living on pepper pot and land crabs, and drinking sangaree and smoking cigars the whole day; in a word, that all that Bryan Edwards and others had written regarding the civilisation of the West Indies was a fable. But I was agreeably undeceived; for although I did meet with some extraordinary characters, and witnessed not a few rum scenes, yet on the whole I gratefully bear witness to the great hospitality of the inhabitants, both in the towns and in the country. In Kingston the society was exceedingly good, as good, I can freely affirm, as I ever met with in any provincial town anywhere; and there prevailed a warmth of heart, and a kindliness both in the males and females of those families to which I had the good fortune to be introduced, that I never experienced out of Jamaica.

At the period I am describing, the island was in the hey-day of its prosperity, and the harbour of Kingston was full of shipping. I had never before seen so superb a mercantile haven; it is completely land-locked, and the whole navy of England might ride in it commodiously.

On the sea face it is almost impregnable, for it would be little short of a miracle for an invading squadron to wind its way through the labyrinth of shoals and reefs lying off the mouth of it, amongst which the channels are so narrow and intricate, that at three or four points the sinking of a sand barge would effectually block up all

ingress; but, independently of this, the entrance at Port-Royal is defended by very strong works, the guns ranging the whole way across, while, a little farther on, the attacking ships would be exposed to a cross fire from the heavy metal of the Apostles' Battery; and even assuming all these obstacles to be overcome, and the passage into the harbour forced, before they could pass the narrows to get up to the anchorage at Kingston, they would be blown out of the water by a raking fire from sixty pieces of large cannon on Fort Augusta, which is so situated that they would have to turn to windward for at least half an hour, in a strait which at the widest, would not allow them to reach beyond musket-shot of the walls. Fortunately, as yet Mr Canning had not called his New World into existence, and the whole of the trade of Terra Firma, from Porto Cavello down to Chagres, the greater part of the trade of the islands of Cuba and San Domingo, and even that of Lima and San Blas, and the other ports of the Pacific, carried on across the Isthmus of Darien, centred in Kingston, the usual supplies through Cadiz being stopped by the advance of the French in the Peninsula. The result of this princely traffic, more magnificent than that of Tyre, was a stream of gold and silver flowing into the Bank of England, to the extent of three millions of pounds sterling annually in return for British manufactures; thus supplying the sinews of war to the government at home, and besides the advantage of so large a mart, employing an immense amount of British tonnage, and many thousand seamen; and in numberless ways opening up new outlets to British enterprise and capital. Alas! alas! where is all this now? The echo of the empty stores might answer "where!"

On arriving at Kingston, my first object was to seek out Mr \*\*\*, the admiral's agent, and one of the most extensive merchants in the place, in order to deliver some letters to him,

and get his advice as to my future proceedings. Mr Callaloo undertook to be my pilot, striding along a-beam of me, and leaving in his wake two serpentine dottings on the pavement from the droppings of water from his voluminous coat-skirts, which had been thoroughly soaked from his recent ducking.

Every thing appeared to be thriving, and as we passed along, the hot sandy streets were crowded with drays conveying goods from the wharfs to the stores, and from the stores to the Spanish Posadas. The merchants of the place, active, sharp-looking men, were seen grouped under the piazzas in earnest conversation with their Spanish customers, or perched on the top of the bales and boxes just landed, waiting to hook the gingham-coated, Moorish-looking Dons, as they came along with cigars in their mouths, and a train of negro servants following them with fire buckets on their heads, filled with *pesos fuertes*. The appearance of the town itself was novel and pleasing; the houses, mostly of two stories, looked as if they had been built of cards, most of them being surrounded with piazzas from ten to fourteen feet wide, gaily painted with green and white, and formed by the roofs projecting beyond the brick walls or shells of the houses. On the ground-floor these piazzas are open, and in the lower part of the town, where the houses are built contiguous to each other, they form a covered way, affording a most grateful shelter from the sun, on each side of the streets, which last are unpaved, and more like dry river-courses, than thoroughfares in a Christian town. On the floor above, the balconies are shut in with a sort of movable blinds, called "*Jealousies*," like large-bladed Venetian blinds fixed in frames, with here and there a glazed sash to admit light in bad weather when the blinds are closed. In the upper part of the town the effect is very beautiful, every house standing detached from its neighbour, in its little garden filled with vines, fruit-trees, and stately palms, and cocoa-nut trees, with a court of negro houses and offices behind, and a patriarchal-looking draw-well in the centre, generally overshadowed

by a magnificent wild tamarind. When I arrived at the great merchant's place of business, I was shewn into a lofty cool room, with a range of desks along the walls, where a dozen clerks were quill-driving. In the centre sat my man, a small sallow, yet perfectly gentlemanlike personage. "*Dat is massa,*" quoth my black usher. I accordingly walked up to him, and presented my letter. He never lifted his head from his paper, which I had half a mind to resent; but at the moment there was a bustle in the piazza, and a group of navy officers, amongst whom was the admiral, came in. My silent friend was now alert enough, and profuse of his bows and smiles. "*Who have we here? Who is that boy, L—?*" said the admiral to his secretary. "*Young Cringle, sir, the only one except Mr Splinter saved from the Torch; he was first on the Admiralty list 'tother day.*"

"What, the lad Willoughby spoke so well of?"

"The same, sir, he got his promotion by last packet."

"I know, I know. I say, Mr Cringle, you are appointed to the *Firebrand*, do you know that?"

I did not know it, and began to fear my cruise on shore was all up.

"But I don't look for her from Havanna for a month; so leave your address with L—, that you may get the order to join when she does come."

It appeared that I had seen the worst of the agent, for he gave me a very kind invitation to stay some days with him, and drove me home in his ketureen, a sort of sedan chair, with the front and sides knocked out, and mounted on a gig body. Before dinner we were lounging about the piazza, and looking down into the street, when a negro funeral came past, preceded by a squad of drunken black vagabonds, singing and playing on gumbies, African drums, made out of pieces of hollow trees, about six feet long, with skins braced over them, each carried by one man, while another beats it with his open hands. The coffin was borne along on the heads of two negroes—a negro carries every thing on his head, from a bale of goods to a wine-glass or tea-cup. It is a practice for

the bearers, when they come near the house of any one against whom the deceased was supposed to have had a grudge, to pretend that the coffin will not pass by, and in the present case, when they came opposite to where we stood, they began to wheel round and round, and to stagger under their load, while the choristers shouted at the top of their lungs.

"We beg you, shipmate, for come along—do, broder, come away;" then another reel. "What, you no wantee go in a hole, eh? You hab grudge gainst somebody lif here, eh!"—Another devil of a lurch—"Massa \* \* \* housekeeper, eh? Ah, it must be!"—A tremendous stagger—"Oh, Massa \* \* \* dollar for drink; someting to hold play" (negro wake) "in Spring-path," (the negro burying-ground;) "Bediacko say him won't pass less you give it." And here they began to spin round more violently than before; but at the instant a drove of bullocks coming along, they got entangled amongst them, and down went body and bearers and all, the coffin bursting in the fall, and the dead corpse, with its white grave clothes and black face, rolling over and over in the sand amongst the feet of the cattle. It was immediately caught up, however, bundled into the coffin again, and away they staggered, drumming and singing as loudly as before.

The party at dinner was a large one; every thing in good style, wines superb, turtle, &c., magnificent, and the company exceedingly companionable. A Mr Francis Fyall, (a great planting attorney, that is, an agent for a number of proprietors of estates, who preferred living in England, and paying a commission to him for managing in Jamaica, to facing the climate themselves,) to whom I had an introduction, rather posed me, by asking me during dinner, if I would take any thing in the *long way* with him, which he explained by saying he would be glad to take a glass of small beer with me. This, after a deluge of Madeira, Champagne, and all manner of light wines, was rather trying; but I kept my countenance as well as I could. One thing I remember struck me as remarkable, just as we were rising to go to the

drawingroom, a cloud of winged ants burst in upon us through the open windows, and had it not been for the glass shades, would have extinguished the candles; but when they had once settled on the table, they deliberately wriggled themselves free of their wings, as one would cast off a great coat, and crept away in their simple and more humble capacity of creeping things. Next day I went to wait on my relation, Mrs S—; I had had a confoundedly hot walk through the burning sandy streets, and was nearly blinded by the reflection from them, as I ascended the front stairs. There are no carpets in the houses in Jamaica; but the floors, which are often of mahogany, are beautifully polished, and shine like a well-kept dinner table. They are, of course, very slippery, and require wary walking till one gets accustomed to them. The rooms are made exceedingly dark during the heat of the day, according to the prevailing practice in all ardent climates. A black footman, very handsomely dressed, all to his bare legs, (I thought at first he had black silk stockings on,) preceded me, and when he reached the drawingroom door, asked my name. I told him, "Mr Cringle"—whereupon he sung out to my dismay—"Massa Captain Ringtail to wait pan Misses."

This put me out a *little*—especially as I heard some one say—"Captain who—what a very odd name?"

But I had no time for reflection, as I had not blundered three steps out of the glare of the Piazza, into the palpable obscure of the darkened drawingroom, black as night from the contrast, when I capsized headlong over an ottoman in the middle of the apartment, and floundered right into the middle of a group of young ladies, and one or two lapdogs, by whom it was conjointly occupied. Trying to recover myself, I slipped on the glasslike floor, and came down stern foremost, and being now regularly at the slack end, for I could not well get lower, I sat still scratching my caput in the midst of a gay company of morning visitors, enjoying the gratifying consciousness that I was distinctly visible to them, although my dazzled optics could as yet distinguish nothing. To add to my pleasureable sensations, I now

perceived from the coldness of the floor, that in my downfall the catastrophe of my unmentionables had been grievously rent, but I had nothing for it but sitting patiently still amidst the suppressed laughter of the company, until I became accustomed to the twilight, and they, like bright stars, began to dawn on my bewildered senses in all their loveliness, and prodigiously handsome women some of them were, for the Creoles, so far as figure is concerned, are generally perfect, while beautiful features are not wanting, and my travel had reconciled me to the absence of the rose from their cheeks. My eldest cousin Mary (where is there a name like Mary?) now approached, she and I were old friends, and many a junketing we used to have in my father's house during the holidays, when she was a boarding-school girl in England. My hardihood and self-possession returned, under the double gratification of seeing her, and the certainty that my blushes (for my cheeks were glowing like hot iron) could not have been observed in the subdued green light that pervaded the room.

"Well, Tom, since you are no longer dazzled, and see us all now, you had better get up, hadn't you—you see mamma is waiting there to embrace you?"

"Why, I think myself I had better; but when I broached to so suddenly, I split my lower canvass, Mary, and I cannot budge until your mother lends me a petticoat."

"A what? you are crazy, Tom!"—

"Not a whit, not a whit, why I have split my—ahem."

"This is speaking plain, an't it?"

Away tripped the sylph-like girl, and in a twinkling re-appeared with the desired garment, which in a convulsion of laughter she slipped over my head as I sat on the floor; and having fastened it properly round my waist, I rose and paid my respects to my warm-hearted relations. But that petticoat—It could not have been the old woman's, there could have been no such virtue in an old woman's petticoat; no, no, it must either have been a charmed garment, or—or—Mary's own; for from that hour I was a lost man, and the devoted slave of her large black eyes, and high pale forehead. "Oh, murder—

you speak of the sun dazzling, what is it to the lustre of that same eye of yours, Mary?"

In the evening I escorted the ladies to a ball, (by the way, a West India ball-room being a perfect lantern, open to the four winds of heaven, is cooler than a ball-room any where else,) and a very gay affair it turned out to be, although I had more trouble in getting admittance than I bargained for, and was witness to as comical a row (considering the very frivolous origin of it, and the quality of the parties engaged in it) as ever took place even in that peppery country, where, I verily believe, the temper of the people, generous though it be in the main, is hotter than the climate, and that, God knows! is sudoriferous enough. I was walking through the entrance saloon with my fair cousin on my arm, stepping out like a hero to the opening crash of a fine military band, towards the entrance of the splendid ball-room filled with elegant company, brilliantly lighted up and ornamented with the most rare and beautiful shrubs and flowers, which no European conservatory could have furnished forth, and arched overhead with palm branches and a profusion of evergreens, while the polished floor, like one vast mirror, reflected the fine forms of the pale but lovely black-eyed and black-haired West Indian dames, glancing amidst the more sombre dresses of their partners, while the whole group was relieved by being here and there spangled with a rich naval or military uniform. As we approached, a constable put his staff across the doorway.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you are not in full dress."

Now this was the first night whereon I had sported my lieutenant's uniform, and with my gold swab on my shoulder, the sparkling bullion glancing in the corner of my eye at the very moment, my dress-sword by my side, gold buckles in my shoes, and spotless white trowsers, I had, in my innocence, considered myself a deuced killing fellow, and felt proportionably mortified at this address.

"No one can be admitted in trowsers, sir," said the man.

"Shiver my timbers!" I could not help the exclamation, the transac-

tious of the morning crowding on my recollection; "shiver my timbers! is my fate in this strange country to be for ever irrevocably bound up in a pair of breeches?"

My cousin pinched my arm.—"Hush, Tom; go home and get mamma's petticoat."

The man was peremptory; and as there was no use in getting into a squabble about such a trifle, I handed my partner over to the care of a gentleman of the party, who was fortunately accoutred according to rule, and, stepping to my quarters, I equipped myself in a pair of tight nether integuments, and returned to the ball-room. By this time there was the devil to pay; the entrance saloon was crowded with military and naval men, high in oath, and headed by no less a person than a general officer, and a one-armed man, one of the chief civil officers in the place, and who had been a sailor in his youth. I was just in time to see the advance of the combined column to the door of the ball-room, through which they drove the picket of constables like chaff, and then halted. The one-armed functionary, a most powerful and very handsome man, now detached himself from the phalanx, and strode up to the advanced guard of stewards clustered in front of the ladies, who had shrunk together into a corner of the room, like so many frightened hares.

The place being now patent to me, I walked up to comfort my party, and could see all that passed. The champion of the Excluded had taken the precaution to roll up the legs of his trowsers, and to tie them tightly at the knee with his garters, which gave him the appearance of a Dutch skipper; and in all the consciousness of being now properly arrayed, he walked up to one of the men in authority—a small pot-bellied gentleman, and set himself to intercede for the attacking column, the head of which was still lowering at the door. But the little steward speedily interrupted him.

"Why, Mr —, rules must be maintained, and let me see,"—here he peered through his glass at the substantial supporters of our friend,—"as I live, you yourself are inadmissible."

The giant laughed.—"Damn the

body, he must have been a tailor!—Charge, my fine fellows, and throw the constables out of the window, and the stewards after them. Every man his bird; and here goes for my Cock Robin." With that he made a grab at his Lilliputian antagonist, but missed him, as he slid away amongst the women like an eel, while his pursuer, brandishing his wooden arm on high, to which I now perceived, for the first time, that there was a large steel hook appended, exclaimed in a broad Scotch accent, "Ah, if I had but caught the creature, I would have clapt this in his mouth, and played him like a salmon."

At this signal, in poured the mass of soldiers and sailors; the constables vanished in an instant; the stewards were driven back upon the ladies; and such fainting and screaming, and swearing and threatening, and shying of cards, and fixing of time and place for a cool turn in the morning, it had never been my good fortune to witness before or since. My wig! thought I, a precious country, where a man's life may be periled by the fashion of the covering to his nakedness!

Next day, Mr Fyall, who, I afterwards learned, was a most estimable man in substantials, although somewhat eccentric in small matters, called, and invited me to accompany him on a cruise amongst some of the estates under his management. This was the very thing I desired, and three days afterwards I left my kind friends in Kingston, and set forth on my visit to Mr Fyall, who lived about seven miles from town.

The morning was fine as usual, although about noon the clouds, thin and fleecy and transparent at first, but gradually settling down more dense and heavy, began to congregate on the summit of the Liguanea Mountains, which rises about four miles distant, to a height of near 5000 feet, in rear of the town. It thundered too a little now and then in the same direction, but this was an every-day occurrence in Jamaica at this season, and as I had only seven miles to go, off I started in a gig of mine host's, with my portmanteau well secured under a tarpaulin, in defiance of all threatening appearances, crowding sail, and urging the noble roan, that had me in tow, close

upon thirteen knots. I had not gone above three miles, however, when the sky in a moment changed from the intense glare of a tropical noon-tide, to the deepest gloom, as if a bad angel had suddenly overshadowed us, and interposed his dark wings between us and the blessed sun; indeed, so instantaneous was the effect, that it reminded me of the withdrawing of the foot-lights in a theatre. The road now wound round the base of a precipitous spur from the Liguanea Mountains, which, far from melting into the level country by gradual and decreasing undulations, shot boldly out nearly a mile from the main range, and that so abruptly, that it seemed morticed into the plain, like a rugged promontory running into a frozen lake. On looking up along the ridge of this prong, I saw the lowering mass of black clouds gradually spread out, and detach themselves from the summits of the loftier mountains, to which they had clung the whole morning, and begin to roll slowly down the hill, seeming to touch the tree tops, while along their lower edges hung a fringe of dark vapour, or rather shreds of cloud in rapid motion, that shifted about, and shot out and shortened like streamers.

As yet, there was no lightning nor rain, and in the expectation of escaping the shower, as the wind was with me, I made more sail, pushing the horse into a gallop, to the great discomposure of the negro who sat beside me. "Massa, you can't escape it, you are galloping into; don't Massa hear de sound of de rain coming along against de wind, and smell de earthy smell of him like one new made grave?"

"The sound of the rain." In another clime, long, long ago, I had often read at my old mother's knee, "And Elijah said unto Ahab, there is a sound of abundance of rain, prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not; and it came to pass, in the meanwhile, that the heaven was dark with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain."

I looked, and so it was, for in an instant a white sheet of the heaviest rain I had ever seen, (if rain it might be called, for it was more like a water-spout,) fell from the lower edge

of the black cloud; with a strong rushing noise, that increased to a loud roar like that of a waterfall. As it came along, it seemed to devour the rocks and trees, for they disappeared behind the watery screen the instant it reached them. We saw it ahead of us for more than a mile coming along the road, preceded by a black line from the moistening of the white dust, right in the wind's eye, and with such an even front, that I verily believe it was descending in buckets full on my horse's head, while as yet not one drop had reached me. At this moment, the adjutant-general of the forces, Colonel F——, of the Coldstream Guards, in his tandem, drawn by two sprightly blood bays, with his servant, a light boy, mounted Creole fashion on the leader, was coming up in my wake at a spot where the road sank into a hollow, and was traversed by a water course already running knee deep, although dry as a bone but the minute before.

I was now drenched to the skin, the water pouring out in cascades from both sides of the vehicle, when just as I reached the top of the opposite bank, there was a flash of lightning so vivid, accompanied by an explosion so loud and tremendous, that my horse, trembling from stem to stern, stood dead still; the dusky youth by my side jumped out, and buried his snout in the mud, like a porker in Spain nuzzling for acorns, and I felt more queerish than I would willingly have confessed to. I could have knelt and prayed. The noise of the thunder was a sharp ear-piercing crash, as if the whole vault of heaven had been made of glass, and had been shivered at a blow by the hand of the Almighty.

It was, I am sure, twenty seconds before the usual roar and rumbling from the reverberation of the report from the hills, and among the clouds, was heard.

I drove on, and arrived just in time to dress for dinner, but I did not learn till next day, that the flash which paralysed me, had struck dead the Colonel's servant and leading horse, as he ascended the bank of the ravine, by this time so much swollen, that the body of the lad was washed off the road into the

neighbouring gully, where it was found, when the waters subsided, entirely covered with sand. I found the party congregated in the piazza around Mr Fyall, who was passing his jokes, without much regard to the feelings of his guests, and exhibiting as great a disregard of the common civilities and courtesies of life as can be well imagined. One of the party was a little red-faced gentleman, Peregrine Whiffle, Esquire, by name, who, in Jamaica parlance, was designated an *extraordinary* master in Chancery, the overseer of the pen, or breeding-farm, in the great house as it is called, or mansion-house, of which Mr Fyall resided, and a merry, laughing, intelligent, round, red-faced man, with a sort of Duncan Knocker-under nose, through the wide nostrils of which you could see a cable's length into his head; he was either Fyall's head clerk, or a sort of first lieutenant; these personages and myself composed the party. The dinner itself was excellent, although rather of the rough-and-round order; the wines and food intrinsically good; but my appetite was not increased by the exhibition of a deformed, bloated negro child, about ten years old, which Mr Fyall planted at his elbow, and, by way of practical joke, stuffed to repletion with all kinds of food and strong drink, until the little dingy brute was carried out drunk.

The wine circulated freely, and by and by Fyall indulged in some remarkable stories of his youth, for he was the only speaker, which I found some difficulty in swallowing, until at length, on one thumper being tabled, involving an impossibility, and utterly indigestible, I involuntarily exclaimed, "By Jupiter!"

"You want any ting, massa," promptly chimed in the black servant at my elbow, a diminutive kiln-dried old negro.

"No," said I, rather caught.

"Oh, me tink you call for Jupiter."

I looked in the baboon's face—"Why, if I did; what then?"

"Only me Jupiter, at massa sarvice, dat all."

"You are, eh, no great shakes of a Thunderer; and who is that tall square man standing behind your master's chair?"

"Daddy Cupid, massa."

"And the old woman who is carrying away the dishes in the Piazza?"

"Mammy Weenus."

"Daddy Cupid, and Mammy Weenus—Shade of Homer!"

Jupiter, to my surprise, shrunk from my side as if he had received a blow, and the next moment I could hear him communing with Venus in the Piazza.

"For true, dat leetle man of war, Bucra, must be Obeah man; how de debil him come to sabé dat it was stable boy, Homer, who broke de candle shade on massa right hand, dat one wid de piece broken out of de edge;" and here he pointed towards it with his *chin*—a negro always points with his chin.

I had never slept on shore before; the night season in the country in dear old England, we all know, is usually one of the deepest stillness—here it was any thing but still;—as the evening closed in, there arose a loud humming noise, a compound of the buzzing, and chirping, and whistling, and croaking of numberless reptiles and insects, on the earth, in the air, and in the water. I was awakened out of my first sleep by it, not that the sound was disagreeable, but it was unusual; and every now and then a beetle the size of your thumb would bang in through the open window, cruise round the room with a noise like a humming top, and then dance a quadrille with half a dozen bats; while the fire-flies glanced like sparks, spangling the folds of the muslin curtains of the bed. The croak of the tree-toad, too, a genteel reptile, with all the usual loveable properties of his species, about the size of the crown of your hat, sounded from the neighbouring swamp, like some one snoring in the Piazza, blending harmoniously with the nasal concert got up by Jupiter, and some other heathen deities, who were sleeping there almost naked, excepting the head, which every negro swathes during the night with as much flannel and as many handkerchiefs as he can command. By the way, they all slept on their faces—I wonder if this will account for their flat noses.

Next morning we started at daylight, cracking along at the rate of twelve knots an hour in a sort of

gig, with one horse in the shafts, and another hooked on a breast of him to a sort of studding-sail-boom, or outrigger, and followed by three mounted servants, each with a led horse and two sumpter mules.

In the evening we arrived at an estate under his management, having passed a party of maroons immediately before. I never saw finer men—tall, strapping fellows, dressed exactly as they should be, and the climate requires; wide duck trowsers, over these a loose shirt, of duck also, gathered at the waist by a broad leathern belt, through which, on one side, their short cutlass is stuck, and on the other hangs a leathern pouch for ball; a loose thong across one shoulder, supports on the opposite hip a large powder-horn and haversack. This, with a straw-hat; and a short gun in their hand, with a sling to be used on a march, completes their equipment. In better keeping this with the climate, than the padded coats, heavy caps, tight cross-belts, and ponderous muskets of our regulars. As we drove up to the door, the overseer began to bawl, "Boys, boys!" and kept blowing a dog-call. All servants in the country in the West Indies, be they as old as Methuselah, are called Boys. In the present instance, half-a-dozen black fellows forthwith appeared, to take our luggage, and attend on "massa" in other respects. The great man was as austere to the poor overseer, as if he had been guilty of some misdeemeanour, and after a few short, crabbed words, desired him to get supper, "do you hear?"

The meat consisted of plantation fare—salted fish, plantains and yams, and a piece of goat mutton. Another "observe,"—a south-down mutton, after sojourning a year or two here, does not become a goat exactly, but he changes his heavy warm fleece, and wears long hair; and his progeny after him, if bred on the hot plains, never assume the wool again. Mr Fyall and I sat down, and then in walked four mutes, stout young fellows, not overwell dressed, and with faces burnt to the colour of brick-dust. They were the book-keepers, so called because they never see a book, their province being to attend the negroes in the field, and to superintend the manufacture

of sugar and rum in the boiling and distilling-houses.

One of them, the Head Bookkeeper, as he was called, appeared literally roasted by the intensity of the sun's rays. "How is Baldy Steer?" said the overseer to this person.

"Better to-day, sir—I drenched him with train-oil and sulphur."

"The devil you did," thought I—"alas! for Baldy."

"And Mary, and Caroline, and the rest of that lot?"—"Are sent to Perkins's Red Rover, sir; but I believe some of them are in calf already by Bullfinch—and I have cut Peter for the Lampas."

The knife and fork dropped from my hands. What can all this mean? is this their boasted kindness to their slaves? One of a family drenched with train-oil and brimstone, another cut for some horrible complaint never heard of before, called Lampas, and the females sent to the Red Rover, some being in calf already! But I soon perceived that the baked man was the cowboy, or shepherd of the estate, making his report of the casualties amongst his bullocks, mules, and heifers.

"Juliet Ridge will not yield, sir," quoth another. "Who is this next? a stubborn concern *she* must be." "The liquor is very poor." Here he helped himself to rum and water, the rum coming up about an inch in the glass, regular half and half, fit to float a marlinespike.

"It is more than yours is," thought I; and I again stared in wonderment, until I perceived he spoke of the juice of a cane patch.—At this time a tall, lathy gentleman came in, wearing a most original cut coat. He was a most extraordinary built man; he had absolutely no body, his bottom being placed between his shoulders, but what was wanted in corpus was made up in legs, indeed he looked like a pair of compasses, buttoned together at the shoulders, and supporting a yellow fiz half a yard long, thatched with a fell of sandy hair falling down lank and greasy on each side of his face. Fyall called him Buckskin, which, with some other circumstances, made me guess that he was neither more nor less than an American smuggler. After supper, a glass of punch was filled for each person; the overseer gave a rap on



the table with his knuckles, and off started the book-keepers, like shots out of shovels, leaving the Yankee, Mr Fyall, the overseer, and myself, at table.

I was very tired, and reckoned on going to bed now—but no such thing. Fyall ordered Jupiter to bring a case from his gig-box, containing some capital brandy; a new brewage of punch took place, and I found about the small hours, that we were all verging fast towards drunkenness, or something very like that same. The Yankee was specially plied by Fyall, evidently with an object, and he soon succeeded in making him helplessly drunk.

The fun now “grew fast and furious,”—a large wash-tub was ordered in, placed under a beam at the corner of the room, and filled with water; a sack and a three inch rope were then called for, and promptly produced by the Blackies, who, apparently accustomed to Fyall's pranks, grinned with delight.—Buckskin was thrust into the sack, feet foremost; the mouth of it was then gathered round his throat with a string, and I was set to splice a bight in the rope, so as to fit under his arms without running, which might have choked him. All things being prepared, the slack end was thrown over the beam. He was soused in the tub, the word was given to hoist away, and we rau him up to the roof, and then belayed the rope round the body of the overseer, who was able to sit on his chair, and that was all. The cold bath, and the being hung up to dry, speedily sobered the American, but his arms being within the sack, he could do nothing for his own emancipation; he kept swearing, however, and intreating, and dancing with rage, every jerk drawing the cord tighter round the waist of the overseer, who, unaware of his situation, thought himself bewitched as he was drawn with violence by starts along the floor, with the chair as it were glued to him. At length the patient extricated one of his arms, and laying hold of the beam above him, drew himself up, and then letting go his hold suddenly, fairly lifted the drunken overseer, chair and all, several feet from the ground, so as to bring him on a level with himself, and then, in mid air, began to pummel his coun-

terpoise with right good-will. At length, fearful of the consequences from the fury into which the man had worked himself, Fyall and I dashed out the candles, and fled to our rooms, where, after barricading the doors, we shouted to the servants to let the gentlemen down.

The next morning had been fixed for duck-shooting, and the overseer and I were creeping along amongst the mangrove bushes on the shore to get a shot at some teal, when we saw our friend, the pair of compasses, crossing the small bay in his boat towards his little pilot-boat-built schooner, which was moored in a small creek opposite, the brushwood concealing every thing but her masts. My companion, as wild an Irishman as I ever knew, hailed him,—

“Hillo, Obadiah—Buckskin—you Yankee rascal, heave to. Come ashore here—come ashore.”

Obed, smoking his pipe, deliberately uncoiled himself. I thought, as he rose, there was to be no end of him—and stood upright in the boat, like an ill-rigged jury-mast.

“I say, Master Tummas, you ben't no friend of mine, I guess, a'ter last night's work; you hears how I coughs,”—and he began to wheeze and crow in a most remarkable fashion.

“Never mind,” rejoined the overseer; “if you go round that point, and put up the ducks, by the piper, but I'll fire at you!”

Obed neighed like a horse expecting his oats, which was meant as a laugh of derision. “Do you think your birding-piece can touch me here away, Master Tummas?” Whereupon he *nichered* more loudly than before.

“Don't provoke me to try you, you yellow snake, you!”

“Try, and be d—d, and there's a mark for thee,” unveiling a certain part of his body, *not* his face.

The Overseer, or *Busha*, to give him his Jamaica name, looked at me and smiled, then coolly lifted his long Spanish barrel, and fired. Down dropped the smuggler, and ashore came the boat.

“I am mortally wounded, Master Tummas,” quoth Obed; and I was confoundedly frightened at first, from the unusual proximity of the injured part to his head; but the

overseer, as soon as he could get off the ground, where he had thrown himself in an uncontrollable fit of laughter, had the man stripped and laid across a log, where he set his servant to pick out the pellets with a penknife.

Next night I was awakened out of my first sleep by a peculiar sort of tap, tap, on the floor, as if a cat with walnut shells had been moving about the room. The feline race, in all its varieties, is my detestation, so I slipped out of bed to expel the intruder, but the instant my toe touched the ground, it was seized as if by a smith's forceps. I drew it into bed, but the annoyance followed it; and in an agony of alarm and pain, I thrust my hand down, when my thumb was instantly manacled to the other suffering member. I now lost my wits altogether, and roared murder, which brought a servant in with a light, and there I was, thumb and toe, in the clinch of a land-crab.

I had been exceedingly struck with the beauty of the negro villages on the old settled estates, which are usually situated in the most picturesque spots, and I determined to visit the one which lay on a sunny bank, full in view from my window, divided on two sides from the cane pieces by a precipitous ravine, and on the other two by a high logwood hedge, so like hawthorn, that I could scarcely tell the difference, even when close to it.

At a distance it had the appearance of one entire orchard of fruit-trees, where were mingled together the pyramidal orange in fruit and in flower, the former in all its stages from green to dropping ripe,—the citron, lemon, and lime-trees, the stately, glossy-leaved star-apple, the golden shaddock and grape-fruit, with their slender branches bending under their ponderous yellow fruit,—the cashew, with its apple like those of the cities of the plain, fair to look at, but acrid to the taste, to which the far-famed nut is appended like a bud,—the avocado, with its brobdignag pear, as large as a purser's lantern,—the bread-fruit, with a leaf that would have covered Adam like a Bishop's apron, and a fruit for all the world in size and shape like a Blackamoor's head; while for underwood you had the green, fresh, dew-spangled plantain, round which

in the hottest day there is always a halo of coolness,—the coco root, the yam and granadillo, with their long vines twining up the neighbouring trees and shrubs like hop tendrils,—and pease and beans, in all their endless variety of blossom and of odour, from the Lima bean, with a stalk as thick as my arm, to the mouse pea, three inches high,—the pine-apple, literally growing in, and constituting, with its prickly leaves, part of the hedgerows,—the custard apple, like russet bags of cold pudding,—the cocoa and coffee bushes, and the devil knows what all that is delightful in nature besides; while aloft, the tall graceful cocoa-nut, the majestic palm, and the gigantic wild cotton-tree, shot up here and there like minarets far above the rest, high into the blue heavens.

I entered one of the narrow winding footpaths, where an immense variety of convolvuli crept along the penguin fences, disclosing their delicate flowers in the morning freshness, (all that class here shut shop at noon,) and passion flowers of all sizes, from a soup-plate to a thumb ring. The huts were substantially thatched with palm leaves, and the walls woven with a basket work of twigs, plastered over with clay, and white-washed; the floors were of baked clay, dry and comfortable. They all consisted of a hall and a sleeping-room off each side of it; in many of the former I noticed mahogany sideboards, and chairs, and glass decanters, while a whole lot of African drums and flutes, and sometimes a good gun, hung from the rafters; and it would have gladdened an Irishman's heart to have seen the adjoining piggeries. Before one of the houses an old woman was taking care of a dozen black infants, little naked, glossy, black guinea-pigs, with parti-coloured beads tied round their loins, each squatted like a little Indian pagod in the middle of a large wooden bowl, to keep it off the damp ground. While I was pursuing my ramble, a large conch shell was blown at the overseer's house, and the different gangs turned in to dinner; they came along dancing and shouting, and playing tricks on each other in the little paths, in all the happy anticipation of a good dinner, and an hour and a half to eat it in, the men well clad in Osnaburg frocks

and trowsers, and the women in baize petticoats and Osnaburg shifts, with a neat printed calico short gown over all. "And these are slaves," thought I, "*and this is West Indian bondage!* Oh that some of my well-meaning anti-slavery friends were here, to judge from the evidence of their own senses!"

The following night there was to be a grand play or wake in the negro houses, over the head cooper, who had died in the morning, and I determined to be present at it, although the overseer tried to dissuade me, saying that no white person ever broke in on these orgies, that the negroes were very averse to their doing so, and that neither he, nor any of the white people on the estate, had ever been present on such an occasion. This very interdict excited my curiosity still more; so I rose about midnight, and let myself gently down through the window, and shaped my course in the direction of the negro houses, guided by a loud drumming, which, as I came nearer, every now and then sank into a low murmuring roll, when a strong bass voice would burst forth into a wild recitative; to which succeeded a loud piercing chorus of female voices, during which the drums were beaten with great vehemence; this was succeeded by another solo, and so on. There was no moon, and I had to thread my way along one of the winding footpaths by star-light. When I arrived within a stone-cast of the hut before which the play was being held, I left the beaten track, and crept onwards, until I gained the shelter of the stem of a wild cotton tree, behind which I skulked unseen.

The scene was wild enough. Before the door a circle was formed by about twenty women, all in their best clothes, sitting on the ground, and swaying their bodies to and fro, while they sung in chorus the wild dirge already mentioned, the words of which I could not make out; in the centre of the circle sat four men playing on gumbies, or the long drum already described, while a fifth stood behind them, with a conch

shell, which he kept sounding at intervals. Other three negroes kept circling round the outer verge of the circle of women, naked all to their waist cloths, spinning about and about with their hands above their heads, like so many dancing dervishes. It was one of these three that from time to time took up the recitative, the female chorus breaking in after each line. Close to the drummers lay the body in an open coffin, supported on two low stools or tressels; a piece of flaming resinous wood was stuck in the ground at the head, and another at the feet, and a lump of kneaded clay, in which another torch-like splinter was fixed, rested on the breast. An old man, naked like the solo singer, was digging a grave close to where the body lay. The following was the chant:—

"I say, broder, you can't go yet."

CHORUS OF FEMALE VOICES.

"When de morning star rise, den we put you in a hole."

CHORUS.

"Den you go in a Africa, you see Fetish dere."

CHORUS.

"You shall nyam goat dere, wid all your family."

CHORUS.

"Buccra cant come dere; say, dam ras-ca!, why you no work?"

CHORUS.

"Buccra can't catch Duppy,\* no, no."

CHORUS.

Three calabashes, or gourds, with pork, yams, and rum, were placed on a small bench that stood close to the head of the bier, and at right angles to it.

In a little while, the women, singing men, and drummers, suddenly gave a loud shout, or rather yell, clapped their hands three times, and then rushed into the surrounding cottages, leaving the old gravedigger alone with the body.

He had completed the grave, and had squatted himself on his hams beside the coffin, swinging his body as the women had done, and uttering a low moaning sound, frequently ending in a loud *pech*, like that of a pavior when he brings down his rammer.

"I noticed he kept looking towards the east, watching, as I conjectured, the first appearance of the morning star, but it was as yet too early.

He lifted the gourd with the pork, and took a large mouthful.

"How is dis? I cant put dis meat in quacco's coffin, dere is salt in de pork; Duppy can't bear salt," another large mouthful—"Duppy hate salt too much,"—here he ate it all up, and placed the empty gourd in the coffin. He then took up the one with boiled yam in it, and tasted it also.

"Salt here too—who de debil do such a ting?—must not let Duppy taste dat." He discussed this also, placing the empty vessel in the coffin as he had done with the other. He then came to the calibash with the rum. There is no salt there, thought I.

"Rum! ah, Duppy love rum—if it be well strong, let me see—Massa Niger, who put water in a dis rum, eh? Duppy will never touch dat"—a long pull—"no, no, never touch dat." Here he finished the whole, and placed the empty vessel beside the others; then gradually sunk back on his hams with his mouth open, and his eyes starting from the sockets, as he peered up into the tree, apparently at some terrible object. I looked up also, and saw a large yellow snake, nearly ten feet long, let itself gradually down, directly over the coffin, with its tail round a limb of the cotton tree, until its head reached within an inch of the dead man's face, which it licked with its long forked tongue, uttering a loud hissing noise.

I was fascinated with horror, and could not move a muscle; at length the creature swung itself up again, and disappeared amongst the branches.

Quashie gained courage, as the rum began to operate, and the snake to disappear. "Come to catch Quacco's Duppy, before him get to Africa, sure as can be. De metody parson say de devil, old sarbant, dat must be old sarbant, for I never see so big one, so it must be devil."

He caught a glimpse of my face at this moment; it seemed that I had no powers of fascination like the snake, for he roared out, "Murder, murder, de devil, de devil, first like a serpent, den like himself; see him

white face behind de tree; see him white face behind de tree;" and then, in the extremity of his fear, he popt headforemost into the grave, leaving his quivering legs, and feet sticking upwards, as if he had been planted by the head.

A number of negroes ran out of the nearest houses, and, to my surprise, four white seamen appeared amongst them, who, the moment they got sight of my uniform, as I ran away, gave chase, and immediately pinioned me. They were all armed, and I had no doubt were part of the crew of the smuggling schooner, and that they had a depot amongst the negro houses. "Yo ho, my hearty, heave to, or here goes with a brace of bullets."

I told them who I was, and that curiosity alone brought me there.

"Gammon, tell that to the marines; you're a spy, messmate, and on board you go with us, so sure as I be Paul Brandywine."

Here was a change with a vengeance. An hour before I was surrounded by friends, and resting comfortably in my warm bed, and now I was a prisoner to a set of brigands, who were smugglers at the best, and what might they not be at the worst? I had no chance of escape by any sudden effort of strength or activity, for a piece of a handspike had been thrust across my back, passing under both of my arms, which were tightly lashed to it, as if I had been trussed for roasting, so that I could no more run, with a chance of escape, than a goose without his pinions. After we left the negro houses, I perceived, with some surprise, that my captors kept the beaten tract, leading directly to, and past the overseer's dwelling. "Come, here is a chance, at all events," argued I to myself. "If I get within hail, I will alarm the lieges, if a deuced good pipe don't fail me."

This determination had scarcely been framed in my mind, when, as if my very thoughts had been audible, the smuggler next me on the right hand drew a pistol, and held it close to my starboard ear.

"Friend, if you tries to raise the house, or speaks to any Niger, or other person we meets, I'll walk through your skull with two ounces of lead."

"You are particularly obliging."

said I; "but what do you promise yourselves by carrying me off? Were you to murder me, you would be none the richer; for I have no valuables about me, as you may easily ascertain by searching me."

"And do you think that freeborn Americans like we have kidnapped you for your dirty rings, and watch, and mayhap a few dollars, which I takes you to mean by your waluboles, as you calls them?"

"Why, then, *what*, in the devil's name, have you kidnapped me for?" And I began to feel my choler overpowering my discretion, when Master Paul Brandywine, who I now suspected to be the mate of the smuggler, took the small liberty of jerking the landyard, that had been made fast to the middle of the handspike, so violently, that I thought both my shoulders were dislocated; for I was fairly checked down on my back, just as you may have seen a pig-merchant on the Fermoy road bring an uproarious boar to his marrowbones; while the man, who had previously threatened to blow my brains out, knelt beside me, and civilly insinuated, that "if I was tired of my life, he calculated I had better speak as loud again."

There was no jest in all this; so I had nothing for it but to walk silently along with my escort, after having gathered myself up as well as I could. We crept so close under the windows of the overseer's house, where we picked up a lot of empty ankers, slung on a long pole, that I fancied I heard, or really did hear, some one snore—oh how I envied the sleeper! At length we reached the beach, where we found two men lying on their oars, in what, so far as I could distinguish, appeared to be a sharp swift-looking whale boat, which they kept close to, with their head forward, however, to be ready for a start, should any thing suspicious appear close to them.

"The boat-keeper hailed promptly, 'Who goes there,' as they feathered their oars.

"The Tidy little wave," was the answer.

No more words passed, and the men who had, in the first instance, pulled a stroke or two to give the boat way, now backed water, and

tailed her on to the beach, when we all stepped on board.

Two of my captors now took each an oar; we shoved off, and glanced away through the darkness, along the smooth surface of the sparkling sea, until we reached the schooner, by this time hauled out into the fair way at the mouth of the cove, where she lay hove short, with her mainsail hoisted up, riding to the land-wind, and apparently all ready to cant and be off the moment the boat returned.

As we came alongside, the captain of her, my friend Obediah, as I had no difficulty in guessing, from his very out of the way configuration, dark as it was, called out, "I says, Paul, who have you got in the starn-sheets there?"

"A bloody spy, captain; he who was with the overseer when he peppered your sheathing t'other morning."

"Oh, bring him on board—bring him on board. I knows there be a man-of-war schooner close aboard of the island, somewheres hereabouts. I sees through it all, smash my eyes!—I sees through it.—But what kept you, Paul? Don't you see the morning-star has risen."

By this time I stood on the deck of the little vessel, which was not above a foot out of the water; and Obediah, as he spoke, pointed to the small dark pit of a companion, for there was no light below, nor indeed any where on board, except in the binnacle, and that carefully masked, indicating by his threatening manner, that I was to get below as speedily as possible.

"Don't you see the morning-star, sir? Why the sun will be up in an hour, I calculate, and then the sea-breeze will be down on us before we get any thing of an offing."

The mention of the morning-star recalled vividly to my recollection the scene I had so recently witnessed at the negro wake; it seemed there was another person beside poor Quacco, likely to be crammed into a hole before the day broke, and to be carried to Africa, too, for what I knew; but one must needs go when the devil drives, so I slipped down into the cabin, and the schooner having weighed, made sail to the northward.

## M'GREGOR'S BRITISH AMERICA.\*

WE are summoned, by the important labours of Mr M'Gregor, to a duty which has something of a patriotic value at all times, and at this time, for many parts of our domestic empire, something of a local interest—the duty of exposing to British eyes the great field of enterprise which is annually expanding before us in our British American dependencies. Never was so vast a *system* of such dependencies so little known in any national sense, or so inadequately valued. *System* we call them, meaning that, as their natural advantages are gradually coming forward to our knowledge, they betray such several and partial endowments of wealth and situation, as prove them to have been designed for mutual dependence and co-operation: singly, they are all weak; jointly, they compose the framework of a strong empire. Were it, indeed, possible [we abominate so sad an augury] that the mixed polity of our glorious country should ever be dissolved by the efforts of anarchy taking the shape of reformation, or that, by any other unhappy revolutions, the House of Brunswick (like that of Braganza) should be expatriated and thrown upon its American possessions, we affirm that a powerful empire might be developed to the north of the United States, out of no other rudiments than those which at present compose our colonial territory on the American continent. The simple discovery in Nova Scotia of coal fitted for the steam-engine [which the *anthracite* coal of the United States notoriously is not],—this one discovery, in connexion with that of iron-mines in the same province, at one blow lays the foundations—broad and deep—of power and commercial pre-eminence. Coal and iron are the two pillars on which our domestic grandeur has rested. The same elements of power, unfolded under the same protection of equal laws [for, excepting Canada, the British jurisprudence has every where taken root

in our Transatlantic realm], will doubtless tend to results the same in kind, however differing in degree, on the gulf of St Lawrence as on the Thames or on the Clyde. One danger only would threaten such a consummation—the possible want of a sufficient internal cohesion. Left to themselves, several provinces might find a momentary interest, or might imagine a lasting one, in disclaiming their British allegiance; and might pass over to the Federal Union of the great American Republic. But exactly this danger it is for which we have it in our power to provide by good policy, by paternal government, and by those institutions for nursing a civic and patriotic spirit, which hitherto we have but too much neglected. Even the use of the French language in the Canadas has been too indulgently treated by the British government. Of all barriers in the way of civic sympathy and unity of national feeling, language is the most difficult to surmount. But in three-fourths of a century, by means of schools, and by provisions for annexing important civil privileges to the use of the English language, much might have been accomplished. Much may yet be accomplished; and something, indeed, *has* been accomplished by the general equity of our government in the midst of its many errors. It is probable, also, that the tide of emigration being in so large an over-balance British, may have the effect of diffusing and sustaining a British state of political feeling. British, we say, as not easily perceiving under what other name or presiding influence it would be possible to create such a unity of feeling amongst these provinces as would avail to bind them into one federal whole. However, if any other principle of cohesion could be found, and by whatsoever means, if the end were but attained of knitting these provinces into one political system, pursuing the same interests, and animated by one national feeling, they have, we repeat,

\* *British America*. By John M'Gregor, Esq. In two volumes. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood. London: T. Cadell.

within them and amongst them the stamina of a powerful state, equal to all purposes of self-defence. In mere extent of territory, could that be appealed to as a fair exponent of their importance, they would be entitled to take rank as a first-rate power. How magnificent a country must that appear, one of whose lakes is 480 miles long, and pretty nearly the same breadth, and whose principal river pursues a course of 3000 miles! How impressive, again, to hear of a single province (that of Labrador) "equal in square miles to France, Spain, and Germany!" It is true, that this vast province is miserably sterile wherever it has been examined, and does not support a *resident* population of more than 4000 souls. But in these regions nature has so regulated her compensations, that what the land in some parts refuses the sea makes good. Along the coast even of this inhospitable region, 300 schooners, manned by 20,000 British subjects, are annually employed in fishing; and the estimated value of the total produce is considerably above a quarter of a million sterling. Other fisheries in this same region are of such surpassing importance, that, according to the opinion of many able men, (of whom Mr M'Gregor is one,) without them Great Britain never could have attained that naval supremacy which has so repeatedly been applied to the salvation of Europe. Even at present, when they are necessarily considered "in their infancy," these North American possessions support a population of 1,350,000 people. And that, which they may be made capable of supporting, "by cultivation and improvement," Mr M'Gregor estimates at thirty millions; "and, including the countries west of the great lakes, at probably more than fifty millions."

The aggregate register tonnage of all the shipping employed to and from, or in any way on account of, these North American colonies, is not less than 780,000 tons; and the number of sailors and fishermen employed, at least 65,000. The estimated value (considerably below the *real* value) of the British exports to these colonies, is annually about two millions and a half sterling; and the fixed capital (including the cattle) which they possess, is estima-

ted at forty-two millions and a half sterling.

Of a colonial empire, thus far developed already, and potentially so unspeakably magnificent, we might presume that some knowledge would be pretty generally diffused in this country. Yet so far otherwise is this, that Mr M'Gregor is obliged to tax even our government with the most scandalous ignorance of every thing relating to these colonies, their interests, and their most notorious characteristics. The most injurious manifestation of this ignorance appeared in the general treaty of peace which followed the overthrow of Napoleon, of which more hereafter. But a more ludicrous instance is the following, recorded by Mr M'Gregor. We have all heard of the sapient factor who sent out a cargo of warming-pans to Brazil (in which, by the way, the blunder was not absolutely indefensible, hot climates having sometimes chilly nights); but in the following case, [vol. ii. p. 533.] our government seem to have planned an illustration, upon a large scale, of *sending coals to Newcastle*. "Beside the vast expenditure of the commissariat department, the preparations for naval warfare were managed in the most extravagant manner. The wooden work of the *Psyche* frigate was sent out from England to a country where it could be provided on the spot in one-tenth of the time necessary to carry it from Montreal to Kingston, and at one-twentieth part of the expense. Even wedges were sent out; and, to exemplify more completely the information possessed at that time by the admiralty, *a full supply of water-casks were [was] sent to Canada for the use of the ships of war on Lake Ontario, where it was only necessary to throw a bucket overboard with which to draw up water of the very best quality.*" Wood exported from England to Canada! and water exported from Downing Street to Lake Ontario! Is this possible? And could Sir James Yeo, who doubtless had many an audience at the Admiralty, furnish no better advice? But let the truth be told. Our own British Cabinet, at all times the most honourable and the best educated in Europe, has the least benefit of what we may call a professional appren-

ticeship. No where will you find ministers with one half of their general knowledge. But the specific knowledge of their stations—where should they gain it? At the universities they learn what gives expansion and elevation to their minds, but nothing which presupposes any particular destination of their powers in the paths of real life. Now, on the Continent the case is otherwise. There the education of statesmen is purely diplomatic; and, having little to do with transatlantic politics, or generally with colonial politics, they have, by comparison with British statesmen, two great advantages:—the professional knowledge required of them is less; and secondly, it is regularly taught to them in early youth. Continental statesmen receive a *professional* education. But with us, education is in the widest and vaguest sense general; and practical life, upon which is devolved, in England, the whole burden of tuition as regards the duties of a statesman, brings with it too many distractions of its own to allow of any tranquil studies. Moreover, in candour, it ought not to be forgotten that a British statesman has a much wider cycle of duties, and a catechism of political knowledge much ampler to traverse, than his brother-statesman on the Rhine or the Elbe. One half of his energies is spent upon the management of a popular assembly; this, in the first place. And secondly, he has a colonial duty to learn, and a colonial interest to administer, which to his continental brother (if we except a very few of the Southern European states) have no sort of existence. Our Oriental colonies, it is true, do not make any large demands on the time of ministers at home; mere distance forbids *that*. But all those on this side the Cape of Good Hope, and especially the West Indies, have, in our days, occupied and harassed our domestic government even more than our domestic affairs.

This palliation, however, in one view, is but an aggravation of the blame in another; for, if Colonial affairs are amongst the burdens which oppress them, the more imperatively should it weigh upon their consciences to make themselves acquainted with the relations of these colonies

to European politics and their real interests. Yet, from Mr M'Gregor's work, we collect every where that their policy has been at the best wavering and indecisive, and, in some instances, fatally blind; of which we cannot need a better evidence than the fact of their having, by express treaty, co-operated in the re-establishment of the French at the entrance of the St Lawrence; thus wilfully restoring a baleful influence, whose expulsion from those regions makes so memorable a page in our British Colonial history.

Such being the darkness which prevails even in the highest quarters upon these great interests, we have all reason for peculiar gratitude to any writer who labours effectually to disperse it. That task is neither easy nor pleasant: it can rest securely only upon strong arguments supported by numerous facts, and upon facts in the largest extent improved into their true bearing by arguments the strongest. A book of mere statistics is blind; a book of mere reasoning is weak. In the first, very few readers can find their road; in the second, where the road is officiously pointed out, the reader distrusts his guide. Mr M'Gregor's book is, in this respect, constructed upon the right plan. It is not, as might perhaps have been expected in a case where details so copious had been collected so laboriously, a book stuffed merely with the dry bones of statistics. Yet, on the other hand, the opinions and leading doctrines of the writer are every where sufficiently supported by massy facts and numerical calculations—giving a basis to what otherwise were pure hypothesis, and bringing within the light of palpable evidence what might else have appeared mere conjectural speculation. Coming at this time, such a book discharges a critical service. For the colonies of British America are now making gigantic strides, such as will soon antiquate and superannuate the feeble and indeterminate policy which has hitherto conducted their affairs in the British Cabinet; and it is only in the interval between wars, that any powerful efforts can be made at home for breathing a new life into the councils which should watch over their development.



It is more for her own sake than for any danger which her influence, howsoever abused, can ultimately menace these colonies, that we have reason to pray for the triumph of sound counsels in this chapter of the British policy. The loss of so important a limb as her North American provinces, would inflict a heavy wound upon the reputation of England, and the European estimate of her power. *She* would suffer; but on *them* such a separation would fall lightly. They would soon manifest their self-sufficing powers for repelling aggression, and for exercising all the functions of an independent state. To them no power could be really formidable in a military sense, except the great Republic on their frontiers. But as her purpose could be no other than that of incorporation into her own federal system, there would be no reason for apprehending a sanguinary war of devastation. France, from the advantages of her position amongst the parties concerned, might sow momentary dissensions by means of intrigues. But eventually it would be the great domineering interests on each side which would determine the result; and both parties would make their final election with the dignity of an independent choice, and according to the pure balance of political interest. England, therefore, apart, there is not much to chequer the prospects, or to throw gloom upon the *external* relations, of these provinces. It is, therefore, by a double obligation the duty of a power which stands in this predicament, and holds its influence by a sort of filial sufferance and prescriptive reverence, to wield it for none but the most benevolent purposes, and in a spirit of parental tenderness. Towards this (as indeed towards any consistent) end, the first step is—to make ourselves well acquainted with the real interest of the provinces which we are undertaking to benefit and foster. Without us they have sufficient *internal* sources of prosperity: let us be cautiously on our guard that they lose none through our interference.

On such a line of policy perhaps no book, before Mr M'Gregor's, could furnish us with any adequate assistance. *His* challenges our especial notice from this cause—that it

is thoroughly comprehensive. Any former work that we know of, supposing even that its information were sufficiently recent, is liable to this great objection—that, by confining itself to one province or two at the most, it foregoes the possibility of rising to a general survey of the foreign relations which connect the whole of these provinces with Great Britain and Europe. Viewed as an aggregate, our North American colonies present a character and a political position which cannot be ascribed to any one of them individually. And it is necessary that they should be considered collectively, in order to appreciate the importance which even each singly may attain. Nova Scotia, for instance, taken separately, and resting on her own resources, will hardly be supposed entitled to any very magnificent prospects; yet, as Mr M'Gregor observes, so great is her capacity for a higher destiny in combination with a state already powerful—that she alone, by supplying one capital want, would render the great American Republic independent of Europe. All of these provinces in fact have some natural adaptation to the imperfection of each other. And this it is which makes a comprehensive view, like that before us, no less essential to the truth and accuracy of the several parts than of the total result. In point of correctness also, as respects the great mass of the information furnished, we may presume Mr M'Gregor to have had one advantage peculiar to himself—that much of it has been obtained from the records of the Chamber of Commerce in Halifax, an authentic source of such details not previously laid open to any traveller.

In the first, or Introductory Book, Mr M'Gregor gives a general sketch of American History, from the period of its discovery. This was perhaps necessary to impress an air of completeness and rotundity on his plan; yet, in this part of his work, he travels over ground which has been trodden by so many predecessors, that it was scarcely possible within his limits to bring forward much absolute novelty. In one point, however, the spirit of reciprocal feeling between this country and America in general, we are glad to find

him taking a tone which has unfortunately been too little familiar to our printed works on America, though it tallies with all that we have heard in conversation from grave and temperate travellers:—"It is common to believe," says he, "that the Americans cherish a bitter hatred to the people of England. Many circumstances have certainly planted sentiments of dislike to England, or more properly to the government, pretty generally among the citizens of the United States: but they are, notwithstanding, more kind to Englishmen individually than to the people of any other country. I may also observe further, that there is much truth in a reply made to me by a member of the Legislature of Maine, when conversing with him on the subject: 'Sir,' he said, 'if I were to punish men for abusing countries, I would first knock down the person who stigmatized my own, and immediately after the one that abused yours; and you may depend upon it, sir, that the feeling is more general amongst us than even we ourselves think.'" Mr McGregor justly goes on to account for this secret leaning to England, from the common literature—the common language—and, until lately, the common history—which connect them with the country.

In the Second Book it is that Mr McGregor, properly speaking, opens his subject. The British possessions in North America, are the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward; together with the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and the Canadas. Three less considerable possessions we omit—viz. Anticosti, Labrador, and the territory west of Hudson's Bay, the first as deficient in extent, and all as deficient in population. To each of the more important possessions Mr McGregor dedicates a book: we shall follow him according to the order of his own arrangement.

At the outset of the subject, it is painful to find that the very boundary line which separates us from the United States, has been left open to endless dissensions, by the mere ignorance and carelessness of the British Commissioners. The question was—to determine what river had originally been designated by

the name of the St Croix. A short investigation would have cleared up that point in a sense favourable to this country. But to save a little personal trouble, this was resigned to the interpretation of the American party: and thus to evade a day's litigation, matter has been left for future wars, the territory in dispute being of first-rate importance to either side of the frontier; for, in extent, it is not less than seven millions of acres, and in fertility it is almost unrivalled.

In characterising the general aspect of American scenery in these northern regions, Mr McGregor notices, with the surprise which belongs to such a feature of disproportion, the dwarfish size of the mountains, few of which are so high as some in Great Britain. The White Mountains in Hampshire, it is true, ascend to an elevation of 6800 feet, and the Rocky Mountains to nine or even eleven thousand feet—a Pyrenean altitude: but they constitute a solitary exception. The highest part of the Alleghanies is but 2958 feet above the level of the sea; and no mountain to the north of the St Lawrence, not even the Algonquin, is reputed much above 2000 feet high. Dr Johnson said of Miss Knight, the author of *Dinardas*, upon hearing of her intention to settle in France, that she was in the right; for that "she was too big for an island." And, seriously, such puny hills as these seem too little for a continent. In reality, it is the lakes and the forests which compose the noble part of the American scenery. With respect to these last, Mr McGregor affirms—"that it is impossible to exaggerate their autumnal beauty; nothing under heaven can be compared to its effulgent grandeur. Two or three frosty nights in the decline of autumn, transform the verdure of a whole empire into every possible tint of scarlet, rich violet, every shade of blue and brown, vivid crimson, and glittering yellow. The stern inexorable fir tribes alone maintain their external sombre green. All others, in mountains or in valleys, burst into the most glorious vegetable beauty, and exhibit the most splendid and most enchanting panorama on earth."

Mr McGregor's sketch of the zoo-

logy of these regions, is executed with a happy selection of circumstances. But he is mistaken in supposing it to be not generally known, that the characteristic superiority of American birds is in the splendour of their plumage, whilst those of Europe find a natural compensation in the beauty of their song; this distinction is familiar to most people, and, in fact, is noticed in as common and as early a book as Thomson's Seasons.

In the Chapter on the Climatology of North America, we find it remarked, that the winter is commonly supposed to be shorter and milder than a century or two ago. And this effect, supposing it to have a real existence, is ascribed to the progress made in throwing open and clearing away the woods. But Sir Alexander M'Kenzie, the American traveller, than whom no man was more competent to speak on that question, denied the tendency of such changes to produce any result of the kind; and the result itself, as a mere fact, is made very questionable by Mr M'Gregor, who cites some anecdotes, which do certainly throw much doubt upon the statements commonly received. The most disagreeable peculiarity of the climate, if it ought not more probably to be charged upon the diet or other habits of life, presents itself in the premature decay of the teeth. "It is truly distressing," says the author, "to see a blooming maid of eighteen, or a young wife, either without front teeth, or with such as are black and decayed."

The first of our North American possessions, which Mr M'Gregor treats of circumstantially, is Newfoundland. To this he assigns his Third Book. It seems strange that this island, though the first discovered of our possessions, should be the least known; and it is still stranger to add, that, until a very few years since, the interior had never been explored by Europeans.

The two points most notoriously interesting in the circumstances of Newfoundland are its dogs, and its great fishing bank. With regard to the former, it appears to be true (as we had often heard) that the dogs, valued as the Newfoundland breed in this country, are not of the genuine race. Though a cross, however, they

are admitted to be in the highest degree valuable.

The Great Bank is in every view one of the most astonishing phenomena on our planet. In length it is 600 miles, in breadth about 200. Some have imagined that it was originally an island, whose pillars had been shaken by an earthquake, and had in consequence given way. Others suppose that it has been formed by accumulations of sand carried along by the Gulf-stream, and arrested by the currents of the north. It appears, however, to be one mass of solid rock. The Gulf-stream, by the way, is in itself a very interesting feature of these seas. The current is so powerful as to retard a vessel on its outward voyage from Europe from forty to sixty miles a day; whilst on a homeward voyage it increases the rate of sailing so much, that the sailors say they are "going down hill" when they are returning to Europe.

There is one page in the History of Newfoundland which is fitted to awake a more distressing and perplexing interest than any the most impressive of those innumerable records which trace the downward career of the poor perishing aboriginal tribes of the New World, in their vain conflict with white invaders. The details of this case, as they are brought together from a great variety of sources by Mr M'Gregor, are not less stimulating to our curiosity than they are distressing, and sometimes even revolting to our humanity: they are attractive from the circumstances of mystery which still hang about the closing scenes of the tragedy, and yet, deeply repulsive from the dishonour which they attach at every step to countrymen of our own, professors of civilisation and Christian truth. The original inhabitants of Newfoundland, at the period of its earliest discovery, were a tribe of savages distinguished by the name of Red Indians. This was their appellation amongst Europeans, and was derived from the circumstance of their being painted universally with red ochre. But they styled themselves *Baethics*. Even at this early period it is probable that some foundation had been already laid of that jealous hatred which has ever since marked their intercourse with strangers; for,

in 1574, when Martin Frobisher was driven upon their coast by ice, he sent five of his sailors ashore in the company of a native, whom he had persuaded to come on board him. These five sailors were never more heard of; and Frobisher retaliated by carrying off an Indian, who died shortly after his arrival in England. Acts, such as these, of reciprocal outrage and injustice, compose the links of a chain which has been propagated from that time to this in one unbroken line of succession; for, through a space of nearly three centuries, the hand of these poor Bœothics has been against every man, and every man's hand against them. Presenting a character of fierce inhospitality to strangers, they have been generally regarded as absolutely irreclaimable, and incapable of any impression favourable to the views of their civilized neighbours. Yet even in the earliest stages of our intercourse with them, they must have exhibited a happier phasis of character to more equitable observers: for Whithourne, in 1620, speaks of the "poor infidel natives of Newfoundland" as "ingenious, and apt, by a moderate and discreet government, to become obedient." However, unfortunately for all parties, none but the fiercer and more intractable features of their character were brought forward by the circumstances of their position. The neighbours, amongst whom their evil destiny had thrown them, civilized and uncivilized alike, all acted in a spirit of lawless spoliation; and for nearly three centuries these poor people were hunted like wild beasts both by their brother savages and by the European settlers.

For the next 130 years, after Whithourne's book, that is, from 1620 to 1750, the scanty annals of this unhappy people, as respects their *external* relations, that is to say, their relations to ourselves, Englishmen and Christians, yield one unvarying report: "*they were frequently shot by the fishermen and furriers*. That," says Mr McGregor, "is all we can trace of the history of the tribe." It may be supposed that no people, red or white, will be apt to discover any law of nature which should point it out as the primary purpose of their earthly existence to offer a mark to

British rifles. Occasionally, we may well believe, there would be retaliation, as opportunities might chance to offer. And it is recorded, that in the lapse of these 130 years the Bœothics "were in the habit of coming suddenly from the unfrequented parts, and stealing nets, iron, or whatever they could lay their hands on." In fact, to shoot or to be shot, to rob or to be robbed, composed at this era the practical *vade-mecum* for the life of a Bœothic—the two tables of his law and morality.

Thus passed a period of more than two centuries, filled with bloodshed and misery; outrage without provocation in the van, and revenge creeping stealthily in the rear. It is the sad effect of any solitary act of violence perpetrated in the very threshold of our intercourse with a savage nation incapable of communication by writing, that inevitably, and by a mistaken obligation of duty, it provokes some corresponding act of retaliation: and as this is seldom referred to its true and original cause, (forgotten perhaps or never generally known,) standing in a state of insulation, and viewed simply for itself, this act of pure revenge, that is, (according to Lord Bacon's remark,) of "wild natural justice," passes for a wanton ebullition of wild natural malice. Nay, it will often happen from circumstances, that it will pass for an indication of treachery; for savage warfare being reduced very much to a contest of stratagem and ambush, wheresoever an act of violence is otherwise justified to an Indian's conscience, it will but appear the more meritorious for being connected with circumstances of surprise and deception. Revenge, in his morality, is good, unconditionally; revenge, into which stratagem enters as an element, and where the victim is trepanned by disarming his suspicions, comes recommended by an additional grace of scientific execution. Allowance must be made for that characteristic part of Indian ethics which has grown out of his situation, and which is consecrated to his judgment by the immemorial usage of his ancestors. Whilst upon this ground also, we may notice one oversight common to all the great voyagers, Cook even, and those who have been the most judicious and

equitable in estimating uncivilized nature :—Theft, so generally practised upon their European visitors by savages, these voyagers have all appraised according to the tariff of our domestic morality. Now, it ought to have been remembered that, every tribe of savages viewing itself as an independent nation, and in some respects justly so,—it will follow that every case of intercourse between themselves and the European tribe who visit them in ships, rises to the dignity of an international act; and whatsoever rules apply to their intercourse with any other independent tribe, must in their minds be applicable to the case between themselves and the nautical visitors. It cannot be doubted, then, that savages have often viewed themselves as in a belligerent state with their visitors, only not openly proclaimed, but conducted by mutual stratagem. Whatever rights are supposed to be conferred by such a state, doubtless they claim tacitly, and imagine to be tacitly understood; and amongst the rights of war, on its most honourable footing in the savage estimate of honour, stratagem (as we have observed above) holds a foremost rank. But, if this were otherwise, and supposing even that acts of theft, under the circumstances stated, were held to be criminal, still it should not have been overlooked that the criminality will not take that ignominious shape with which it is invested by our code of petty police, but will rise (as we have said) to the dignity of an international act of spoliation. Hence, the explanation of a fact which has raised much astonishment, that even chieftains, otherwise of elevated and noble sentiments, should sometimes in the Pacific Islands have been found capable of abetting acts of petty theft (as they would seem to us) by connivance, or even by direct personal participation.

This translation into a higher and more dignified jurisdiction of all acts of intercourse between themselves and their European visitors, agreeably to which they are universally raised from a municipal to an international rank, is in itself very natural; and, amongst other effects naturally derived from it, which has been equally overlooked, we may reckon this—that what would have seemed

to us mere personal or individual wrongs, have been treasured up in the recollections of Indian tribes, and traditionally propagated to remote generations, as wrongs between nation and nation, and devolving therefore upon the whole tribe a sacred duty of revenge, subsisting even after the injured individual or his family might long have passed away. Sometimes, therefore, it will doubtless have happened, that ferocious outrages upon unoffending white men, which have appeared to us demoniacally wanton and capricious, are referred back by Indian consciences to some yet unavenged case of European outrage, traditionally sent down perhaps from some past generation.

With such bloody recollections, therefore, attached to such stern duties of retribution, and these continually refreshed by new violences and wrongs, multiplied in every direction as European colonization continued to advance and to molest them, it cannot be wondered that the Bœothics should have retired into the thickest cloisters of what they viewed as their own forests, and should have signalized their occasional emersions (so to speak) into the light of the sea-coast by sanguinary memorials of their wrath—doubtless meant by them as speaking and lively protestations against that unmerited persecution which had dogged them for centuries, which had gradually chased them in like wild beasts to their lairs, and had placed their “free unhousted condition” within the circumscription of so many foxes’ covers. In this spirit we must interpret their else diabolical conduct, about the year 1750, when an effort was made on the part of government to draw them out to an amicable intercourse. Connecting, as they must have done, the outrages of many generations, and the private marauders who had committed them, with one general system of white men in league against red men,—it was natural that they should view such efforts as belonging to the same chain of purposes acting by a change in the means. Treachery such efforts must have seemed to them, immediate or final; and by treachery they thought themselves entitled to countermine treachery. In pursuance of the governor’s plans, “one Scott, a shipmaster,

with some others, went from St John's (the capital) to the Bay of Exploits, where they built a place of residence, much in the manner of a fort. Some days afterwards, a party of Indians appeared, and halted near the place. Scott proceeded unarmed to them, contrary to the advice of his people; shook hands with them, and mixed among them. An old man, who pretended friendship, put his arms round Scott's neck, when another immediately stabbed him in the back. The horrible yell, or war-whoop, immediately resounded; a shower of arrows fell upon the English, which killed five of them; and the rest fled to their vessel, carrying off one of those who had been killed—with several arrows sticking in his body."

This bloody answer to the governor's pacific overtures, in which, undoubtedly, the Indians conceived themselves to have revenged ancient treasons, and to have forestalled others in reversion, again closed the gates upon all prospect of accommodation. Two generations of fresh atrocities succeeded half a century of darkness and of guilt, during which the Bœothics continued (in Mr M'Gregor's words) "to be hunted and shot like foxes, by the northern furriers and fishermen." But who, meantime, was governor? Was it possible, the reader will ask indignantly, that a British governor should look passively upon such enormities? We may be sure that the very feeblest of our governors would *not*. Duff, Montague, and other governors, did their utmost to protect the poor Indians. But their utmost was confined to proclamations. And those, under the circumstances of the colony—a slender population, and scarcely the rudiments of a police, were a mere willow sceptre of authority against the licentious appetites for blood of monsters, who had been swept out of the very kennels of great Euro-

pean cities, and whose very excess of ignorance armed them with cruel contempt against a race of poor savages, whom they classed with the beasts of chase. "The destruction of the Red Indians," says Mr M'Gregor, "appeared to afford them as much sport as hunting beavers."

In this hideous condition of triumphant wrong, and of extermination, gradually eating its way into the heart of the once numerous nation, matters continued for the next fifty and odd years. But early in the present century, accident seemed to offer an opening for another attempt at conciliation. Lord Gambier had offered a reward for the capture of a native. Stimulated by this, in 1803, one Cull, a fisherman, surprised a Bœothic woman, "whilst paddling her canoe towards a small island in quest of birds' eggs." This woman was taken to St John's, and kindly treated by the governor. She was advanced in years; and nothing is recorded of her habits or feelings, except that "she admired the epaulets of the officers more than any thing she saw," and that under every sort of temptation "she would never let her fur dress go out of her hands." In pursuance of the policy which had led to her capture, she was sent back, loaded with presents, "to the woods whence she came." She was placed under the guidance of Cull, the man who surprised her: and what became of her—has never been learned. Under these circumstances, it is not very wonderful\* that Lieutenant Chapell, in his book upon these colonies, should have charged Cull with having murdered her. The amount of public belief on this subject, however, is merely negative—viz. that in some way or other, she never rejoined her tribe. And if she had, Mr M'Gregor is of opinion, that the jealousy of the Indians would have interfered with any good re-

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\* Whether probable or not, however, it seems, that in certain latitudes, Lieutenant Chapell would find this charge not particularly safe. For a correspondent of Mr M'Gregor's, in answer to some enquiries of his about this old woman, says—"I take it for granted, that the old woman never joined her tribe, whatever became of her: but if the man who charged Cull with her murder ever comes within the reach of Cull's gun, [and a long duck gun it is, that cost L.7 at Fogo,] he is as dead as *any of the Red Indians that Cull has often shot.*" The mode of valuing the certainty of Lieutenant Chapell's death does not seem particularly unfavourable to the probability of his assertion.

sult that might else have been anticipated.

This attempt having failed, in six years after Government made another. In 1809, they sent a ship to Exploits' Bay, under the command of a lieutenant; and, by way of remedying the defect which was apprehended in all means of oral communication, this officer carried with him a sort of hieroglyphic painting—"representing the officers of the royal navy shaking hands with an Indian chief; a party of sailors laying parcels of goods at his feet; Indians—men and women—presenting furs to the officers; an European and Indian mother looking at their respective children of the same age, and a sailor courting an Indian girl." All this labour of preparation, however, was rendered abortive; for the expedition did not so much as meet with any members of the tribe.

In this one respect, the next mission, under the orders of Lieutenant Buchan, in a schooner of his Majesty's, had better success. In other points it was more tragically unfortunate. In 1805-6, Lieutenant Buchan effected an interview with the natives; and persuaded two of them to return with him to a depot of baggage in his rear, where his presents were laid up: not, however, without leaving amongst the Indians, two marines of his own party as hostages for their friends. *Why*—is not stated, (but it must be presumed that Lieutenant Buchan had a strong justification to plead,) the time fixed by that officer for his return was not punctually kept. The consequences were fatal: instructed by endless experience to be suspicious, the Bæothics looked upon this delay as treachery, and actually "tore the heads of the marines from their bodies." On Lieutenant Buchan's return to the ground, the hostages escaped to the woods, so that even the single benefit was thus lost, which might have been reaped, from contrasting our treatment of prisoners, after recent provocation, with their own. He soon after found the bodies of the marines, the Indians "*having run off with the heads*."

No further communication was opened with this extraordinary tribe until the winter of 1819, when a party of furriers met a Bæothic

woman and two men. The woman they took prisoner: "but her husband, who became desperate, and determined to rescue her single-handed, was most cruelly shot by the brutal party! He was a most noble-looking man, about six feet high." The other man was also shot. But the woman, whom they called Mary March, from the month in which this tragedy was acted, was carried to St John's, and, in the following winter, sent back to the parts frequented by her tribe, under the care of Captain Buchan. She died on board his vessel; but he carried her body to a place within the haunts of her countrymen, and there left it in a coffin. It has since appeared that the natives observed these motions of Captain Buchan's; and that, having taken away the body of Mary March, they laid it by the side of her husband.

In the winter of 1823 occurred the last communication that has been had with this people; and very probably the last that ever will be had. Three women, at that period, gave themselves up in a starving condition to a party of furriers: one of these died of consumption, in a hospital at St John's, a year or two ago. A few days before, and in the same neighbourhood, "two English furriers shot a man and woman of the tribe, who were approaching them, apparently in the act of soliciting food. The man was first killed: and the woman, in despair, remained calmly to be fired at, when she was also shot through the back and chest, and immediately expired." The account of this affair, which there is now reason to think exterminated the last remnants of this ancient nation, was communicated to Mr M'Gregor's informant, by the very hell-bound who committed the murders.

Some years after this a society was formed at St John's, calling itself the Bæothic Institution, with the general purpose of investigating the antiquities of this people, and the more immediate one of opening an intercourse with any of their number who might yet survive. In autumn of 1827, a Mr Cormack conducted an expedition into their country, with the view of pushing all the objects for which the institution had been formed. In this search for antiquities, he was not altogether unsuc-

cessful: but, as to the people themselves, he could find none:—"My party," says he, "had been so excited, so sanguine, and so determined, to obtain an interview of some kind with these people, that on discovering from appearances every where around us—that the Red Indians, the terror of the Europeans, as well as of the other Indian inhabitants of Newfoundland, no longer existed, the spirits of one and all of us were very deeply affected." A line of country, forty miles at least in extent, was found occupied with the fences prepared by the *Bœothics*, for stopping the deer in their periodical migrations from different regions of the island: no better proof could be given of their demand for food, and consequently of their great numbers, even in very recent times. But at this period, the whole of these vast preparations were neglected and decaying: the deer passed unmolested: the wigwams were, without one exception, deserted: the entire territory, within a ring of 220 miles, was silent, and without a smoke: and Mr Cormack closed his labours with the conviction, that, if any solitary individuals of this once powerful nation have succeeded in escaping from the merciless extermination of the whites, they must exist in the most hidden and wild places, among deep ravines, or in dark inaccessible solitudes, determined never to appear again in the presence of Europeans.

There have been, doubtless, other Indian nations consumed, like these, by the continued violence of European encroachers, but rarely, we imagine, under circumstances of the same interest. The *Bœothics* were so peculiar a race, and persecuted so equally by Indians and by the European settlers, that some persons (amongst whom is Mr Pinkerton) believe them to have been descendants of Norwegians, and in no respect connected with the Indian blood. Even Robertson supposes the Norwegians to have settled colonies in Newfoundland; and the '*winland*,' mentioned in the early records of Iceland, is by some imagined to have lain either here or in Labrador. Mr M'Gregor rejects the notion of a European origin altogether, and we think rightly. Christi-

anity could not so utterly have perished amongst them in the course of a few centuries. And we may add, that all the features of their moral character were eminently Indian—their haughtiness, Spartan endurance of suffering in extremity, their obstinacy in rejecting all terms of accommodation from their persecutors, and the unbending heroism with which, to the very last, they retreated from the mercy of those whom they regarded as the foulest of oppressors. For three centuries, they carried on the contest: they suffered themselves at the last to be worn down by mere famine, to the wreck of perhaps a single family; and even of that wreck only three females, enfeebled by disease, surrendered to the enemy. Few chapters in the history of man illustrate more powerfully the grandeur of fortitude; and no cases of national ruin and extinction are better entitled to our admiring sympathy. We are grateful to Mr M'Gregor for having brought together the details of so profound a tragedy, from the records of authentic history; and the more so, as they run a risk of soon perishing in a colony which can have so little leisure for literary tasks.

In Newfoundland there is now a sufficient and a growing attention paid to agriculture. That is well for the colonists, and will prove the best course for ensuring to them a permanent prosperity. But our own interests are chiefly connected with the fisheries of that region. These are luminously traced through their past history, in the work before us. This review naturally points our attention with peculiar energy to the present condition of our own interest, in possessions which are almost essential to our naval greatness. Mr M'Gregor is justly severe in criticising the policy of our statesmen on this commanding subject. The treaty of Utrecht has been a standing theme of abuse for upwards of a century; chiefly from their concern in that treaty it is that Bolingbroke and Oxford have suffered in history, as dead to the calls of patriotism. Yet this treaty, bad as it may have been in some other respects, guarded our interests by wise stipulations in the Newfoundland fisheries. De Witt,



whose anxious jealousy had been directed to the grounds of our naval greatness, ascribed it chiefly to "the discovery of the inexpressibly rich fishing bank of Newfoundland;" and the authority of De Witt was still great in the early years of Bolingbroke. It was the capture of Louisbourg, however, in 1745, which gave the greatest shock to the French influence in that region. The peace of 1748, it is true, again sacrificed our American interest to that in the East Indies: for Cape Breton was restored to France, by way of equivalent for Madras, which she had recently conquered. However, the splendid, though brief career of Wolfe, availed to re-establish our American empire on a basis more extended than ever. In 1759, the French power in this quarter was destroyed in the amplest manner, by the reduction of Cape Breton and Canada: with sufficient firmness in the diplomatic policy which followed, it was then destroyed for ever.

It is notorious, however, that too often what we have gained by the sword, we lose by our diplomacy. The treaty of Fontainebleau, in 1762, conceded to France some restricted rights of fishing on these coasts, and above all, under the mask of providing a shelter for the French fishermen, it gave up the islands of St Pierre and Riquelon. Now, it has been often enough asserted, that these islands are incapable of being fortified; and that pretence was set up in Parliament, by way of apology for this article of the treaty. But certainly, had that been so, it is difficult to understand why France should have entered into express covenants, "not to fortify the said islands." [4th Art. *Treat. Fontainb.*] We suspected how the matter stood: and we now find, from Mr M'Gregor, that "both these islands are in an eminent degree, not only capable of being made impregnable, but that their situation alone would command the entrance to the Gulf of St Lawrence, if put into such a state of strength as it is in the power of France to put them."

These islands, however, were lost to France by the first war of the Revolution. The peace of Amiens, as we might be sure, restored them both; and again, as we might be

equally sure, the next war transferred them to Great Britain. And, finally, in the treaties which followed the fall of Napoleon, not contenting ourselves with restoring for the third time these most important islands, we have solemnly created in favour of France various privileges of fishing, which were as ruinous for us to grant, as they were unreasonable for her to claim.

With how true and long-sighted a policy France has cultivated her fishing interest, obstinately insisting in peace upon all, or more than all that she had lost in war, may be judged from this statement of Mr M'Gregor's:—Even so early as 1745, one year's fishing in the North American seas was valued at £982,000. But this was looked to as a mere collateral trifle. The direct and paramount purpose, which France pursued in this policy, was the support and aggrandisement of her martial navy. This purpose she secured, by a domestic provision, which exacted for the crews of all vessels fitted out for the fisheries, one-third, or at the least one-fourth of *green men*, that is, men who had never before been at sea. The result of this one regulation was—that annually she threw from four to six thousand recruits into her maritime service.

What is the consequence? In 1829, France employed from 250 to 300 vessels on the coasts of British America, and 25,000 fishermen. And the more effectually to drive these men, when trained, into her domestic navy, she binds them all by treaty not to become residents. Nay, so keen and unsleeping is her vigilance in this direction, "that strict naval discipline," (as we learn from Mr M'Gregor,) "is not lost sight of on board of the fishing-vessels." So that, by this egregious oversight of our British statesmen, France has been enabled to create the most perfect apprenticeship in the world for a vast and permanent body of sailors, and in a quarter so remote from Europe, as hardly to attract attention.

With an evil of this magnitude before us, it becomes by comparison almost a trifle to mention, that the island of St Pierre, where the French governor resides, is made a *dépôt* for French manufactures, which are af-

terwards smuggled into our colonies; that, simply as regards the commercial value of the fisheries, the French, by means of cheaper outfits and lower wages of labour, enjoy a preference in "the markets of the world," as well as in their own market at home; and, finally, that, having obtained in those parts ceded to them, on the coasts of Newfoundland, nothing less than "half the shores of the island," and "the best fishing grounds," they have thus secured the further advantage of having actually expelled our own fishermen, and driven them from two to four hundred miles further north, where, again, they are met by other competitors.

And who are these? The Americans of the United States. And whence comes *their* right to intrude upon our fishing stations? Simply from our own concessions. By a convention with this country, concluded in 1818, the United States have obtained a modified privilege of fishing in these latitudes; this privilege they have greatly abused, not only by too partial a construction of the terms allowed, but by the most tyrannical usurpations of powers, which no construction, however partial, could justify, and neither side could have contemplated. Acting much more in concert than our own people, the Americans frequently occupy the whole of the best fishing banks, to the exclusion of our fishermen; they fish by means of seines, which they spread across the best places along the shores, and thus intercept all chances of success for the British fisherman; they have even presumed to anchor opposite to a British settlement, to cut the salmon-net of the inhabitants, to set their own in its stead, and, finally, have threatened to shoot any one who approached it. Nay, as the climax of their outrages, Mr M'Gregor assures us, that they have driven by force our vessels and boats from their stations—have torn down the British flag in the harbours, and hoisted in its place that of the United States.

The other consequences are pretty much the same as those which have followed the French encroachments. The Americans annually employ from fifteen hundred to two thousand schooners, of 90 to 130

tons, with crews amounting to *thirty thousand* men. As to the quantity of produce, it may be conjectured from this—Their export of cod-fish alone averages 400,000 quintals annually, which is about half the quantity exported by the British from Newfoundland and Labrador; and their home consumption is equal to three times as much more.

These are the consequences which indirectly and remotely affect our own interests, by rapidly promoting the commercial and political importance of those who are always our rivals, and too often our enemies. Meantime, the direct and immediate consequences to ourselves, has been the depreciation of fish in the foreign markets, a ruinous reduction in the demand for fish oil, and the almost total destruction of our great nursery for seamen. With respect to this last evil, Mr M'Gregor tells us, that the fishermen, particularly in Newfoundland, now confine themselves to a shore or boat-fishing; and, from the circumstances under which *that* is pursued, it seems that it furnishes no regular school for training sailors. British interests have in general been confided too exclusively to the support of the sword; but we believe that no instance can be produced in which they have been—neglected, we cannot say—but systematically sacrificed in an equal degree by our diplomacy. For it must not be forgotten that this very Newfoundland, thus wantonly trifled away in recent times, was "for at least two centuries and a half after its discovery by Cabot in 1479, of more mighty importance to Great Britain than any other colony;" and Mr M'Gregor justly doubts whether "the British Empire could have risen to its great and superior rank among the nations of the earth, if any other power had held the possession of Newfoundland; its fishing having ever since its commencement furnished our navy with a great proportion of its hardy and brave sailors."

Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton occupy the two next books. Neither of these islands can pretend to any considerable rank amongst our American possessions. Yet this is not so much from any want of natural resources that can be charged

upon either of them, as from the extraordinary neglect which they have experienced from government. It is true, that private enterprise has done something within the last thirty years to remedy this neglect. All the world remembers the late Lord Selkirk's intelligent plan of colonization in Prince Edward Island; and a good deal has been done for Cape Breton by English settlements since the close of the American revolutionary war. Yet, when the French possessed this island, the inhabitants employed upon the fisheries near 600 vessels, exclusive of boats, and from twenty-seven to twenty-eight thousand seamen; and the French Ministry considered this fishery "a more valuable source of wealth and power to France than the possession of the mines of Mexico and Peru." Indeed Louisburg, the old French capital of the island of Cape Breton, and at that time the capital of all the French possessions, of itself sufficiently indicates the importance of this settlement. The inhabitants were 5000, without reckoning the garrison; and the reduction of the place by General Amherst, in 1758, required a powerful armament of twenty-three ships of the line, eighteen frigates, 157 sloops of war and transports, together with a land force of 16,000 men. For more than twenty years, however, after this event, the island was abandoned to a few fishermen, whose existence was scarcely known. At this time the colony, if such it could be called, was treated as an appendage of Nova Scotia. After the American war, it is true, promises appeared of a better system. A new capital, named Sidney, was founded by the first governor, Louisburg having been raised to the ground; and the colony of Cape Breton was then gratified by a distinct and independent government. This gleam of prosperity, however, appears to have been transitory; the succeeding governors did little to promote the welfare of the island; and since 1820 it has been re-annexed, as a dependency, to the government of Nova Scotia.

We are not without hopes that the present work will once more call the attention of government to a possession with such extended capacities, both for internal improvement, and for external aid to the whole system

of colonies amongst which it is placed. The abundant fisheries on its coasts, its numerous harbours, its great plenty of wood for ship-building, a soil sufficiently fertile, and excellent land for grazing, are alone ample elements of a vast internal developement which waits only for a sufficient population; and that ought long since to have been furnished from our own shores. But beyond all other constituents of a flourishing colony, Cape Breton has that of coal mines, which must sooner or later raise it to a first-rate importance. This fact we have first learned from the work before us. And really, when we lay all these considerations together, we cannot but agree with Mr McGregor, that it is "difficult to account for this colony having been so long neglected, while the attention of government has been directed to the colonization of countries so distant as the Cape of Good Hope and Van Diemen's Land." The only solution of this difficulty is to be found, as he suggests, in the general ignorance of the advantages held out by this colony—an ignorance common to government and to all those who are speculating on emigration. Hence we shall not be surprised, if Mr McGregor should himself prove the greatest of all benefactors to Cape Breton, by causing the current of emigration to turn for a time into that direction. Certain it is that not one of our colonies is so much coveted by the United States; and if they should once obtain possession of it, there is every reason to believe with Mr McGregor, that, as a position for commanding the surrounding seas and coasts, it would protect the nursery for their navy until it would have "sufficient strength to cope with any power in Europe, not even excepting England." Thus it will be seen that we have graver reasons for attending to the condition of Cape Breton, than merely those which respect the interests of our emigrants. Yet it is certain that the same measure would provide for all these objects at once. Let government select a proper body of emigrants; grant them suitable encouragements; and have them trained, according to Mr McGregor's suggestion, as a militia;—in that case the internal prosperity of this

valuable island, and its defence against the Americans, would be secured at one blow, and with an expense in the utmost degree insignificant by comparison with the great ends attained.

At present it is probable enough that the whole attention of the government at home, which is disposable in this direction, settles upon the two principal colonies of Nova Scotia and Canada. Yet even these suffer in some degree from neglect. And apparently this neglect has pursued them from the earliest times. Nova Scotia, which had been one of the earliest British acquisitions in right of Cabot's discovery on behalf of Henry VII., for a long period was carelessly resigned to the French. That active nation zealously profited by our torpor;\* but misfortunes blighted their efforts, after a brief prosperity of eight or ten years. This catastrophe was followed by various changes of fortune, alternately establishing the French and British sovereignty, until in 1713 the Treaty of Utrecht finally secured this colony to the British crown. In that allegiance it has ever since continued; and, according to Mr M<sup>r</sup> Gregor, no colony is less likely to throw it off. So long, however, as the French were in possession of Prince Edward Island, (then called St John's,) of Cape Breton, and the Canadas, this colony was never at ease from French intrigues; nor was it until Wolfe's expedition to Quebec that a perfect state of security was established. Up to that era, it is notorious that the British settlers were frequently scalped by Indian tribes, instigated and bribed by France; an atrocity which has stamped the memory of the French governors in that age with everlasting infamy. At present this colony possesses all the civil establishments which are essential to its own welfare, and suitable to its connexion with so great a mother country. Halifax, the capital, has a population of sixteen thousand people, the best harbour in North America, and the most respectable

dockyard out of England. Hitherto, indeed, it has been the great central rendezvous for his Majesty's shipping in those seas, and the head-quarters of the troops in the Lower American provinces. Yet at this time it seems there is a ruinous job going on for transferring these establishments to the Bermudas, that is, from a station with every natural advantage to one with none at all.

Intellectually speaking, that is, with a view to the blessing of cultivated society and of education, Nova Scotia stands at the head of our North American colonies. During the government of Lord Dalhousie a college was established, and endowed with funds to the amount of nearly ten thousand pounds, as a measure of relief to the class of students who decline subscribing the Thirty-nine Articles; students of the Church of England were already provided for by the College of Windsor. The same enlightened nobleman established an agricultural society. And, upon the whole, there is perhaps no settlement in the world where equal culture of mind is combined with the same simplicity of manners.

Until the year 1785, the province of New Brunswick formed a part of Nova Scotia; and we may properly enough, therefore, notice its present circumstances in this place. Mr M<sup>r</sup> Gregor supposes that it is capable of maintaining "at least three millions of inhabitants;" which single statement is a sufficient indication of its importance. Yet with all these immense resources, it was not until 1762 that this country attracted any British settlers. In that year a few families made the first attempt at colonization. Their sufferings were great; but still greater (if we may trust a pamphlet written by a gentleman at Fredericton, in the same province) were the sufferings of those who followed in the spring of 1784. They were American loyalists, who were obliged to leave comfortable homes in the United States after the close of the war of independence. "Scarce-

\* There is a truly characteristic anecdote connected with this French possession of Nova Scotia, (or Acadia, as it was then called.) De Monts, who had a commission from Henri IV. of France, constituting him governor of this and other countries, under the general name of New France, thought proper to confiscate the property of one Rossignol; but, on the other hand, by way of consoling the unhappy Frenchman for his loss, he called a certain harbour, now known as Liverpool harbour, by the flattering name of *Port Rossignol*.

ly had these firm friends of their country, (meaning Great Britain) begun to construct their cabins, when they were surprised by the rigours of an untried climate; their habitations being enveloped in snow before they were tenatable. The climate at that period being far more severe than at present, they were frequently put to the greatest straits for food and clothing to preserve their existence; a few roots were all that tender mothers could at times procure to allay the importunate calls of their children for food. Sir Guy Carleton had ordered them provisions for the first year at the expense of government; but food could scarcely be procured on any terms. Frequently had these settlers to go from fifty to one hundred miles with handsleds or *toboggans*, through wild woods or on the ice, to procure a precarious supply for their famishing families. Frequently in the piercing cold of winter, a part of the family had to remain up during the night to keep fire in their huts to prevent the other part from freezing. Some very destitute families made use of boards to supply the want of bedding; the father or some of the older children remaining up by turns, and warming two suitable pieces of boards which they applied alternately to the smaller children; with many similar expedients." However, in spite of these hideous difficulties, already in 1785 a royal charter was granted to New Brunswick, as a distinct province independent of Nova Scotia. Fredericton is now the seat of government; but the largest town is that of St John's, which has a population of twelve thousand people.

No town, however, is more heard of in this country, on account of its immense timber trade, than that of Miramichi. We mention it here as connected with one of those tremendous fires which sometimes arise in the American forests, and spread havoc by circles of longitude and latitude. In the autumn of 1825, such a calamity occurred on the river Miramichi, which extended 140 miles in length, and in some places 70 in breadth. It is of little consequence that no wind should be stirring at the time; for, as Mr M'Gregor observes, the mere rarefaction of the air creates a wind, "which increases till it blows

a perfect hurricane." In the present case, the woods had been on fire for some days without creating any great alarm. But, "on the 7th of October, it came on to blow furiously from the westward; and the inhabitants along the banks of the river were suddenly surprised by an extraordinary roaring in the woods, resembling the crashing and detonation of loud and incessant thunder, while at the same instant the atmosphere became thickly darkened with smoke. They had scarcely time to ascertain the cause of this awful phenomenon, before all the surrounding woods appeared in one vast blaze, the flames ascending from one to two hundred feet above the tops of the loftiest trees; and the fire, rolling forward with inconceivable celerity, presented the terribly sublime appearance of an impetuous flaming ocean." Two towns, those of Douglas and Newcastle, were in a blaze within the hour; and many of the inhabitants were unable to escape. Multitudes of men, on lumbering parties, perished in the forest; cattle were destroyed by wholesale; even birds, unless those of very strong wing, seldom escaped, so rapid was the progress of the flames. Nay, the very rivers were so much affected by the burning masses projected into their waters, that in many cases large quantities of salmon and other fish were scattered upon their shores. Perhaps the plague of fire has never been exhibited, or will be, till the final destruction of this planet, on so magnificent a scale. Such disasters, however, are repaired in wonderfully short space of time; wooden cities being easily rebuilt in a country where timber is a weed. Weed, however, as it is in a domestic sense, by means of exportation to English markets, timber has turned out a more valuable possession to New Brunswick than diamond mines could possibly have proved to a country in her situation. Mr M'Gregor gives us a very impressive picture of the mode in which timber is cut, hauled to the banks of rivers, and finally floated in the shape of rafts to Miramichi or other ports. The class of people engaged in these labours are called *lumberers*; they live like Indians in the woods; and a life of greater hardship than theirs, or labours carried on under circumstances

of more romantic peril and difficulty, we do not suppose to exist anywhere on this planet.

Mr M'Gregor's account of these people has all the interest of a romance with the truth of history. Yet they are cheerful; and as passionately attached to their own mode of life, though entailing upon them a premature old age, as the chamois-hunters of the Alps. Danger, like the risk in gambling, comes at length to be loved for its own sake.

It is urged, however, that this pursuit has a tendency to demoralize the people engaged in it; and on that ground chiefly has been raised a project by our present Ministers for loading the colonial timber with an additional duty of ten shillings a-load, and at the same time reducing the duty on foreign timber by five. On this point, Mr M'Gregor makes a powerful representation, on the one hand, of extravagant follies connected with this new financial plan, and, on the other, of the benefits to this country from the timber trade as now conducted. The heads of his statement are these: First, it employs about three hundred thousand tons of British shipping, and sixteen thousand seamen. Secondly, it supplies to England annually about four hundred thousand loads of timber. Thirdly, it takes off, in payment for this, British manufactures to the value, *at first cost*, of more than two millions sterling. Fourthly, the timber ships having a home freight find it to be in their power to carry out emigrants at one half the fares which would otherwise be required. And accordingly in 1830 alone, out of forty thousand British settlers in North America, more than three-fourths were carried out at these reduced rates by the timber ships. With these and other facts before him, luminously stated in the present work, Lord Althorp must be a bold man indeed if he can seriously proceed with his financial changes, which will have the effect of destroying this important branch of industry at one blow.

Yet these interests, vast as they are, sink in importance by the side of those which are connected with

Canada; so much larger is the scale, and so much more comprehensive, upon which these last are expanding. In 1763, about the time when our possession of Canada was finally secured by treaty, its total population was rated at seventy thousand. It is now, according to Mr M'Gregor, nine hundred thousand; of which one-third belongs to the upper province, and the other two to the lower. The total militia of Canada consists of eighty-five thousand men. In 1830, the imports of Canada amounted to L.1,771,345; and the exports to nearly two millions. Twenty years ago, all the vessels of every description which arrived in Canada, amounted to 341, registering about 52 thousand tons. At present, without enumerating coasters, or fishing-vessels, river or lake craft, Canada gives employment to about one thousand ships, registering about 220,000 tons, and navigated by eleven thousand seamen. These items in the account of its prosperity we mention as expressing, in a shape easily understood, the amount of advance which she has made; and it must be recollected that this expansion is continually going on. In reality, if Great Britain had no other possession than this in North America, she would have the basis of a great empire. The mere river St Lawrence is a sufficient exponent of the great destiny which the hand of nature has assigned to this region. Perhaps few readers are aware that the river St Lawrence is the greatest in the world. Mr M'Gregor asserts this; and, considering the breadth of this river in connexion with its length, and the prodigious size of the lakes into which it continually opens, we believe that he is right.\* At Cape Rosier, which is considered its mouth, the St Lawrence is eighty miles broad; and at Cape Chat, 100 miles up the stream, it is still forty. Even at the point where its waters are perfectly unaffected by the sea, it is still twenty-two miles broad, and twelve fathoms (that is, 72 feet) deep. Nay, 100 miles below Quebec, it is nearly 300 feet deep; for

\* Even the river of the Amazons appears, by Mr M'Gregor's measurement, to be inferior to the St Lawrence, as respects length; and that it is very much inferior, as respects breadth, every body is aware.

its depth increases upwards. Such a river was an appropriate basin for receiving the vast timber-ships called the Columbus and the Baron of Renfrew—"those mammoth ships," (as Mr M'Gregor happily styles them,) "the largest masses, in one body, that human ingenuity, or daring enterprise, ever contrived to float on the ocean." Both, by the way, crossed the Atlantic; and both were lost. Of the Columbus we have the following account from Mr M'Gregor:—"The length on deck was about 320 feet; breadth something more than 50; and the extreme depth of the body about 40 feet. There was then about 3000 tons put on board before launching. Every thing was on a gigantic scale. The launch-ways were laid on solid mason-work, embedded in the rock. The chain and hemp-cables, capstan, bars, &c. exceeded the dimensions of common materials, in the same proportion as the Columbus did other ships. Yet this huge four-masted vessel was strongly framed, timbered, and planked, on the usual principles, and not put together like a raft, as many people imagined."\*

One pledge for the future prosperity of Canada is found in her mineral wealth. Even petalite, the rarest of fossils, is yielded by her soil, (near York;) iron of the best quality, copper, lead, tin, plumbago, &c., and all the metals predominant in the useful arts, have been found already; nor do we recollect a single mineral which is indispensable to manufacturing industry, except only coal, which has not been discovered in Canada. Salt and gypsum are now produced in abundance. Even coal would probably have been detected long ago, had the woods been less infinite. And, should it even happen that coal were never detected, still the vast coal-fields in the neighbouring province of Nova Scotia (to say nothing of what might be had from New Brunswick, or Cape Breton, or Nova Scotia,) are known to be sufficient for the consumption of all America, through very long periods of time.

Meantime, as a place of residence

for those who seek quiet, and the enjoyments of social life, no one of our colonies seems equal in attractions to this magnificent region. Provisions are cheap; though, it is true, that, in Quebec and Montreal, the style of living, in other respects, is allowed to counteract that advantage. The scenery, and the style of rural architecture adopted in the Canadian cottages, is such as peculiarly to delight English eyes. And perhaps, in no part of the world is the style of manners so courteous and winning, as amongst the old indigenous Canadian peasantry, descended from the original French settlers. On these points we cannot have more accurate information than that of Mr M'Gregor.

\* The houses of the *habitants* (i. e. the peasantry) are sometimes built of stone, but generally of wood, and only one story high. The walls outside are white-washed; which imparts to them, particularly in summer, when almost every thing else is green, a most lively and clean-looking appearance. Some of the houses have verandas; and an orchard and garden is often attached. We cannot but be pleased and happy while travelling through them. They assuredly seem to be the very abodes of simplicity, virtue, and happiness. We pass along delighted through a beautiful rural country, with clumps of wood interspersed, amidst cultivated farms, pastures, and herds; decent parish churches, and neat white houses or cottages. The inhabitants are always not only civil, but polite and hospitable; and the absence of beggary, and of the squalid beings, whose misery harrows our feelings in the United Kingdom, is the best proof that they are in comfortable circumstances. Thefts are rare, and doors are as rarely locked. You never meet a Canadian, but he puts his hand to his hat, or *bonnet rouge*; he is always ready to inform you, or to receive you into his house; and, if you are hungry, the best he has is at your service. The manners of the women and children have nothing of the awkward bashfulness which prevails amongst the peasants of Scotland, nor the boorish rudeness of those of England. While we know that each may be equally correct in heart, yet we cannot help being pleased with the manners that smooth our journeys; and

\* The reader must not suppose that three thousand tons was the complement of her loading. She ran out a mile by the impetus of her launch, and took in the rest of her cargo, which was far more, at the Falls of Montmorenci.

often have I compared the easy obliging manner of the Canadian *habitans*, with the rough 'What d'ye want?' of the English boor, or the wonderlug 'What's your will?' of the Scotch cotters. At the *auberges* or inns, many of which are post-houses, we find civility, ready attendance, and have seldom to complain of what we pay for. The post-houses, which are established along the main roads, are regulated by an act of the Provincial Parliament; and the *maitre de poste* is obliged to keep a certain number of horses, caleches, and cabrioles, ready at all hours of the night or day for the accommodation of travellers. There is seldom any delay; fares are fixed by law; there is nothing to pay the driver; and a paper is given, stating the charge from stage to stage—which is, for a caleche or cabriolet, (in which two can travel,) fifteen pence per league.—The priest's house is always close to the church; and you never see him except in his sacerdotal robe. Enter his house, and you are welcome; nor will he let you depart hungry."

"A Sabbath morning in the Scotch parishes, most remote from the towns, bears the nearest resemblance to a Sunday before mass in Canada. But the evenings of Sunday are far more cheerfully spent than in Scotland. The people of the parish often meet in small groups, or at each other's houses, for the sake of talking; and on these occasions they sometimes indulge in dancing."

And, on the whole, Mr M'Gregor concludes, that

"If we look for a more correct or moral people than the Canadian *habitans*, we may search in vain."

Such is the picture of rural life. On the other hand, if a man seeks for the pleasures peculiar to towns, Quebec offers more attractions, and of a more varied kind, than most cities in Europe. Here are monasteries\* of ancient foundation, diffusing solemnity and the tranquil peace of religion upon a place, else so tumultuous with the stir and enterprise of a capital, and through the temperament of its native population. Here are prospects the most ample and magnificent in the world; in Mr M'Gregor's opinion, much transcending those from Edinburgh or Stirling castles. Above all, this is the capital where winter puts on

its gayest apparel. In a cold climate, it should always be remembered that extremity of cold is a great advantage; because, under the circumstances which that produces, all the out-door pleasures take a tone more emphatically characteristic of a high latitude; and because home is thus trebly endeared. Winter at Quebec is much severer than at Montreal; and, in that proportion, every true connoisseur in luxury would pronounce a Quebec Christmas happier than one at Montreal. We may add, as one of the *agréments* of Canada, if the visitor should choose to seek it, the society of the old Canadian *noblesse*, (or, properly speaking, gentry.) "These noblesse," says the earliest British governor of Canada, (Gen. Murray,) "are seigneurs of the whole country; and, though not rich, are in a situation, in that plentiful part of the world, where money is scarce, and luxury still unknown, to support their dignity." They have been too much neglected by the haughty English; but hear what Mr M'Gregor says of them:—"The Canadian gentry all over the province, consisting chiefly of the old noblesse and gentry, or their descendants, retain the courteous urbanity of the French school of the last century. They speak French as purely as it is spoken in Paris. Many of them also speak English fluently; and, although their political jealousies may be objected to, yet their society is very agreeable, and not sufficiently courted by the English." Finally, there is a college and professors at Quebec; two good libraries; four newspapers, of which three twice-a-week; banks; one or two good hotels; and, in short, every possible accommodation that European habits of luxury can demand.

With respect to the connexion of Canada with this country, that depends upon ourselves. Assuredly it is noways essential to Canada, which is now sufficiently developed to take upon herself her own defence, and her own burdens of every kind. Under these circumstances, we cannot but think with Mr M'Gregor, that our Government at home have been

\* In one of these it is worth mentioning, on the authority of Mr M'Gregor, that the nuns have an undoubted secret for curing cancer.



greatly injudicious in the attempts to create splendid revenues for the Church of England, where so very large an overbalance of the population is Catholic or Presbyterian. On this point it is possible that we are more impartial than Mr M'Gregor, who, though liberal and tolerant in the very highest degree, has probably been bred up in sentiments of somewhat hostile feeling towards the English church. We, on the contrary, profess the highest veneration for that great bulwark of Protestantism, and everlasting gratitude to her for the services she has rendered. But it would be a bad mode of testifying these feelings—to make her the object of perpetual murmuring, jealousy, and hatred, amongst a people who are under no absolute necessity (a fact of which they will continually become more sensible) to endure her predominance. The Roman Catholic church is in effect the ruling church in Canada; the parish priests of that church are very handsomely provided for, having severally, upon an average, £300 a-year; and, considering that the whole of the original Canadian population, and a very large proportion of the Irish emigrants, are passionately attached to this church, and personally to this priesthood, it is expecting too much of human forbearance, to require of the Provincial Parliaments that they should be continually taking measures for securing ample revenues, and a civil precedence, to a church which in this region is *militant* at any rate, and which has been too generally misrepresented to hope for any indirect opportunities of counteracting that elementary disadvantage, by conciliating to itself a body of disinterested attachment. From the quality of the immigration (to use that neologism) now setting in to Canada, there is no rational prospect for any alteration in this state of feeling favourable to the Church of England. So far from that, the hostility which she already provokes will grow annually more embittered, as the number increases of her Catholic enemies, and as their consciousness becomes more distinct of the independent power which they possess. A church, or any institution whatever, which exists substantially upon sufferance, must moderate her tone, and cease to court opposition by a scale

of pretensions suited only to a condition of absolute supremacy.

The same spirit of forbearance ought to govern us in all other acts of interference with the internal affairs of Canada. Where we cannot eventually command, we should be content to know our own situation, and to act by the gentle ministrations of parental influence addressed to adult and independent children. The chief use to ourselves in future times of our North American possessions will be this—that they will oppose a barrier on one side to the United States sufficient to break the unity of her efforts against our own maritime supremacy, and that, through the fisheries, by a more direct service, they will avail to keep up the succession of our incomparable seamen. But it is evident that a policy of this nature, even more than a system of rigorous despotism supported by armies, demands an intimate acquaintance with the interests which we undertake to guide. A system, entirely our own, might be coherent in all its parts, though it were composed in Great Britain upon merely British principles, and with a mere British knowledge of Canadian wants. But, if we consent to know our own place, and to interpose only the weight of paternal counsels and the benefit of our occasional aid, in that case, as mere co-operators, we must submit to study those interests minutely, in which we pretend to interfere. We have contrived to ruin the West Indies by our factious theories: let us abstain from all similar attempts upon the Canadian prosperity; knowing that in this case they will recoil upon ourselves. For the Canadians have a larger influence in their Provincial Parliaments than we can overbalance; and under any settled conviction that we are not consulting for them, but for ourselves, they will have a sufficient motive for throwing off the allegiance which at present they are content to maintain.

With purposes so important, and a duty so paramount, calling upon us to acquire a comprehensive knowledge of these American colonies, we have national reasons to be thankful to Mr M'Gregor for the immense labour with which he has brought together the materials requisite for placing our public counsels in

this great chapter of policy upon a sound basis. The government at home, and their representatives in the colonies, are under the greatest obligations to him; and, next after them, all those who are now speculating on emigration. There is a separate chapter of valuable advice to this class: but in fact every page of both volumes may be considered as specially addressed to *them*, since the innumerable details which are collected upon every new settlement, its situation, advantages, difficulties, wants, and ultimate prospects, compose a vast thesaurus of information far more accurate and comprehensive than any which an emigrant could ever hope to gather for himself by many years of personal travel. Sitting by his own fireside in England, he may now make up his plans; he may assort the materials of the baggage which he may find it prudent to carry with him; he may, in short, make every possible provision for his future comfort and prosperity, in a higher degree of perfection than would formerly have been possible, until after a long, painful, and very costly experiment on the different modes of colonial life, conducted at his own peculiar risk.

Never was there a time when counsel and assistance of this quality were so clamorously called for. Emigration from this country is going on by gigantic strides; and in no very distant period the advanced posts of civilisation will have established a communication between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Pacific Ocean. Mr M'Taggart, an engineer employed on the canals of Canada, and therefore little liable to the reproach of countenancing visionary speculations, declares that "steam-boats may go up from Quebec to Lake Superior ere three years from this time;" whence they will pass "through the notch of the Rocky Mountains, and be locked down the Columbia to the Pacific Ocean." The town of Nootka, on the Sound of that name, from mere advantages of situation, he believes "is likely to be as large as London; as the trade between it and the Oriental world may become wonderfully great in a short time. Then, when the steam-packet line is established between Quebec and London, as it soon will be, we may come

and go between China and Britain in about two months."

These are magnificent prospects, but not more so than we have reason to think warranted by the mere statistics of the case. The route of a prodigious commerce will be across these regions. They will soon be inundated by a vast population. Christian temples, cottages rich in comfort, and the best gifts of civilisation, colonies rising rapidly into centres of knowledge and power; these elements of a potent national confederation, will speedily rise to dispossess the roving deer of their pastures and the wolf of his den. Rising under the auspices, and forwarded by the assistance of Great Britain, composed also in a very large proportion of a population originally British, they will inherit our language, literature, and historical recollections; under wise treatment at this time, they will look with gratitude and veneration to the mother country; and, from habits of ancient intercourse, will continue to strengthen our foreign policy as allies, long after that era when the maturity of their own developement shall have silently dissolved their allegiance to the British crown.

These great prospects are not in every part dependent upon our justice and wisdom. In defiance of us, and all that our folly can accomplish, Canada, with the far-stretching countries to the west, will eventually compose a great empire. But we can do much at this crisis to forward that consummation, and to found lasting remembrances favourable to our own foremost interests. And considering the critical moment at which the present work has come forth; considering also the fulness and remarkable accuracy of the information which it offers to our governors at home, we believe that few men in this generation will prove greater benefactors to our vast establishment of North American colonies than John M'Gregor. And when it comes to be superannuated, as *that* can happen only through the rapid progress of the colonies to which it relates, we are sure that no man will rejoice more in a depreciation of his labours so produced, than the able and patriotic author.

## CALASPO, THE REPUBLICAN.

From the commencement of the French Revolution, the whole Italian peninsula was in a state of disturbance. A lingering recollection of the glittering days of the free, fighting, conquering, and lavish republics of the Middle Ages, has always prompted the Italian. He is, of all idlers, the most idle. No man living has a more habitual fondness for beginning the day without an object, and ending it without a recollection. Sunshine and his cigar are his luxuries—macaroni is his maintenance—time his enemy—love-making his business—sonnetteering his talent—and sleep his resource against all the calamities of the four-and-twenty hours.

That the peninsula inhabited by heroes of this calibre, should have been for the last thousand years a toy for the ambition, the avarice, or the tyranny of every power on its borders, is a mere natural consequence; that its people should be at once the most querulous of subjects, and the most submissive of slaves, is a principle; and, that the national soul should think itself made for the conquest of the earth, and yet be not large enough to keep the foot of every or any intruder from its own fireside, belongs to the plainest page of the great chapter of truisms.

Of all nations, Italy is the most contemptuous of foreigners. But its contempt for them varies by curious shades. By the Italian, the Spaniard is held as the most ludicrous of pedants—the Englishman as the most intolerable of bores—the Austrian as the most incapable of existing animals, biped or quadruped; but the Frenchman brings down the whole accumulation of scorn, and which whole is summed up in the phrase, dancing-master. To the sensitive, still-life Italian, the Frenchman's catlike restlessness is a perpetual suffering; to his fine faculty for sounds, the Frenchman's tongue utters nothing but discords, less the human voice than the representative of a forest of monkeys; to his natural rich tide of language, the Frenchman's abrupt, epigrammatic labour to shine, his speech of smartnesses, and his shrugs, is un-

remitted torture. Yet to the French the Italians have always turned with a languishing look for liberty, which the French have always returned by promises, pillage, and the abandonment of every soul who was fool enough to trust them. The light-headed nation has always been outwitted, betrayed, and plundered by the light-heeled.

In 1793, the old game which had perplexed the world, and pilfered Italy a hundred years before, was begun again. The gallant name of Republic covered, like charity, all sins. The Italian was superstitious beyond all living animals—the Frenchman had abolished even the fragment of belief that served for religion under the Bourbons; the Italian bowed down before a whole army of Virgins and Saints—the Frenchman had broken up the Virgins for firewood, dug up the Saints for nitre, stript holy ears and noses, as countless as the sands of the sea, of their pearls and diamonds, and turned churches and cathedrals by the score into cavalry stables; the Italian honoured a nun, and worshipped a priest, and never thought of the Pope without crossing himself—the Frenchman had routed nuns by the hundred thousand out of their dormitories, harnessed the priests to their baggage-waggons, and made no secret of their considering the Pope as a personage whom they would speedily visit at Rome for the purpose of bringing to Paris as a curiosity. Still the magic of liberty reconciled all the quarrels of the national characters. The name of Republic found an echo in every bosom of beggary, from Genoa to Venice; the Savoyard, whose distinction it was to brush chimneys and shoes through all his generations—the Lombard, who, after the manner of his forefathers, was born to play the usurer on farthings, and raise an agio upon the rejected pantaloons of mankind—the Piedmontese, the Man of the Milanese, whose thoughts were of oxen, and whose cerebellum was, beyond all question, but a more dexterous compound of butter and cheese—all were suddenly enamoured of liberty, and all

exhibited the popular operation of the panacea in burning their landlords' mansions—refusing to pay rents, tithes, or taxes—in cheating all who would bear to be cheated, and in shooting those who remonstrated. The whole country was in the most furious yet fantastic confusion.

Among the crowd of landlords who were thus put in perplexity, was the Marquis Spinola, a descendant of the famous officer of Philip the Second, and, like him, a gallant soldier, without being, like him, a lover of blood, plunder, and persecution. Spinola was an Italian of three generations, a noble of quarterings enough for the Golden Fleece, and rich enough to have purchased the whole cabinet of Turin. But he had a treasure which he valued above the jewel-house of the Great Mogul, and which he was right in so valuing—a daughter fair, whom an ancient Greek would have called Hebe, or Iole, if not Venus, but whom the archbishop of Spoleto had christened Melanie Isadora, the united names of her mother and her patron saint. She was a Spanish beauty, lightened by an Italian birth; the fiery glance of the south, softened by Italian languors; the highly pronounced expression of Andalusia, touched with the delicious sensibility of Naples. But what is the use of attempting to describe beauty, or who has ever succeeded in the attempt? Is it not enough to say, that the Signora Melanie was lovely, and what can be said more? Or if the world will insist on having more, let it be satisfied with knowing that her charms actually withheld a German archduke three successive evenings from the Loto table, stopped a French prince in the midst of a quadrille, and disturbed the sensibilities of a Spanish Infant, to the extraordinary extent of his moving his royal lips to ask who she was?

The Marquis Spinola had become a diplomatist when he had grown weary of leading the Piedmontese grenadiers, with all the honours of war, in their march from their barracks to the cathedral, and from the cathedral to their barracks. He thought that at forty he had seen high masses enough, and became an ambassador. At the court of France he had at-

tended ten years of levees, until even in France weariness seized him, and he thought that a man and a noble might have something better to do, even in this worthless world, than eternally dressing for court days, playing *ecarte* with superannuated Duchesses, and poring over the journals to discover the secrets of the cabinet. He solicited his recall; but rejoiced as the Minister of Savoy was at the opportunity of patronage, so many were to be patronised, such a conflux of young Dukes, and old Field-Marsbals, found in themselves the diplomatic faculties at the moment, that to decide was impossible, without an insurrection of the whole bed-chamber. The gravest courts are sometimes absurd things, and the court of his Sardinian Majesty was not graver than the rest of the earth. During the decision, the Marquis was compelled to remain at his post. But the Parisians soon gave him subjects for his despatches, undecorated by the epigrams of the journals, or the whispers of the royal saloon. Blood, fury, and rebellion, were spreading their sullen wings over the gayest population of the gayest land under the moon. War was engendering in the streets against the throne; the coffee-houses were cabinet councils, and the harangues of the cobblers and craftsmen of the thousand dens and hovels of Paris, filled the trumpet with a breath that blew all nations into a flame.

The Marquis Spinola had now no alternative but to withdraw without even making his bow to the Convention, or be shot by the first friend of human rights who objected to his existence.

He was an Italian, and the word implies much. He accordingly kept his own secret, left diplomacy to make its excuses for him, ordered the four fleetest horses that could be found in Paris to be in readiness for him outside the barrier, took an evening promenade through the Palais Royal, with his daughter on his arm; admired every thing that he saw there; applauded a harangue by a half-naked orator, who proclaimed the downfall of all the despots of the globe, and flourished a red flag, bearing the effigy of the unfortunate king in the centre, as a general warning; and then gliding away from the height

of republican gala into a bypath in the Champs Elysées, handed the Signora into his chaise de poste, and was gone at full speed.

But what is more rapid than freedom? He found the French, cavalry, artillery, and chasseurs, on every spot from Nice to Turin. His Piedmontese grenadiers, heroes to a man on parade, and six feet two in their rear-ranks, had been so long out of the habit of fighting, that on the appearance of the Frenchmen, they had marched off by whole battalions to exchange the spear for the reaping-hook, and wait for better times. The court had fled, the King leading the van, the Cardinal Legate bringing up the rear, and the whole army in the centre, for security. A whole autumn of banquets, and a whole winter of balls, were utterly broken up, and the noble circles of Turin began to feel, for the first time, the misery of being compelled to fight, fly, or labour; to use their own limbs, and the remnant of understandings that time and levees had spared to them.

Spinola drove through the long and lofty streets of the capital, and was astonished at their desertion; he drove to the palace, and was astonished still more. There was neither Count nor Countess, petition in hand for a dozen sequins more to be added to their salaries; the old mob of nobles, distinguishable from their own footmen only by their greater profusion of bows, and their more perpetual smile—all were gone. The grand gallery from which the aides-de-camp and the guards hung like the show of a mountebank's caravan, a basket of apes chattering and grimacing at the world below, was all deserted. Guards, King, Queen, and their whole *menu fretin*, the whole starred and fibboned ring that live upon the smallest possible pensions, and shine like the flowers of the field, all were stricken by the blast of the French trumpet from the hills of the Argentiniese, all faded away, all vanished like the flowers of spring under the scorplings of summer.

But Spinola, though an Italian and an ambassador, was a man of sense. He at once decided on the absurdity of staying where his only entertainers would soon be a brigade of sans-culottes; of fighting for those

who would not fight for themselves; and of flying, with the chance of being starved, and the certainty of being robbed if overtaken. His estates lay on the side of the Col de Vars, an extensive district among the mountains, but which is memorable to all travellers for the magnificent panorama of the Alps which it commands, and to all historians for the variety of gallant exploits which it has witnessed in the French and Italian invasions. In this stately wilderness no French general could find either pictures or plate, and therefore there was the strongest human probability that it would not be the scene of a French general's ambition. The soil was barren, the people were few but fierce, the noble mansions were scattered, and the sequins none; and for these reasons there was an equal probability that it would be scorned by the eye of the Grand Republic, which, in its hatred of Kings, involved a love of their property, and disdained to bestow liberty on those who were not worth robbing.

The Marquis instantly turned his horses' heads from the deserted city, and drove up his mountains. But what is an Alpine journey without a storm, an overturn, and an adventure? They were all in reserve for him. As the snowy top of the Argentiniese came in view, it was crowned with one of those turbans of cloud, which make so frequent and so sublime a finishing to the Alpine picture. The sun threw its colours with the infinite richness of the Italian sunset among those wreaths and folds, and the Argentiniese in his frontal of purple, scarlet, and gold, looked like the Grand Turk of mountains. But to the experienced traveller, this picturesque sight is a formidable warning, and the postillions were ordered to gallop. The vehicle went on at full speed, but the tempest began to be angry in his dominions among the higher Alps, and after a few fantastic murmurs and flights among the clouds, which threw them into still lovelier shapes and dyes, on came the gale. The sunset, so prodigal of beauty, like an earthly spendthrift, exhausting all its wealth in one pre-eminent burst of splendour, flooded the sky with carnation, bathed the mountain tops in a sea of gold, showered down pur-

ple richer than all the amethysts of Persia, upon the long valley of the Riumonas; and after pausing for a few moments, as if to admire what it had done, plunged into a bottomless abyss of vapour, and was no more. Then came the battle of the elements, the thunder opened all its batteries from cloudy mountain top to the highest heavens. The mists rushed in black battalions along the valleys at their feet; the rivers swelled instantly to torrents, and roared like encountering armies. All was war. Evening was dead and buried; it was followed by a pale procession of gloomy shades, the long, livid vapours which belong to tempests among the Alps; then came darkness, midnight darkness, which suddenly covered all like a shroud let down from the skies, and under this shroud the battle still went on, deeper and deeper still, pealing, crashing, roaring.

In this scene further progress was impossible. The postilions were worn out with the quantity of *sacres* which they had poured upon their horses during the last half hour of the ascent; the horses were so weary of the struggle, that between the storm and the postilions, they at length refused to stir a step in advance, though they gave sufficient signs of being willing enough to let the *chaise de poste* roll back, or roll over the precipice, two thousand feet above the white torrent of the Riumonas. The next expedient was, to take shelter under the first rock that was large enough to cover them, and wait until the gale was tired out.

But even this resource was not easily obtained. The road was in the state which had distinguished Sardinian road-making since the accession of the first Amadeus, and which would not have put to shame the original Rheti or Vindelici. It had all the characteristics of an Italian dynasty upon it, and was monkish and Sardinian in every rut and rock, for an ascent of three leagues. The houses of the cantonniers, who had been in earlier days stationed for the relief of travellers, were now devoted to the cultivation of the mosses and ferns of the province; the dweller within had disappeared a hundred years before, and Nature

was left to supply the repairs of the edifice, which she did, after her own manner, by a handsome tapestry of weeds and wild-flowers. To lead the horses was the last expedient, and the Marquis and the postilions dismounted for the purpose; but the sheets of lightning which alone shewed the road, so startled the horses at the same time, that to lead them was as impracticable as to drive. In this extremity, a bridge lay before them. The foul fiend was once the established bridge-builder of the Alps, and well it was for them that he was, for he appears to have sometimes made passable ones. The bridge that now lay before the travellers unluckily was Sardinian, and it gave palpable evidence of its inferior architecture, by creaking and quivering in every rush of the blast. Still they went on, for the fall of the pines from the heights rendered their stay under the brow of the mountain a matter of the most formidable hazard. The tired horses were dragged to the foot of the little bridge, and, in the pause, the Marquis left his post at their heads to speak a word of cheer to his daughter, to which she made no other answer than by a prayer for her father's safety. He lingered at the door with double fears for the peril of a creature so lovely and so dear; but this painful indulgence was brief; a burst of thunder, that seemed to peal round his very head, deafened him—a sheet of lightning, red as the flame from a furnace, swept and crackled round him. In momentary blindness and terror he still stretched out his hands to save his daughter, but a general shriek, and a crash heard through all the roar of the elements, told him that some fearful catastrophe had happened. With his sight still seared by the lightning, he struggled forward to grasp the carriage. But it was beyond his grasp. Utter darkness was round him; he felt his way a few steps onward, by clinging to the roots of the trees. Still all was vacancy. He cried aloud; he was answered only by the storm. He threw himself on his face, determined to follow his child, whose name he now shouted out in accents of despair; still in blindness and agony, he crept on, when he felt himself suddenly grasp-

ed and flung back on the bank by a strong hand. The action was courteous, but the tone of the actor might have suited a rougher service. "In the name of all the saints, where is the fool going?" was the exclamation. "Do you not see that the old bridge is broken down at last; and in two steps more you must have gone along with it?"

There was a time when Spinola would have answered this speech with his hand on the hilt of his sword, like the Frenchman when he lectures his wife, or when his *coiffeur* perpetrates an erroneous curl. But he now had voice but for, "My daughter, my daughter, my child, lost, lost, lost!" The intelligence evidently produced a pause in his rescuer's tone; he asked a hurried question about the misfortune. Spinola could tell him no more, than that the carriage had been lost in attempting the bridge. But before even this brief communication could be completely delivered, the stranger was gone. The sounds of horns, and voices shouting among the hills, followed; but they soon passed away again. The unhappy father was again left to solitude, and the misery of heart that can be felt only by a father.

Towards midnight the fury of the tempest began to go down, and the moon, then in her wane, threw a touch of silver on the tops of the Alps of Chamouni. As she advanced, the storm seemed to shrink before her, the gale died away, and her light, reflected from the immense piles of cloud that still hung over the hills, threw a wavering and melancholy, but a clear gleam over the valleys and ravines innumerable, that make such network of an Alpine region. Guided by the rising light, some of the mountaineers had found Spinola where he sat, almost unconscious of existence, and murmuring in broken tones the language of true sorrow,—“My Melanie, my child, my child; lost, lost, for ever!”

But there were better tidings in store for him. A concourse of the peasants were seen gathering on the side of one of the ravines, exchanging signals of horns and shouts with a group far below. In another half hour, the lower group had ascended, the two now combined, and the whole party ascended the mountain. Two

figures now started from the crowd, and were seen rushing towards the spot where the Marquis lay, unable to move. In another moment he felt himself clasped in the arms of the one who was dearer to him than the world besides. His Melanie's lips were pressed to his forehead, her voice was whispering consolation to his ears, he felt her tears streaming on his cheeks, and in a rapture of piety and gratitude he loudly thanked heaven for the restoration of his child.

The next and most natural enquiry was, how she had been restored? To this she could make no answer further than that she had fortunately fainted when the bridge gave way under the weight of the carriage, and that her first sensation of life was finding herself in the hands of the peasantry, as her first joy was in once more returning to her father. But this brief history was fully made up by the tongues of the mountaineers. "It was all the work of Calaspo. It was Calaspo, whose horn had brought them from their cottages; it was Calaspo who had sprung down a precipice, which nothing but a goat or his infernal majesty ever sprang down before; it was Calaspo who by main strength had stopped the carriage on the brink of a declivity of a thousand feet; it was Calaspo's knife that had cut the harness, and let the whole four restive animals go down the precipice in the midst of their kicking and rearing, at the moment when they were dragging the carriage after them; it was Calaspo's hand that had extracted the lady from the carriage door, like a bird from the eagle's nest; it was Calaspo's arms that had carried her up the cliff; it was Calaspo above, below, beginning and end, Calaspo every where."

"But where is this Calaspo?" said the Marquis; "send him here that I may reward him."

No Calaspo came. He was, at last, found lurking in the outskirts of the crowd, and forced forward. Spinola, feeble as he was, advanced towards him, took him by the hand, and telling him the name of those to whom he had rendered such essential service, offered him his protection, and, as a beginning, presented him with his purse.

The mountaineer was a tall slight figure, with a stern countenance; the tempest seemed made for his grave features, and the rough obeisance with which he declined the purse, was obviously that of one unused to cities. Spinola, proud but not haughty—as is the custom of men conscious of high birth and office, but not vain of either—was pleased with the refusal of the money; but he had another trial to make. "I have offered you my protection," said he. "If you prefer remaining where you are, I can give you a farm; but if you prefer living in my household, I can give you employment. I have a mountain on which I mean to raise a forest, and you shall be the planter." The mountaineer was evidently a man of few words. But he as evidently had the faculty of making up his mind without loss of time. Throwing his cloak over his shoulder, and shaking hands with the peasants round him, he came forward, and taking off his hat, with a perfectly untutored bow to the Marquis, and a still deeper, but equally untutored one to the fair lady, he told them that he was ready.

The procession moved forward. It was a dolorous display. One of the postilions had broken his arm,—the other had lost his whip, one of his jackboots, and all his tobacco, and with it, apparently his senses, for he continued roaring out prayers to the Virgin that had saved his life, and anathemas against the King of Sardinia, who had endangered it. In other times, the latter portion of his prayer would have made more than the Virgin's assistance necessary, and plunged him down a precipice of 600 feet, from which all the Calaspos of the Alps could not have brought him up again with a sound neck. But times, luckily for the orator, were altered; and while the tri-color was kissing the breeze along the mountain tops of Piedmont, postilions and patriots of all dimensions might laugh at the dynasties of Italy, with the full security of caricature.

Spinola was still helpless from exhaustion; the fair Melanie was helpless from terror; the peasantry were not much more effective, from the blundering and brainlessness that belong to all life outside the walls of cities. But Calaspo, the redoubtable

Calaspo, was every thing and every where. Like a general, he was in front, van, and rear, ordering this clown, lecturing the other, pointing out the route, sending his detachment of lampbearers to points from which they might act as beacons to the party, still cruelly buffeted, and more than half blinded, by the storm,—dispatching videttes to find out the paths, which the storm had prodigiously mingled,—and sending forward a solid patrol to take possession of the next hamlet; rouse the population of Benefico to a sense of hospitality, and lay an embargo on all the guinea-fowl eggs and Florence coffee in their possession, for the behoof of the most magnificent the Lord Marquis of Spinola, sovereign of the lands of Montellano, Vastimiglia, and Giuliestre.

This day concluded the disasters of the journey. Calaspo's arrival operated like a spell. Every thing went on prosperously from that moment. The series of miracles that carried them through the rest of their journey, deserved to be painted on the walls, if not of every Italian church, of every Italian post-house. The horses never foundered, the harness never cracked, the postilions never got drunk, lazy, or insolent, and, finally, the carriage never broke down. Calaspo's eye wrought all the magic. All was system where he applied his keen glance. The Marquis, weary and enfeebled, was delighted with having engaged so useful a serf; the servants were utterly astonished; the Signora Melanie was much amused; and, by the time that their train reached the bottom of the declivity from whose side the noble castle of Spinola looked over fifty leagues of forest, mountain, and cascade, like the Spirit of the feudal age throned in the midst of a world of its own—desolate, yet proud, bold, and kingly—the disasters of the night were thought of only as the natural produce of the wild, and to be remembered only for the wonder of the circle of marshals and ambassadors when the world came round again, and kings and court circles were what they ought to be—the rapture of mankind.

For two years, Spinola felt the wisdom of the choice which had brought him to the Col de Vars. Affairs at



Turin were as dreary as ever. The French had plunged into Savoy like a thunder-shower, taken Chamberri, unhoused the nuns, pillaged the chapels, and yoked the father confessors to their cannon, as was the custom of the people of liberty. The King had summoned the Austrians, who, always rejoicing at an opportunity of dipping their hands in Italian plunder, came at his call by tens of thousands, and, to the inconceivable astonishment and indignation of the French, beat them, republicans as they were, in every direction. This was always the history of Italian war. The Gaul first threw himself into the bosom of the land,—swept every thing before him,—robbed, shot, ate, drank, and danced,—then threw off his musket and knapsack, proclaimed the war at an end, and prepared for a course of perpetual fête and festino. The German was always six months too late; but, though torpid, he was not utterly dead. About the time when his lively rival had thrown away his accoutrements, the man of the north had contrived to button on his. He marched across the Tyrol hills, found the Gaul all astonishment, fell upon him with honest Gothic vengeance, and sent him flying back across Alp and Apennine without shirt, shoe, or sequin.

This had happened in regular course in the first years of the French war. The light Frenchman carried every thing before him for a summer. Then came the heavy Austrian, who drove the Frenchman from his prey, as a clown's huge hand drives off a swarm of gnats from a fallen sheep,—the race of stings and wings is put to flight, but the sheep is not the less sure of losing its fleece for the operation. Italy realized the part of the sheep on this occasion, as on all, for the last three centuries; and the Austrian was now imbedded in Savoy, Piedmont, and every spot where he could sleep and smoke, in full indulgence of every appetite that could animate the most solid representative of the tortoise among men. Spinola cared for neither, suspected both, kept himself within his mountain empire, and heard of wars, and rumours of wars, as if the echo belonged to the moon.

Life has many a pleasure never dreamed of by those who look for

paradise in the capital. The glare of orders and embroidery is, after all, not *much* brighter than the stars when they come out in full muster on a fine night of June. The gayest dance in the gayest palazzo that lifts its gilded turrets within sight of the Superga, is not much livelier than the wild measures of the mountain boys and girls, even with no better orchestra than their own voices, and the chant of the thrushes and nightingales that keep time on every bough above them. The Marquis had fully discovered this, and regretted that he had not made the discovery twenty years before. All was happiness, plenty, and peace, round the borders of this little kingdom, while noble lords and ladies, princes and princesses, legates and arch-bishops, were trembling at every streak that marked the coming sky, as the announcement of a conflagration; startled from their beds at every sound, as the braying of an enemy's trumpet, and running from end to end of Italy, alike in terror of the French dragoon and the German hussar.

In the midst of this region of grandeur and tranquillity, this world above the clouds, the Signora Melanie, too, sported like one of those gay creatures of the element that in the colours of the rainbow live. Her beauty grew more intellectual—there was a deeper light in her fine eyes—her cheek had more of the crimson that flushes and fades with every emotion of the mind. The unequalled magnificence of the scenes around her, was gradually modelling all her perceptions. In Greece she would have been copied by some Alcames or Praxiteles as a Mountain Goddess, a Genius of the hills and streams. A Titian would have made her a Seraph or a Saint; and all the rustic poets who dared to cast their eyes on the "track of light," which all their sonnets declared to mark every spot consecrated by her tread, versified her into a combination of all indescribable excellencies, enough to have broken the hearts of all the *dames d'honneur* from Milan to Naples.

But what tranquillity could long be looked for in this whirling world! An estafette, a formidable animal, with mustaches worthy of a royal tiger, and epaulets fitted for the as-

tonishment of all the race of woman-kind, suddenly made his appearance at break of day in one of the grey mornings of an Alpine summer, with a letter to the Marquis from the Austrian commandant of Turin, informing him, that within twelve hours a column of three thousand would be in motion by the road to the Col de Vars, to take possession of the Fort Dauphin and the pass of the Barri-cades, both well-known features of the pass of the Argentiense, and both famous for being marked with many a torrent of French blood.

The officer who bore the despatch was himself entitled to Spinola's hospitality, on the plea of family connexion. He was the Count Fiorenzo, the son of a distant relative of the Marquis, who had followed the Arch-duke Leopold from Tuscany to Vienna, had shared in his master's rise, and was now high in the favour of the Emperor Francis. Count Carolo Fiorenzo had served in the Russian army, in Suwarrow's last campaign against the Ottomans; he had been an aide-de-camp to Prince-Cobourg in Transylvania; he was a rich man, a handsome man, and a high-born man; he was also an universal lover, and before he had swallowed his first glass of champagne that day at the Marquis's table, his eyes had made a full, complete, and unequivocal declaration of his approval of the person, face, and manners of the Signora Melanie.

The Austrians arrived. The hills were dotted with tents, the valleys groaned to the groans of waggons and gun-carriages, the woods echoed the rattle of drums and the winding of bugles, bayonets flashed down solitudes as wild and as unused to man as the wilds of Mount Ararat, and the Castle was crowded, morning, noon, and night, with epaulets, orders, and colonels of Hulus. Spinola was delighted; his early tastes revived, and he entertained those showy personages like an old knight of the Crusades. Balls, wolf-hunts, and carousals among the hills and dales, made hill and dale ring. Love was the natural consequence. The Austrian soldiers, tardily awakened to the dark eyes of the mountain girls, began to marry them in great abundance; and, first of the first, Count Carolo, with a fine speech and

a gesture of consummate eloquence, laid his heart at the feet of the fair heiress of the House of Spinola. The Signora was first amused, then displeased, then indignant. Count Carolo professed his intention of appealing from his unfeeling mistress to her rational father. The Signora anticipated him there, by appealing in her own person; but to her infinite vexation, that father had already heard the lover's tale, and, to her equally immeasurable surprise, he had given his entire approval to the suit. In other times, a daughter thus thwarted would have flung herself down a precipice or run to a nunnery; but the days for those cures of sorrow were obsolete, and the Signora, almost without knowing why, felt the world darkened round her at once, and went out into the open air of the forest to weep and walk away her woes.

The cloud on her brow had instantly communicated itself to all; her waiting-maids began to quarrel with the quarter-masters and drum-majors, who had aspired to the honour of their hands, and an universal feeling seemed to have turned the temple of Hymen into the house of Discord. Other causes, too, began to operate; the Austrian column had not been advanced without reason, for it soon became known, that the French along the frontier were beginning to stir; that forage and guns were arriving from Provence, and that a new general had made his appearance at Nice. It was equally discoverable that the French, with their usual tactique, were preparing their way by peasant emissaries, who scattered their proclamations, and their more persuasive money, among the lower orders of Italy. The mountaineers of the *lèndè* and the Argentiense, primitive as they were, had soon learned to compare the Austrian yoke with the French promise of universal freedom; the spirit broke out in quarrels; the Austrians used the cane and the flat of the sabre, to modify the public ideas; the peasants argued in turn with the stiletto and the carabine. Even Calaspo, the soul of good-humour, had grown sullen, and in one or two frays with the drunken Austrians, his prowess had made him the subject of a formal representation to the

Marquis Spinola. Calaspo was now a changed man. From the time of his having incurred the displeasure of the Marquis, he had relapsed into gloom; the original activity of his nature had departed from him; he wandered listlessly through the woods, a great portion of which had been planted by his own hand, and been a source of acknowledged pride to him; he abjured guitar and mandoline, smiled no more, and shrank from association with all but his foresters. This conduct was suspicious, the times were suspicious, the position of the castle, almost on the frontier, was suspicious, and Spinola, urged by his Austrian guests, was considering in what way he should best win Calaspo and his forest brotherhood from the ways of republicanism, when he saw the bold peasant standing before him. "I come," said Calaspo, "to ask my dismissal, and to thank my Lord Marquis for his three years' protection." Spinola was struck with the determined countenance of his head forester, and asked his reason. "I am weary," was the stern answer; "I wish to try my chance with the world." As the dialogue proceeded, the Signora Melanie accidentally passed through the apartment. She expressed her surprise at the determination, and regretting the loss of one who had rendered herself and the Marquis such essential service, requested to know whether the late quarrels of the soldiery had any share in his resolution. The tone of her request softened his proud heart, and in a voice which shewed how deeply he felt this mark of condescension, he thanked her, but still solicited his dismissal. The energy which he threw into his expressions of gratitude, and the colour which mounted into his brown cheek, when he protested that neither time nor distance should make him forget the generous kindness of that noble roof, showed that nature can sometimes give eloquence to the tongue, and feeling to the features, without reverencing the laws of heraldry; and even the high-spirited Signora herself acknowledged that the three years had produced a prodigious change for the better in the handsome man of the woods. She had heard with a degree of regret, which seemed totally unaccountable

to herself, that Calaspo was to leave the castle at daylight next day, and her last work before she retired to rest, was to make up some pecuniary memorial of her gratitude for the preservation of her life.

The night was calm and lovely, and she lingered for some time at her casement counting the stars, and wondering in which of them the souls of disappointed lovers took up their rest. But low murmurs, like the gathering of thunder in the distant hills, gradually came on her ear, and, chilled with the dew, she was about to close the casement, when she observed in the shadow of the trees a figure gazing upwards, and evidently wrapped in deep reverie. He spoke a few unconscious words, but she instantly knew the voice; it was Calaspo's. To this she suddenly felt that she must listen no longer, and she was again withdrawing, when the wave of plumage emerging into the moonlight caught her eye, and in the next moment high words were heard. The words were followed by the clash of steel; and in infinite terror she hastened to send some of her attendants to separate the combatants. They arrived too late; the Count Carolo was found with his sabre broken, and a wound in his side, from which the blood flowed profusely. The castle was thrown into confusion, patrols were dispatched to seize the assassin, the Count was conveyed to bed, raging at his ill-luck, furious at "the obscure villain," who, he said, had waylaid him, and urging the Austrian officer in command to have the culprit shot without delay.

That culprit was declared to be Calaspo; and the Marquis, in high indignation at the attack on his guest, and offended by the idea that his sagacity had been so much mistaken in the instance of his protégé, ordered a general pursuit. A favourite, proverbially, has no friend. And Calaspo's sudden rise and position in his lord's confidence, had irritated enough of the self-love of the corridors to make enemies, not the less bitter for being menial. The Austrian patrol went to the right, up the pass towards Fort Dauphin. The dozen valets, with pistol at belt, and carbine in hand, went to the left, down the ravine, which leads to

Lombardy. But neither had been absent an hour, when a low rattling of musketry was heard; at intervals it spread round the whole circle of the mountains. The Austrians were on the alert in a few minutes, and drawn up in battalions on the side of the Col. They had not waited long when their patrol came rushing back, declaring that they had been attacked by a superior French force. Almost at the same moment, the troop of valets came flying up the ravine, breathless, terrified, and one half of them wounded; their intelligence was that they, too, had fallen into an ambush of French, who attacked them, and notwithstanding "a resistance worthy of a troop of lions," or Amadis de Gaul himself, they had thought it prudent to retire to the castle.

The pursuit of Calaspo was obviously at an end for the night. The Austrian brigadier had other purposes to provide for before morning; and, on an express from Fort Dauphin, the whole force was moved up the mountain. From this time all was terror in the castle, and the thunder of cannon upon the entrenchments of the hills. During the whole night the air was filled with the huge trails of the shells throwing fire over the enemy's columns, the keen rattle of musketry, and the roar of artillery swelling upon every gust of the Alpine wind. It was now evident that the action was more than an affair of picquets. Some of the prisoners, who were brought into the castle by the Austrian chasseurs, declared that the whole French, whose head-quarters had been at Jaorgio for the last six months, and who were reported to be perfectly disorganized, had been in march for the last three days; that a general, an Italian, had been sent from Paris to take the command, who had pledged his head for the conquest of Italy; and that a hundred thousand men were following them from Nice. This intelligence was at first looked upon as French rhodomontade; but the prisoners had scarcely been consigned to the care of the rearguard, when a burst of fire circling the whole base of the hills, shewed that the enemy had burst through the entire Austrian position, and were forcing the passes in irresistible numbers.

The sight was now one of the most striking that battle can furnish. As far as the eye reached, volumes of fire were incessantly rolling out, the only indication of the spots where the chief struggle lay; from time to time the explosion of an ammunition-waggon, or the blaze of a village, threw a fearful splendour on the night; and the advancing peal of the musketry, the sure mark of the enemy's gaining ground, shewed where the Austrians were giving way. Spinola's experience told him what must be the result; and, with Melanie by his side, he remained on the ground in front of the castle from the commencement of the action, like a traveller above the clouds, looking at the lightnings and the storm beneath his feet.

But a dispatch from the Austrian general, which reached him before dawn, broke up all his military reveries. The dispatch contained but the words:—"The French have beaten us, will beat us again, and will beat us every day, till they beat us over the Tyrol. They are commanded by Bonaparte, a Corsican, who has more brains than the Aulic Council, and all our generals put together. Fort Dauphin will be taken by daybreak, and then nothing can save your chateau from being plundered, and your family, perhaps, from being massacred. Fly instantly."

The advice was not thrown away. Spinola knew the course of things too well, and knew that the farther he placed himself out of the line of a French campaign, the more wisely he consulted for his comfort; pressed his lip to his daughter's white forehead, felt that with her he still had a treasure worth all the chateaus that could be left behind; and gave instant orders for a general flight across the hills. A few packhorses bore all the luggage that this hurried movement allowed him to carry with him. Melanie bore her mother's jewels, the Marquis, Melanie's picture. The valets gathered what the confusion of the hour suffered them to bring away. The melancholy train set out in the midst of a renewed roar of battle, and moving along the summit of the Col, by the blaze of shells and howitzers, paused for a moment on the summit, to give a last look to the scene which had witnessed so

many peaceful hours. There they saw, with a new outcry of mingled sorrow, wrath, and vengeance, the blaze of musketry, which shewed them a strong French column bursting like an eruption of lava through every fissure of the precipices above and round the castle. The Austrians, surrounded by this unexpected advance, evidently defended themselves with great obstinacy; and fighting step by step, at last retreated to the walls, which now began to feel the effects of the French guns. The windows of the unfortunate Chateau now poured forth volleys of musketry, and the spots which had once heard nothing louder than the tones of the Signora Melanie's harp, or the songs of the birds in answer, were now sending into all the mountains a fierce and perpetual uproar, which they echoed with their thunder. The contest fluctuated long, and in every moment of it the hearts of the unhappy gazers, from the summit of the pass, vibrated with some new agitation. At length, from the very casement, among whose lilies and roses the fair arm of the mistress of the mansion had rested the evening before, and where she had sat watching the moon, with the delight of one of those spirits of the Persian paradise that inhale their life from flowers, whirled forth a volume of livid flame with a loud explosion. A shell from the French batteries had fallen upon the chamber, and, blowing up, had set every thing in it instantly in a blaze.

This was a chamber of recollections deep and dear; the old memorials of a dead parent, the presents of living friends, the thousand fond remembrances of hours of lovely and lonely thought, of brilliant acquirement, of intellectual joy, and perhaps of those dreams of young passion that hover on pinions of more than mortal power and brightness round the solitude of genius and beauty. The attendants, as they saw the whole mansion rapidly absorbed by the flames, exhibited the frenzy of Italian grief, called on their saints with furious reprobation of their negligence, tore their hair, flung themselves on the ground, gnashed their teeth, and threatened all the Frenchmen on the face of the globe with severe retribution from the dagger. Spinola, in deep dejection,

only pressed his daughter to his breast, and wiped away her tears. Melanie promised to be calm, and only wept the more. One expression of her father alone roused her. After a pause of thought, he burst out with, "That ungrateful villain, Calaspo! It was he, who, I am now confident, drew this night's attack upon us. The French could never have found their way through the hills without a guide; and his flight furnished them with just the one which they wanted." Melanie doubted; Spinola was strong in his opinion. "The villain knew every spot of the ground; and I even recollect his having talked to me, not twelve hours since, of the probability of their surprising the Austrians."

Melanie listened with surprise, but without conviction. She was not then in the mind to argue. But she could affirm, and without hesitation she declared her belief, that the fugitive forester was totally guiltless. Spinola smiled at the generous incredulity of youth; but repeated his conviction, pronouncing aloud that Calaspo was at once "an assassin and a traitor." As he spoke the words, a rustling in the thicket behind startled him, he laid his hand upon his sword, and in the next moment Calaspo stood before him. He had evidently been in the engagement, for his arm was in a sling, and the blood from a sabre wound was still trickling from his forehead. He was as evidently worn out with fatigue, and it was some time before he could recover breath. He eagerly waved his hand, every feature of his powerful visage writhed, but speech would not come. At length he uttered with difficulty, "Signor, you have named me an assassin and a traitor. I am both, and yet neither. But the time is short. I am wounded, perhaps mortally. I have come to tell you, that in five minutes more you will be surrounded by a battalion of the French chasseurs, whom I left marching up the pass." Spinola looked full in his countenance, and pronounced in a stern tone, "Begone, sir. How am I to trust you? Is not this a new attempt to betray your master?" Calaspo's cheek flushed as red as the blood that dropped down it. He staggered back a few paces and fell, then

throwing open his cloak, shewed his bosom covered with gore, and said, "Sir, if I am dying, let me have justice. It was I who wounded the Austrian Count, because he drew on me, and would have taken my life. It was I who led the French through the ravines, because in my departure from a castle, where, whether I deserved friends or not, I had left none, I was taken prisoner, and dragged along with them. But it was in defence of that castle, that I received these wounds, and to save this portrait for the Lady Melanie, that I escaped through the midst of the enemy's fire, and followed you up the mountain." He gave the portrait to the lady, who received it with deep gratitude. It was her father's, and set round with brilliants that had once adorned the portrait of a king.

But there was now no time for thanks. For the sound of the *tirail-lade* was rising at the roots of the hill. "Fly for your lives," said Calaspo, with a faint attempt to rise. Spinola had felt this old compassionate alive again, and paused. "How can we ever repay you?" said Melanie, leaning forward from her father's arm, and in a voice soft as the dew that fell round her. "Suffer me to kiss your hand," sighed the victim. The hour was dark—the world's eyes were sightless—Spinola himself was wrapt in reverie on consenting to this simple kindness to the dying. Melanie gave the hand, and felt it clasped with a wild pressure, that thrilled unaccountably through her frame. She attempted to withdraw it. But it was clasped still closer, it was pressed to the lips, to the cheeks, to the forehead, as if to convince her that it had kindled a flame in every feature. She felt her own cheeks burn. Neither spoke a syllable. But in that hour a secret voice told her that she had never loved before, and that she then loved for ever; a new light seemed to have dawned upon her mind. A new stream of existence seemed to have been poured into her being. She seemed to have found a new soul.

A volley of bullets showered on them through the trees, striking down branch and leaf, and covering them with fragments of the rocks. "Away, away," exclaimed Calaspo, starting from his trance. "Away,

away," exclaimed Spinola, drawing his sword, and not knowing where to turn for his life. "Away, away," exclaimed the crowd of attendants, overthrowing each other and every thing else in the general confusion. There was but one voice which uttered no word, and one step which made no movement. The Signora Melanie continued with her eyes fixed on the form of their friend, protector, and victim. In that moment, years passed through her mind. She remembered the night of her preservation from death, the night of the storm, the precipice, the heroic intrepidity with which Calaspo had flung himself down from tree to tree, and from rock to rock, until he arrested her fall, on the edge of a chasm a thousand feet deep. She remembered, too, the noble qualities which not even his peasant cloak could hide, the manly bearing, the fine physiognomy, the sweet impressive tongue; the talent for all and every thing. Even a new key was given by that hour to looks and sighs, to the sudden dejection and extravagant joy, which till then had been enigmas to her. Genius and beauty had made their impression on her unconscious mind, and it was only on this night, that the depth and glow of that impression was revealed to her eye.

But for these feelings of young passion, the most feverish and poignant that can sting the human heart, what an hour was chosen! All around them was dismay, plunder, flight, ruin. The labour of years was trampled by the hoofs of the French cavalry—the wealth of generations was burnt up before their glance. Even if this night was not to end their career, where were they to turn? France was a horde of hostile barbarians—Italy was a region of terror—Germany was falling to pieces with invasion and insurrection; and where was the lord of a castle in ashes, of domains in the hands of the French commissaries, and of hopes only beyond the earth, to hide his hoary head, and shelter his daughter? But with that daughter all was concentrated in the dying man. To leave him to perish by the enemy, was suddenly felt to be the greatest of human crimes; all calamity seemed to be bound up in the single one of seeing his face no more on this side of the

grave. Life seemed at once to have become worthless without him; and death at his side, but a simple act of duty, a natural fulfilling of the law of her being, a calm and hallowed termination of a career of truth, feeling, and happiness. Melanie loved like an Italian, with her whole spirit touched by lightning.

But the more earthly flame of a howitzer, which had just been dragged to the brow of the precipice above their heads, to play upon the retreating columns of the Austrians in the valley, at once shewed the whole party to each other, and shewed the madness of lingering there. Calaspo's resolution was taken. He had heard, in the broken confessions of those lips, whose words to him were oracles, "that he *must* not be left behind." His sagacity knew, that the attempt to carry him off must cause the inevitable capture of all. His generosity determined to save them at all personal risk. And by an extraordinary effort, more of mind than body, he rose from the ground, and tottering a few steps down the hill, threw himself into the midst of the advancing battalion. The enemy, startled by his appearance, paused for a moment, and, in the next, recognising him for one of the mountaineers, ordered him to the front as a guide. He was mounted on a mule, and sent forward to lead the 75th demi-brigade of the republic, one and indivisible, to glory. He led up paths where they might have gained glory from the goats, for no other faces would have taken post there; he led them down ravines, where they might have fought pitched battles against the bears and the wolves, if their wiser devastators had been belligerent enough to wait for them. But no human being did the warriors of freedom disenthral from either dungeon or castle, from the tyranny of kings, or the troubles of this world. The 75th demi-brigade returned, after a week's tour among marble pinnacles, forests of pine, silver foaming cataracts, and fountains dark, deep, and cool, as the bottom of a mine. And Calaspo, on his mule, rode home at their head to Barcelonnette, to leave his fellow tourists shoeless, footless, and heartless, loading the Alps with maledictions, to which only the tourists had been entitled, and sick of castle-hunting for

the rest of their lives. Calaspo did not escape without the honours of war. The enthusiasm of the demi-brigade for gathering laurels among the rocks had no sooner cooled, than the Frenchmen began to suspect that they were deceived; the next idea was, that they were laughed at—an affront never pardoned, nor pardonable, by any Gaul from Picardy to Provence. Calaspo was accordingly degraded from his office as guide, and brought back with the corps as a prisoner.

Those were times when justice, if not always wise, was expeditious; and the drumhead-tribunal, before which the prisoner was carried within the next twenty-four hours, contenting itself with the simple process of asking him his name, country, and pursuit, found him, on the strength of these facts, guilty of being a "spy, an assassin of Frenchmen," and a beguiler of their steps on an expedition which otherwise must have covered the 75th demi-brigade with glory. The prisoner made his defence with sufficient earnestness, and denied all intention of laughing at a nation so impervious to all ridicule as the French. But the defence had the misfortune of aggravating the charge. He was remanded to the dungeon without delay, but with the notice, that within twelve hours he was to be shot on the glacis of Barcelonnette.

There had been periods in Calaspo's career, when this intelligence would have been as welcome as any other. But the night of the battle on the hills had thrown a new light on him, and strangely altered his theory of existence. He felt that he had only just begun to live, when life was to be torn from him. He grew indignant, gloomy, furious, and ashamed of his fury. He reckoned and measured one by one the stones in the wall of his dungeon; he sounded the vault under it with his heel, to discover some weaker part, some crevice, through which he might evade the jailer and the platoon, and escape to the sun and air again. He climbed up to the casement, tried the strength of its bars, found them, as he might have expected, not to be moved by either his strength or his sorrows; and fell back upon the pavement again, envying the beggar that whined at the prison gates,

or the deserter who was shot *the day before*. But all these experiments did not retard the progress of day and night, and the town-clock of Barcelonette at length gave signal of the beginning of the last twelve hours that were to be spent by him in meditations or murmurings in this world.

In the evening, the French commandant, mellowed probably by dinner, and the captured champagne of the Piedmontese field-marshal whom he had ejected from the governorship, ordered one of his aides-de-camp to enquire, whether "the Italian scoundrel who was to be shot next morning, had any thing to ask for himself, or any one else; a father confessor for his sins, if such must be the everlasting folly of his country; or any message to send to his wife, or his dozen wives."

The aide-de-camp was dispatched; the keeper of the dungeons dispatched his subordinate, at the sight of the commandant's signature and the aide-de-camp's epaulets, and the deputy of the deputy ushered the aide-de-camp into the cell where Calaspo was lying on the pavement, wrapped in his cloak, and thinking of the parting pressure of the Signora Melanie's hand. The aide-de-camp announced his business, but the prisoner had too nearly done with the business of this earth, to venerate even the plumage of the *état major* of the most gallant and plumaged army under the sun.

He, too, had sensations new to him, but solemn, high, and absorbing, beyond all other that besiege the mind of man. Although accustomed to a career of hazard, and leading the wild life of a mountaineer, a hunter, and a soldier, he now, for the first time, felt himself within the grasp of death. He had faced death often, but it was in hot blood, with that glow and enterprise which almost extinguishes danger with the extinction of the sense of danger. He had leaped the precipice, where a false step would have dashed him to atoms; he had swam the torrent, where the strength of man seemed but as a weed on the waters; he had fought in the face of batteries, every discharge of which laid hundreds low. He had but within a few days rushed into one of the hottest actions

of the war, and, though desperately wounded, yet had never felt the image of death before him. But now, in the loneliness of his cell, in the dreary silence that seemed made to let his bitter thoughts have their full revel in his heart; in the sullen sounds that, at intervals, broke that dreary silence, the knell of the turret chime, the watchword of the jailers, the measured tread of the sentinels, he had time and subject for meditation that let in a new world of ideas upon him.

Of all the influences on the mind of man, there are two paramount, and but two, that awake him a totally new tribe of sensations. Passion, which comes at the period when man is about to enter on the great career of active life, when his understanding is on the point of acquiring its vigour, and he is summoned to substantiate his claim to the honours of society; — the sudden sense of beauty, — the high consciousness stirred up in the human heart, of the capability of doing all and suffering all for the possession of a being whom imagination resistlessly invests with all the attributes that enchain the human feelings, — one of the noblest fountains of the noblest efforts of the spirit of man, — the great summoner of genius, of generous sacrifice, of gallant self-denial, of heroic ambition. But this first career had long been run by the heart of the being who now lay silent upon the pavement of the dungeon, but with his mind darting, as if it were already disembodied, from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven. The second grand stage of human sensation had now come upon him — the solemn conceptions, which, coming at the close of life, and opening the gates of the grave, are perhaps sent to prepare the mortal for his first step into the world of immortality. A flood of strange and intense thought was rolling through his mind, and sweeping away all its old landmarks. The wildness and capricious vigour of his past hours were extinguished in the presence of the grave. The dreams of earthly distinction found a loftier object in the magnificence and power of things above the stars. The world assumed to him a new aspect; he felt like one lifted above its sphere on a spiritual wing, and with a consciousness that



he was to tread it no more. The earth, which had never been so vast to his thought, so magnificently coloured with pomp and beauty, so opulently filled with life, lustre, and power, was now to him the speck in the universe that it is. He felt that he could now die, and die willingly, —embrace the axe, or welcome the bullet, that put an end to his disastrous experiment of existence, and, offering but one fond and mortal regret to the memory of her whom he had already less mingled with his human hopes, than identified with his future and boundless being, rejoicingly feel the blow that dismissed him from the world.

The aide-de-camp waited in vain for an answer. Calaspo, disturbed in thoughts that now seemed to him the only fitting dwellers of the mind, simply waved his hand to him to retire. But the visitant was not to be so repelled. He approached the prisoner, and leaning down, whispered in his ear the name of Spinola. Calaspo started from the ground at the word. Spinola himself stood before him. His explanation was brief, but sufficient. "I had done you wrong, Calaspo," said he, "and I had found it out only when it was too late. The Austrian coxcomb whom you wounded has since acknowledged the truth, and I find that you behaved like a man of sense and honour. I had done you wrong, too, in the charge of your having led those French brigands to the castle; and I have now come to save you from the consequences of my unjust judgment. The commandant's aide-de-camp has been indebted to me for some early favours, which he now returns by giving me this disguise. I have ventured into the fortress to save you. You have nothing more to do than to throw this cloak over you, and follow me."

Light and life flashed in the dark eyes of the Italian at the word. He sprang from the ground, kissed his benefactor's hand, threw on the military cloak, and followed. The gates of the dungeon were passed, — the gates of the citadel were closed behind the prisoner and his friend. The gates of the fortress were opened for the passage of "M. l'Aide-de-camp of M. le General Castorelli, Commandant de la Place de Barcelonnette;" and Calaspo's heart beat

high with the thoughts of being once more among the valleys and mountains, free and vigorous as one of their own eagles, when a troop of cavalry arriving, as the escort of General Desaix, stopped up the entrance. The Frenchman's eye fell upon Spinola. Nothing could be more unlucky, for Desaix had been well acquainted with his person in the Parisian embassy. An enquiry followed. The protector and the protected were, of course, put under arrest; and Calaspo had the agony of heart to hear the order issued for Spinola's being shot as a spy, at the same time with himself, who was now charged with the various offences of spy, traitor, and deserter. They were thrown into the same cell for the few hours that were to interpose between them and the future world. Their conference was solemn, but calm. Those were hours when mystery is no more, and Calaspo revealed the secret of his wild and lonely life. He was the only surviving branch of a noble tree, the Counts Ottaviani of the Val di Noto. The Sicilian viceroys, jealous of their influence in the island, had denounced them to the court; and Neapolitan cruelty, always the link of Neapolitan fear, had thrown the last ancestor of Calaspo into the dungeons of St Elmo, where he expired. His son had been conveyed away an infant by some friends of his house; and in the confiscation of the family estates, and in the proscription of the family name, he had disdained to return under a government of injustice and ingratitude.

The mountains of the north, which had sheltered his infancy, became the dwelling of his manhood. "He had lived a wild man, and a wild man he would have died, but for the accidental rencontre with the Marquis Spinola on the night of the tempest; there a finer feeling was infused into his nature, and in the impulse of that feeling, to enjoy the presence of one dearer to him than life itself, he had stooped to the willing obscurity, which alone could have secured to a broken and an exiled man the happiness of her presence. But all was now over. He had never offended her ear with his feelings, and he must expire, with the added misery of soul, of having

dragged down with him the noble parent, whose loss to her the world could not repay." The confession was made, and the voice that made it had sunk into sighs and silence, when Calaspo, to his surprise, felt his hand clasped by the old man, and heard himself pronounced to be—the very son whom he would have desired; the man whom, under the princely roof of the Ottaviani, he had united in their cradles to his Melanie; the descendant of his first and fastest friend, whom he had sought in every part of Europe, and whom, if they were but set free, he would wed to his daughter at the moment, in spite of fate or fortune.—“But where are we now?” murmured Calaspo.—“Where are we now?” echoed Spinola.

A low sound, like distant thunder, or the fire of artillery, followed the words, as if prolonging them through the earth and air. The bells in all the churches began suddenly to ring. The cell was instantly darkened. Cries arose on every side in the prison. Muskets were heard; the garrison were evidently alarmed, and all was in tumult and terror. The earthquake of 1796 is still remembered in the Piedmontaise. It tore up hills, scattered forests, and filled valleys. Castles were laid in ruins, where they lie in ruins to this day. The whole mountain country was heaved from its foundations. Barcelonette shared the fate of Fort Dauphin, Saluces, and a hundred towns and villages. The citadel was shaken like a basket of osiers on a mountain lake. The solid walls cracked and tore up like paper. Calaspo and Spinola saw their dungeon split from top to bottom, and the remnant of the fortress rolling down the hill like a stream of water. All was darkness, dissonance, confusion, and cries of agony and horror. But what was death to others, to the prisoners was freedom. Calaspo sprang through the ruins, bearing the less active Marquis along with him; they reached the bank of one of the small rivers of the country. The Valita had been a running streamlet the day before, it was now a cataract, roaring and rushing down, loaded with the wrecks of the forest along its side. Calaspo urged his companion to plunge in, but the

attempt could be scarcely less than death. Spinola paused for a moment, to discover a safer passage. But that moment was fatal; a shower of balls from one of the French pickets, tore up the ground at their feet. Calaspo fell, desperately wounded, and saw no more.

In 1797, two years after Bonaparte had beaten the Austrians from the whole of the Piedmontaise, and was under the walls of Milan, his triumphal entry was the most magnificent display that the citizens had ever witnessed; and in testimony of their rejoicing, they resolved that a day's food should be distributed to all prisoners who sent for it to the Town-hall. Among those who attended there, was one young female, attired in the very relics of penury, yet with a look of such peculiar dignity and loveliness, that the guards instinctively made way for her to the place of distribution. The report of her loveliness reached the ears of the French officers, and they came crowding out to see this perfection of Italian beauty.

She passed along, fully sustaining all that fame had said of her face and form. But an outcry was suddenly heard, a confusion was evident among the officers; and the General commanding the brigade was seen, to the universal astonishment, rushing through the crowd, and kneeling before the fair stranger. She scarcely could recognise in the plumes and showy uniform of the republican staff, the wild countenance of the mountaineer, which, wild as it was, had yet first taught her to love. But she recognised it at last, and showed her memory by fainting in his arms.

The story of both was one of a few words. Calaspo had been found on the bank where he fell; on his recovery he had been offered service in the French army. Napoleon observed his talents, and raised him rapidly, until he had made him a general. Spinola, too, had been taken, but by the Austrians, been thrown into a dungeon, and had lived on the industry of his incomparable daughter. But the storms were now past—the sunshine had come, and their sky was clouded no more.

## THE HOUR OF FORTUNE.

## IN THREE NICKS.

METNOUGHT I was present with Quevedo when he paid one of his visits to Elysium. Jove seemed to be in a most towering passion, and grumbled and growled amazingly; interlarding his discourse with sundry expletives, not fit to be mentioned to ears polite. Many of the Immortals came running up to ascertain the cause of his indignation. Apollo, with a flaming crown upon his head, made of highly burnished brass, rose from a table where he had been puzzling for a rhyme, and approached with the pen still in his hand; Bacchus was disturbed at his fifteenth tumbler, and resigned the whisky bottle with a sigh. The ladies, too, drew near in a state of great agitation. Venus came first, wondering what could have put her father into such a rage, and hiding a billet-doux she had just received from Mars. That gallant deity also approached, dressed like a captain in the yeomanry; and while all the rest stood in silence, wondering at Jupiter's exclamations, he looked as bold as a bully after a beating, and said, "How now, governor! what's the meaning of all this? What mare's nest have you discovered now?" Jupiter who, by the by, very needlessly, as I thought, held a flaming thunderbolt in his hand, though it was now the height of summer, frowned upon his impertinent questioner, and said, "Hold your tongue, you babbling Bobadil, or I'll crack your skull with this thunderbolt. Send little Mercury here, some of you." In a moment Mercury was at his side, dressed in the Olympian livery, sky-blue, turned up with sable, as tidy a sort of footman as ever I saw, and bowing, waited his master's command. "Go," said Jupiter, "and bring that infernal old jade Fortune here, as fast as you can; and don't stay tripping in the pothouses by the way, or making love to the bar-maids." In an instant the shoulder-knots expanded into wings, the gold-headed cane changed into a caduceus, and the clocks in his stockings sprang out

into well-feathered pinions; and before you could see that he was gone, he was back again, dragging an old-looking woman by the ear, who squallied terribly under the operation, and uttered many complaints against him for his roughness. She rolled in upon a curious sort of wheel, round which an innumerable multitude of strings were twisted in all possible directions; and she was attended by a tall strapping-looking woman as her servant. This domestic was almost bald, except that there was one lock of rich glossy hair hanging over her brow; and the story went, that whoever could lay hold of that lock, had not only her, but her mistress also, entirely in their power. The maid's name was Opportunity. I had scarcely time to make these remarks, when Jupiter, in a voice of thunder, exclaimed, "So, madam! you are here at last. I have fifty complaints sent up to me every day, that you neglect your duty, and, what is worse, they cast all the blame of your negligence upon me. Now, that's what I won't stand—it would wear out the patience of Job." Upon this the old lady cast an angry look on her attendant, and said, "How is this, you good-for-nothing baggage? Is it for this that I pay you such wages, and feed you so well; that I should be snubbed before company after this fashion?" Then turning to Jupiter, who had laid down the thunderbolt by accident, on his neighbour Apollo's lap, and almost burnt up the thin nankeen breeches in which he was drest, she said, "Indeed, indeed, sir, it is none of my fault. I go my rounds, and keep my eyes about me, as well as I am able; but if people won't take the trouble to tell me what they want, or even to give their cards to my servant here!"—"Yes, indeed," interrupted the damsel thus referred to, "if gemmen won't mind us poor servants, and give us a small token now and then, I wonder how we are to get on, on the wages we get."—"Ah, certainly," said Mars, who had been a sad gallant in his time, "I always found

in my young days that a tip to the waiting-maid was the surest way to the heart of the mistress; and so, as I was saying, my pretty maid, here's half-a-crown for you, to help to buy"—

"Paws off, Pompey," cried the maid, "and keep the half-crown to bribe the next blacksmith.—Isn't that master Vulcan I see limping this way with a net in his hand?" The gentleman slipped back to his place as quickly as he could, while even Jupiter could scarcely help laughing at his crest-fallen appearance; however, putting on a terrible frown, he continued—"I don't care how it has happened; but by the Lord Harry, if it ever takes place again—if I hear any more complaints made against your administration, I'll turn you out of office in a twinkling, and give the seals to the Opposition."

Terrified by this threat, the old

lady promised the strictest attention, and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, if you will wait for a short time, you shall see some wonderful sights. What's o'clock just now?" Half-a-dozen watches were pulled out in an instant, but no two of them were precisely agreed. However, Apollo, whose time-keeper goes on a diamond, assured her it was exactly a quarter to six. "Wait, then, just fifteen minutes, and whenever your jolly countenance makes every dial-plate point to six o'clock, you shall see the sports begin. High and low, rich and poor, every man, woman, and child, shall, for once at least, have *what they deserve*." Saying this, she tumbled off upon her wheel, creaking and crackling as if it had not been greased for a century, and going at such a rate, that she was out of sight in a moment.

#### NICK THE FIRST.

"We have still a home, my Emily, though it is a poor one," said Ernest Darley to his beautiful young wife, the first day they took possession of their lodgings in a humble alley in London. "I little thought, when we used to wander in the old woods at Balston, that I should take you to such a miserable abode as this."

"I am happier here, dear Ernest, than in the woods of Balston."

"Now, by heavens, it makes me angry to see you happy! I believe you would continue to smile and be contented if we were in jail."

"If we were in jail together, Ernest."

"Ah! bless you, my own dearest. Fortune cannot continue to frown on so much goodness."

"The Christian calls Fortune by a different name. He calls it Providence."

"Well, providence, fortune, fate, chance, or whatever other name it rejoices in, cannot surely persecute us for ever. We are guilty of no fault."

"We married against your uncle's will. He spurned us from the moment we were united. He must have some reason surely for his detestation of me."

"What reason can any one have to detest *you*? You were poor—had

he not told me over and over again that he did not care for wealth in the object of my choice? You were young, beautiful, accomplished, my equal in birth—it can't be—it can't be! I tell you it must be something that *I* have done which makes him so enraged."

"And what have *you* done, Ernest, that can make him your enemy? You bore with all his humours and caprices; you were affectionate to him as a son; he loved you better than any thing else upon earth. How kind he was to you in your youth, and how well you deserved his kindness! No, no, it is me he persecutes—me he hates."

"Then may the God of"—

"Hush! hush! dear Ernest. He may yet relent."

"Relent! Ha, ha! Sir Edward Darley relent! I tell you he makes it one of his boasts, that he never forgave, and never will forgive, even an imaginary offence. Relent! I tell you, he is of that stubborn, obstinate nature, the feeling of repentance is unknown to him."

"Try him, dear Ernest; he cannot be so immovable. Ask him in what we have offended him, and tell him we are anxious to atone for our offence."

"Have I *not* written to him?—

"Have I not begged an interview, in terms which I never thought I should have meanness enough to address to mortal man? Have I not besought him at least to inform me what I have done to draw down his indignation, and has he ever even deigned to send an answer? I have left our address here with his scoundrelly attorney, in case he should condescend to favour me with a reply."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and in answer to the "Come in" of Mr Darley, a lawyer's clerk presented himself, and with no very respectful demeanour, held out a letter.

"A letter? From whom?"

"From Mr Clutchem. Does it wait an answer?"

Ernest hurriedly glanced it over.

"No. There—there," he said, as soon as they were again alone. "Re-lent, indeed! Read it."

Emily took the letter and read.

"Sir, I am desired by Sir Edward Darley, Bart., to inform you, that no begging letters will be received; and farther, I am desired to inform you, that Sir Edward Darley holds acknowledgments from you for the sum of L.3400, advanced to you while at Oxford. Measures will be taken to exact payment of the full amount forthwith. Your obedient servant,

"SIMON CLUTCHEM."

"Then we are indeed entirely ruined!" said Emily, with a sigh.

"Do you doubt it? so we have been any day these three months."

"But can he really claim that money?"

"I suppose so. He always took my acknowledgments for the amount of my year's allowance, solely, he said, to enable him to keep his books. As he had always taught me to consider myself his heir, I never thought he would produce them against me; but stay, have you looked on the other page of the note?"

"P.S. I am farther requested to beg your presence to-day, at half past five, to be witness to an important deed."

At the appointed hour Ernest was punctually at Mr Clutchem's office. There, sitting in an easy chair, to his great surprise he saw his uncle. He approached with a gush of old feelings at his heart, but the baronet fiercely ordered him back.

"Stand there," he said, "till I tell you the reason for which I have summoned you here to-day. You recollect the old long-tailed pony you rode when you were a little boy at school, which I turned out for life at your request?"

"I do," said Ernest, wondering to what this address tended.

"I had him shot the day before yesterday. Your dogs? you no doubt recollect them well! Bruno, and Ponto, and Cæsar—and the old Newfoundland that brought Miss Merivale—I beg your pardon, Mrs Ernest Darley, your amiable wife, out of the lake, when your awkwardness upset the boat?"

"I do—the faithful affectionate creature."

"I hanged them all at the same time.—You recollect Abraham Andrews whom you installed in the fancy cottage in the park, and his mother, and his family, that you were so much interested in? They have left the cottage; they have been paupers on the parish for some time."

"Sir!" cried Ernest, "if you only summoned me here to listen to the recital of such infamous, inhuman!"

"Spare your heroics, young man, you will listen to something more before we part. But come, we're wasting time. Now hear me. You married that girl. You asked no leave of me. Do you know, sir, who her mother was—who her father was,—and do you know, sir, what reason I have to hate them? Answer me that, sir."

"Her father and mother have long been dead, sir. I never knew any cause you could have to dislike them."

"Dislike!—use better words, sir. Say hate—detest—abhor them. Oh! you did not!—you ought to have asked, sir—you would have known that the mother ruined my happiness—that the father attempted to take my life—that I loved her, sir—fiercely—truly—and that she taught me to believe that she returned my love;—till—till it suited her purposes, and she proved herself a!"

"Stay, sir. I will hear no such language applied to the mother of my wife."

"Your wife! Oh, is she *your* wife, sir? and has her equipages, no doubt, and her country house, and her town

house—your lady wife, sir—and her mother was”——

“I shall stay here no longer, sir.”

“Wait, wait!—Mr Clutchem, is the deed all properly prepared? worded so that the law can find no flaws in’t?”

“It is, Sir Edward.”

“Then give me a pen, Mr Clutchem, it wants but my signature to make it efficient.

“This deed, Mr Ernest Darley, is my will—by which I bestow irrevocably, land, houses, money, goods, mortgages, &c. &c., on certain charities, for which I care nothing, sir, but that I know my bequest will be less beneficial, so applied, than by any other means; and I leave you, sir, and your inestimable wife, the baronetcy—oh! I would not have you deprived of that!—and a jail, sir; and here, sir, I have called you to be a witness. The ink, the ink, Mr Clutchem,” he continued, and held out the pen to dip it in the ink-stand, keeping his eye still savagely

fixed on his unfortunate nephew. The clock struck six—a sudden light flashed into the room—and Ernest thought he heard, for one moment, the creaking of a wheel.

The Baronet’s hand continued in the same position—his eye still glared upon the countenance of his nephew, and dead silence reigned in the room. At last Mr Clutchem advanced—“How’s this? bless me! Sir Edward is quite cold. Help, there—run for Sir Astley. Ah! the passion was too much for him—gone off in a fit. Dead as an unsigned parchment.—Sir Ernest, I shall be happy, sir, to continue in the service of the family. The rent-roll is in my desk, sir—fourteen thousand a year. How would you like the funeral conducted? Quite private, of course. Honour me by accepting the loan of this two thousand pounds for your immediate expenses. I wish you long life, Sir Ernest, and joy of your title, Sir Ernest. Sir Edward shall be carefully buried this-day-week.”

#### NICK THE SECOND.

“Down the road,—down the road,—ya! hip! there goes the bang-up tippers!—that ’ere in the snowy Benjamin is Jem Larkins, as drives the Funny Woman, all the way from Cheltenham, thirteen mile an hour.”

“Oh! a rare fight it will be, von’t it, Jem?”

“Vell, I’m blow’d if that ben’t a turn out, however. Who is them coves in the brishky?”

“Oh, them’s the backers; that ’ere on the near side is Sir Philip Pudgil, and this here on the far side is the Honourable Mr Augustus Scamp. Sir Philip backs Bill for a couple o’ hundreds.”

The two gentlemen thus described by the hostler of the Queen’s Head, proceeded rapidly on their way to Hurly Bottom, where a grand pugilistic contest was appointed to take place. Their conversation on the road was brief, as both seemed to prefer their private cogitations to the interchange of speech. When they drew near the place of contest, they began to look out with considerable anxiety for their respective men. The crowd collected was immense; but leaving their carriage, they had no great difficulty in making their

way to the little alehouse where the combatants remained till the hour fixed on for entering the ring. Here the gentlemen separated, Sir Philip proceeding to the apartment of Bill, and Mr Scamp repairing to that of the other combatant.

“I’ll tell you what it is, Tom,” said the Honourable Augustus, when he found himself alone with his champion, “you must make a cross of it, and lose.”

“Why so, sir? I’ve posted the blunt on my own side, and must do my best to win.”

“Nonsense; I’ll make up your losses—the odds are six to four on you. I’ve taken them all, to the tune of eight thousand pounds. I’ll pay your bets, and make it a five hundred screen in your favour besides.”

“Oh, as to that, I can wap Bill or lose to him, for sartin,—but are you sure he’s not bought to lose too?—for, if so be, you know he may give in the first blow, and we must win in spite of ourselves.”

“No danger of that; Sir Philip’s fresh in the ring, and orders him to do his best. Now, he’s a regular glut-ton, so you may give him as much as you like the first four or five rounds,

and take as much as he'll give you. You had better sprain your wrist in the seventh or eighth round, when the odds have risen to twelve to one, and give in about the twelfth."

"Well, sir, I'm always ready to act as the gentleman to any gentleman as is a gentleman. Can I have the five hundred down, sir?"

"No, no, Tom,—do the work first,—you and I know each other. I'll give you no chance of selling me too. But come, time's up,—do as I say, and your money's safe."

The whole cavalcade now went up to the place where the commissary-general had extended the ropes. Sir Philip, the backer of the opposite party, dexterously slipped across, and whispered in Tom's ear,—“Win the battle, Tom, and I give ye half a thousand.”

“The fool!” whispered our friend Tom to his bottleholder, as the baronet turned away, “if he had clapped on another hundred I would have won the battle in ten minutes.”

It is useless to describe the fortunes of the fight. The odds rose to 23 on Tom; Bill to all appearance was dead beat, when, in the ninth round, the winning man dislocated his wrist, and, after taking an extraordinary quantity of punishment, and losing three of his teeth, went

down, and was deaf to the call of time. Both men were most terribly bruised, the eyes of both were cut and swelled amazingly, and the victor and vanquished were carried off upon shutters, and carefully put to bed. Meanwhile the two patrons of the ring got into their carriage once more, and returned quickly to town. They agreed to dine together that day. The Honourable Augustus Scamp paid over the two hundred pounds to Sir Philip, and cursed his bad luck in always backing the loser. They were in a private room, and both impatient for their dinner. “What the devil’s the matter with Scott to-day?—he’s generally as punctual as clock-work,” said Sir Philip, “and I hear six striking in the coffee-room.” As he said these words, the influence of the hour began!—with a bolt, and a shock of inconceivable pain, his three front teeth fell on the floor—the Honourable Mr Scamp’s eyes became darkened—his body became a mass of contusions—and when the waiter opened the door to announce dinner, he found the two gentlemen extended on the floor, writhing in pain, and in every respect punished and bruised the same as their two champions in the morning.

### NICK THE THIRD.

“And this young man you talk of, this aristocratic plebeian, sir, resides at the Western Farm!”—

“He does, Mr Froth, and I don’t at all like his appearance, I assure you.”

“How so?—I thought you said his appearance was very prepossessing?”

“Too much so, I’m afraid. I can’t persuade myself he is the rustic in reality he pretends to be.”

“Romance for a thousand!—ah! what a lucky dog I am! I shall go this moment and make his acquaintance, hear all his story, add a few items from my own imagination, and furbish up a three-volume novel directly, ‘The Sentimental Unknown,’ or ‘The Rustic in the Wilds’—a good thought, ain’t it, sir?”

“I’m no judge, Mr Froth—but all that I can say is, I don’t like his rambling so much in my park; and I rather suspect my daughter Maria

knows more about him than we do.”

“Hem!—indeed!—that makes it a different matter; but you know, sir, I have your consent; as to the heart, it is a mere trifle in these matters. Miss Maria shall be Mrs Froth in three days;—for, a word in your ear, Sir Timothy—I think I shall make a bold push for it, and carry her off.”

“Carry her off! How, sir!—carry off my own daughter when you have my consent to marry her?”

“Just so. I hate such commonplace marriages, where fiddling old fellows of fathers give the obedient couple their blessing, and every thing is carried on with the precision and solemnity of a funeral! No; give me the runaway match,—the galloping horses,—the pursuit,—the paragraph in the newspapers! Zounds! the name of Froth shall make some noise in the world!”

“Mr Froth—sir—what do you

mean, sir, by inculcating such doctrine in my presence, talking disrespectfully of the paternal benediction"——

"I beg pardon—don't get into a heat—'tis unpoetical"——

"What do you mean, sir, by talking to me about poetical?"

"'Tis unromantic, sir—'tis absurd."

"Oh, I see—I see. Mr Froth, I certainly promised you my daughter's hand; but, sir, this is not the way to gain it."——*Exit.*

"The old gentleman seems in a rage to-day; so much the better for my work. A novel never takes without a choleric old gentleman. But I must hie me to the Wester Farm, and hold commune with this rustic. In the meantime I shall keep my eye on Miss Maria. I shall hire some simple fellow to watch her, and give me notice of what she has been doing during my absence.—Here, rustic—pastoral—clod!"

"Ees, zur, here I bees," said the peasant thus addressed.

"'Tis a fine day, peasant.—Now, respond to my interrogatories."

"Thank ye, zur—the zame to you, zur."

"The name of this estate?"

"We calls un Morland Hall."

"Right. Thou art of an acute understanding.—Knowest thou who resides in yonder mansion?"

"Ees, zur—it be old Zur Timothy, and his young woman."

"Woman!—Aroint, thou unsophisticate! Elevate thy plebeian understanding to the empyrean heights of Apocalyptic glory, and call her angel."

"Ees, zur."

"Well, now, this is my command to thee—keep strict watch here in my absence, and on no account permit the beautiful Miss Maria Morland, to whom I am going to be married shortly—you need not jump so, but listen to what I say—on no account, I say, allow her to go towards the Wester Farm. There is some scoundrel hiding himself there, whom I suspect to be some lover or other she must have met with at her aunt's in Leicestershire. I am going to find out his disguise, and lull his watchfulness to rest,—for this very evening I have ordered my carriage to the corner of the hazel copse to carry her off."

"Ees, zur—surely."

"So now be watchful, and silver coin shall chink in each pocket."——*Exit.*

"To-night!—this very night! Oh, my Maria, is this your constancy—after all the protestations you have made to me, to elope with such a paltry, contemptible blockhead! But how lucky he told me of their plans! I'll disconcert them.—Ha! Maria herself, coming this way. Who would believe that falsehood could dwell with so much beauty?"

"Rawdon, dear Rawdon, I have only this moment been able to escape——What! you don't seem glad to see me."

"You talk of making your escape, Miss Morland,—you are an adept at making an escape."

"What mean you? Have I done any thing to offend you?"

"Mr Froth, madam, has this moment informed me of your projected elopement this evening."

"Elopement!—this evening—you are dreaming."

"I was not dreaming when I heard the conceited fool declare he was to carry you off to-night; that his carriage was to be at the door—and that he was to marry you immediately."

"Ha! ha!—it is only some contemptible invention of my miserable admirer—Elope with him! no, never with him."

"Is it with any one else, then? I may have misunderstood."

"With any one else? Why, how should I know? no one else has asked me."

"Eh? what? Fool, fool that I have been all this time! Forgive me, dearest Maria,—but I am worried past endurance by the concealment which you yourself recommended; why not let me reveal my name and rank at once to your father, and claim?"

"Oh, he can't hear of it! I tell you he is under a solemn obligation to give Mr Froth his vote and interest for my hand; but—but—"

"But what, my angel? Speak on."

"But—if—you know—if I were fairly marr—I mean if—you know—why, how slow you are, Rawdon!"

"Slow!—never was such an angelic, dear, delightful—we'll elope before them; Froth may elope by himself, if he likes. We'll be off this very day—this very hour—but, confound my ill-luck, I left my carriage twenty miles off, at the Falcon."



"Ah! how unfortunate! could you not have brought your carriage to the farm?"

"With these clothes? in this disguise, Maria?"

"No; I see it was impossible. Hush, here's Mr Froth."

"Ha! Bumpkin, still here? that's right, my boy, there's a crown for you—abscond, but wait at a little distance; I shall discourse with thee anon. Your admirer, Miss Morland, at the farm, is one of the cleverest fellows in England."

"My admirer at the farm, Mr Froth! you surprise me."

"I knew I should; I always like to surprise the ladies. But positively he's a capital hit; he'll carry through the third volume swimmingly; such a power of face; such a twang; and such matchless impudence in denying that he was anything but what he seemed. I told him I knew it all; that he was a gentleman; that he was in love with you, and to all that I said, he only opened his great saucer eyes and said, 'Zurely, zurely, zur.' Oh, 'twas infinitely provocative of cachinnation!"

"It must have been very amusing to hear a Devonshire peasant talk in the patois of his county."

"Exactly—Very amusing. But it was not a peasant, Miss Maria; no, no; it was the acting I admired; it was a gentleman, Miss Maria; and a friend of yours, too. But we'll trick him; your father is in favour of my claims upon your hand; but it is an exceedingly prosaic way of being married. Don't you think so?"

"Very."

"And you would prefer a more spirited match?"

"Yes."

"An elopement?"

"Perhaps"—

"Capital! thank ye, thank ye—'twill be an admirable incident towards the conclusion."

"What, sir?"

"Why, the elopement to be sure, and the disappointment of the suitor, who is no doubt quite confident of success—won't it be capital?"

"Yes."

"How like a fool he'll look when he finds his angel gone off with another—won't he?"

"Yes—very."

"Well—but let us arrange it. My carriage shall be at the hazel copse

at half-past five—get all your things into it—slip quietly out yourself—four admirable posters—pistols in the pockets. I have already put a purse under the seat, to pay as we go along. Ha! that's your sort!—you'll do it?"

"Perhaps."

"Thank ye, thank ye—here by this kiss I swear!"

"Zur, zur, here be Zur Timothy."

"Shepherd, never interrupt people on the point of kissing, 'tis cruel—ha! Miss Morland gone!—Well, clodpole, what didst thou remark in my absence?"

"Efaiks! the young woman an' me—uz got on prodigious foin—ees."

"You did? but she seemed to have no inclination to go on to the farm?"

"Noa—she stayed where she was—she zeemed well enough pleased wi' I."

"She is a lady of great discernment. But stay—I shall need your services again. Be punctually at the hazel copse at half-past five. You will there see a carriage and four—help Miss Morland into it, and allow no one to go near her except yourself, till I come. You may stay beside her to protect her in my absence."

"Ees, zur, I'll purtect she wi' my life."

"Good—rustic, thou art not the greatest fool in the world."

"Noa, zur—I be next to un, tho'."

"Thou'rt modest; be punctual—be faithful, and another crown rewards thy fidelity."—*Exit.*

"Well, this is better than I could possibly have expected—let me see—four o'clock. I'll go to the farm, make all my arrangements, and be ready to take advantage of my good fortune at half-past five."

At half-past five a carriage with four posters was waiting at the appointed place. Miss Morland tripped quickly from the hall, and was received by her disguised admirer.

"Dearest Maria, this is so kind."

"Hush, hush—Mr Froth will be here instantly. I saw him with papa in the shrubbery, as I passed."

"Well, jump into the carriage, we must borrow Mr Froth's. Now, I'm in after you; shut the door, postilion, and drive like a whirlwind."

"Please, sir," said the postilion,

'be you the gemman as hired the horses?'"

"Here, my good fellow, there's a sovereign—drive well, it shall be doubled."

"I thought you was Mr Froth. Jack, mind this here gemman is Mr Froth—a sovereign, Jack."

"Mum's the word," said Jack, and put foot in stirrup.

"Ho! ho! wo! stop there!" cried Mr Froth, running at the top of his speed, followed in the distance by Sir Timothy; "stop, you cursed postilion, that rustic is not I—that's my carriage. Miss Morland, for God's sake, stop! Rustic! bumpkin!"

"Hark ye, Mr Froth, I'm rustic and bumpkin no longer. This young lady has consented to be my wife, and my wife she shall be, thanks to

your carriage and well-laid scheme. My name is Sir Henry Rawdon, and, by the light of heaven, if you move one step nearer, I'll blow out your brains with your own pistol—drive on!"

The carriage swept along at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and Mr Froth could only say to Sir Timothy as he approached, "Done, by Jupiter! my carriage, my pistols, my money, my plan, my every thing—it will be a brilliant event before the Finis. Can't we pursue them, sir?"

"My horses are lame, Mr Froth."

"But mine are in the stable."

"My carriage is broken, Mr Froth."

"Hell and the devil!"

"Dinner is waiting, Mr Froth—it is now exactly six."

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LETTER FROM THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS PEREGRINE COURTENAY.

SIR,

CONTRIVERSY must have an end. Looking only to the main subjects of that which you allowed me to conduct in your number of March, I might indeed be well content to leave it where it is; because, in the few remarks which are to be found in the last number of the New Monthly Magazine, the other party has not attempted to controvert any one single fact, or to dispute any one argument, of those which I had adduced. If, then, that writer be deemed a competent champion, I have a perfect right to assume, that I have established beyond dispute the positions for which I contended in the Foreign Quarterly Review, and in your Magazine. In hard words, I fear, I must acknowledge myself beaten; but, in facts and deductions, I am confessedly triumphant. I should therefore leave the matter here, if my opponent had not attempted to vilify my personal conduct. It is not because I apprehend that my character can suffer from an anonymous attack, that I notice this assault, but chiefly because I am always desirous of coming to close quarters; and as I never write a paragraph which I am not ready to

defend, so neither will I willingly permit one to be directed against me, without meeting it, point by point, openly, and without evasion.

It is first said, that in stating that Mr Stapleton's error consisted in misrepresenting, not Mr Canning, but Lord Castlereagh, I have abandoned the most important position of my reviews; and have admitted that Mr Stapleton's description of Mr Canning's management of affairs is accurate. In reference to the point to which I was referring, (the Naples circular,) Mr Stapleton's error lay, certainly, in misrepresenting Lord Castlereagh rather than Mr Canning; but it is absolutely impossible that he who read my letter, could really doubt that I continued to impute to Mr Stapleton, also, a misrepresentation of Mr Canning's principles and conduct.\* This is an ingenious method of evading a dispute which it is inconvenient to prolong.

I ask, what position, *which is to be found in my reviews*, have I abandoned?—what statement, *made by me*, have I recanted?

The writer then, using the figure of speech called Omission, expresses his readiness to pass by my "sneers at the amiable prejudices"† of Mr

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\* See particularly p. 520—"Mr Canning did not systematically support liberal and popular institutions in other countries;" and p. 523, as to the balance between conflicting principles. All this is quite in keeping with the reviews.

† I cannot immediately find the passage here quoted; but I dare say that I used the expression.

Stapleton. I do not much expect the present writer to understand or believe me; but it is nevertheless true, that I intended no sneer at Mr Stapleton. I did and do believe, that the feelings which prompted that gentleman, in exalting Mr Canning at the expense of Lord Castlereagh, were amiable feelings. In his, as in many other instances, such feelings have been displayed without judgment, and applied without justice.

As to the remainder of this paragraph, I have only to deny, most peremptorily and positively, that I have attempted to injure Mr Canning's reputation; and I reject with scorn the imputation, that I have effected that purpose by "unworthy insinuations." I must here have recourse to my accustomed mode, and ask—as I have before asked in vain—for the *when*, the *how*, and the *where*?

Now, I am charged with dexterously pretending to consider as my real offence in the eye of my opponent, the support which I gave to the Duke of Wellington. I practised no such dexterity. I was told that my object in this controversy was, to defend the part which I had taken in the governments of Lord Castlereagh, Mr Canning, and the Duke of Wellington. I said, and truly, that the last was the proceeding under this head of charge, most offensive to my critic, as I knew it to be the only one upon which a plausible question could be raised. As such, I met it fairly; but I did not use it to divert attention from other charges against me.

I knew well that I was also charged with displaying "the anger of disappointment," and with "the cavilling of detraction." Certainly I treated this charge lightly, because I felt that no man who knew any thing about me, could seriously apply these expressions to me; and I still feel, that he who now accuses me of unfairly disparaging Mr Canning through design, writes, either in ignorance occasioned by my unimportance, or in self-delusion, occasioned by some disappointment or discomfiture which has befallen him. Much more readily, indeed, would I acknowledge "obliquity of intellect," than plead guilty

to a charge of unfairness or ingratitude!

For his proofs, however, of my designed unfairness, he refers to a page in the Review,\* in which I comment on Mr Canning's speech on sending troops to Portugal. I rejoice even at the approach to precision and distinctness which this reference indicates; but it is still so general, that I am not certain of having rightly conceived it. The crimination applies, as I suspect, to my observations on the celebrated passage as to the creation of the new world. Mr Stapleton had treated it as containing a deliberate exposition of Mr Canning's views. I cannot so consider it; and I believe that no man who was present at the enunciation of those memorable words will deny that they deemed it at the time, as I still deem it, a bold flight of eloquence. I have endeavoured to shew that it could be nothing more. If to think it possible that a great orator may sometimes be carried by the torrent of his own eloquence into a position not easily tenable, be an injurious disparagement, I plead guilty, and sue for mercy. It is my conscientious belief that Mr Canning was thus led away. I am sure that a detraction so minute will be imperceptible in his posthumous fame. Had I desired to injure his reputation, I should have evaded the topic: still, so anxious am I to clear myself from the charge of injustice towards Mr Canning, that I will, even at the call of the querulous and unfair critic by whom I am assailed, express the deep regret which I should feel, if any person more worthy of regard should find, in the expressions in which I have conveyed my view of this singular occurrence, any thing injurious to Mr Canning.

For the other instance of unfair disparagement,† I offer no apology. It is not Mr Canning who is disparaged, when it is denied that his policy had effects which it was neither calculated nor intended to produce. Praise undeserved is censure in disguise. The passage on which I commented is a mere piece of romance, which no man would have treated with so much severity as Mr Can-

ning himself, from whom it detracts that entirely English policy of which he boasted, and to whose measures it ascribes effects ridiculously exaggerated.

I have some difficulty in noticing the next paragraph, because I am not anxious to disclaim obligation to Mr Canning; yet, thus challenged, I must say, that when I mentioned the confidence and kindness which I had experienced at Mr Canning's hand, I described the whole obligation. I was not under obligation to him in the sense in which that word is commonly used, as between a placeman and a patron.

The quotation from the "New Morality," is the only part of this letter in which there is any merit or cleverness. I only wish that the whole poem may be read, including a passage which I took the liberty of citing elsewhere,\* in which the "patriot of the world," is described. I am the defender of Mr Canning against those who would put on his head the cap of folly, which he fitted to the Frenchified English of 1797. But, surely, my opponent's quotation is somewhat whimsically applied, by an anonymous assailant, to one who publishes his name!

Will that assailant stand erect and avow himself? He must indeed be an unfortunate man, if his name would add nothing to the severity of his rebuke. For, though one who conceals his name, often assumes to himself a purity, of which no man whose mortal deeds are known can safely boast, yet the world will be apt, and not unnaturally, to ascribe to the anonymous writer even less of merit than belongs to him. Known,

my antagonist might prove to be my superior in claims to public confidence; concealed, I shall beat him. However, I tell him frankly this; if I cannot persuade him to unmask, I shall not find him out. I have no suspicion of his name. I have already given reasons against suspecting Mr Stapleton; and I feel quite sure that he knows me too well, to ascribe to me the motives, or apply to me the epithets, which are to be found in these letters. *He* could not suspect me, of all men, of intentionally injuring Mr Canning's memory. Nor is it probable that one who has in his own name so boldly attacked men of much greater importance than mine, should be so partial to anonymous proceedings, as to shrink from the avowal of himself, when charging with calumny one, whom he has known as the friend of Mr Canning.

The writer, assuredly, *has* "mistaken the character of Mr Courtenay's article," and the character of Mr Courtenay himself. On the latter point I say no more; for proofs of the former, let him read the article with this in his mind—what the Whigs and Mr Stapleton impute to Mr Canning as meritorious, has in my view a different character. I have painted the Mr Canning whom I loved and supported, consistent, patriotic, and *conservative*; they describe him as inconsistent, cosmopolitan, and almost jacobinical. Are they, or am I, the true friend of Mr Canning?

I am, sir,

Your faithful servant,

THOMAS PEREGRINE COURTENAY.  
London, May 9, 1832.

LINES WRITTEN AT KELBURN CASTLE, AYRSHIRE.

BY DELTA.

A LOVELY eve—though yet it is but spring,  
In April's verdure—a refulgent eve,  
With its soft west wind, and its mild white clouds,  
Silently floating through the depths of blue;  
The bird from out the thicket sends a gush  
Of song, that heralds summer, and calls forth  
The squirrel from its fungus-covered cave  
In the old oak. Where do the conies sport?  
Lo! from the shelter of yon flowering furze,

\* In the House of Commons, Feb. 9, 1832. See *Mirror of Parliament*.

O'er mantling like an aureat crown the brow  
 Of the grey rock, with sudden bound, and stop,  
 And start, the mother with her little ones  
 Crops the young herbage in its tenderest green;  
 While overhead the elm, and oak, and ash,  
 Weave, for the hundredth time, their annual boughs,  
 Bright with their varied leaflets.

Hark the bleat  
 From yon secluded haunt, where hill from hill  
 Diverging leaves, in sequestration calm,  
 A holm of pastoral loveliness; the lamb,  
 Screen'd from the biting east, securely roams  
 There, in wild gambol with its dam, and starts  
 Aside from the near waterfall, whose sheet  
 Winds foaming down the rocks precipitous,  
 Now seen, and now half hidden by the trunks  
 Of time and tempest-ruin'd woods.

Away  
 From the sea murmur ceaseless, up between  
 The green secluding hills, that hem it round,  
 As 'twere their favourite, Kelburne Castle stands,  
 With its grey turrets in baronial state,  
 A proud memento of the days when men  
 Thought but of war and safety. Stately pile,  
 Magnificent, not often have mine eyes  
 Gazed o'er a scene more picturesque, or more  
 Heart-touching in its beauty. Thou wert once  
 The guardian of these mountains, and the foe  
 Approaching, saw, between himself and thee,  
 The fierce down-thundering, mocking waterfall;  
 While, on thy battlements, in glittering mail,  
 The warder glided, and the sentinel,  
 As near'd the stranger horseman to thy gate,  
 Pluck'd from his quiver the unerring shaft,  
 Which from Kilwinning's spire had oft brought down  
 The mock papingo.

Mournfully, alas!  
 Yet in thy quietude not desolate,  
 Now, like a spectre of the times gone by,  
 Down from thine Alpine throne, upon the sea,  
 Which glitters like a sheet of molten gold,  
 Thou lookest thus at eventide, while sets  
 The day o'er distant Arran, with its peaks,  
 Sky-piercing, yet o'erclad with winter's snows  
 In desolate grandeur; while the cottaged fields  
 Of nearer Bute smile, in their vernal green,  
 A picture of repose.

High overhead,  
 The gull, far shrieking, through yon stern ravine,—  
 Rocks wild and rude—where brawls the mountain stream—  
 Wings to the sea, and seeks, beyond its foam,  
 Its own precipitous home upon the coast  
 Of fair and fertile Cumbræ: while the rook,  
 Conscious of coming eventide, forsakes  
 The leafing woods, and round thy chimneyed roofs,  
 Caws as he wheels, and, ever and anon,  
 Renews his circling flight in clamorous joy.

Mountains that face bald Arran! though the sun  
 Now, with the ruddy light of eventide,  
 Gilds every pastoral summit, on which Peace,  
 Enthroned, forth gazes on a scene as fair  
 As Nature e'er outspread for mortal eye;  
 And, but the voice of distant waterfall

Sings lullaby to bird and beast, and wings  
 Of insects, murmurous, multitudinous,  
 That in the low, red, level beams commix,  
 And weave their sportive dance—Another time  
 And other tones were yours, when, on each peak,  
 Startling black midnight, flared the beacon fires;  
 And when, from out the west, the castled height  
 Of Brodwick reddened with responsive blaze.  
 Then dawn looked out, to see along these shores  
 The Bruce's standard floating on the gale,  
 A call to freedom—barks from every isle  
 Pouring with their bright spears; from every dell  
 The throng of mail-clad men; horsemen and horse;  
 The ponderous curtal-axe, and keen broad-sword;  
 The vassal and his lord:—while, heard afar,  
 And near, the bugles rang amid the rocks,  
 Echoing in wild reverberation shrill,  
 And scaring from his heathery lair the deer,  
 The osprey from his dizzy cliff of rest.

But not alone, by that fierce trumpet call,  
 Through grove and glen, on mount and pastoral hill,  
 The bird and brute were roused—again, again,  
 Then once again the sons of Scotland heard,  
 With palpitating hearts, and loud acclaim,  
 That summons, and indignantly cast off  
 The inglorious weeds of thralldom: Every hearth  
 Wiped the red rust from its ancestral sword,  
 And sent it forth avenging to the field:  
 Yea, while the mother and the sister mourned;  
 And while the maiden, half despairingly,  
 Wept for her love, who might return no more—  
 The grey-hair'd father, leaning on his staff  
 Infirmit, sent, from his patrimonial door,  
 A blessing after his departing boy,  
 Arm'd for the battles of his native land,  
 Nor hoped him back, unless with freedom won!  
 While thrill'd, from Bruce's war-cry, through each heart  
 The pulse that throb'd for Liberty or Death!  
 Nor days were many, till the sun went down  
 On Edward's overthrow at Bannockburn.

To olden times my reveries have roam'd,  
 To glory and war, red tumult, and the day  
 Of Scotland's renovation. Like a dream,  
 Fitful and fair, yet clouded with a haze,  
 As if of doubt, to memory awakes  
 The bright heart-stirring past, when human life  
 Was half-romance; and, were it not that yet,  
 In stream, and crag, and isle, and crumbling wall  
 Of keep and castle, still remain to us  
 Physical proof, that History is no mere  
 Hallucination, oftentimes the mind—  
 So different is the present from the past—  
 Would deem the pageant an illusion all.

Sweet scenes of beauty and peace, farewell! The eyes  
 But of a passing visitor are mine  
 On thee; before this radiant eve, thou wert  
 Known but in name; but now thou art mine own,  
 Shrined 'mid the pictures, which fond memory  
 In musing fantasy will oftentimes love  
 To conjure up, gleaming, amid the stir  
 And strife of multitudes, as 'twere repose,  
 By dwelling on the tranquil and serene!

## WHAT IS AN ENGLISH SONNET?

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

WHAT is an English Sonnet? Down with Theory—Facts, facts, facts must decide. And some myriad of these, with deliberate rhymes, if not metre or reason, perpetrated *facts*, have established that a copy of verses, consisting of exactly fourteen lines, is an English Sonnet. What have our *Reading Public*, what has our enlightened *Press*, to do with the Literature of the NATION? With such a bigoted Aristocrat as MILTON, who contradistinguished the Populace, the Political Unions, from the PEOPLE, as the Vermin, the Ascarides, and Lumbrici, from the skin and bowels of the Man—though numerous in proportion to the dirt and ill-diet of the animal so tenanted; and who regarded the PEOPLE itself, thus contradistinguished from the *Populace* (*Populus a Plebe*), but as the tan and dung-bed for the production of the Pine-apple—a NATION.—And as to Petrarch—otherwise called Plutarch—the TIMES would soon dish up his business with Laura, and finish him in the Duke of Cumberland style.—Ergo—it is demonstrated that fourteen lines, neither more nor less, give the Procrustes Definition of an English Sonnet—rhymes being the ordinary, but not necessary accompaniment. From all which it is demonstrated, that the following Out-slough, or hypertrophic Stanza, of a certain poem, called “Youth and Age,” having, by a judicial Ligature of the Verse-maker’s own tying, detached itself, and dropt off from the poem aforesaid, assumes the name and rank of an integral Animal, and standing the test of counting the lines, twice seven exactly, is a legitimate English Sonnet,—according to the critical Code established since the happy and glorious separation of the *British Press* (four-fifths Scotch and Irish) from the Literature of *England*—and the virtual extinction of the latter in the noonday blaze of the former.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## THE OLD MAN’S SIGH. A SONNET.

Dewdrops are the gems of Morning,  
But the tears of mournful Eve:  
Where no Hope is, Life’s a warning  
That only serves to make us grave

In our old age,  
Whose bruised wings quarrel with the bars of the still narrowing cage—  
That only serves to make us grieve  
With oft and tedious taking-leave,  
Like a poor nigh-related guest,  
Who may not rudely be dismiss’d;  
Yet hath outstay’d his welcome while,  
And tells the Jest without the smile.  
O! might Life cease! and Selfless Mind,  
Whose total *Being* is *Act*, alone remain behind!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

18th May, 1832—Grove, Highgate.

## LIVING POETS AND POETESSES.\*

WE glory in being the slave of despotical nationalities—and our justification is, that we are sons of Scotland. We blandly smile to hear the silly Southrons laugh at our Mighty Mother; and with a cheerful countenance we castigate the contumelious Cockneys. Like Jupiter Pluvius “subridens ollis,” we launch our storm-showers of Scotticisms on the heads of the quaking coxcombs. The people are delighted to see how the infatuated fools shrink from the chastisement they persist in provoking, and admire the attitudes in which the various victims receive the crutch. Of these attitudes “custom cannot stale the infinite variety.” One ninny claps his paw on his poll, and another on his posteriors, according as he is conscious of its being the peccant part. But they soon find that they are playing a losing game of cross purposes; for of the defender of the poll—thwack comes the crutch across the unsuspecting posteriors; and of the protector of the posteriors—crack comes the same weapon upon the too simple poll. A third more circumspect assailant lavishes all his anxiety on the preservation of his midriff; but the torpedo touch of the Timber benumbs his elbow, and all down along that side, from nape to heel, he is a paralytic for life. A fourth fool judges that our aim is his jugular; but that flouish of ours is all a feint; and on legs from which the shinbones have spun in splinters, never more shall the lameter limp up Ludgate or Hampstead-Hill.

Here the question naturally arises—is such conduct cruel? The answer arises as naturally—it is humane. Rather than insult any human being, how humble soever he may be, we would submit henceforth to write all our articles, not with a sharp-nibbed pen, as we now do, but with a round-nosed pinion, just as it is plucked from the gander’s wing. The case is the reverse with Cockneys. You surely cannot

be justly accused of insulting a cur, when you merely, and perhaps reluctantly, without pausing on your path, kick the heel-snarler into the kennel. He, it is true, may make a pathetic appeal to the passengers, or with hanging ears and hidden tail yelp his wrongs to the skies. But deaf to his clamours are heaven and earth, and all that move therein; and the only wonder with them is, that he does not terminate in a kettle.

Of course, they are not included in the late population returns; but we believe, on the authority of a curious and credible enquirer, that the breed of Cockneys is on the increase in England. The females are marriageable long before, and continue prolific long after, the season usually assigned to our species. The period of gestation, too, we understand, is shorter, varying from four to five months; nay, we have been assured that there are well authenticated instances on record, in the hospitals, of quick Cockneys, half a span long, having been produced some weeks within three moons from the mother’s original conjecture. True, such instances of ante-natal precocity among the Cockneys are rare; but still they would be sufficient, even in the absence of stronger evidence, to establish the fact, that the creature bears but a very distant analogy indeed to the human race. We beg it, however, to be distinctly understood, that we attribute not to him a common origin with the ape. The ourang-outang is an animal of a totally different order. His stature alone should save the Man of the Woods from the malicious imputation of being even Highland cousin to a Cockney; and no disciple either of Lavater or Spurzheim, when he considers the facial line, and the craniological developement of the creature of the city, would venture, for a single instant, to class him with the Blue-faced Baboon.

Here is one—who calls himself on his title-page—Nicholas Michell.

\* Living Poets and Poetesses; a Biographical and Critical Poem. By Nicholas Michell, Author of “The Siege of Constantinople.” London: William Kidd.



Never was there such a small insignificant libel on the name of Old Nick. To prove that he has horns, he quotes Horace—"Cave!—*Parata tollo cornua.*" He may have deluded himself into a rooted conviction that the knobs on his numskull are horns; but he has only to knock his head against a wall to disenchant his cockneyship out of that audacious dream. Horns hath he none—either in *esse* or *posse*; he has been deceived by the shadow of his ears in the New River.

Proof is patent on the title-page that he has not—as we erroneously said—deluded himself into the above-rooted conviction. It is not possible to silence the voice of nature. In vain would he assume the outward bull—the inward ass is triumphant—and the bellow goes off, to his own astonishment, in a bray. Hear him in an extract from what he calls his "*Mountain Ramble.*" "A critic, my friend, in these days, must plunge his probe deeply; let him not, however, be a Zoilus: he may detect spots in the sun, yet still extol its splendour; modest flowers must engage his peculiar attention, *but the proud, rank thistle he must root up.*" O, the thoughtless Donkey! improvident of the future. The "animal that chews the thistle" is privileged to crop it; in doing so, the wisdom of instinct is equal to that of reason; but "*to root up the proud, rank thistle,*" would be as foolish conduct on the part of a cuddy, as it was on that of a Christian to kill the goose for the golden eggs.

Nicholas tells us that "satire is not excluded from the following poem, although it does not form its prominent feature." He might as well have said that the nose does not form the most prominent feature on the face that happens to have none—in which case the most prominent feature is probably the cheeks—or possibly the mouth. It is so with Nicholas. He is all mouth—not bull-and-mouth—but mere jaw. We say not so in disparagement of his organ, which is well adapted for his chosen task—"to silence the Cerberus of puffs, to break the molten calves of blind adoration." The one will die beneath his jaws—the other fall into pieces beneath his hoofs. Who may be the Cerberus of puffs? Nicholas

says "the modern Cerberus, forty-five of whose fifty heads guard the *Burlingtonian kingdom.*" Let them all bark at once, Nicholas will bray them down; but the remedy, we fear, will be more intolerable than the disease. A neighbourhood gains nothing, and may lose much, from the abatement of one nuisance by another; under the tyranny of a new stink, it may sigh in vain for the old engine that could not, even by the threat of an indictment, be induced to consume his own smoke.

"In our language," quoth Nicholas, "we have three great satires." Pope's *Dunciad*—Gifford's *Baviad* and *Mæviad*—Byron's *English Bards* and *Scotch Reviewers*. The *Dunciad*, he tells us, "is distinguished for arch wit, and the powerful, though kindly, castigation of its victims." Our excellent friend must have singular notions of the meaning of "arch" and "kindly." For example, he would esteem it "arch and kindly" in us, were Christopher North, like a second Peter Bell, to take him by the tail, and "bang his bones" for any given number of hours, by Shrewsbury or any other well-regulated clock, with the Crutch. "Arch and kindly," according to his conceit, is the demeanour of that chosen Russ who knouts the back of the post-bound culprit, till its flesh "falls off in gory flakes," and with his red-hot pincers tears out the nostrils of the nobleman about to be goaded across the steppes into Siberia.

Besides these three great satires, there are, it seems, two small ones, "in our language"—Churchill's *Rosciad*—which, "although directed against the stage, (there's a discovery!) *approaches in its nature the pale of our school.*" He, too, it seems, is a Knight of the Thistle. The other "small satire," is called the "*Siamese Twins.*" But Nicholas is somewhat inconsistent in his note upon these paltry performances—for, quoth he—though it is possible he may be sarcastic—"A GREAT SATIRE, however, *flavouring of literature*, as it castigates Captain Hall, &c., not long since appeared—it is called the *Siamese Twins.*" There is something very solemn in this formal announcement of the existence of that ingenious Poem. But we are at a loss to see why a satire should be charac-

terised by "*flavouring of literature*," because it castigates in particular the gallant captain. Nicholas spiritedly avers, that "Mr Bulwer's scourge is a silken thread." But here he falls into a very natural and excusable mistake. He does not discern the obvious distinction between the fineness of a scourge, and the coarseness of the hide on which it may be inflicted. Yet in art and nature they are, he may depend on't, two totally different things. True, that Mr Bulwer's weapon is whipped with silk, but the stem or staple is whalebone; applied to the flank of a "high-met-tled racer," the generous steed, flinging up his heels, neighs haughtily, and then scours the course in disdain, like Smolensko or Priam—but on the hurdles of a donkey, 'tis Love's Labour Lost, and the insensate brute obstinately retains his position, illustrative of the motto of his tribe, "The proud rank thistle he must root up."

Nicholas now looks about him from the "pale of our school," and espies what he opines to be a gang of animals in no degree cognate to himself—for he does not possess Intellect, the Faculty which perceives relations—a gang of asses. These are the living Poets and Poetesses. He resolves forthwith to have a sly at them—after the fashion of a lout playing at Roley-poley, and truculently exclaims, "Will no one lash the dunces? THEN, I WILL!" This is savage. At a time when the whole world—Christian and Pagan—is at peace with the Dunces—outleaps old Nicholas from the "pale of our school," and lays about him right and left—not indeed like a bull in a china shop, but like an ass among Staffordshire pottery—and after Act First of the tragico-comic farce, proclaims, in a bray that would have dismounted Balaam, "who flutter'd the Volsces in Corioli? I DID IT."

Nicholas Michell is at a loss what to make of Thomas Campbell. Yet we acknowledge that he bestows appropriate, judicious, and finely discriminating praise, on Gertrude of Wyoming. That poem, in the opinion of Nicholas, displays "Warton's lore"—whether Tom's or Joe's, or both, it is no great matter—for our critic means to eulogise the rich display of classical and antiquarian lore

pervading the strain that sings the scenery on "Susquehanna's side—sweet Wyoming." He then compliments Mr Campbell on the purity of his English—

"All innovation on our tongue he spurns," but adroitly taxes the Bard of Hope, at the close, with a crime which cannot be characterised as either carnal or capital.

"Opposed to Wordsworth's drawl, Montgomery's roar;  
His GREATEST CRIME IS—he hath writ no more."

This great crime does, indeed, stand out in bold relief from the percadilloes stated in the text—the drawl of one bard, and the roar of another, which, it might be said across the Irish Channel, exhibit the enormity of the silence of the too tacit Thomas in the most glaring colours.

From the Bard of Hope turn we to the Bard of Memory. What saith Nicholas Michell of Samuel Rogers? He makes him the subject of an original moral reflection on Time.

"How swiftly time's life-sapping waters flow!  
For thou wert born just seventy years ago."

The logic of this "for" is neatly wrapped up, and concealed ingeniously from the public eye. We admit the conclusion—but cannot perceive the source from which it flows in the premises. Adam was created six thousand years ago, and appears a person more in point than Mr Rogers. In one respect, however, perhaps the worthy Banker has the advantage over the unhappy Horticulturist, as an illustration, or *argumentum ab homine*, of Pollok's Course of Time. For of him Nicholas says what could not be said of our First Parent, without sacrificing the principles of the bill, that he was

"Born, not 'mid haunted dells, or rocks,  
that lean  
O'er dashing floods, or mountains far from men,  
But on fair Newington's smooth level green."

We are then presented with a few interesting anecdotes of this elegant poet's childhood, which seems, however, to have differed little from that of ordinary persons who have devoted themselves chiefly to prose.

"At times he was a headstrong lad, in  
sooth,  
And loved to take a lawless, truant trip,  
Wandering where wild birds build, and  
streamlets flash,  
For which he felt th' unsparing master's  
lash."

The "unsparing master" must have been "an arch and kindly" character. Nicholas then tells us, in reference to Mr Rogers, that genius pines, like an imprisoned eagle, "still turning from dull pedants and their books;" a fine simile, conceived in the true spirit of my Lord Castle-reagh's celebrated sentiment, that the nation should not stand weeping like a crocodile, "with its hands in its breeches pockets;" and inadequately imitated by a writer in an Edinburgh newspaper, giving an account of the unanimity of the Radical Meeting in our King's Park—that no Tory reptile was there to hiss like a serpent "with his hat held up before his face."

Having recovered from his wounds, and escaped "all the disastrous chances which his youth suffered," the lad Samuel

—"sought, ere long, not *Oxford walls*,  
*But an academy*, where science, grace,  
Are taught as well!"—  
and there

"He dived 'mid Greek and Latin, Euclid  
slighting,  
Then, like a priest to banquet, fell to writing."

"His *ode* was thunder, dew his *Human  
Life*,  
Pathetic *Jacqueline* MADE THEM ALL RAIN."

We should have thought rain more natural after thunder—but Mr Michell ought not thus "to change the drink upon us"—and we are curious to know, *Human Life* being dew, what gifted individual is alluded to by the personal pronoun in the accusative case "thee," as being "all rain." He must be a wet Quaker.

"Lo! Wilson comes! the king of *Noctual  
jokes*,  
Of late most saltless, tame, and melan-  
choly."

But, in spite of the stupidity of those dullest of all dialogues, Nicholas prays for a long life to the Professor—

"Sage Wilson! health to thee! and  
length of days!"

And the amiable satirist adds,

"Whether thy *ipse dixit* damn or praise  
My harmless rhymes, I still must laud  
thy own,  
And call thee right good-hearted, though  
to me,  
Who cannot bite, thou shouldst a snarler  
be."

Wherefore, asks Nicholas, with sweet simplicity, does not this gentleman "bethink himself of Satire?"

The most contemptible versifier of the present day, according to Nicholas, is Sir Walter Scott. "Despite his puny numbers," however, Nicholas ranks the baronet very high as a novelist. As a poet,

"Why? he's all tameness, sameness,  
through and through,  
From 'Marmion,' down to watery Wa-  
terloo."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Doth 'Lady Lake' or Rokeby this?  
'Tis clear

The first is Cape-wine, and the last  
small beer."

Now we say that is barely civil. Pray, who is Lady Lake?

Mr Campbell's "greatest crime" is, that he "hath writ no more;" and the chief enormity laid, in a note, to the charge of Sir Walter, is that "with him a tree is a tree, and a river a river." This appears to be more atrocious, in the eyes of old Nicholas, than Peter Bell's opinion about the yellow primrose, which we have explained in our *Flight First to the Lakes*. The sole apology we can offer for Sir Walter at present, is a conjectural supposition, that he believes a tree to be a tree, and a river to be a river, on the same high Tory principle that we, Christopher, believe a fool to be a fool, and a Cockney a Cockney.

Nicholas Michell most seriously and solemnly believes that Samuel Taylor Coleridge is no poet.—His "Wallenstein" is a "mere translation," Nic being doubtless a great German scholar—and "Zapolya" and "Remorse" are "decided failures." "Christabel" he cannot endure—"than which was never thing penned, not excepting Jack the Giant-killer and Tom Thumb, more monstrously absurd." We beg that Nicholas would reconsider that sentence. There is, we fearlessly main-

tain, in opposition even to his authority, nothing monstrously absurd in Jack the Giant-killer and Tom Thumb. Let him not suffer the feelings and judgment of his innocent and therefore enlightened infancy, to be overlaid by the nightmares of his, alas! no longer immaculate and therefore obfuscated manhood. True, it is too much the fashion of these supercilious and sophisticated times, to laugh at the orient day-dreams of the yet unbreeched man-child, who is, nathless, the High Priest of Nature, and knows more of her mysteries than he may do when he becomes Bishop of Chichester. Let old Nic, then, become young Nic; let him throw off the man-and-devil, and be once more the angel-and-child; and we offer to lay a gallon of Glenlivet to a saucer of saloop, that, restored to his original capacities and powers, his regenerated mind will see the full effulgence of the glory of those two poems; that

"A settled smile of stern vindictive joy  
Kindling one moment Nicky's burning  
cheek,"

will testify the enthusiasm with which he reads the Tale of all those Giants by Jack so righteously slain; that a gush from

"The sacred source of sympathetic tears"

will bear witness to the pathos of that pity with which he hangs o'er that other tale, alas! "too tender and too true," of the untterrified Thomas, who, by a heroic death, illustrated that affecting Scriptural image, "flesh is grass."

Nicholas must be the son of an Usher—of the Gentleman in Black. He is for *horsing* all the poets. The son of the schoolmaster waxes savage—the bottom-brusher breaks out in his boy—at sight of an unlucky bard mounted for punishment.

"Oh, Coleridge! when at school where  
Avon flashes,

Hadst thou, if bidden to rhyme, scrawl'd  
lines so bad,

Thy master would have given thee *fifty*  
*lashes,*

Deeming such might beat brains into the  
lud;

And now a man, such jargon canst thou  
write?

And boast it too? *The rod shall lay thee*  
*quite!"*

Inhuman monster! and to dare to use such threats on the eve of the passing of the Reform Bill! Does Nicholas Caligula Nero Domitian Michell imagine that the Mob will permit the March of Intellect to be accelerated by such sanguinary "means and appliances to boot" as these—means that make the flesh of the leanest shudder, and the sinews of the strongest crawl like spiders on their bones, while he, the Epitome of the Four most diabolical of the Twelve Cæsars, murmurs his murderous suggestions in a hisping whisper, as soft as if he were soliciting an assignation with the Hebe of some suburban tea-garden, to have surrendered to his virgin embrace those beauties which have been banded about, for time immemorial, from Hyde Park Corner to St Paul's?

"And this is *Christabel*! Oh! shame! oh! shame!

The *Mariner* is worse, if such can be;  
Which, certes, bedlamites might blush to  
claim:

Where vessels sail without or wind or sea,  
Birds to be slain, track barks through  
thin and thick,

And slimy things with legs—I'm choked  
—I'm sick! I!"

To prevent Nicholas from being choked, the best recipe is also the readiest—let the person next him give him a vigorous thump on the back between the shoulders, till the dust flies from his bottle-green, and the bit of poetry he has been attempting to bolt, out of his orifice will jump like bacon. But what shall we do for the poor fellow, seeing he is so sick? An emetic or a purge—or both? Born. Which first? Emetic. What? Ipecacuanha. And what then? Calomel—in such a dose as might pass current in the United States. How do you feel now, Nicholas? Any easier? Why, you look as lank as a greyhound; you who within these ten minutes were as dumpy as a pug.

Cross-bred curs, it is well known to dog-fanciers, take causeless dislike to particular persons, whom they never see without shewing their teeth, and whom, but for fear, they would bite. It is uniformly the most placid and pleasing persons, at whom the misbegotten miscreants from Hockley in the Hole and Marybone make the mouths we mention; they

crouch on their bellies before the feet, and lay their muzzles on the knees of scamps. Now, without meaning to apply personally this strong illustration to Nicholas, we may remark, that there exists not a more inoffensive man than the author of *Christabel*; that it has been found so difficult to dislike him, that the most malignant out of pure spite have given up the attempt; and therefore the enigma we propose for solution in the next number of the Halfpenny Magazine is, "Why delighteth Nicholas Michell to insult S. T. Coleridge?" That he has a diseased and depraved pleasure in doing so, is manifest not only by the disgusting doggerel which he has drivelled above, but by the insolent saliva which he slavers below—

"Art thou the bard whose brows the laurel wear?

*When shall a cap and bills be mounted there?"*

Now, we inform the correspondents of the Penny Magazine, who will be inundating that prosperous periodical with their solutions, that they must not expect to gain the prize by any such vague generalities as the following—that "gentle dulness ever loves a joke;" that stupidity is "spiteful;" that the obscure "choke and sicken" with envy of the illustrious, beyond the cleansing power of *bastinado*, *ipecacuanha*, and *calomel*; or that Nicholas is a ninny. They must favour us with something more *recherche*—else we shall have no credit in our charade.

But—

"He comes! lo! Wordsworth comes!  
back, sons of men!"

Nicholas seems to have a sad presentiment of Peter Bell and his cudgel.

"Hark! from his manly breast that loud  
alas!

As 'emst and west' brays Peter's cudgel.  
led ass."

Why, Peter's cudgelled ass has as good a right, perhaps not so strong a reason, to bray as Christopher's cudgelled ass, and who he may be, we leave the reader to conjecture.

"Yes, rear an arch of triumph to the  
skies;

First let great Wordsworth, then the  
Pedlar pass;

Like Quixote, Sancho, they're on high  
emprise,  
Although, ah me! they lack both steed  
and ass."

And Nicholas has kindly provided them with the latter animal. He is no longer a *deficit*; the "Vagrant Merchant," had he not sent his pack a-packing, might, on rising a hill, have rested himself, by laying the load on Nicholas, who would have considered himself richly rewarded by an additional docken.

"O Wordsworth! was it not at full of  
moon

Thou framedst thy system, frantic every  
part?

Think'st thou that prose is poetry, as  
soon

As rhymed by ear, and metred out by  
art?

'That bright imaginings, and thought-pro-  
found,

Are plants that flourish most in barren  
ground?

But worse, immortal Bard! oh, worse  
than all,

Thy dulness and obscurity we deem;  
For if the senses brave sleep's leaden  
thrall,

The spirit wanders in a wildering dream:  
We read, we ponder, pause, peruse again—  
'Tis too sublime for us, the sons of men!"

The penultimate line of this extract is exceedingly picturesque. We see Nicholas striving to escape sleep. "His senses brave sleep's leaden thrall;" but still his face has that absurd expression that Morpheus, even when kept at some distance, contrives to impart to the features of the yawner, by squirting over them a preparation of poppies. His eyes are oysters. The flies make their exits and their entrances, without his mouth being aware of their Sayings and Doings. He reads the passage for the tenth time—comprehending at each perusal but a tithe of the meaning that appeared to appertain to its predecessor, so that he at last masters but the hundredth part of that of which at first he had no idea;—he ponders, he perpend, he is observed to shake his head, and with hesitating hand slightly to raise his Caxon, to let the air circulate round "the dome of thought, the palace of the soul;"—he pauses, and looks around the room with a countenance from which the most innocent no-meanings have, on evi-

dence merely circumstantial, been sentenced to transportation, or at least banishment, for life;—in the midst of all this woe—begone appeal to the pity of an unsympathizing world, nothing will satisfy the unconscionable idiot, but to “peruse again;” and, finally, finding that the case is hopeless, he sinks back on the Free and Easy chair which had been vacated an hour ago by the President of the Dirty Shirt, and, as if spying for spiders in a corner of the ceiling, emits out of a puckered-up mouth, whose pomposity surpasses that of his paternal pedagogue,

“ ’TIS TOO SUBLIME FOR US, THE SONS OF MEN !”

But nothing else will satisfy the inexorable Nicholas than to *hang* Wordsworth. He confesses, that

“ Beauties, like flowerets scatter’d o’er the wild,  
Th’ *Excursion* grace, nor is thy Duddon bad ;”

and we were not without hopes that he was about to propose getting a medal struck in honour of the Bard; when to our dismay, and, we must add, our indignation, he thus denounces doom on the “sole king of rocky Cumberland!”—

“ But these will not *atone* for countless crimes,

So suffer on the gallows of my rhymes.”

What! has the author of the Lyrical Ballads, Mr Wordsworth, been convicted of robbery, arson, and murder? Yet there will be some difficulty in carrying the sentence into execution. For the gallows of Mr Michell’s rhymes consists of a number of bare poles of unequal lengths, that have shot up without sap; and could we even suppose them formed into something like a scaffold and a gibbet, the crazy concern would not support the weight of a personable felon like Mr Wordsworth, till he had finished the prayers appointed for that morning’s service; and then, of the many hundred lines of this satirist’s spinning, the strongest would not sustain a fly. So feeble are they, that a midge would so stretch even a picked line, that if suspended by it for a moment, his feet would be touching the ground, and the eman-

cipated animalcula would escape from justice.

We begin to have a feeling that we have been too contumelious on Mr Nicholas, and cannot be happy at the thought of parting company with him, till we have made the *anecdote honourable*. It is our belief that there is little or no harm in him, and that he might be made, by a judicious and strict regimen of chastisement, in some of the inferior departments, not of literary, but of manual labour, a not altogether useless member of the community. We fear his talents are not quick enough to qualify him for a tailor. No—he could never be a Place. Nor is his eyesight sufficiently sharp, we suspect, for either of those two occupations which Adam Smith mentions in illustration of the wonderful effects of the division of labour—we mean, sharpening the points, or rounding the heads, of pins. We must find for him some broader employment, of which the work requires no nicety of touch, and may be slobbered over, in a general way, to the satisfaction of the industrious capitalist. What does he think of that handicraft devoted to the affixation, on the walls of thoroughfares, of advertisements and announcements, at once useful and ornamental, of political or philosophical intelligence to the lieges inhabiting towns and cities, and suffering under an unappeasable hunger and thirst for News—News—News? Yes! Nicholas must be a BILL-STICKER!

But he must not expect to retain the situation which we have in our eye for him, and which, in the event of a dissolution on the passing of some Reform Bill or other, will be a most lucrative one, unless he forswear Satire, and let Poetry go to the pot. He must adhere to his batter. There is a fine opening now in Edinburgh in that department for an active young man; and though heretofore, perhaps, the habits of Nicholas may have been rather too sedentary, his constitution, on the other hand, has not been impaired by his having been, like many less fortunate but equally meritorious lads, apprenticed to the trade before his sinews were strung and his joints knit; and as he is in the prime of life, after a few weeks’ “training on the sly,” there cannot be the least doubt in

the world that he would prove himself an accomplished—a consummate master.

But should he in the pride of genius refuse the appointment, let him at least accept our advice. We are in the dark as to his present profession, and should suppose from the symptoms that he has none at all. Now idleness is the fruitful mother of vice and folly; and we beseech Nicholas to turn to an honest calling, and think no more of the Living Poets, or of the Living Poetesses. Those Ladies of the Lay are a perilous people; and the mildest of them all more than a match for old—*a fortiori*, for young Nic. He must positively discontinue his addresses to the Muses, if he indulges the fond hope of continuing to wear a coat decently roughish in the nap. The most forlorn sight on the hopeless earth seems to us, in our melancholy moods, to be the uther integuments of a small critical versifier without any brains. Much shabby-genteel wretchedness, no doubt, often accompanies a life of petty prose; but still there seems something wanting to complete the picture. That something is the "accomplishment of verse."

That is felt to lend the finishing touch to the feebleness; and as Thomas the Rhymers totters by, we hear the supplicating shadow say,

"For I am poor and miserably old!"

But independently of all these considerations, Nicholas should cease to be satirical, simply because of the absurdity of the silliest sumph being so, that has, during the present century, taken his station among the scribblers. We can charge our memory with nothing approximating him in that way; there is a silliness within a silliness in much he writes, that has sometimes almost persuaded us that we have been seeing triple; we have been tempted to say "there is a depth of shallowness here which we cannot fathom;" "how profoundly superficial!" "In all this creeping and crawling there is something sublime!" Unquestionably so—our author is a man of distinction; without reluctance, we announce Mr Nicholas Michell—the Weakest Man of the Age.

We shall suppose him tolerably

well-off in the world, with two meals per diem, and in his wardrobe a change of raiment. In such easy circumstances, why satirical? Gratitude should make him in love with the "great globe, and all which it inherits." If he must write, then, let him dribble Thanksgiving Odes. One so sleek must not be so satirical. Why run about with his plumage all ruffled like a peevish Friesland capon, always complaining of something or other, as if no cinders were to his mind, when he might be permitted to play the part for which the ornithologist sees he is designed, that, namely, of the bantam about his own doors, with the feathers down to his heels, and indeed far beyond, lying in the natural way; his own little dunghill undisturbed by any alien crow, and his own "shrill clarion" heard through several closes all leading into a common centre, the Court where Dandy, not unattended by dames and damsels, enjoys his hereditary reign?

We cannot, as our readers will see, help having a "kindly" as well as an "arch" feeling towards Nicholas. And we cannot bid him good-by without requesting his attention to the following short statement. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, of whom, in their character of poets, he writes with supercilious scorn, are men of the highest order of intellect and imagination. He is of the lowest—or rather he belongs to no order. His height is three inches and a half below the level of the sea. The first sight of such a pigmy doing the *supercilious*, that is, drawing up its eyebrows into a curve, inflating its nostrils, and curling its lip, is merely ludicrous; the second rather irritates; the third, in spite of the smallness, gets disgusting—and we think of an earwig. We have seen some impudent stir lately in quarters where the Cockneys were wont to be mum as mice. The vermin had better be quiet; and now that they have taken sweet counsel together, retreat in time to their holes. Should a certain Red Rover of a Grimalkin, who shall be nameless, leap out upon them, what a topsy-turvy of tails and whiskers! We should like to see an Archibald Bell-the-Cat arising among the Cockneys.

## SALVANDY ON THE LATE FRENCH REVOLUTION.\*

EVER since the late French Revolution broke out, and at a time when it carried with it the wishes, and deluded the judgment, of a large and respectable portion of the British public, we have never ceased to combat the then prevailing opinion on the subject. We asserted from the very outset that it was calculated to do incredible mischief to the cause of real freedom; that it would throw back for a very long period the march of tranquil liberty; that it restored at once the rule of the strongest; and, breaking down the superiority of intellect and knowledge by the mere force of numbers, would inevitably and rapidly lead, through a bitter period of suffering, to the despotism of the sword.

We founded our opinion upon the obvious facts, that the Revolution was effected by the populace of Paris, by the treachery of the army, and the force of the barricades, without any appeal to the judgment or wishes of the remainder of France; that a constitution was framed, a King chosen, and a government established at the Hotel de Ville, by a junto of enthusiastic heads, without either deliberation, time, or foresight; that this new constitution was announced to the provinces by the telegraph, before they were even aware that a civil war had broken out; that the Citizen King was thus not elected by France, but imposed upon its inhabitants by the mob of Paris; that this convulsion prostrated the few remaining bulwarks of order and liberty which the prior revolution had left standing, and nothing remained to oppose the march of revolution, and the devouring spirit of Jacobinism, but the force of military despotism. That in this way no chance existed of liberty being ultimately established in France, because that inestimable blessing depended on the fusion of all the interests of society in the fabric of government, and the prevention of the encroachments of each class by

the influence of the others; and such mutual balancing was impossible in a country where the whole middling ranks were destroyed, and nothing remained but tumultuous masses of mankind on the one hand, and an indignant soldiery on the other. We maintained that the convulsion at Paris was a deplorable catastrophe for the cause of freedom in all other countries; that by precipitating the democratic party every where into revolutionary measures or revolutionary excesses, it would inevitably rouse the conservative interests to defend themselves; that in the struggle, real liberty would be equally endangered by the fury of its insane friends and the hostility of its aroused enemies; and that the tranquil spread of freedom, which had been so conspicuous since the fall of Napoleon, would be exchanged for the rude conflicts of military power with popular ambition.

Few, we believe, comparatively speaking, of our readers, fully went along with these views when they were first brought forward; but how completely have subsequent events demonstrated their justice; and how entirely has the public mind in both countries changed as to the character of this convulsion since it took place! Freedom has been unknown in France since the days of the Barricades; between the dread of popular excess on the one hand, and the force of military power on the other, the independence of the citizen has been completely overthrown; Paris has been periodically the scene of confusion, riot, and anarchy; the revolt of Lyons has only been extinguished by Marshal Soult at the head of as large an army as fought the Duke of Wellington at Toulouse, and at as great an expense of human life as the revolt of the Barricades; the army, increased from 200,000 to 600,000 men, has been found barely adequate to the maintenance of the public tranquillity; 40,000 men, incessantly

\* *Seize Mois, ou La Revolution et La Revolutionnaires*, par N. A. Salvandy, auteur de l'*Histoire de la Pologne*. Paris. 1831.



stationed round the capital, have, almost every month, answered the cries of the people for bread by charges of cavalry, and all the severity of military execution; the annual expenditure has increased from L.40,000,000 to L.60,000,000; fifty millions sterling of debt has been incurred in eighteen months; notwithstanding a great increase of taxation, the revenue has declined a fourth in its amount, with the universal suffering of the people; and a pestilential disorder following as usual in the train of human violence and misery, has fastened with unerring certainty on the wasted scene of political agitation, and swept off twice as many men in a few weeks in Paris alone, as fell under the Russian cannon on the field of Borodino.

Externally, have the effects of the three glorious days been less deplorable? Let Poland answer; let Belgium answer; let the British Empire answer. Who precipitated a gallant nation on a gigantic foe; and roused their hot blood by the promises of sympathy and support, and stirred up by their emissaries the revolutionary spirit in the walls of Warsaw? Who is answerable to God and man for having occasioned its fatal revolt, and buoyed its chiefs up with hopes of assistance, and stimulated them to refuse all offers of accommodation, and delivered them up, unaided, unbefriended, to an infuriated conqueror? The revolutionary leaders; the revolutionary press of France and England; the government of Louis Philippe, and the reforming Ministers of England; those, who, knowing that they could render them no assistance, allowed their journals, uncontradicted, to stimulate them to resistance, and delude them to the last with the hopes of foreign intervention. Who is answerable to God and man for the Belgian revolt? Who has spread famine and desolation through its beautiful provinces, and withered its industry with a blast worse than the simoom of the desert; and sown on the theatre of British Glory those poisoned teeth, which must spring up in armed battalions, and again involve Europe in the whirlwind of war? The revolutionary leaders; the revolutionary press of France and England; the government of Louis

Philippe, and the reforming Ministers of this country; those who betrayed the interests of their country in the pursuit of democratic support; who dismembered the dominions of a faithful ally, and drove him back at the cannon mouth, when on the point of regaining his own capital; who surrendered the barrier of Marlborough and Wellington, and threw open the gates of Europe to republican ambition after they had been closed by British heroism? Who are answerable to God and man for the present distracted state of the British Empire? Who have suspended its industry, and shaken its credit, and withered its resources? Who have spread bitterness and distrust through its immense population, and filled its poor with expectations that can never be realized, and its rich with terrors that can never be allayed? Who have thrown the torch of discord into the bosom of an united people; and habituated the lower orders to license, and inflated them with arrogance, and subjugated thought and wisdom by the force of numbers, and arrayed against the concentrated education and wealth of the nation the masses of its ignorant and deluded inhabitants? The reforming Ministers; the revolutionary press of England; those who ascended to power amidst the transports of the Barricades; who incessantly agitated the people to uphold their falling administration, and have incurred the lasting execration of mankind, by striving to array the numbers of the nation against its intelligence, and subjugate the powers of the understanding by the fury of the passions.

To demonstrate that these statements are not overcharged as to the present condition of France, and the practical consequence of the Revolution of the Barricades, we subjoin the following extract from an able and independent reforming journal:

"If a government is to be judged of by the condition of the people, as a tree by its fruits, the present government of France must be deemed to be extremely deficient in those qualities of statesmanship which are calculated to inspire public confidence and make a people happy—for *public discontent, misery, commotion, and bloodshed*, have been the melancholy characteristics of its sway. If the minis-

try of Louis Philippe were positively devoted to the interests of the ex-royal family, they could not take more effective steps than they have hitherto done to make the vices of that family be forgotten, and to reinforce the ranks of the party which labours incessantly for their recall.

"With short intervals of repose, Paris has been a scene of *emeutes* and disturbances which would disgrace a semi-civilized country, and to this sort of intermittent turbulence it has been doomed ever since Louis Philippe ascended the throne, but more especially since Casimir Perier was intrusted with the reins of responsible government. It is a melancholy fact that, under the revolutionized government of France, more blood has been shed in conflicts between the people and the military, than during the 15 years of the restoration, if we except the three days of resistance to the ordinances in Paris, which ended in the dethronement of Charles the Tenth.

"Yet we do not know if we ought to except the carnage of those three days, for we recollect having seen a communication from Lyons, soon after the commotions in that city, in which it was stated that a greater number of persons, both citizens and soldiers, fell in the conflict between the workmen and the military, than were slain during the memorable three days of Paris. Let us add to this the slaughter at Grenoble, where the people were again victorious, and the sabrings and shootings which have taken place in minor conflicts in several towns and departments, and it will be found that the present government maintains its power at a greater cost of French blood than that which it has superseded."—*Morning Herald*.

We have long and anxiously looked for some publication from a man of character and literary celebrity of the liberal party in France, which might throw the same light on the consequences of its late revolution as the work of M. Dumont has done on the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly. Such a work is now before us, from the able and eloquent pen of M. Salvandy, to whose striking history of Poland, we have in a recent number requested the attention of our readers. He has always been a liberal, opposed in the Chamber of Deputies all the arbitrary acts of the late government, and is a decided defender of the revolution of July. From such a character the testimony borne to its practical effects is of the highest value.

"The restoration," says he, "bore in its bosom an enemy, from whose attacks France required incessant protection. That enemy was the counter revolutionary spirit; in other words, the passion to deduce without reserve all its consequences from the principle of legitimacy, the desire to overturn, for the sake of the ancient interests, the political system established by the revolution, and consecrated by the charter and a thousand oaths. It was the cancer which consumed it; the danger was pointed out for fifteen years, and at length it devoured it.

"The revolution of July also bore in its entrails another curse: this was the revolutionary spirit, evoked from the bloody chaos of our first revolution, by the sound of the rapid victory of the people over the royalty. That fatal spirit has weighed upon the destinies of France, since the revolution of 1830, like its evil genius. I write to illustrate its effects; and I feel I should ill accomplish my task if I did not at the same time combat its doctrines.

"The counter revolution was no ways formidable, but in consequence of the inevitable understanding which existed between its supporters and the crown, who, although it long refused them its arms, often lent them its shield. The revolutionary spirit has also a powerful ally, which communicates to it force from its inherent energy. This ally is the *democracy which now reigns as a despot over France*; that is, without moderation, without wisdom, without perceiving that it reigns only for the behoof of the spirit of disorder—that terribly ally which causes it to encrease its own power, and will terminate by destroying it. It is time to speak to the one and the other a firm language; to recall to both principles as old as the world, which have never yet been violated with impunity by nations, and which successively disappear from the midst of us, stifled under the instinct of gross desires, rash passions, pusillanimous concessions, and subversive laws. Matters are come to such a point, that no small courage is now required to unfold these sacred principles; and yet all the objects of the social union, the bare progress of nations, the dignity of the human race, the cause of freedom itself, is at stake. That liberty is to be seen engraven at the gate of all our cities, emblazoned on all our monuments, floating on all our standards; but, alas! it will float there in vain if the air which we breathe is charged with anarchy, as with a mortal contagion, and if that scourge marks daily with its black mark some of our maxims, of our

laws, of our powers, while it is incessantly advancing to the destruction of society itself."

"What power required the sacrifice of the people? Let the minister answer it, he said it again and again with candour and courage. *It is to popular prejudice, democratic passion, the intoxication of demagogues, the blind hatred of every species of superiority, that this immense sacrifice has been offered.* I do not fear to assert, that a nation which has enforced such a sacrifice, on such altars; a nation which could demand or consent to such a sacrifice, has declared itself in the face of the world ignorant of freedom, and perhaps incapable of enjoying it.

"That was the great battle of our revolutionary party. It has gained it. It is no longer by our institutions that we can be defended from its enterprises and its folly. The good sense of the public is now our last safeguard. But let us not deceive ourselves. Should the public spirit become deranged, we are undone. It depends in future on a breath of opinion, whether anarchy should not rise triumphant in the midst of the powers of government. Mistress of the ministry by the elections, it would speedily become so of the Upper House, by the *new creations which it would force upon the crown.* The Upper House will run the risk, at every quinquennial renewal of its numbers, of becoming a mere party assemblage: an assembly elected at second hand by the *Chamber of Deputies and the electoral colleges.* The ruling party henceforth, instead of coming to a compromise with it, which constitutes the balance of the three powers, and the basis of a constitutional monarchy, will only require to *incorporate itself with it.* At the first shock of parties, the revolutionary faction will gain this immense advantage; it will emerge from the bosom of our institutions as from its eyrie, and reign over France with the wings of terror.

"In vain do the opposing parties repeat that the revolution of 1830 does not resemble that of 1789. That is the very point at issue; and I will indulge in all your hopes, if you are not as rash as your predecessors, as ready to destroy, as much disposed to yield to popular wishes, that is, to the desire of the demagogues who direct them. But can I indulge the hope, that a people will not twice in forty years eminence the same career of faults and misfortunes, when you who have the reins of power, are already beginning the same errors? I must say, the revolution of 1830 runs the same risk as its predecessor, if it precipitates its chariot to the

edge of the same precipices. Every where the spirit of the 1791 will bear the same fruits. In heaven as in earth, it can engender only the demon of anarchy.

"The monarchy of the Constituent Assembly, that monarchy which fell almost as soon as it arose, did not perish, as is generally supposed, from an imperfect equilibrium of power, a bad definition of the royal prerogative, or the weakness of the throne. No—the vice lay deeper; it was in its entrails. The old crown of England was not adorned with more jewels than that ephemeral crown of the King of the French. But the crown of England possesses in the social, not less than the political state of England, powerful support, of which France is totally destitute. A constitution without guarantees there reposed on a society which was equally destitute of them, which was as movable as the sands of Africa, as easily raised by the breaths of whirlwinds. The revolution which founded that stormy society, founded it on false and destructive principles. Not content with levelling to the dust the ancient hierarchy, the old privileges of the orders, the corporate rights of towns, which time had doomed to destruction, it levelled with the same stroke the most legitimate guarantees as the most artificial distinctions. It called the masses of mankind not to equality, but to supremacy.

"The constitution was established on the same principles. In defiance of the whole experience of ages, the Assembly disdained every intermediate or powerful institution which was founded on those conservative principles, without attention to which no state on earth has ever yet flourished. In a word, it called the masses not to liberty, but to power.

"After having done this, no method remained to form a counterpoise to this terrible power. A torrent had been created without bounds—an ocean without a shore. By the eternal laws of nature, it was furious, indomitable, destructive, changeable; leaving nothing standing but the scaffolds on which royalty and rank, and all that was illustrious in talent and virtue, speedily fell; until the people, disabused by suffering, and worn out by passion, resigned their fatal sovereignty into the hands of a great man. Such it was, such it will be, to the end of time. The same vices, the same scourges, the same punishments.

"When you do not wish to fall into an abyss, you must avoid the path which leads to it. When you condemn a principle, you must have the courage to con-

demn its premises, or to resign yourself to see the terrible logic of party, the austere arms of fortune, deduce its consequences; otherwise, you plant a tree, and refuse to eat its fruits; you form a volcano, and expect to sleep in peace by its side.

"With the exception of the Constituent Assembly, where all understandings were fascinated, where there reigned a sort of sublime delirium, all the subsequent legislatures during the revolution did evil, intending to do good. The abolition of the monarchy was a concession of the Legislative Assembly; the head of the King an offering of the Convention. The Girouidists in the Legislative Body, in surrendering the monarchy, thought they were doing the only thing which could save order. Such was their blindness, that they could not see that their own acts had destroyed order, and its last shadow vanished with the fall of the throne. The Plain, or middle party in the Convention, by surrendering Louis to the executioner, thought to satiate the people with that noble blood; and they were punished for it, by being compelled to give their own, and that of all France. It was on the same principle that in our times the peccage *has fallen the victim of deplorable concessions*. May that great concession, which embraces more interests, and destroys more conservative principles than are generally supposed, which shakes at once all the pillars of the social order, not prepare for those who have occasioned it unavailing regret and deserved punishment!

"The divine justice has a sure means of punishing the exactions, the passions, and the weaknesses which subvert society. *It consists in allowing the parties who urge on the torrent, to reap the consequences of their actions.* Thus they go on, without disquieting themselves as to the career on which they have entered; without once looking behind them; thinking only on the next step they have to make in the revolutionary progress, and always believing that it will be the last. But the weight of committed faults drags them on, and they perish under the rock of Sisyphus.

"I will not attempt to conceal my sentiments: the political and moral state of my country fills me with consternation. When you contemplate its population in general, so calm, so laborious, so desirous to enjoy in peace the blessings which the hand of God has poured so liberally into the bosom of our beautiful France, you are filled with hope, and contemplate with the eye of hope the future state of our country. But if you direct your look to

the region where party strife combats; if you contemplate their incessant efforts to excite in the masses of the population all the bad passions of the social order; to rouse them afresh when they are becoming dormant; to enrol them in regular array when they are floating; to make, for the sake of contending interests, one body, and march together to one prey, which they will dispute in blood: how is it possible to mistake, in that delirium of passion, in that oblivion of the principles of order, in that forgetfulness of the conditions on which it depends, the fatal signs which precede the most violent convulsions! A people in whose bosom, for sixteen months, *disorder has marched with its head erect*, and its destroying axe in hand, has not yet settled its accounts with the wrath of Heaven.

"While I am yet correcting these lines; while I am considering if they do not make too strong a contrast to the public security—if they do not too strongly express my profound conviction of the dangers of my country—the wrath of heaven has burst upon that France, half blinded, half insane. Fortune has too cruelly justified my sinister presages. Revolt, assassination, civil war, have deluged with blood a great city; and it would be absurd to be astonished at it. We have sown the seeds of anarchy with liberal hands; it is a crop which never fails to yield a plentiful harvest.

"It is to the men of property, of whatever party, that I now address myself: to those who have no inclination for anarchy, whatever may be its promises or its menaces; to those who would fear, by running before it, to surrender the empire to its ravages, and to have to answer to God and man for the disastrous days, the dark futurity of France. I address myself to them, resolved to unfold to the eyes of my country all our wounds; to follow out, even to its inmost recesses, the malady which is devouring us. It will be found, that, in the last result, they all centre in one; and that is the same which has already cleft in two this great body, and brought the country to the brink of ruin. *We speak of liberty, and it is the government of the masses of men which we labour to establish.* Equality is the object of our passionate desires, and we confound it with levelling. I know not what destiny providence has in reserve for France; but I do not hesitate to assert, that, so long as that double prejudice shall subsist amongst us, we will find no order but under the shadow of despotism, and may bid a final adieu to liberty."—Pp. 20—36.

There is hardly a sentence in this

long quotation, that is not precisely applicable to this country; and the revolutionary party so vehemently at work amongst ourselves. How strikingly applicable are his observations on the destruction of the hereditary peerage, and the *periodical creations* which will prostrate the Upper House before the power of the democracy, to the similar attempt made by the revolutionary party in this country! But how different has been the resistance made to the attempt to overthrow this last bulwark of order in the two states! In France, the Citizen King, urged on by the movement party, *created thirty Peers to subdue that assembly*, and by their aid destroyed the hereditary peerage, and knocked from under the throne the last supports of order and freedom. In Great Britain, the same course was urged by an insane populace, and a reckless administration, on the Crown; and an effort, noble indeed, but, it is to be feared, too late, was made by the Crown to resist the sacrifice. The "masses" of mankind, those immense bodies whom it is the policy of the revolutionary party in every country to enlist on their side, are still agitated and discontented. But, thanks to the generous efforts of the conservative party, the noble resistance of the House of Peers, and the ultimate effort for liberation by the Crown, the flood of revolution has been at least delayed; and if the constitution is doomed to destruction, the friends of freedom have at least the consolation of having struggled to the last to avert it.

Salvandy gives the basis on which alone, in his opinion, the social edifice can with safety be reconstructed. His observations are singularly applicable to the future balance which must obtain in the British empire:

"The more democratic the French population becomes from its manners and its laws, the more material it is that its government should incline in the opposite direction, to be able to withstand that flux and reflux of free and equal citizens. The day of old aristocracies, of immovable and exclusive aristocracies, is past. Our social, our political condition, will only permit of such as are accessible to all. But all may arrive at distinction, for the paths to eminence are open to all; all may acquire

property, for it is an acquisition which order and talent may always command. In such a state of society, is it a crime to insist that power shall not be devolved but to such as have availed themselves of these universal capabilities, and have arrived either at eminence or property; to those who have reached the summit of the ladder in relation to the commune, the department, or the state, to which they belong? No, it is no crime; for if you cast your eyes over the history of the world, you will find that freedom was never yet acquired but at that price.

"It is the law of nature that societies and nations should move like individuals; that the head should direct the whole. Then only it is that the power of intelligence, the moral force, is enabled to govern; and the perfection of such moral and intellectual combinations is freedom. The party in France who support a republic, do so because they consider it as synonymous with democracy. They are in the right. Democracy, without the most powerful counterpoises, leads necessarily to popular anarchy. It has but one way to avoid that destiny, and that is despotism; and thence it is that it invariably terminates, weary and bloody, by reposing beneath its shade."—P. 44, 45.

Numerous as have been the errors, and culpable the recklessness, of the Whig rulers; their constant appeal to the masses of mankind; their attempt to trample down intelligence, education, and property, by the force of numbers; their atrocious endeavours to sway the popular elections, in every part of the country, by brutal violence and rabble intimidation, is the most crying sin which besets them. It will hang like a dead weight about their necks in the page of history; it will blast for ever their characters in the eyes of posterity; it will stamp them as men who sought to subvert all the necessary and eternal relations of nature; to introduce a social, far worse than a political, revolution; and subject England to that rule of the multitude, which must engender a Reign of Terror and a British Napoleon.

Our author gives the following graphic picture of the state of France for a year and a half after the revolution of July. How exactly does it depict the state of the British islands after eighteen months of Whig domination!

"For eighteen months the greatest po-

litical lessons have been taught to France. On the one hand, we have seen what it has cost its rulers to have attempted to subvert the laws; on the other, what such a catastrophe costs a nation, even when it is most innocently involved in it. The state, shaken to its centre, does not settle down without long efforts. The farther the imagination of the people has been carried, the more extravagant the expectations they have been permitted to form, the more difficulty have the unchained passions to submit to the yoke of constituted authority, or legal freedom. Real liberty, patient, wise, and regular, irritates as a fetter, those who, having conquered by the sword, cannot conceive any better arbiter for human affairs. To insurrection for the laws, succeeds everywhere, and without intermission, insurrection against the laws. From all quarters, the desire is manifested for new conquests, a new futurity; and that devouring disquietude knows no barrier, before which the ambitions, the hatreds, the theories, the destruction of men, may be arrested. It appears to the reformers, that all rights should perish, because one has fallen. *There is no longer an institution which they do not attack, nor an interest which does not feel itself compromised.* The disorder of ideas becomes universal; the anxiety of minds irresistible. A city, with 100,000 armed men in the streets, no longer feels itself in safety. Should the public spirit arouse itself, it is only to fall under the weight of popular excesses, and still more disquieting apprehension. For long will prevail that universal and irresistible languor; hardly in a generation will the political body regain its life, its security, its confidence in itself. What has occasioned this calamitous state of things? Simply this. Force—*popular force*, has usurped a place in the destinies of the nation, and its appearance necessarily inflicts a fatal wound on the regular order of human society. Every existence has been endangered when that principle was proclaimed.”—Pp. 50, 51.

“England has done the same to its sovereign as the legislators of July; and God has since granted to that nation one hundred and forty years of prosperity and glory. But let it be observed, that when it abandoned the principle of legitimacy, England made no change in its social institutions. *The Aristocracy still retained their ascendancy*; though the keystone of the arch was thrown down, they removed none of its foundations. But suppose that the English people had proceeded, at the same time that they overthrew the Stuarts, to overturn their ci-

vil laws and hereditary peerage—to force through Parliamentary Reform, to remodel juries, bind all authorities beneath the yoke of the populace, extend fundamental changes into the State, the Church, and the Army: had it tolerated a doctrine *which is anarchy itself, the doctrine of universal suffrage*: suppose, in fine, that it had been in the first fervour of the revolutionary intoxication, that Parliament had laid the axe to all subsisting institutions: then, I say, that the Revolution of 1688 would most certainly have led the English people to their ruin; that it would have brought forth nothing but tyranny, or been stifled in blood and tears.”—Pp. 59, 60.

The real state of France, under the Restoration, has been the subject of gross misrepresentation from all the liberal writers in Europe. Let us hear the testimony of this supporter of the Revolution of July, to its practical operation.

“The government of the Restoration was a constitutional, an aristocratic, and a free monarchy. It was monarchical in its essence, and in the prerogatives which it reserved to the Crown. *It was free, that is no longer contested.* Inviolability of persons and property; personal freedom; the liberty of the press; equality in the eye of law; the institution of juries; independence in the judiciary body; responsibility in the agents of power; comprised every thing that was ever known of freedom in the universe. Public freedom consisted in the division of the legislative authority between the king and the people—the independence of both Chambers—the annual voting of supplies—the freedom of the periodical press—the establishment of a representative government.

“Democracy, in that regime, was, God knows, neither unknown nor disarmed. For in a country where the aristocracy is an hotel, open to whoever can afford to enter it, it as necessarily forms part of the democracy as the head does of the body. The whole body of society has gained the universal admissibility, and the real admission of all to every species of public employment; the complete equality of taxation; the eligibility of all to the electoral body; the inevitable preponderance of the middling orders in the elections; in fine, the entire command of the periodical press.

“At the time of the promulgation of the charter, France had not the least idea of what freedom was. That Revolution of 40 years' duration, which had rolled over us, incessantly resounding with the

name of liberty, had passed away without leaving a conception of what it really was. Coups d'état: that is, strokes by the force of the popular party, composed all its annals, equally with all that was to be learned from it; and these violent measures never revolted the opinion of the public, as being contrary to true freedom, which ever rejects force, and reposes only on justice, but merely spread dismay and horror through the ranks of the opposite party. The only struggle was, who should get the command of these terrible arms. On the one hand, these triumphs were called order; on the other, liberty. No one gave them their true appellation, which was a return to the state of barbarous ages, a restoration of the rule of the strongest."—Pp. 115, 116.

These observations are worthy of the most profound meditation. Historical truth is beginning to emerge from the fury of party ambition. Here we have it admitted by a liberal historian, that throughout the whole course of the French revolution, that is, of the resurrection and rule of the masses, there was not only *no trace of liberty established*, but *no idea of liberty acquired*. Successive coups d'état, perpetual insurrection; a continued struggle for the rule of these formidable bodies of the citizens, constituted its whole history. They fell at last under the yoke of Napoleon, easily and willingly, because they had never tasted of real freedom. That blessing was given to them, for the first time, under a constitutional monarchy and a hereditary peerage; in a word, in a mixed government. How instructive the lesson to those who have made such strenuous endeavours to overturn the mixed government of Britain; to establish here the ruinous preponderance of numbers, and beat down the freedom of thought, by the brutal violence of the multitude.

The following observations are singularly striking. Their application need not be pointed out; one would imagine they were written to depict the course to which the Reforming Administration is rapidly approaching.

"There is in the world but two courses of policy: the one is regular, legitimate, cautious: it leans for support, not on the physical strength, but the moral intelli-

gence of mankind, and concedes influence less to the numbers than the lights, the stability, the services, the love of order, of the superior class of citizens.

"This lofty and even policy respects within the laws, and without the rights of nations, which constitutes the moral law of the universe. It conducts mankind slowly and gradually to those ameliorations which God has made as the end of our efforts, and the compensation of our miseries; but it knows that Providence has prescribed two conditions to this progress,—patience and justice.

"The other policy has totally different rules, and an entirely different method of procedure. Force, brutal force, constitutes at once its principle and its law. You will ever distinguish it by these symptoms. In all contests between citizens, parties, or kingdoms, in every time and in every place, it discards the authority of justice, which is called the safety of the people; that is to say, the prevailing object of popular ambition; or, in other words, mere force, come in its stead. Would you know its internal policy: difference of opinion is considered as a crime; suspicion is arrest; punishment, death: it knows no law but force to govern mankind. Regard its external policy. It regards neither the sanction of treaties nor the rights of neutrals, nor the inviolability of their territories, nor the conditions of their capitulations: its diplomacy is nothing else but war; that is to say, force, its last resource in all emergencies. In its internal government it has recourse to no lengthened discussion, to no delays, no slow deliberations; caprice, anger, murder, cut short all questions, without permitting the other side to be heard. In a word, in that system, force thinks, deliberates, wishes, and executes. It rejects all the authority of time and the lessons of experience; the past it destroys, the future it devours. It must invade every thing, overcome every thing, in a single day. *Marching at the head of menacing masses, it compels all wishes, all resistance, all genius, all grandeur, all virtue, to bend before those terrible wanes, where there is nothing enlightened which is not perverted, nor worthy which is not buried in obscurity.* What it calls liberty consists in the power of dictating its caprice to the rest of mankind; to the judge on the seat of justice, to the citizen at his fireside, to the legislator in his curule chair, to the king on his throne. Thus it advances, overturning, destroying. But do not speak to it of building; that is beyond its power. It is the monster of Asia, which can extinguish but not produce existence."—230, 231.

At the moment that we are translating this terrible picture, meetings of the masses of mankind have been convened, by the reforming agents, in every part of the country, where by possibility they could be got together to control and overturn the decisions of Parliament. Fifty, sixty, and seventy thousand men, are stated to have been assembled at Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Edinburgh: their numbers are grossly exaggerated; disorders wilfully ascribed to them; menacing language falsely put into their mouth, in order to intimidate the more sober and virtuous class of citizens. The brickbat and bludgeon system is invoked to cover the freedom of the next, as it did of the last general election, and obtain that triumph from the force of brutal violence, which it despairs of effecting by the sober influence of reason or justice. Who is so blind as not to see in this ostentatious parade of numbers, as opposed to knowledge; in this appeal to violence, in default of argument; in this recourse to the force of masses, to overcome the energy of patriotism, the same revolutionary spirit which Salvandy has so well described as forming the scourge of modern France, and which never yet became predominant in a country, without involving high and low in one promiscuous ruin?

"England," says the same eloquent writer, "has two edifices standing near to each other: in the one, assemble from generation to generation, to defend the ancient liberties of their country, all that the three kingdoms can assemble that is illustrious or respectable: it is the chapel of St Stephen's. There have combated Pitt and Fox: there we have seen Brougham, Peel, and Canning, engaged in those noble strifes which elevate the dignity of human nature, and the very sight of which is enough to attach the mind to freedom for the rest of its life. At a few paces distance you find another arena, other combats, other champions: physical force contending with its like: man struggling with his fellow-creature for a miserable prize, and exerting no ray of intelligence, but to plant his blows with more accuracy in the body of his antagonist. From that spectacle to the glorious one exhibited in Parliament, the distance is not greater, than from revolutionary liberty to constitutional freedom."—P. 233.

To what does the atrocious system of popular intimidation, so long encouraged or taken advantage of by the Reforming party, necessarily lead, but to such a species of revolutionary liberty; in other words, to the unrestrained tyranny of the mob, over all that is dignified, or virtuous, or praiseworthy, in society? It will be the eternal disgrace of that party; it will be the damning record of the reforming administration, that in the struggle for power, in the pursuit of chimerical and perilous changes, they invoked the aid of these detestable allies, and periled the very existence of society upon a struggle in which they could not be successful, but by the aid of powers which never yet were let loose without devastating the world with their fury.

"In vain," continues our author, "the movement party protest against such a result, and strive to support their opinions by the strange paradox, that the anarchy, towards which all their efforts are urging us, will *this time* be gentle, pacific, beneficent: that it will bring back the days of legitimacy, and bring them back by flowery paths. This brilliant colouring to the horrors of anarchy is one of the most deplorable productions of the spirit of party. For my part, I see it in colours of blood; and that not merely from historic recollection, but the nature of things. Doubtless we will not see the Reign of Terror under the same aspect: we will not see a Committee of Public Safety holding France enchained with a hand of iron: we will not see that abominable centralization of power: but what we will see is a domiciliary terror, more rapid and more atrocious: more destructive than on the first occasion, because it will be more nearly allied to the passion for gain and plunder. What will ultimately come out of it, God only knows; but this we may well affirm, that when the revolutionary party shall become master of France, it will slay and spoil as it has slain and spoiled; that it will decimate the higher classes as it has decimated them. I assert, that those of the present leaders of the party who shall oppose themselves to this horrible result, and assuredly the greater number will do so, will be crushed under the wheels of the chariot which they have so insanely put in motion. I maintain that this is a principle of its existence—a law of nature; in fine, the means destined by Providence for its extinction. Existing solely on the support of the masses of mankind,



having no support but in their aid, it can admit of no genius to rule its destinies but their genius. *Thenceforward it is condemned, for its existence and its power, to model itself on the multitude; to live and reign according to its dictation. And the multitude, to use the nervous words of Odillon Barrot, is 'characterised by barbarity throughout all the earth.'*

"Thence it is that every state, which has once opened the door to democratic doctrines, totters under the draught, and falls, if it is not speedily disorged. Thence it is that every society which has received, which has become intoxicated with them, abjures the force of reason, devotes itself to the convulsions of anarchy, and bids at once a long adieu to civilisation and to freedom. For the revolutionary party, while they are incessantly speaking of ameliorations and of perfection, is a thousand times more adverse to the progress of the social order and of the human mind, than the party of the ancient *regime*, which at least had its principal seat in the higher region of society; a region cultivated, fruitful in intelligence, and where the progress of improvement, however suspended for a time by the spirit of party, cannot fail speedily to regain its course. But our Revolutionists do more: they bring us back to the barbarous ages, and do so at one bound. All their policy may be reduced to two points: within, Revolution; without, War. Every where it is the same—an appeal to the law of the strongest; a return to the ages of barbarism."—P. 248.

Salvandy paints the classes whose incessant agitation is producing these disastrous effects. They are not peculiar to France, but will be found in equal strength on this side of the Channel.

"Would you know who are the men, and what are the passions, which thus nourish the flame of revolution; which stain with blood, or shake with terror, the world; which sadden the people, extinguish industry, disturb repose, and suspend the progress of nations? Behold that crowd of young men, fierce republicans, barristers without briefs, physicians without patients, who make a revolution to fill up their vacant hours,—ambitious equally to have their names inscribed in the roll of indictments for the courts of assizes, as in the records of fame. And it is for such ambitions that blood has flowed in Poland, Italy, and Lyons! The rivalry of kings never occasioned more disasters."—P. 270.

One of the most interesting parts

of this valuable work, is the clear and luminous account which the author gives of the practical changes in the constitution, ideas, and morals of France, by the late Revolution. Every word of it may be applied to the perils which this country runs from the Reform Bill. It is evident that France has irrecoverably plunged into the revolutionary stream, and that it will swallow up its liberties, its morals, its existence.

"The constitution of the National Guard," says our author, "is monstrous from beginning to end. There has sprung from it hitherto more good than evil, because the spirit of the people is still better than the institutions which the revolutionary party have given it; and that they have not hitherto used the arms so insanelly given them, without any consideration. But this cannot continue; the election of officers by the privates is subversive of all the principles of government. The right of election has been given to them *without reserve*, in direct violation of the Charter on the precedent of 1791, and in conformity to the wishes of M. Lafayette.

"In this National Guard, this first of political powers, since the maintenance of the charter is directly intrusted to it,—in that power, the most democratic that ever existed upon earth, since it consists of six millions of citizens, equal among each other, and possessing equally the right of suffrage, which consists in a bayonet and ball-cartridges, we have not established for any ranks any condition, either of election or of eligibility. It is almost miraculous, that the anarchists have not more generally succeeded in seizing that terrible arm. They have done so, however, in many places. Thence has come that scandal, that terrible calamity of the National Guards taking part in the insurrections, and marching in the ranks of anarchy with drums beating and colours flying. The sword is now our only refuge, and the sword is turned against us! While I am yet writing these convictions in the silence of meditation and grief, a voice stronger than mine proclaims them in accents of thunder. Lyons has shewn them written in blood. It is the handwriting on the wall which appeared to Belshazzar."—P. 391.

Of the changes in the electoral body, and the power of Parliament, effected since the Revolution of July, he gives the following account:—

"The power of Parliament has been strengthened by all which the royal au-

thority has lost. It has gained in addition the power of proposing laws in either Chamber. The elective power, above all, has been immensely extended ; for, of the two Chambers, that which was esteemed the most durable, and was intended to give stability to our institutions, has been so cruelly mutilated by the exclusions following the revolution of July, and the subsequent creations to serve a particular purpose, that it is no longer of any weight in the state. The whole powers of government have centred in the Chamber of Deputies."

The right of election has been extended to 300,000 Frenchmen ; the great colleges have been abolished ; the qualification for eligibility has been lowered one half as the qualification for electing ; and the farmers have been substituted for the great proprietors in the power of a double vote. The power of regulating the affairs of departments has been devolved to 800,000 citizens ; that of regulating the communes to 2,500,000. The power of arms has been surrendered to all ; and the power of electing its leaders given to the whole armed force without distinction.

" In this way property is entirely excluded from all influence in the election of magistrates ; it has but one privilege left, that of bearing the largest part of the burdens, and every species of outrage, vexation, and abuse. As a natural consequence, the communes have been ill administered, and nothing but the worst passions regulate the election of their officers. The municipal councils are composed of infinitely worse members than they were before the portentous addition made to the number of their electors. To secure the triumph of having a bad mayor, a mayor suited to their base and ignorant jealousies, they are constrained to elect bad magistrates. *Abyssus abyssum vocat.*

" In the political class of electors, the effects of the democratic changes have been still worse. *The power of mobs has become irresistible.* The electoral body, which for fifteen years has struggled for the liberties of France, has been dispossessed by a body possessing less independence, less intelligence, which understands less the duties to which it is called. Every where the respectable classes, sure of being outvoted, have stayed away from the elections. In the department in which I write, an hundred voices have carried the election, because 300 respectable electors have not made their appearance. In all parts of

the kingdom, the same melancholy spectacle presents itself. The law has made a class arbiters of the affairs of the kingdom, which has the good sense to perceive its utter unfitness for the task, or its inability to contend with the furious torrent with which it is surrounded ; and the consequence every where has been, that intrigue, and every unworthy passion, govern the elections, and a set of miserable low intriguers rule France with a rod of iron. In the state, the department, the communes, the National Guard, the prospect is the same. The same principle governs the organization, or rather disorganization, throughout the whole of society. Universally it is the lower part of the electoral body, which, being the most numerous, the most reckless, and the most compact, which casts the balance ; in short, it is the tail which governs the head. There is the profound grievance which endangers all our liberties. On such conditions, no social union is possible among men.

" Recently our electors have made a discovery, which fixes in these inferior regions, not merely the power of election, but the whole political authority in the state ; it is the practice of exacting from their representatives, before they are elected, pledges as to every measure of importance which is to come before them. By that single expedient, the representative system, with all its guarantees and blessings, has crumbled into dust. Its fundamental principle is, that the three great powers form the head of the state ; that all three discuss, deliberate, decide, with equal freedom on the affairs of the state. The guarantee of this freedom consists in the composition of these powers, the slow method of their procedure, the length of previous debates, and the control of each branch of the legislature by the others. But the exacting of pledges from Members of Parliament destroys all this. Deliberation and choice are placed at the very bottom of the political ladder, and there alone. What do I say ? Deliberation ! the thing is unknown even there. A hair-brained student seizes at the gate of a city a peasant, asks him if he is desirous to see feudalism with all its seigniorial rights re-established. puts into his hands a name to vote for, which will preserve him from all these calamities, and having thus sent him totally deluded into the election hall, returns to his companions, and laughs with them at having thus secured a vote for the abolition of the peerage.

" As little is the inclination of the electors consulted in their preliminary resolutions, It is in the wine-shops,

amidst the fumes of intoxication, that the greatest questions are decided; without hearing the other side, without any knowledge on the subject; without the smallest information as to the matter on which an irrevocable decision is thus taken. This is what is called the liberty of democracy; a brutal, ignorant, reckless liberty, which cuts short all discussion, and decides every question without knowledge, without discussion, without examination, from the mere force of passion."

Of the present state of the French press, we have the following emphatic account. Democracy, it will be seen, produces every where the same effects.

"At the spectacle of the press of France, I experience the grief of an old soldier, who sees his arms profaned. The press is no longer that sure ally of freedom, which follows, step by step, the depositories of power, but without contesting with them their necessary prerogatives, or striving to sap the foundations of the state. It is an Eumenides, a Bacchante, which agitates a torch, a hatchet, or a poniard; which insults and strikes without intermission; which applies itself incessantly, in its lucid intervals, to demolish, stone by stone, the whole social edifice; which seems tormented by a devouring fever; which requires to revenge itself for the sufferings of a consuming pride, by the unceasing work of destruction. In other states, it has been found that calumny penetrates into the field of polemical contest. But France has gone a step farther; it possesses whole workshops of calumny. Insult possesses its seats of manufacture. We have numerous journals, which live by attacking every reputation, every talent, every species of superiority. *It is an artillery incessantly directed to level every thing which is elevated, or serves or honours its country.* It is no wonder that the observation should be so common, that society is undergoing an incessant degradation. A society in the midst of which a disorder so frightful is daily appearing, without exciting either attention or animadversion, is on the high road to ruin. It is condemned to the chastisement of heaven."—Pp. 394—399.

One would imagine that the following passage was written expressly for the state of the British revolutionary press, during the discussion of the Reform Bill.

"The more that the progress of the

revolution produced of inevitable concessions to the passion for democracy, the more indispensable it was, that the press should have taken an elevated ground, to withstand the torrent. The reverse has been the case. Thence have flowed that perpetual degradation of its tendency, that emulation in calumny and detraction, that obstinate support of doctrines subversive of society, those appeals to the passions of the multitude, *that ostentatious display of the logic of brickbats*, that indignation at every historic name, those assaults on every thing that is dignified or hereditary, on the throne, the peerage, property itself. Deplorable corruption! permanent corruption of talent, virtue, and genius! total abandonment of its glorious mission to enlighten, glorify, and defend its country."—P. 102.

The radical vice in the social system of France, our author considers as consisting in the overwhelming influence given to that class *a little above the lowest*, in other words, the L.10 householders, in whom, with unerring accuracy, the revolutionists of England persuaded an ignorant and reckless administration to centre all the political power of this country. Listen to its practical working in France, as detailed by this liberal constitutional writer:—

"The direct tendency of all our laws, is to deliver over the empire to one single class in society: that class, elevated just above the lowest, which has enough of independence and education to be inspired with the desire to centre in itself all the powers of the state, but too little to wield them with advantage. This class forms the link between the upper ranks of the *Tiers Etat* and the decided Anarchists; and it is actuated by passion, the reverse of those of both the regions on which it borders. Sufficiently near to the latter to be not more disturbed than it at the work of destruction, it is sufficiently close to the former to be filled with animosity at its prosperity: it participates in the envy of the one, and the pride of the other: a fatal union, which corrupts the mediocrity of their intelligence, their ignorance of the affairs of state, the narrow and partial view they take of every subject. Thence has sprung that jealous and turbulent spirit which can do nothing but destroy: which assails with its wrath every thing which society respects, the throne equally with the altar, power equally with distinction: a spirit equally fatal to all above and all below itself, which dries up all the sources of

prosperity, by overturning the principles, the feelings, which form the counterpoise of society; and which a Divine legislator has implanted on the most ancient tables of the law, the human conscience.

"Thus have we gone on for eighteen months, accumulating the principles of destruction: the more that we have need of public wisdom for support, the more have we receded from it. The evil will become irreparable, if the spirit of disorder, which has overthrown our authorities, and passed from the authorities into the laws, should find a general entrance into the minds of the people.—There lies the incurable wound of France."—Pp. 405.

It was in the face of such testimony to the tremendous effect of rousing democratic ambition in the lowest of the middling class of society; it was within sight of an empire wasting away under their withering influence, that the Reformers roused them to a state of perfect fury, by the prospect of acquiring, through the L. 10 clause, an irresistible preponderance in the state. We doubt if the history of the world exhibits another instance of such complete infatuation.

Is the literature of France in such a state as to justify a hope, that a better day is likely to dawn on its democratic society? Let us hear what the friend of constitutional freedom says on that vital subject—

"There is a moral anarchy far worse than that of society, which saps even the foundation of order, which renders it hardly consistent even with despotism: utterly inconsistent with freedom. We have seen political principles and belief often sustain the state, in default of laws and institutions; but to what are we to look for a remedy to the disorder which has its seat in the heart?

"Were literature to be regarded as the expression of thought, there is not a hope left for France. Literary talent now shews itself stained with every kind of corruption. It makes it a rule and a sport to attack every sentiment and interest of which society is composed. One would imagine that its object is to restore to French literature all the vices with which it was disgraced in the last century. If, on the faith of daily eulogiums, you go into a theatre, you see scenes represented where the dignity of our sex is as much outraged as the modesty of the other. Every where the same spectacles await you. Obscene romances are the model

on which they are all formed. The muse now labours at what is indecent, as formerly it did at what would melt the heart. How unhappy the young men, who think they ape the elegance of riches by adopting its vices,—who deem themselves original, merely because they are retrograding, and who mistake the novels of Crabbillon and Voltaire for original genius! It would seem that these shameful excesses are the inevitable attendant of ancient civilisation. How often have I myself written, that that degrading literature of the last century flowed from the corruptions of an absolute monarchy! And now Liberty, as if to turn into derision my worship at its altars, has taken for its model the school of Louis XV., and improved upon its infamous inspirations."—Pp. 408-9.

This revolutionary torrent has broken into every department; it has invaded the opinions of the thoughtful, the manners of the active, the morals of the young, and the sanctity of families. The fatal doctrine of a general division of property, is spreading to an extent hardly conceivable in a state possessing much property, and great individual ability.

"When the spirit of disorder has thus taken possession of all imaginations, when the revolutionary herald knocks with redoubled strokes, not only at all the institutions, but at all the doctrines and opinions which hold together the fabric of society, can property, the corner-stone of the edifice, be respected? Let us not flatter ourselves with the hope that it can.

"Property has already ceased to be the main pillar of the social constitution. It is treated as conquered by the laws, as an enemy by the politicians. Should the present system continue, it will soon become a slave."—Pp. 416.

"The proof that the revolutionary torrent has overwhelmed us, and that we are about to retrograde for several centuries, is, that the principle of confiscation is maintained without intermission, without exciting any horror. An able young man, M. Lherminier, has lately advanced the doctrine, that society is entitled to dispossess the minority, to make way for the majority. Well, a learned professor of the law has advanced this doctrine, and France hears it without surprise. Nay, farther, we have a public worship, an hierarchy, missionaries—in fine, a whole corps of militia, who go from town to town, incessantly preaching to the people the necessity of overturning the hereditary descent of property; and that scandalous

offence is openly tolerated. The state permits a furious association to be formed in its very bosom, to divide the property of others! Yet more—the French society assists at that systematic destruction of its last pillar, as it would at a public game. Lyons even cannot rouse them to their danger,—the conflagration of the second city in the empire fails to illuminate the public thought.”—Pp. 418-19.

In the midst of this universal fusion of public thought in the revolutionary crucible, the sway of religion, of private morality, and parental authority, could not long be expected to survive. They have all accordingly given way.

“Possibly the revolutionary worship has come in place of the service of the altar, which has been destroyed. *Every religious tie has long been extinguished amongst us. But now, even its semblance has been abandoned.* A Chamber which boasts of having established freedom, has seriously entertained a project for the abolition of the Sunday, and all religious festivals. That would be the most complete of all reactions, for it would at once confound all ages, and exterminate every chance of salvation.

“Such is the estimation in which religion is now held, that every one hastens to clear himself from the odious aspersion of being in the least degree attached to it. The representatives in Parliament, if by any chance an allusion is made to the clergy, burst out into laughter or sneer; they think they can govern a people, while they are incessantly outraging their worship; that cradle of modern civilisation. If a journal accidentally mentions that a regiment has attended mass, all the generals in the kingdom hasten to repel the calumny, to protest by all that is sacred their entire innocence, to swear that the barricades have taught them to forget the lessons of Napoleon, to bow the knee at the name of God.”—P. 420.

“In this universal struggle for disorganization, the fatal ardour gains every character. The contest is, who shall demolish most effectually, and give the most vehement strokes to society. M. de Schonen sees well, that less good was done by his courage in resisting the attacks on the temples of religion, than evil by the weight lent by the proposition for divorce, to the last establishment which was yet untouched, the sanctity of private life. To defend our public monuments, and overturn marriage, is a proceeding wholly for the benefit of anarchy; I say overturn it; for in the corrupted state of society where we live, to dissolve

its indissolubility, is to strike it in its very essence.”—Pp. 412, 413.

“The recent Revolution has exhibited a spectacle which was wanting in that of 1789. Robespierre, in the Constituent Assembly, proposed the abolition of the punishment of death: no one then thought of death, none dreamed of bathing themselves in blood. Now, the case is widely different—We have arrived at terror at one leap. It is while knowing it, while viewing it full in the face, that it is seriously recommended. We have, or we affect, the unhappy passion for blood. The speeches of Robespierre and St Just are printed and sold for a few sous, *leaving out only his speech in favour of the Supreme Being.* All this goes on in peaceable times, when we are all as yet in cold blood, without the double excuse of terror and passion which palliated their enormities.—Poetry has taken the same line. The *Constitutionnel*, while publishing their revolting panegyrics on blood, expresses no horror at this tendency. Incessantly we are told the reign of blood cannot be renewed; but our days have done more, they have removed all horror at it.”—P. 421.

On the dissolution of the hereditary Peerage, the great conquest of the Revolution, the following striking observations are made.

“The democrats, in speaking of the destruction of the hereditary Peerage, imagine that they have only sacrificed an institution. There never was a more grievous mistake; they have destroyed a principle. They have thrown into the gulf the sole conservative principle that the Revolution had left; the sole stone in the edifice which recalls the past; the sole force in the constitution which subsists of itself. By that great stroke, France has violently detached itself from the European continent, violently thrown itself beyond the Atlantic, violently married itself to the virgin soil of Pennsylvania, whither we bring an ancient, discontented, and divided society; a population overflowing, which, having no deserts to expand over, must recoil upon itself, and tear out its own entrails; in fine, the tastes of servitude, the appetite for domination and anarchy, anti-religious doctrines, anti-social passions, at which that young state, which bore Washington, nourished freedom, and believes in God, would stand aghast.

“The middling rank has this evil inherent in its composition; placed off the confines of physical struggle, the intervention of force does not surprise it; it submits to its tyranny without revolt.

Has it defended France, for the last sixteen months, from the leaden sceptre which has so cruelly weighed upon her destinies? What a spectacle was exhibited when the Chamber of Peers, resplendent with talent, with virtues, with recollections dear to France, by its conscientious votes for so many years, was forced to vote against its conviction; forced, I say, to bend its powerful head before a brutal, jealous, and ignorant multitude. The class which could command such a sacrifice, enforce such a national humiliation, is incapable of governing France; and will never preserve the empire, but suffer it to fall into the jaws of the pitiless enemy, who is ever ready to devour it." —P. 487.

"No government is possible, where the mortal antipathy exists, which in France alienates the lower classes in possession of power from the ascendant of education or fortune. Can any one believe that power will ultimately remain in the hands of that intermediate class which is detached from the interests of property, without being allied to the multitude? Is it not evident, that its natural tendency is to separate itself daily more and more from the first class, to unite itself to the second? Community of hatred will occasion unity of exertion; and the more that the abyss is enlarged which separates the present depositaries of power from its natural possessors, the more will the masses enter into a share, and finally the exclusive possession, of power. Thence it will proceed from demolition to demolition, from disorder to disorder, by an inevitable progress, and must at length end in that anti-social state, the rule of the multitude.

"The moment that the opinion of the dominant classes disregards established interests, that it takes a pleasure in violating those august principles which constitute the soul of society, we see an abyss begin to open; the earth quakes beneath our feet—the community is shaken to its very entrails. Then begins a profound and universal sense of suffering. Capital disappears; talents retreat—become irritated or corrupted. The national genius becomes intoxicated—precipitates itself into every species of disorder, and bears aloft, not as a light, but a torch of conflagration, its useless flame. The whole nation is seized with disquietude and sickness, as on the eve of those convulsions which shake the earth, and trouble at once the air, the earth, and the sea. Every one seeks the

causes of this extraordinary state; it is to be found in one alone—the social state is trembling to its foundations.

"This is precisely the state we have been in for sixteen months. To conceal it is impossible. What is required is to endeavour to remedy its disorders. France is well aware that it would be happy if it had only lost a fifth of its immense capital during that period. Every individual in the kingdom has lost a large portion of his income. And yet the revolution of 1830 was the most rapid and the least bloody recorded in history. If we look nearer, we shall discover that every one of us is less secure of his property than he was before that moral earthquake. Every one is less secure of his head, though the Reign of Death has not yet commenced; and in that universal feeling of insecurity is to be found the source of the universal suffering."—II. 491.

But we must conclude, however reluctantly, these copious extracts. Were we to translate every passage which is striking in itself, which bears in the most extraordinary way on the present crisis in this country, we should transcribe the whole of this eloquent and profound disquisition.

If it had been written in this country, it would have been set down as the work of some furious anti-reformer; of some violent Tory, blind to the progress of events, insensible to the change of society. It is the work, however, of no anti-reformer, but of a liberal Parisian historian, a decided supporter at the time of the Revolution of July; a powerful opponent of the Bourbons for fifteen years in the Chamber of Deputies. He is commended in the highest terms by Lady Morgan, as one of the rising lights of the age;\* and that stamps his character as a leader of the liberal party. But he has become enlightened, as all the world will be, to the real tendency of the revolutionary spirit, by that most certain of all preceptors, the suffering it has occasioned.

One would have imagined, from the description he has given of the state of France, since the Revolution of July, that he was describing the state of this country under the discussion of the Reform Bill; the pro-

\* France, II. 342.

bable tendency of the L. 10 franchise; the universal languor and suffering which has followed the promulgation of that fatal change. Yet he is only describing the effects of triumphant reform in France. The inference is twofold; that the spirit now convulsing this country under the name of Reform, *is the true revolutionary spirit*, and that yet more acute and lasting distress may be confidently anticipated from its final triumph, than has attended the long and heroic resistance made to its progress.

Salvandy, like all the liberal party in France, while he clearly perceives the deplorable state to which their revolution has brought them, and the fatal tendency of the democratic spirit which the triumph of July has so strongly developed, is unable to discover the remote cause of the disasters which overwhelm them. At this distance from the scene of action, we can clearly discern it. "Ephraim," says the Scripture, "has gone to his idols; let him alone." In these words is to be found the secret of the universal suffering, the deplorable condition, the merciless tyranny, which prevails in France. It is labouring under the chastisement of Heaven. An offended Deity has rained down upon it a worse scourge than the brimstone which destroyed the cities of the Jordan—the scourge of its own passions and vices. The terrible cruelty of the Reign of Terror—the enormous injustice of the revolutionary rule, is registered in the book of fate; the universal abandonment of religion by all the influential classes, has led to the extirpation of all the barriers against anarchy which are fitted to secure the well-being of society. Its fate is sealed; its glories are gone; the unfettered march of passion will

overthrow every public and private virtue; and national ruin will be the consequence. We are following in the same course, and will most certainly share in the same punishment.

In this melancholy prospect let us be thankful that the conservative party have nothing with which to reproach themselves; that though doomed to share in the punishment, they are entirely guiltless of the crime. Noble indeed as was the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, in coming forward at the eleventh hour, to extricate the Crown from the perilous situation in which it was placed, and the degrading thralldom to which it was subjected, we rejoice, from the bottom of our hearts, that the attempt was frustrated. Had he gone on with the Bill as it stood, from a sense of overwhelming necessity, all its consequences would have been laid on its opponents. The Whigs brought in the Reform Bill—let them have the execrable celebrity of carrying it through. Let them inscribe on their banners the overthrow of the constitution; let them go down to posterity as the destroyers of a century and a half of glory; let them be stigmatized in the page of history as the men who overthrew the liberties of England. Never despairing of their country, let the great and noble conservative party stand aloof from the fatal career of revolution; let them remain for ever excluded from power, rather than gain it by the sacrifice of one iota of principle; and steadily resisting the march of wickedness, and all the allurements of ambition, take for their motto the words of ancient duty, "*Fais ce que dois: advienne ce que pourra.*"

## THE MAID OF ELVAR.\*

POETRY, which, though not dead, had long been sleeping in Scotland, was restored to waking life by THOMSON. His genius was national; and so, too, was the subject of his first and greatest song. By saying that his genius was national, we mean that its temperament was enthusiastic and passionate; and that, though highly imaginative, the sources of its power lay in the heart. The Castle of Indolence is distinguished by purer taste, and finer fancy; but with all its exquisite beauties, that poem is but the vision of a dream. The Seasons are glorious realities; and the charm of the strain that sings the "rolling year" is its truth. But what mean we by saying that the Seasons are a national subject?—do we assert that they are solely Scottish? That would be too bold, even for us; but we scruple not to assert, that Thomson has made them so, as far as might be without insult, injury, or injustice, to the rest of the globe. His suns rise and set in Scottish heavens; his "deep-fermenting tempests, are brewed in grim evening" Scottish skies; Scottish is his thunder of cloud and cataract; his "vapours, and snows, and storms," are Scottish; and, strange as the assertion would have sounded in the ears of Samuel Johnson, Scottish are his woods, their sigh, and their roar; nor less their stillness, more awful amidst the vast multitude of steady stems, than when all the sullen pine-tops are swinging to the hurricane. A dread love of his native land was in his heart when he cried in the solitude—

"Hail, kindred glooms! congenial horrors, hail!"

The genius of HOME was national—and so, too, was the subject of his

first and greatest song—Douglas. He had studied the old Ballads. Their simplicities were sweet to him as wallflowers on ruins. On the story of Gill Morice, who was an Earl's son, he founded, 'tis said, his Tragedy, which surely no Scottish eyes ever witnessed without tears. Are not these most Scottish lines?—

"Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom  
Accords with my soul's sadness!"

And these even more intensely so,—

"It came the river down, and loud  
and oft

The angry Spirit of the waters shrieked!"

The Scottish Tragedian in an evil hour crossed the Tweed, riding on horseback all the way to London. His genius got Anglified, took a consumption, and perished in the prime of life. But on seeing the Siddons in *Lady Randolph*, and hearing her low, deep, wild, wo-begone voice exclaim, "My beautiful! my brave!" "the aged Harper's soul awoke," and his dim eyes were again lighted up for a moment with the fires of genius—say rather for a moment bedewed with the tears of sensibility, re-awakened from decay and dotage.

The genius of BEATTIE was national, and so was the subject of his greatest song—*The Minstrel*. For what is its design? He tells us, to trace the progress of a poetical genius born in a rude age, from the first dawning of reason and fancy, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a Minstrel; that is, as an itinerant poet and musician,—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

"There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,  
A shepherd swain, a man of low degree;  
Whose sires perchance in Fairyland might dwell,  
Sicilian groves and vales of Arcady;  
But he, I ween, was of the North Countrie;  
A nation famed for song and beauty's charms;  
Zealous yet modest; innocent though free;  
Patient of toil, serene amid alarms;  
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.

\* *The Maid of Elvar. A Poem, in Twelve Parts. By Allan Cunningham. Edward Moxon, London.*



" The shepherd swain, of whom I mention made,  
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;  
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never swayed :  
An honest heart was almost all his stock ;  
His drink the living waters from the rock ;  
'The milky dams supplied his board, and lent  
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;  
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,  
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went !"

Did patriotism ever inspire genius  
with sentiment more Scottish than  
*that*? Did imagination ever create  
scenery more Scottish? Manners,  
Morals, Life? Never. What! not  
the following stanzas?

" Lo! where the stripling rapt in wonder  
roves  
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with  
pine ;  
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling  
groves  
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents  
shine :  
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,  
And echo swells the chorus to the  
skies !"

Beattie pours there like a man who  
had been at the Linn of Dee. He  
wore a wig, it is true; but at times,  
when the fit was on him, he wrote  
like the unshorn Apollo.

The genius of GRAHAME was na-

tional, and so too was the subject of  
his first and best poem—The Sabbath.

" How still the morning of the hallow-  
ed day !"

is a line that could have been uttered  
only by a holy Scottish heart.  
For we alone know what is indeed  
Sabbath silence—an earnest of ever-  
lasting rest. To our hearts, the very  
birds of Scotland sing holily on that  
day. A sacred smile is on the dewy  
flowers. The lilies look whiter in  
their loveliness; the blush-rose red-  
dens in the sun with a diviner dye ;  
and with a more celestial scent the  
hoary hawthorn sweetens the wild-  
erness. Sorely disturbed of yore,  
over the glens and hills of Scotland,  
was the Day of Peace !

" O, the great goodness of the *Saints of  
Old !*"

the Covenanters. Listen to the Sabbath-Bard.

" With them each day was holy ; but that morn  
On which the angel said, *See where the Lord  
Was laid*, joyous arose ; to die that day  
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn by devious ways,  
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they sought  
The upland muirs where rivers, there but brooks,  
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks  
A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat  
With greensward gay, and flowers that strangers seem  
Amid the heathery wild, that all around  
Fatigues the eye : in solitudes like these,  
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled  
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws :  
There, leaning on his spear, (one of the array  
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose  
On England's banner, and had powerless struck  
The infatuate monarch, and his wavering host !)  
The lyart veteran heard the word of God  
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured  
In gentle stream : then rose the song, the loud  
Acclaim of praise. The wheeling plover ceased  
Her plaint ; the solitary place was glad ;  
And on the distant cairn the watcher's ear  
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.  
But years more gloomy followed ; and no more  
The assembled people dared, in face of day,  
To worship God, or even at the dead  
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,

And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood  
 To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly  
 The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dell  
 By rocks o'ercanopied, to hear the voice,  
 Their faithful pastor's voice: He by the gleam  
 Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,  
 And words of comfort spake: over their souls  
 His accents soothing came, as to her young  
 The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve,  
 She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed  
 By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads  
 Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast  
 They cherished cower amid the purple bloom."

The genius of SIR WALTER SCOTT, it will not be denied, is pretty national, and so are the subjects of all his noblest works, be they Poems, or Novels and Romances by the Author of Waverley. Up to the era of Sir Walter, living people had some vague, general, indistinct notions about dead people mouldering away to nothing centuries ago, in regular kirk-yards and chance burial-places, " 'mang muirs and mosses many O," somewhere or other in that difficultly distinguished and very debateable district called the Borders. All at once he touched their tombs with a divining rod, and the turf streamed out ghosts. Some in woodmen's dresses—most in warrior's mail—green archers leapt forth with yew-bows and quivers—and giants stalked shaking spears. The grey chronicler smiled; and, taking up his pen, wrote in lines of light the annals of the chivalrous and heroic days of auld feudal Scotland. The nation then for the first time knew the character of its ancestors; for those were not spectres—not they indeed—nor phantoms of the brain—but gaunt flesh and blood, or glad and glorious;—base-born cottage-churls of the olden time, because Scottish, became familiar to the love of the nation's heart, and so to its pride did the high-born lineage of palace-kings. The worst of Sir Walter is, that he has *harried* all Scotland. Never was there such a freebooter. He harries all men's cattle—kills themselves off hand, and makes bonfires of their castles. Thus has he disturbed and illuminated all the land as with the blazes of a million beacons. Lakes lie with their islands distinct by midnight as by midday; wide woods glow gloriously in the gloom; and by the stormy splendour, you even see ships, with all sail set, far at sea. His themes

in prose or numerous verse, are still "Knights and Lords and mighty Earls," and their Lady-Loves—chiefly Scottish—of Kings that fought for fame or freedom—of fatal Flodden and bright Bannockburn—of the DELIVERER. If that be not national to the teeth, Homer was no Ionian, Tyrtæus not sprung from Sparta, and Christopher North a Cockney. Let Abbotsford, then, be cognomen'd by those that choose it, the *Ariosto* of the North—we shall continue to call him plain, simple, immortal Sir Walter.

We are confining our affection at present, you perceive, to those great or good poets, to whom, from the nature of their genius and its subjects, we are induced to apply, with all propriety of speech, the delightful and endearing term, *Scottish*. Our enlightened neighbours, the Transtweeddalecarlians, cannot *feel* the works of those worthies as we do—the racy flavour of the Scottish spirit either produces no impression on their palate, (the organ of *taste*,) or an unpleasant one—like the breath of the heather bloom in the dark delicious Highland honey—like the twang of the peat-reek in the mountain dew, when it rejoices in those tempting trissyllables, Farintosh and Glenlivet. Still the Southrons suck the one and sip the other with wry faces; and they were wont to be curious exceedingly about the Great Unknown. We have, however, among us Poets and Poetesses, who—God bless them—though far from anti-national, are Scottish chiefly by birth; not but that a fine, free, pure Caledonian air hovers around their genius—not but that its bright consummate flower blushes, to our eyes at least, as if coloured by the boreal morn.

Of such high and clear class, look

at two glorious living specimens—THOMAS CAMPBELL and JOANNA BAILLIE. In his boyhood, Campbell wandered "to distant isles that hear the wild Corbrechtan roar," and sometimes his Poetry is like that whirlpool; the sound is as of the wheels of many chariots. Yes—happy was it for the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, that in his youth he "walked in glory and in joy," along the many-mountain-based, hollow-rumbling western coast of that unaccountable county, Argyllshire. The sea-sound cultivated his naturally fine musical ear, and it sank, too, into his heart. Hence is his prime Poem a glad, sad, sweet, solemn, grave, and glorious production, bright with hope as is the sunny sea, when sailors' sweethearts on the shore are looking out for ships, and from a foreign station, lo! down before the wind comes the fleet, and the very shells on the sand beneath their footsteps seem to sing aloud for joy. As for Joanna, she is our Tragic Queen; but she belongs to all place as to all time; and Scott hath said—let them who dare gainsay it—that he saw her genius, in a similar fair shape, sailing by the side of the Swan of Avon. Yet Joanna loves to touch the pastoral reed; and then we think of the tender dawn, the clear noon, and the bright meridian of her life, past among the hanging cliffs of the silvan Calder, and in the lonesome heart of the dark Strathaven muirs.

Not a few other sweet singers or strong, native to this nook of our isle, might we now in these humble pages lovingly commemorate; and "two shall we mention, dearer than the rest," for sake of that virtue, among many virtues, which we have been lauding all along, their nationality;—these are MOIR and POLLOCK.

Of our own "delightful Delta," as we once called him—and the epithet now by right appertains to his name—we shall now say simply this, that he has produced many original pieces which will possess a permanent place in the poetry of Scotland. Delicacy and grace characterise his happiest compositions; some of them are beautiful in a cheerful spirit that has only to look on nature to be happy; and others breathe the sim-

plest and purest pathos. His scenery, whether sea-coast or inland, is always truly Scottish; and at times his pen drops touches of light on minute objects, that till then had slumbered in the shade, but now "shine well where they stand" or lie, as component and characteristic parts of our lowland landscapes. Let others labour away at long poems, and for their pains get neglect or oblivion; Moir is immortalized in many short ones, which the Scottish Muses may "not willingly let die." And that must be a pleasant thought when it touches the heart of the mildest and most modest of men, as he sits by his family-fire, beside those most dear to him, after a day past in smoothing, by his skill, the bed and the brow of pain, in restoring sickness to health, in alleviating sufferings that cannot be cured, or in mitigating the pangs of death.

Pollok had great original genius, strong in a sacred sense of religion. Such of his short compositions as we have seen, written in early youth, were but mere copies of verses, and gave little or no promise of power. But his soul was working in the green moorland solitudes round about his father's house, in the wild and beautiful parishes of Eaglesham and Mearns, separated by thee, O Yearn! sweetest of pastoral streams that murmur through the west, as under those broomy and birchen banks and trees, where the grey-linties sing, is formed the clear junction of the rills, issuing, the one from the hill-spring far above the Black-waterfall, and the other from the Brother-loch. The poet in prime of youth (he died in his twenty-seventh year) embarked on a high and adventurous enterprise, and voyaged the Illimitable Deep. His spirit expanded its wings, and in a holy pride felt them to be broad, as it hovered over the dark abyss. The "Course of Time," for so young a man, was a vast achievement. The book he loved best was the Bible, and his style is often scriptural. Of our poets he had studied, we believe, but Young, Milton, and Byron. He had much to learn in composition; and, had he lived, he would have looked almost with humiliation on much that is at present eulogized by his devoted admirers.

But the soul of poetry is there, though often dimly enveloped, and many passages there are, and long ones too, that heave, and hurry, and glow along in a divine enthusiasm.

"His cars he closed, to listen to the strains

That Sion bards did consecrate of old,

• And fix'd his Pindus upon Lebanon."

But there now arises before us such a Brotherhood of Bards as could have been born and bred—nay, frown not, fair or gallant Southron—only in Scotland. The Bards belonging by divine right to the People—the household Bards of hut and shieling, dear to the dwellers on the hill and river sides, and to those who, like the cushats, have their nests in the woods. Allan Ramsay, Michael Bruce, Robert Fergusson, ROBERT BURNS, James Hogg, and though last, not least, Allan Cunningham—the Barber, the Schoolmaster, the Sheriff's Clerk Engrosser, the Plough-

man, the Shepherd, the Stone-Mason! And has not Scotland reason to be proud of her wigs, her taws, her very charges of horning, her plough-coulters, and the teeth of her harrows, her gimmers and her "tarry woo," her side walls and her gable-ends—seeing that the same minds that were busied with such matters, for sake of a scanty and precarious subsistence, have been among the brightest on the long roll which Fame, standing on the mountains, unfolds to the sunshine and the winds, inscribed with the names of some of the wide world's most prevailing Poets?

Theocritus was a pleasant Pastoral, and Sicilia sees him among the stars. But all his dear Idyls together are not equal in worth to the single Gentle Shepherd. Habbie's Howe is a hallowed place now among the green airy Pentlands. Sacred for ever the solitary murmur of that waterfa!

"A flowerie bowm, between twa verdant braces,  
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;  
A trotting burnie, wimpling through the ground,  
It's channel pebbles, shining, smooth, and round:  
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear,  
'Twill please your eye, then gratify your ear;  
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,  
And Meg, with better sense, true love defends!"

"About them, and sicklike," is the whole Poem. Yet "faithful loves shall memorize the song." Without any scenery but that of rafters, which overhead fancy may suppose a grove, 'tis even yet sometimes acted by rustics in the barn, though nothing on this earth will ever persuade a humble Scottish lass to take a part in a play; while delightful is felt, even by the lords and ladies of the land, the simple Drama of lowly life; and we ourselves have seen a high-born maiden look "beautiful exceedingly" as Pattie's Betrothed, kilted to the knee in the kirtle of a Shepherdess.

FERGUSSON'S glory lies in his Farmer's Ingle being the rude prototype of the Cottar's Saturday Night. It suggested the theme to Burns, and from his genius came forth that heart-born poem in its perfection. Poor Fergusson! he grew mad! When committed—says Campbell, following Irvine—to the receptacle of the insane, a consciousness of his dread-

ful fate seemed to come over him. At the moment of his entrance he uttered a wild cry of despair, which was re-echoed by a shout from all the inmates of the dreadful mansion, and left an impression of inexpressible horror on the friends who had the task of attending him. His mother, being in extreme poverty, had no other mode of disposing of him. A remittance, which she received a few days after from a more fortunate son, who was abroad, would have enabled her to support the expense of affording him attendance in her own house; but the aid did not arrive till the poor maniac had expired. On his first visit to Edinburgh, Burns traced out the grave of Fergusson, and placed a Monument over it at his own expense, inscribed with verses of appropriate feeling. And thus honoured, his name, though somewhat dim now, survives, nor ever will wane away utterly the melancholy light.

Like a strong man, rejoicing to run a race, we behold BURNS, in his golden Prime; and glory gleams from the Peasant's head, far and wide over Scotland. See the shadow tottering to the tomb! frenzied with fears of a prison—for some five pound debt—existing, perhaps, but in his diseased imagination—for, alas! sorely diseased it was, and he too, at last, seemed something insane,—he escapes that disgrace in the grave. Buried with his bones be all remembrances of his miseries! But the spirit of song, which was his true spirit, unpolluted and unfallen, lives, and breathes, and has its being, in the peasant-life of Scotland; his songs, which are as household and sheepfold words, consecrated by the charm that is in all the heart's purest affections, love and piety, and the joy of grief, shall never decay, till among the people have decayed the virtues which they celebrate, and by which they were inspired; and should some dismal change in the skies ever overshadow the sunshine of our national character, and savage storms end in sullen stillness, which is moral death, in the poetry of Burns the natives of happier lands will see how noble was once the degenerated race that may then be looking down disconsolately on the dim grass of Scotland with the unuplifted eyes of cowards and slaves.

Among hills that once were a forest, and still bear that name, and by the side of a river not unknown in song, lying in his plaid on a brae among the "woolly people," see another true son of genius—THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

We are never so happy as in praising James; but pastoral poets are the most incomprehensible of God's creatures; and here is one of the best of them all, who confesses the Chaldee and denies the Noctes!

The Queen's Wake is a garland of fair forest flowers, bound with a band of rushes from the moor. It is not a poem—not it—nor was it intended to be so; you might as well call a bright bouquet of flowers a flower, which, by the by, we do in Scotland. Some of the ballads are very beautiful; one or two even splendid; most of them spirited; and the worst far better than the best that

ever was written by any bard in danger of being a blockhead. "Kilmeny" alone places our (aye, *our*) Shepherd among the Undying Ones. London soon loses all memory of lions, let them visit her in the shape of any animal they please. But the Heart of the Forest never forgets. It knows no such word as absence. The Death of a Poet there, is but the beginning of a Life of Fame. His songs no more perish than do flowers. There are no Annuals in the Forest. All are perennial; or if they do indeed die, their findings away are invisible in the constant succession—the sweet unbroken series of everlasting bloom. So will it be in his native haunts with the many songs of the Ettrick Shepherd. The lochs may be drained—corn may grow where once the Yarrow flowed—nor is such change much more unlikely than in the olden time would have been thought the extirpation of all the vast oak-woods, where the deer trembled to fall into the den of the wolf, and the wild boar barrowed beneath the eagle's eyrie. All extinct now! But obsolete never shall be the Shepherd's plaintive or pawky, his melancholy or merry, lays. The ghost of "Mary Lee" will be seen in the moonlight coming down the hills; the "Witch of Fife" on the clouds will still bestride her besom; and the "Gude Grey Cat" will mow in imagination, were even the Last Mouse on his last legs, and the feline species swept off by war, pestilence, and famine, and heard to pur no more!

And now, thank heaven!—you will say with us—we are brought within touch of the broad back and shoulders of ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. For a long time past we have seen them in the gloom of the vista. We knew not but that it might be a shadow—but we have come in contact with firm flesh and blood. *Honest Allan!* So was the mighty minstrel pleased to call him, in spite of that wild youthful trick of his on poor Cromeck. "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song" indeed! Some snatches of old strains there were; and these were sufficient to inspire a kindred genius, which whispered many more "so sweetly, completely," in the ear of Love.

All persons—in Scotland, and they are too few in our cities—of any poetical feeling, or knowledge of poetry, who, took the trouble of caring about the produce of native genius that might not have yet gained itself a name, saw in these “Remains,” so many fine touches of nature, so many sweet glimpses of fancy, that they desired to learn something of the obscure, but manifestly no common man, who had in this strange way ventured, with doubts and fears, to try what the world might think of such verses as his, composed, perhaps, during the very hours of labour, or at gloaming, when his hand had let down the mallet, and as his heart was free. All the initiated soon saw through the harmless disguise; and the name of Allan Cunningham soon began to be known, though a good many years elapsed before it was familiar to the public. Mark Macrabin, or the Covenantan, a prose tale of great power, which appeared in this Periodical, was highly appreciated; so were a series of tales and traditions which he published in the London Magazine, and afterwards in a separate form, in two volumes. We believe that they have not had a very wide circulation; but nobody can read them without admiration of the author’s genius.

All their scenes are laid in the south of Scotland, and almost all in his native district; an intimate knowledge, of course, is shewn in them of all that is most interesting and impressive in the life and character of their inhabitants now, or of old; and some of them, in respect of circumstance, incident, and event, as well as sentiment, passion, and character, are admirable *Stories* too, although they are, in general, more distinguished by excellence of the latter than of the former kind. Their chief fault is, we think, too much elaboration both of imagery and passion; and included in that, a style of language not sufficiently varied, so as to suit the different characters and conditions of the interlocutors in the dialogues, which are lavishly introduced, and which, though always very eloquent—indeed often too much so—and frequently most poetical—perhaps sometimes too much so, likewise—do, oftener than

we could wish, get a little wearisome from the monotony of their manner, and a certain rich sameness which falls upon the sense of beauty, till it longs for a barer board and simpler fare. Mr Cunningham some years ago produced a dramatic poem, Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, imbued with a fine, bold, martial spirit, and full of fresh descriptions of natural objects; but his reputation as a poet has, perhaps, been raised higher, and more widely spread, by songs and ballads occasionally appearing in the Annuals, and other periodicals, than by any of his other and more ambitious efforts; and no wonder—for the most felicitous of them are exquisite, and a few that have been set to music, have become blended with the popular poetry of Britain.

But highly as the Public had by this time estimated Allan Cunningham’s talents, it was not prepared, we suspect, to receive from his hands such a work as the “Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.” In these volumes (five, we think, in number?) he has shown the most searching sagacity, the finest and truest taste—the taste of genius—and wide and accurate knowledge of the works and peculiar faculties of the most eminent artists. In treating of their personal characters, which it was his duty to do, he has spoken as man should speak of man, boldly and freely, in all cases where moral qualities lie in the open light, and where there can be “no mistake.” But, at the same time, Allan is reverential; and never unauthorisedly lifts up the veil from before those frailties incident to all human virtue, and surely not to be exposed to the eyes of the world then only when to virtue it has pleased God to add the gift of genius. Allan’s style, in these volumes, is wonderfully improved since the time he wrote his *Tales and Traditions*. It is terse, precise, and compact; but animated, too, earnest, and eloquent. Nor is it without the charm of a certain quaintness, characteristic of a man who loves to take his own way in feeling, thinking, speaking, and writing; and who, knowing that there is no self-conceit in that, cares not though “small critics, wielding their delicate pens,” accuse him of it, and even

set down to the score of affectation, mannerisms which are the growth, and the genial growth too, of a strong and fearless nature. We regard the work of which we now speak, as, under all circumstances, one of the most remarkable in our literature. It is already one of the British classics.

In the midst of all this present ferment, Allan has not hesitated to publish—a poem—a rustic tale—in twelve parts. For a while, its course may be impeded by a press of political pamphlets. But though such trash may for a while obstruct its progress, nay, overlay itself, yet in due season, and that ere long, it will reappear, moving victoriously on. It will not be in the power of that dead weight to smother the Maid of Elvar.

But now for our critique.

Sir Ralph Latoun, a Cumberland Chief, having obtained, in reward for his services, agrant from Henry VIII., of as much land as he can conquer in Scotland, crosses the Solway, and making sad slaughter among the Maxwells and Kirkpatrick's, finds himself, as he thinks, in possession of a principality in fair Nithsdale.

—“ His golden casque he took,  
And waved it glittering; on his brow the  
steam  
He gladly fanned, and out his tresses  
shook,  
Then eyed his martial shadow in the  
stream,  
And looked of Nith's green vale lord in  
his own esteem.”

But Eustace Græme, a dalesman

“ By pure Dalgonar, Eustace sat alone,  
And sighed, and said, ‘ This green and gladsome earth  
Has given me neither land nor lofty birth;  
Fame knows me not by either deed or word;  
Then shall I to the poet-strife go forth,  
’Mongst golden-mantled minstrels; me, the lord  
But of an ivory pipe and a well-tempered sword?’

“ So by the river Eustace sat, and took  
Drink from the stream, and from the wild-tree fruit:  
Nor e’er before was shadowed in the brook  
A fairer figure or a fleetier foot;  
His bright looks spoke e’en though his lips were mute,  
And when he talked, his voice was sweeter far  
Than song of lark, or sound of harp or lute.  
Straight as a rush, and pure as morning star  
He shone; sweet song he loved far more than strife and war.

“ He bathed his temples white, and lightly placed  
His plumed bonnet on his shining brow;

of low degree, gathers his peasant-peers, and surprising Sir Ralph and his power with sudden onslaught on briary, broomy, and boughy ground, “ when England’s practised squadrons strove in vain,” the invaders sustain a total overthrow. Sir Ralph flies to the Frith, and as he is about, without any followers, to re-embark, sees on the shore Fair Sybil Lesley of Elvar-Hall, who disdains the fugitive, but whom he swears he will woo and win on a brighter day.

“ Prond looked the lady—prouder was her  
word,  
‘ I’ll live a slave unto the humblest hind,  
Or with my life’s blood stain my father’s  
sword,  
Before that Ralph Latoun is Sybil Les-  
ley’s lord.’ ”

Meanwhile Eustace Græme, “ with all his comrades free,” returns to his father’s house in Dalgonar Glen, the principal scene of the poem. His advent and arrival are hailed by maids and matrons, who shower flowers over the head of the hero. Part First is occupied with animated and picturesque descriptions of all these daring doings and their happy rewards.

Sybil Lesley, the Maid of Elvar, has a heroic spirit; and she sends a summons far and wide for all minstrels to come to her castle by the Solway, to sing how the “ Scottish spears did tame the pride of Sir Ralph Latoun,” vowing “ with gold to bind the brow” of him whose strain is victorious.

*The Maid of Elvar.*

And on his limbs his buskins tighter laced,  
 Forth from his pouch an ivory pipe he drew,  
 And on the breeze some charmed notes he threw ;  
 Then down the glen he bounded like a roe :  
 He leapt one brook, another waded through,  
 And like a sunbeam o'er the mountain, lo !  
 As swift, and scarce less bright, see the enthusiast go.

“ He with his spirit as he went communed—  
 ‘ I go—for surely it is sweet to hear  
 The harp to songs of inspiration tuned  
 By some bold minstrel, soldier, priest, and seer ;  
 And her of Elvar, men, too, far and near,  
 Report so passing lovely, none may look  
 On her but love. Poor Eustace, slender fear  
 Of thee ! what high-born damsel e'er forsook  
 Her golden hall to grace a peasant's clay-built nook ?”

“ Dalgonar Glen he leaves behind, and Deo  
 Glimmers before him, dark and deep and loud,  
 Lifting his voice and calling on the sea ;  
 Thence his broad banner 'gainst the sun hangs proud ;  
 Above the eagle mingles with the cloud ;  
 The heath below the moor-cock's bosom brushes ;  
 Old Criffel mountain from his morning shroud,  
 Touched with the sunbeam into glory rushes,]  
 While like a maiden's cheek the heaven above him blushes.

“ He clomb up Falconhill, and distant down  
 Looked on a valley strewn with herb and flower,  
 Close girdled in with uplands high and brown,  
 Deep fenced with groves and many a holly bower :  
 High in the middle rose an ancient tower,  
 Round which a stream kept singing in its flowing ;  
 Upon the whole the sun burst, and a shower  
 Of radiance fell ; tower, stream, and tree were glowing,  
 And wild birds' carollings mixed with the milch-cows' lowing.

“ But other sights and other sounds were there ;  
 Poets and harpers, raven-locked or hoary,  
 Sat mantled proud amid the sunny air,  
 To sounds divine to add inspired story,  
 And sing of heroes' deeds, of patriot glory—  
 And Scotland saved from thralldom. All about  
 Stood warriors famed in many a border foray :  
 The Herries, Halliday, the Maxwell stout,  
 With sandalled beadsmen bald, all silent and devout.

“ The minstrel strife called forth ten thousand feet.  
 Ae sent her maids demure and meek as nuns,  
 And moorland Annan sent her damsels sweet ;  
 Romantic Nith poured forth her stately sons ;  
 And men who dwell where haunted Cluden runs,  
 That morning treading on the unsunned dews,  
 Came with their looks all bright as summer suns ;  
 Mute on the far-seen Solway much they muse,  
 Her bosom white with foam and sunshine and sea-mews.

“ The men were there too of the rocky Orr,  
 With those who sing along the pastoral Dee ;  
 They came from lake and stream, and vale and shore,  
 The inland mountain, and the greenwood tree.  
 It was a proud sight, Eustace thought, to see



Maidens and youths in many a lusty throng,  
 All in the sunshine mirthsome as a bee,  
 And like the bee, too, as they stream along,  
 Raising a joyous din, and humming many a song."

Young Eustace joins the throng; but not before he has held short converse with a visored horseman, in whom the reader, but not the minstrel, recognises the bold Sir Ralph, who in a near glen has placed an ambuscade. "On a green knoll hemmed with broom as with a garland," between two fair haudmaidens, stands the Maid of Elvar, in beauty that is eclipse. Her eyes fall on Eustace.

"A peasant surely, yet of such an air  
 As spoke high nobleness of soul: his mien  
 Was modest, and his garb a deep sea-green.  
 Just then his bonnet from his brow he took,  
 And shook his glossy ringlets back: I ween  
 That lady read in his enthusiast look  
 Of bards and heroes' thoughts as clear as in a book.

"She read right. For though to the pastures green  
 He drove his flocks in summer time, and took  
 Them from the mountains when the frost came keen,  
 To warm and sunward lairs by bank and brook;  
 Though sword, scythe, ploughshare, and the sharp reap-hook,  
 He knew them all; his chief, his soul's delight,  
 Was pondering deep on Nature's mystic book;  
 On elves, and fays, and shapes which haunt the night,  
 He mused, and limned their looks by Fancy's wizard light."

The lady is now aware that there stands before her the young hero who saved the land; and the heart in that fair bosom—but proud as fair—begins to beat with admiration that may soon be love. She encourages him to try his fortune and his skill in minstrelsy, saying with a smile—

—"For me  
 The rudest sough of nature hath a charm;  
 Her voice untamed, untutored, frank, and free,  
 Comes from the heart, and comes forth wild and warm.  
 Sing what thou wilt—let no vain fears alarm  
 Thy spirit, take this sculptured harp and try  
 Its strength—a bard can work its strings no harm;  
 He bowed—he took the harp with downcast eye,  
 Unclasped his mantle green, and laid his bonnet by."

And after "doing her spiriting" gently and strongly, among all such matters as these, Allan brings pleasant Part Second to a close.

Part Third opens with the Prize-Poem sung by Eustace to a sculptured harp given into his hands by those of Sybil. It is founded on a

simple tradition, touchingly told, if we mistake not, by Allan himself, in plain prose, in a note to one of the Four Volumes of his "Scottish Songs," a collection of our antique native ballads, enriched by numerous notices by the most enthusiastic of commentators.

"When Eustace ceased, he sought away to go—  
 But from the knoll-heads and the holly bowers,  
 There came upon him like the drifting snow,  
 Green plaited wreaths, while garlands of ripe flowers  
 O'er him by white hands shaken were in showers;  
 And ever and on there came a glad some shout—  
 'Where is a warrior and a bard like ours?  
 Go, minstrels, break the harp and burn the lute,  
 And in the strife of song for evermore be mute.'

" There with the golden chaplet in her hand,  
And her long ringlets reaching nigh her feet—  
Did the young veiled Sybil Lesley stand ;  
Beside her two handmaidens, grave, discreet,  
Mute, hearkening to the strain so sadly sweet—  
Of that true tale her cheek took every hue,  
Her heart smote sore against her side, and beat  
Till it was heard—her large eyes, bright and blue,  
Flowed with the tender strain, and dewed her white veil through.

" She said, ' Young bard, while woods grow green, and while  
Flowers bloom in summer, waters fill the Dee ;  
Birds sing, fish swim, and maids on mankind smile,  
And heath has honey for the murmuring bee ;  
So long shall men delight in naming thee,  
In palace, cottage, tower—on stream and lake ;  
Far as that brook's exceeded by yon sea—  
So doth thy song surpass all others ; take  
This golden chain, and say you wear it for my sake.'

" Around his neck the long and linked gold,  
Warm with her own white bosom's heat, she hung ;  
' The bold in song may be in all things bold,'  
She said, and back her flowing veil she flung.  
I've seen the looks of which blest poets sung—  
The faces monarchs knelt to : I have known  
The loveliness from dreams and visions sprung—  
But she transcended all—fair Sybil shone  
Like to a new-found star, all lovely and alone.

" He knelt, and as he knelt she turned away,  
And like a sunbeam down the vale she flew  
With all men's praises with her : twilight grey  
Descended glad, and o'er her beauty threw  
A veil sedate, dipt in the scented dew—  
The grass o'er which her painted mantle swept,  
Seemed proud to be so touched ; nor rein she drew,  
Nor glanced behind, but sometimes sighed, and kept  
Her way to Elvar Hall, where Solway's waters slept."

The grand musical and poetical festival dissolves ; Eustace Gramscie homeward to Dalgonar Glen, and Sir Ralph, whom the minstrel has vanquished and braved, offering to shew against the knight's three hundred horse with southern blade in yonder glen, four hundred Scottish lances, spurs down an eerie and rug-

ged way, through Ruthwell's pine-trees dark, where in a fire-scorched tower he holds a confabulation about his future fate, with a strange shape surnamed Sir Goblin.

In Part Fourth the poet paints admirably the festivities of Harvest-home Eve, within the proud towers of Elvar.

" There is no want of gladness and great mirth ;  
The harper with a merrier hand the strings  
Sweeps, and the pride of blood and lordly birth  
Is slumbering with all other slumbering things.  
Loud joy hath lost its feet and found its wings ;  
Where Lady Sybil dances in the hall  
The old men gaze, young men lean round in rings ;  
The portraits of her lineage on the wall  
Seem touched with sudden life, rejoicing one and all.

" And she hath called to mind an Interlude  
Or rustic play, where Waste makes war on Thrift.  
Forth to the floor there steps a peasant shrewd,  
Who of each national drollery knows the drift.

With lighted torch he sings and dances swift ;  
 Soon by his side a maiden o'er the floor  
 Moves grave, and scarce her foot at first can lift ;  
 She bears a distaff in her hand, and sure  
 Draws out the thrifty thread, and sings a song demure.

" Thrift dances as she sings, and all her strain  
 Is of domestic gladness, fireside bliss,  
 And house-hold rule ; nor thought loose, light or vain,  
 Stains her pure vision of meek happiness ;  
 Religion's comforts, wedlock's holy kiss,  
 The white web bleach'd by maiden's whiter hand,  
 The lisping children in their homespun dress,  
 The wealth which gathers 'neath Thrift's magic wand,  
 The fame of a chaste life amid a virtuous land.

" Waste danced, and sang a free strain and a light ;  
 Of young Joy's foot which gaily out can measure  
 Life's weary way ; of Love, whose fingers white  
 Strew all youth's way with fresh flowers pluck'd from pleasure ;  
 And Laughter loud, who never yet found leisure  
 To pause and think ; and Merriment, who coins  
 The tears of sadness into current treasure ;  
 And Wantonness, his hot lips moist with wines,  
 And Pleasure ever gay, with loose ungirded loins.

" They danced with many an antique touch and turn,  
 And like wild levin flashed and flew about ;  
 Waste with his torch strove aye the roke to burn,  
 While Thrift as nimble as the starting trout,  
 When slacks the sharp shower and the sun shines out,  
 Turn'd, wheel'd, and flew—and there rose such a clamour :  
 ' O well done, Thrift ! ' the hoary-headed shout ;  
 While young men's tongues rung sharp as a steel hammer—  
 ' Waste, well done, Waste ! now nought will save the roke but glamour.' "

Sir Ralph the Reaver, who has  
 crossed the roaring Solway in a spec-  
 tre-vessel, built by some necroman-  
 tic shipwright, bursts in upon the  
 Morality with fifty warriors ; but the  
 Maid of Elvar, with such presence  
 of mind as becomes her line, evades  
 Rape in the confusion, and by a se-  
 cret stair escapes into the woods.  
 The baffled ravisher sets Elvar Tower  
 on fire, and recrosses the Solway.  
 The sun rises again, and is again  
 about to sink on Dalgonar Glen and  
 Hill, when, to the wonder of the  
 reapers,

—“ o'er the new-shorn field a Maid-  
 en came ;

Her feet the short sharp stubble filled  
 with pain ;

“ ‘ O reverend Sir ! ’—thus said the stranger maid—  
 No reap-hook rustled while she meekly spoke—  
 ‘ Far from my home in sore distress I've strayed ;  
 To pastures green, say, can I lead thy flock,  
 Or dress ripe corn, or twine the white hause-lock ?  
 The churchyard turf on my dear mother lies ;  
 My father silled and perish'd.' 'Gainst a shock  
 She leaned, and few and bitter were her sighs,  
 And half she turned her round to hide her glistening eyes,

Weary she seemed, like one strayed far  
 frae hame,  
 And no one knew her face, and no one  
 knew her name.”

Who may she be but Sybil Lesley ?  
 But in that lowly peasant garb, none  
 discover the high-born Maid of El-  
 var. In a few words the orphan  
 tells her state, veiling, but not vio-  
 lating the truth ; the fine feeling that  
 belongs to the household of Miles  
 Graeme is not inquisitive ; and she  
 that came, like Ruth, to the harvest-  
 field, finds herself received into the  
 family less as a hired servant than  
 a daughter. This scene is very beau-  
 tiful.

" Her by the hand Miles Græme affectionate took—  
Said, ' Weep not, maiden, thou shalt with me go,  
And like a daughter grace my cottage nook ;  
Eupheme loves eyes which are acquaint with woe.  
In twining flax or fleeces white as snow,  
Or pressing fragrant curd, come, shew thy skill ;  
Or add that sweet voice, musical and low,  
To tender songs which make the heart-strings thrill ;  
Or to the glad pipe dance, when snowy winds are shrill."

" She looked up ruddy as the rose of June,  
And thanked him with her eyes. Horns told aloud  
That day was done ; stars glimmered ; shearers soon  
Dropt their reap-hooks, and in the crystal flood  
Cooled their hot hands and brows, all toil bedewed :  
Homeward they went, and as they went they sung  
Of holy love, or some unholy fend ;  
Or told sad tales which live but on the tongue  
Of hinds, and made us weep when we were soft and young.

" Even while he spoke, he at his open door  
Arrived, and o'er the threshold led the maid ;  
A peat-fire sparkled on the smooth stone floor,  
And round the house a twinkling twilight made ;  
Which first the form and then the thrift display'd  
Of his Eupheme, who toiled that she might tell  
How with her wheels her husband she arrayed  
For kirk or fair : she looked up—she knew well  
It was a stranger's foot that on the threshold fell.

" She smiled a welcome as she looked, and met  
A look all loveliness. ' Eupheme, I say,  
Haste thee, and sweetest of all sweet things get,  
For this young thing hath walked a weary way ;  
God's hand hath ta'en her kindred all away—  
She goes unfriended through this world alone.'  
' O welcome to me as the light of day,'

The matron said ; ' Cheer thee, thou beauteous one,  
Old eyes like mine should weep'—nor made she farther moan."

But where is Eustace ?

—" Far from the pasture moor  
He came ; the fragrance of the dale and  
wood  
Was scenting all his garments green and  
good.  
A sudden flush, when he the maiden saw,  
Burned through his temples, kindled up  
his blood ;  
His stifling breath waxed nigh too light  
to draw,  
He bowed, and silent stood in wonder-  
ment and awe."

Part Fifth begins with an ingenious shadowing forth of her own condition, and her love for Eustace, for whose sake she has sought Dalgonar Glen in her flight from the sack of the Tower of Elvar, and Allan contrives to let sweet Sybil "say her say" with so much artlessness in her art, so much sincerity in her hypocrisy, that we love the lovely lady all the better for her wiles, and feel that there is no loss either of dignity or of modesty in the innocent disguise

which Pride hesitates not to assume at the bidding of a first affection. Such cheat might not be in these passionless and unimaginative days of ours ; but though there be little or no poetry now in the ongoing of life, either high or humble, there is surely still some in people's hearts ; and Faucy, that has ever delighted in such metamorphosis, will delight in it still, when wrought as it is here by genius, trusting, in its homeliness, to the power of nature.

But what of Miles Græme, the father ? Why,

" That old man is richer than he seems ;"

for he for many a year had been a wanderer far from Scottish land—

" Had Heshbon-hill, Sinai, and Carmel,  
trod ;"

and home returning, had, with good Lord Maxwell, battled for Scotland's right. But when "right was overcome by might," he had been stript of his proud inheritance—

——“ he cared

Not who was king, or triumphed in the land ;  
 Brave Holyrood, and all its glittering guard,  
 Seemed less to him than did a grain of sand ;  
 The shepherd's crook, more than proud knighthood's brand  
 He prized, and in Dalgona Glen he took  
 Health by the left, and Peace by the right hand ;  
 More than red wine loved he the murmuring brook,  
 And deemed himself unknown and blotted from the book

“ Of Scotland and her chivalry. ‘ Now look,  
 Fair Sybil,’ said he, Eustace Græme, ‘ and mark  
 O'er many a farm-house, many a ranked stook,  
 Our pastoral country's upland barrier dark,  
 Where flocks graze numerous and the sheep-dogs bark ;  
 Along yon moorland brown with heather bells,  
 There swarm the honey-bees and sings the lark ;  
 While grouse, which summer saw burst from their shells,  
 Rough-footed run o'er knowes where moss-bees build their cells.

“ ‘ Nor deem, because it wants the cowslipped knolls,  
 The white swans grazing the flower-bordered flood,  
 The lily beds which scent the naked soles  
 Of pilgrims, with the scallop-shell and rood,  
 That it is desolate utterly and rude :  
 The bracken dells, the music of the rills,  
 The skipping lambs—o'en the wild solitude—  
 The crystal tarn, where herons droop their bills,  
 The mute unchanging glory of the eternal hills :

“ ‘ Mute, save for music of the many bees,  
 And dead, save for the plover and the snipe ;  
 Such scenes and sounds would thee, young maiden, please,  
 And all these souls escaped from Mammon's gripe.  
 To pluck black-berries luscious, black, and ripe ;  
 To reap the snowy fleece with sharpen'd shears,  
 To dance—to listen to the shepherd's pipe,  
 To drink his tales in with delighted ears  
 The deeds of other days, and thoughts of other years.

“ ‘ All these are lovely, and I've proved them all.  
 Or is thy heart touched and delighted more  
 With the glad farmer when he strews his hall  
 With rushes, and, like Ceres' self of yore,  
 The corn-crowned maiden ushers o'er the floor ;  
 With shout and clap of hand, and sound of horn,  
 And dames behind upon her ringlets pour  
 All odorous things, as thick as dews at morn,  
 To honour her whose hand cut the last stalk of corn?’ ”

The impassioned Eustace thinks, he knows not why, of the face of the Maid of Elvar, while she bound the garland round his brow ; but his description, continued through several glowing stanzas, of the joys of rural life, is addressed to the humble Maiden, who is already at her allotted task.

“ Young Sybil bared her arms, her tresses wound  
 Above her brow, laid out the wool, and lo !  
 Like swarming bees the big wheel sends a sound,  
 And there came yarn like satin smooth and round :  
 E'en while the damsel plies her pleasant task,  
 She sings of love that knows no let nor bound,—  
 Love that speaks every tongue, wears every mask,  
 And fills the heart with joy, as sweet wine fills the flask.”

We are now in the heart of the Poem. And it beats with a fine, free, bold, and healthful spirit. Along with the growth of the mutual love of Eustace and Sybil, Allan paints with pen as with pencil (it often reminds us of Wilkie's) *Peasant-Life*. He is as familiar with it all as Burns; and Burns would have perused with tears many of these pictures, even the most cheerful—for the flood-gates of Robin's heart often suddenly flung themselves open to a touch, while a rushing gush—wondering gazers knew not why—bedimmed the lamp-like lustre of his large black eyes. Allan gives us descriptions of Washings and Watchings o' claes, as Homer has done before him in the *Odyssey*, and that other Allan in the *Gentle Shepherd*—of Kirks and Christenings, and Hallowe'ens, and other Festivals. Nor has he feared to string his lyre—why should he?—to such themes as the Cottar's Saturday Night—and the simple ritual of our faith, sung and said.

"In some small kirk upon the sunny brae,  
That stands all by itself on some sweet  
Sabbath day."

The memory and the imagination of Eustace are haunted still by the vision of the Lady of the Tower; but spite of that sorcery, coming and going like a shadow, the beauteous bondmaid is stealing her way into his heart, and on her humble bed she lies smiling, through the night-watches, at the thought of that other self, her only rival.

Many charming pictures might be selected from parts sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth—but though, when we do review poetry, we always grace our critique—else vain—with larger and more numerous extracts than any other periodical—all critics but ourselves being loath to be eclipsed even by the poets they praise—still, even our articles have their limits; and besides, though we borrow, we do not rob; and our aim is but to glorify the giver. The following stanzas are exquisite:—

"They prayed, they slept, they rose. The Sabbath morn  
Is sweet—all sounds save nature's voice is still;  
Mute shepherd's song-pipe, mute the harvest horn:  
A holier tongue is given to brook and rill.  
Old men climb silently their cottage-hill,  
There ruminate and look sublime abroad;  
Shake from their feet, as thought on thought comes still,  
The dust of life's long dark and dreary road;  
And rise from this gross earth, and give the day to God.

"Dalgonar kirk her warning bell hath rung,  
Glade, glen, and grove, sound with the solemn strain,  
Wide at the summons every door is flung,  
And forth devout walks many a hoary swain,  
Their spouses with them; while a gayer train  
Their daughters come, and gladden all the road.  
Of laughing eyes, ripe lips, and ringlets vain,  
And youths like lambs upon the sunny sod,  
Come light of heart and foot, and seek the house of God.

"It was a gladsome thing, up hill and glen  
Upon the morn of the Lord's-day to look;  
For every place poured forth its stately men  
And matrons with staid steps and holy book.  
Where'er a cottage stood or streamed a brook,  
Or rose a hall, or towered a castle grey,  
Youth left its joys, old age its care forsook:  
Meek beauty grew, and looked sedately gay,  
Nor at her shadow glanced as she went on her way.

"There Eustace came as nature comes, all clad  
In homely green, and much with hoary men

He came conversing, and sedately glad,  
 Heard stories which escaped historic pen,  
 To live with hinds on hill or pastoral glen;  
 And much they talked upon their kirkward way  
 Of ancient heroes, who by flood and fen,  
 Triumphed, or fell to English swords a prey;  
 Then paused, and held their hands towards their tombstones grey.

"Before them walked young Sybil, as a beam  
 Strayed from the sun upon creation's morn;  
 Pure as the daylight in the running-stream  
 By which she walked, sweet as a rose new born  
 To summer. 'Eustace,' thus said John of Sorne,  
 'What maid is she, who goes thy mother by;  
 Comes she to watch the fold or reap the corn?  
 See, now she glances hitherward her eye,—  
 Aye, aye! I read her look, and understand thy sigh.'

'Ye read both wrong, perchance. All woe-begone,  
 On Roodmass eve she to my father came,'  
 Thus Eustace said, 'and with her orphan moan  
 Won so his heart, that to my mother hame  
 He took her. Sitting by our chamber flame  
 I found her—while her cheeks with blushes dyed,  
 She told her sorrows, and she told her name:  
 And as she spoke, the rose and lily tried  
 Which best became her looks.—'Peace, pence,' the old man cried,

"And heaven forgive us, if to think and speak  
 Of heaven's best works in pureness be a crime.'  
 He spoke, and passed the churchyard gate, and meek  
 Trod with a foot religious through the clime,  
 Where mortal might had closed accounts with time;  
 And every footstep measured kindred dust.  
 There poets slept 'neath unmelodious rhyme;  
 There misspelt prose of matron fame took trust;  
 The rough gravedigger's spade stood there red o'er with rust.

"Filled was each seat, and thronged was every pew;  
 A sea of foreheads, tresses waving grey,  
 White necks and eyes of heaven's divinest blue  
 Were there. Arose the preacher up to pray:  
 A learned and bold man of the elder-day,  
 With Rome he warred and struck her idols blind,  
 And wooed much sin and levity away  
 From lord and peasant, bondmaiden and hind  
 And poured o'er all the strength and fulness of his mind.

"And well and wisely preached he in that hour  
 Of virtue's glory, which can never fade;  
 And sweetly sung the people, roof and tower  
 Rung with the mournful melody they made;  
 Their heart and soul lent matron and lent maid;  
 The wild were awed, the souls of sinners shook:  
 Her swelling bosom cambric-zoned, she laid  
 Fair Sybil o'er the bless'd inspired book:  
 Faith glowed upon her brow; heaven lightened in her look.

"And there were eyes the sacred page forsook,  
 To gaze enraptured on the stranger fair;  
 Hearts with love's fever for the first time shook,  
 And even the preacher, in his parting prayer,  
 Shut his dark eyes, and warned men to beware  
 Of beauty. 'Midst them like a star she shone,

Or a pure lily born in May-morn air,  
Or rose the moment of its opening : none  
Could look on her but wished to look on her alone.

" All looked on her, save Eustace Græme, for he  
Had his heart full of other love ; when, tall  
And fair before him Sybil rises, see  
Whiter than snow she lets her white veil fall  
O'er face and form, and walks forth 'mongst them all :  
Eustace looked up, and looked up with a start ;  
He thought her sure the maid of Elvar-hall,  
And love of her rushed through him like a dart ;  
But ere three burning throbs were numbered by his heart,

" He saw 'twas Sybil. Straight he 'gan to muse  
On tales of yore, when high-born dames did pass  
From tapestried halls unto the greenwood boughs,  
And trimm'd their ringlets in some fountain glass ;  
And supt and sung with shepherd lad and lass,  
To cool their bosoms kindled with love fire :  
Or with the twin lambs, seated on the grass,  
'Twined garlands, while the birds' assembled choir  
Sung over-head of love, and kept alive desire."

Ere mid-winter, there are no more misgivings in the heart of Eustace ; and the orphan bondmaid has quenched there all dreamy desires for the Maid of Elvar ; her living loveliness, for ever before his eyes, has eclipsed that other beauty in its visionary brightness, and in a clasp of agonizing bliss at the solitary mid-day hour there is Betrothment. Allan writes about love like a strong man. And there is fire in the Confession—on the part of Eustace—on Sybil's maidenly shamefacedness, and the shedding of much tears. Thenceforth Dalgonar Glen is Paradise—and in its midst is the garden of Eden ; though blocked up now by the snow-drifts perhaps twenty feet high, and though the white-mottled air sing savagely beneath the chill obscure of the disappearing skies,

" There glows within the summer of the soul !"

The bridal day is not, perhaps, fixed ; but Eustace has left the glen for the town to " buy the marriage gear," and on his return meets certain dim ominous circumstances, which alarm his imagination with forebodings of some wild calamity. Ruffians have carried off Sybil. He knows at once that Sir Ralph Latoun is the ravisher, and flies with a bold band to cross the Solway Frith. They burst in upon the Reaver in his fastness, just as Sybil is about to under-

go the marriage ceremony from the hands of a vile abbot, and in the confusion of the onset she escapes to the shore, the Scots shewing stout fight with the Cumbrians to cover her retreat. Eustace kills Sir Ralph in single combat on the sand ; and the shallop, with rescued Sybil on board, recrosses the Solway to the Tower of Elvar. The gates open to receive them ; the Discovery, which is well managed, ensues, and Eustace embraces his noble bride. But a Pilgrim, who had been with the rescuer, steps forward and forbids the banns. He declares himself Sybil's father, come from afar, and long thought dead ; and swears that " never churl's son shall be of Elvar lord." Miles Græme, the father of Eustace, now thinks it his turn to take up the topic, and proclaims himself " the Good Lord Herries," who, long ago, had lost rank and land, warring with the Lord of Elvar. The course of true love now runs smooth ; and the Palmer says—

" ' Come here, my Sybil ; Eustace, then,  
my son ;  
Each other love, and long by Solway  
Frith  
Be blest together, and your thoughts be  
one !'  
He blest them ; they were blest. My  
Rustic Tale is done."

And let us now, free from the pedantic formality that usually characterises written criticism, which is



nothing unless, forsooth, elaborate, discuss conversationally, as it were, with ourselves the merits of this "Rustic Tale." To appreciate them properly, we must carry along with us, during the perusal of the poem, a right understanding and feeling of that pleasant epithet—Rustic. Rusticity and Urbanity are polar opposites—and there lie between many million modes of Manners, which you know are Minor Morals. But not to puzzle a subject in itself sufficiently simple, the same person may be at once rustic and urbane, and that, too, either in his character of man or of poet, or in his twofold capacity of both; for observe that, though you may be a man without being a poet, we defy you to be a poet without being a man. A Rustic is a clodhopper; an Urban is a paviour. But it is obvious that the paviour in a field hops the clod; that the clodhopper in a street paces the pavée. At the same time, it is equally obvious that the paviour, in hopping the clod, performs the feat with a sort of city-smoke, which breathes of bricks; that the clodhopper, in pacing the pavée, overcomes the difficulty with a kind of country air, that is redolent of broom. Probably, too, Urbanus through a deep fallow is seen ploughing his way in pumps; Rusticus along the shallow stones is heard clattering on clogs. But to cease pursuing the subject through all its illustrations, suffice it for the present (for we perceive that

we must resume the discussion in another article) to say, that Allan Cunningham is a living example and lively proof of the truth of our Philosophy—it being universally allowed in the best circles of town and country, that he is an URBANE RUSTIC.

Now, that is the man for our love and money, when the work to be done is a Poem on Scottish Life. For observe, that though there are towns and cities in broad Scotland, such as Edinburgh, Glasgow, Paisley, Greenock, Ayr, and Dumfries, yet she consists chiefly in hills and valleys; nor need we tell you, that, without disparagement to the architectural genius of her Hamiltons, her Burns, and her Playfairs, any one of her hills or valleys is worth all her towns and cities jumbled together in one mighty metropolis. Look at Edinburgh—and look at Clydesdale; and with a holy fervour you exclaim with Cowper,

"God made the country, but Man made the town."

Allan has often visited Dumfries, but he was born in Dalgonar. Dumfries is a pretty town, and genteel are its inhabitants. But Dalgonar is a glorious glen, and its natives are "God Almighty's gentlemen and ladies." And thus it is that our Poet delighteth in both—and both in our Poet; and that, by the waters of the Nith, the green Tree of his fame shall be eternal.

"Vale of Dalgonar, dear art thou to me!  
 Dearer than daylight to the sick at heart;  
 Hills rise atween us and wide rolls the sea,  
 Only to prove how passing dear thou art;  
 'Tis with my feet not with my heart ye part,  
 Dear are your fairy dales and flowery downs,  
 Your woods, your streams where silver fishes dart;  
 Your martyrs' graves, your cots, your towers, your towns,  
 Grey sires and matrons grave, with their long mourning gowns."

It may be shewn from Horace, we understand, and other classical authorities, that Rustic and Rural are not synonyms. We never said they were; but we do say they are near akin—freres—brothers uterine—in truth, twins. Had Allan called *The Maid of Elvar* a Rural Tale, we do not know that we should have quarrelled with him on that score; we remember Milton's "Rural Villages and Farms;" but we feel that

he has chosen the more appropriate term, Rustic. It comprehends not only the scenery of the country, but its inhabitants and their occupations; and is instinct with spirit. All this is very questionable doctrine, on land debateable; but supposing it to pass, is the Poem rustic? Intensely so, and therein lies its power. We can say of Allan, what Allan says of Eustace—

—“far from the pasture moor  
He comes; the fragrance of the dale and  
wood  
Is scenting all his garments, green and  
good.”

The rural imagery (mark how we observe our distinction) is fresh and fair; not copied Cockney-wise, from pictures in oil or water-colours—from mezzotintoes or line-engravings—but from the free open face of day, or the dim retiring face of eve, or the face, “black but comely,” of night—by sunlight or moonlight, ever Nature. Sometimes he gives us—Studies. Small, sweet, sunny spots of still or dancing day—stream-gleam—grove-glow—sky-glimpse—or cottage-roof, in the deep dell sending up its smoke to the high heavens. But usually Allan paints with a sweeping pencil. He lays down his landscapes, stretching wide and far, and fills them with woods and rivers, hills and mountains, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; and of all sights in life and nature, none so dear to his eyes as the golden grain, ebbing like tide of sea before a close long line of glancing sickles—no sound so sweet as, rising up into the pure harvest-air, frost-touched though sunny—beneath the shade of hedge-row-tree, after their mid-day meal, the song of the jolly reapers. But are not his pictures sometimes too crowded? No. For there lies the power of the pen over the pencil. The pencil can do much, the pen every thing; the Painter is imprisoned within a few feet of canvass, the Poet commands the horizon with an eye that circumnavigates the globe; even that glorious pageant, a painted Panorama, is circumscribed by bounds, over which imagination, feeling them all too narrow, is uneasy till she soars; but the Poet's Panorama is commensurate with the soul's desires, and may include the Universe.

This Poem reads as if it had been written during the “dewy hour of prime.” Allan must be an early riser. But, if not so now, some twenty or thirty years ago, he was up every morning with the lark,

“Walking to labour by that cheerful song,”  
away up the Nith, through the Dal-  
swinton woods; or, for any thing  
we know to the contrary, intersect-  
ing with stone-walls that wanted not

their scientific coping, the green pas-  
tures of Sanquhar. Now he is fami-  
liar with Chantrey's form-full sta-  
tues; then, with the shapeless cairn  
on the moor, the rude headstone on  
the martyr's grave. And thus it is  
that the present has given him power  
over the past—that a certain grace  
and delicacy, inspired by the pur-  
suits of his prime, blend with the  
creative dreams that are peopled with  
the lights and shadows of his youth  
—that the spirit of the old ballad  
breathes still in its strong simplicity  
through the composition of his “New  
Poem”—and that art is seen harmo-  
niously blending there with nature.

And what think we of the story,  
and of the characters?

We have said already that we de-  
light in the story; for it belongs to  
an “order of *fables* grey,” which has  
been ever dear to Poets. Poets have  
ever loved to bring into the pleasant  
places and paths of lowly life, per-  
sons (we eschew all manner of *per-  
sonages* and *heroes* and *heroines*,  
especially with the epithet “our,”  
prefixed) whose native lot lay in a  
higher sphere: For they felt that  
by such contrast, natural though  
rare, a beautiful light was mutually  
reflected from each condition, and  
that sacred revelations were thereby  
made of human character, of which  
all that is pure and profound apper-  
tains equally to all estates of this  
our mortal being, provided only that  
happiness knows from whom it  
comes, and that misery and misfor-  
tune are alleviated by religion. Thus  
Electra appears before us at her fa-  
ther's Tomb, the virgin-wife of the  
peasant Auturgus, who reverently  
abstains from the intact body of the  
daughter of the king. Look into  
Shakspeare. Rosalind was not so  
loveable at court as in the woods.  
Her beauty might have been more  
brilliant, and her conversation too,  
among lords and ladies; but more  
touching both, because true to ten-  
derer nature, when we see and hear  
her in dialogue with the neat-herdess  
—ROSALIND and *Audrey*! And tric-  
kles not the tear down thy cheek,  
fair reader—burns not the heart  
within thee, when thou thinkest of  
Florizel and Perdita in the Forest?

Nor from those visions need we  
fear to turn to Sybil Lesley. We see  
her—as we said before, and say it  
again—in Elvar Tower, a high-born

Lady—in Dalgonar Glen, a humble bondmaid. The change might have been the reverse—as with the lassie beloved by the Gentle Shepherd. Both are best. The bust that gloriously set off the burnishing of the rounded silk, not less divinely shrouded its enchantment beneath the swelling russet. Graceful in bower or hall were those arms, and delicate those fingers, when moving white along the rich embroidery, or across the strings of the sculptured harp; nor less so when before the cottage door they woke the homely music of the humming wheel, or when on the bras beside the Pool, they playfully intertwined their softness among the new-washed flecce, or when among the laughing lassies at the Linn, not loath were they to lay out the coarse linen in the bleaching sunshine, conspicuous She the while among the rustic beauties, as was Nausicaa of old among her nymphs.

We are in love with Sybil Lesley. She is full of *spunk*. That is not a vulgar word; or if it have been so heretofore, henceforth let it be consecrated, and held synonymous with spirit. She shews it in her defiance of Sir Ralph on the shore of Solway—in her flight from the Tower of Elvar. And the character she displays then and there, prepares us for the part she plays in the peasant's cot in the glen of Dalgonar. We are not surprised to see her take so kindly to the duties of a rustic service; for we call to mind how she sat among the humble good-folks in the hall, when Thrift and Waste figured in that rude but wise Morality, and how the gracious lady shewed she sympathized with the cares and contentments of lowly life. But there are seasons when, alas! and alack-a-day! there is no reliance to be placed—no security to be found—even in—*spunk*.

“Unto her lips her heart came with a dance,  
Her temples burned as burns a kindled coal,  
While on her love she sideway threw a glance,  
Bright as a ray, half open and half stole:  
Yet with it came the warmth of heart and soul,  
Secret his arm around her neck he slips,  
Love in their hearts reigned with a chaste controul,  
As in one soft entrancement touched their lips:  
She blushed blood red for shame, and, starting from his grips,

“Said, ‘Now I’ve proved, it is not as men say:’  
And her disordered ringlets shook. ‘I deemed  
The inspired framers of the poet’s lay  
The meekest of all mortals: how I dreamed!  
And yet as such the world hath them esteemed;  
It was so once: perchance a ruder race  
Have followed.’ Her bright eyes such sorcery beamed,  
And leaped her heart so ‘gainst her silken lace,  
That for to touch her not young Eustace wanted grace.”

But, near the end of all, when her fierce father, that proud palmer, frowning first on her and then on Eustace, seizes their linked hands, and thrusting them wide asunder, says,

——“So I sever  
Thee and that churl: now, by God’s holy  
book  
I vow—as water drank from Siddick’s  
river  
Returns no more, I thus part him and  
thee for ever,”

there is a royal return and bold  
burst of—*spunk*.

——“Thy daughter, I  
Shall keep my vow as sure as yon sun  
shines on high.”

And is Eustace likely to prove a  
fit mate for this “tarcel gentle?”  
Yes. For in the words of Beattie,

“In truth, young Eustace is no vulgar  
boy;”

in the words of Wordsworth,

“He is a child of strength and state;”

in the words of Campbell, speaking  
of Ramsay’s Gentle Shepherd, “he  
never speaks out of consistency with  
the habits of a peasant, but moves in  
that sphere with such a manly spirit,  
with so much cheerful sensibility to  
its humble joys, with maxims of life  
so rational and independent, and with  
an ascendancy over his fellow swains,  
so well maintained by his force of

character, that if we could suppose the pacific scenes of the drama (here we must slightly alter the words of Campbell, who is an incomparable critic on poetry) to be suddenly changed into situations of trouble and danger, we should, in consistency with our former idea of him, expect him to become the leader of the peasants, and the Tell of his native hamlet."

We saw Eustace in one scene a thriving wooer. In several previous scenes Allan paints skilfully the progress of his perplexing passion for the delightful Double-ganger. And on the Discovery, when he finds that the supposed vagrant and orphan boudmaid is no other than the Maid of Elvar, the stern struggle between love and pride is strongly given, and we sympathize with the high-souled peasant youth in the momentary shame that smites his face, with the agony that shakes his spirit from the thought that his base birth is a bar inseparable between him and his bliss. We are elated on his elevation—and confess that it is a case in which the eldest son of a noble house may be raised to the peerage.

Allan Cunningham has well preserved the character of his bold bright peasant, in thought, feeling, and action; but he has not succeeded so admirably as Allan Ramsay, with his Gentle Shepherd, in the matter of words. Sometimes the language of Eustace is stiff and cumbrous—in some stanzas, we suspect, too stately—for though Eustace was a poet, he was also "a tall fellow," and needed not, except in crossing a river, to walk upon stilts.

We have not much to say of the other characters. Sir Ralph Latoun is a stark Cumberland carle, who brings all disputed questions at once to the settlement of the sword. He is somewhat too much of a savage.

Miles Graeme is, on the whole, a pleasant patriarch; and he impresses us so deeply with a conviction as well of his martial as of his peaceful worth, by his well-told stories of his wanderings when a pilgrim through heathen lands, and by his well-fought part in the final skirmish, that we believe, on a single word of his mouth, that he is indeed the "good Lord Herries." His Lordship is well off in a wife—fat, fair, and forty-five

—a frugal yet free-hearted dame, who gives advice to damsels, in a spirit that shews she has not forgotten that she was once one herself—and who is endowed with so much good sense, sagacity, and smeddum, to say nothing of a natural propriety of demeanour, and an artless ease of manner, that, though born and bred, we believe, in a cottage, and with no other mental cultivation than is acquired unconsciously in the schooling of homely life, whose lessons are its daily duties—we have not the slightest doubt whatever that her behaviour, when "my Lady," will be suitable to her rank, and that the conduct of the Peer's consort will do credit to the Peasant's daughter.

And now a few words of critical, but not carping censure. The incidents are sometimes smuggled in too hurriedly—and sometimes dragged in too violently by the head and shoulders, or by the legs. The scene shifts now and then too abruptly, leaving us at a loss to know where we are, how we got there, and what time has been past, or is passing in the action. Should an event be slow to happen, and look sulky, as if it would not happen at all, Allan will take no denial, but orders it in and out with a most magisterial air, that makes the event tremble in its shoes, and be but too happy to be off. In other moods he is too ceremonious, and shews events in as if he were the Usher of the White Rod, instead of a Necromancer.

The versification of the Poem is musical; but there is frequently too much effort made—too many pains taken, and visibly so—to make it various; and not unfrequently to our ears the rhymes have a strange sound—to our eyes a singular look; "as if they had no business there," clink-clanking less like cymbals than marrow-bones and cleavers.

The diction is rich and strong, but sometimes too ambitious; and we have been sorry, on occasions where that virtue was indispensable, to desiderate simplicity. Allan is a fine fearless fellow, and has a hearty scorn of all mere conventional delicacies and dignities; but he "outs" with words and images now and then that we "cannot away with;" and though there is not a single coarse sentiment in the Poem, there

are some sentences (we use the term advisedly) vulgar. We have already hinted, when speaking above of Eustace, that Allan Cunningham's style has a tendency to stateliness—we had almost said inflation; but we shall not say so, for that gives one the notion of a blown bladder, whereas the fault we lay to his charge would be better typified—that is scarcely the word—by a swollen pumpkin.

The Poem is in no part meagre; it never has, like Cassius, "a lean and hungry look;" but it has here and there the opposite fault—it is like Hamlet, "fat and scant of breath;" and some stanzas, in their loose corpulence, have the hobbles. Akin to this *crime*, as Nicholas would call it, is occasionally too laborious an accumulation of imagery; and akin to that peccadillo again, is the repetition of the same images; as, for example, the song and flight of the Lark is mentioned twelve times, (we have counted them, and the number transcended our thumbs and fingers,) though true it is, and of verity, that Allan's lines are always good in which that lyrist sings, that musical sunbeam soars, or in which we see her "wakening by the daisy's side."

A considerable variety of clowns diversify the humbler home-scenes; and their colloquies are characteristic. But some of the bores are bores; and their absence would be agreeable company, though we are as firmly assured as we are of our own dislike to their clodhopperships, of Allan's affection for the whole fraternity; nor shall we seek to breed any bad blood between him and them, for, after all, they are a set of as worthy as wearisome fellows.

We do not doubt that the Poem Eustace sings at the competition, deserved the prize; nor have we the most distant intention of dropping a hint derogatory to her taste, or of throwing any doubt on the fairness of the award of the Maid of Elvar. She was no blue-stocking, and we verily believe a good judge of Poetry. But our modesty must not prevent us from promulgating our most solemn conviction, that, had we been there ourselves to tip Sybil a stave, we should have won the garland, and sent Eustace back bareheaded to

Dalgonar. He departs too wide and far from the balladlike simplicity of the affecting old tradition that is the subject of his lay; and we feel that there is harm done to the pathos, by the too poetical character of the visionary close. Yet though this should be true, the tale he tells is beautiful; and recited, as it no doubt was, with earnestness and enthusiasm, by a noble-looking Shape, who struck from the harp-strings an impassioned accompaniment, no wonder, after all, that Love should give, as she thought, to the genius of the Minstrel, the prize which was charmed from her hand by the beauty and the bravery of the Man. And, now that we think on't, such is our humble estimate of our corporeal attractions, we confess our cheerful conviction, that had *we* sung there even one of our wildest Lays from Fairyland, in hearing of that deluded umpire, it had died prizeless away, and that Eustace Græme, in the green glory of his garb, and the golden prime of his years, would even from Christopher North have borne off the belle, had the Old Man sung and harped like Apollo.

Finally, Allan and we hold conflicting creeds on the subject of National Superstitions, considered in relation to Poetry. He believes, and writes fearlessly in the belief, that the blackest and brightest of them all may be brought in *ad libitum* by the Bard among the realities of life, and be suffered to pass away lowering or lustrous, without colouring permanently the incidents or characters of a Poem. We think not. And we suspect, that on our side we should have Shakspeare. So thinking, we cannot praise, and from them we derived no pleasure, his introduction of the scenes between Sir Ralph and the Goblin, between Eustace and the Fairies. The first, we fear, is bad, both in conception and execution; the second, though, taken by itself, not undelightful, makes a demand on our imagination to which it cannot yield—we shall not say the sacrifice of truth, for that is a trifle in the Fancy's faith, but the forced admission and mixture of fiction with truth, at a time, too, when the latter is felt to the soul all-sufficient, and the former to be an intrusion of unsubstantial dreams on the steadfast sanctity of Nature.

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